The Triumphs of GODS REVENGE AGAINST

The Crying and execrable Sinn of

MURTHER

Expresst in thurty severall Tragicall Historics

Digested into Six Books.

Which contain great Variety
of Mournfull & Memorable
Accidents, Amorous Moral,
& DIVINE.

By John Reynolds.

The Seventh Edition.

LONDON
Printed for
C. Griffin and
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THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING and EXECRABLE SIN OF WILFUL and PREMEDITATED MURTHER

With His Miraculous Discoveries, and Severe Punishment thereof,

In Thirty Several

TRAGICAL HISTORIES;

Digested into Six Books, committed in divers Countries Beyond the SEAS.

Never Published or Imprinted in any other Language.

Histories which contain great variety of Mournful and Memorable Accidents, Historical, Moral, and Divine: very necessary to restrain and deterr us from that Bloody Sin which in these our days makes so ample and large a Progression.

With a TABLE of all the several Letters and Challenges contained in the whole Six Books.

Written by JOHN REYNOLDS.

PSAL. 9. 16

The Lord is known in executing Judgment, and the wicked is snared in the works of his own hand.

PROV. 14. 27.

The fear of the Lord is a well-spring of life, to avoid the snares of death.

The Seventh and Last Edition.

Whereunto are added the lively Pourtraictures of the several Persons, and resemblances of other Passages mentioned therein, engraven in Copper Plates.

LONDON,

Printed for *C. Griffin*, and sold by the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster*.

MDCCIV.

GOD'S PRESENCE

To the Sacred Sovereign, CHARLES, King of *Great Britain, France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c.

SIR,

AS *Rivers, though in their passing they fall into many Neighbour-Currents, yet finally empty themselves into the Sea: So let these my poor* Labours (*though formerly dedicated to divers Illustrious Peers of this your Realm*) *be suffered at last to terminate in the* Ocean *of your Princely* Greatness *and* Goodness, *wherein all Vertuous Endeavours* (*as so many Lines in their Center*) *desire to be united.*

What private respects may challenge me towards their Honours, the same towards your Majesty, *will claim the publick Bond of common Allegiance, whereby I am more eminently, and more universally obliged. I am not so overweening of my weak Endeavours, as to think them worthy of your* Majesty's *view, much less able to add any thing to your Royal Vertues: Rivers add nothing to the Main; yet thither they naturally send the Tribute of their streams; & if my Loyalty teach me to do the like, it will not, I hope, be conceived done out of an opinion of Merit, but only out a of desire to discharge the duty of a Subject to your* Majesty.

And I am the rather emboldned to this Confidence, because I have formerly adventured the like; when to your Princely view, being then the Second Hope of this Kingdom, I (about Eleven years since) presented a Translation of a Work of Mounsier de Refuges, *Entituled,* A Treatise of the Court; *the Gracious and Undeserved acceptance whereof, if it hath inspired me with further Courage, to present you (now advanced to a greater State) with a greater encrease of mine own Labour, your* Majesty *will not (I hope) condemn me of groundless Presumption.*

The former of these Books had the Honour and Happiness to be perused by the judicious Eye of King James, *your Renowned Father of blessed Memory; In whose Incomparable Judgment the [illegible] Dedicated to [illegible]*

Names: the more am I now encouraged to Inscribe and Intitle the whole Six *to your Sacred* Majesty, *as being no less Heir of His Virtues, than of his Crown and Dignity.*

And one thing more (arising from the consideration of the thing it self) made me think it a Present not altogether unworthy of your Royal Estate: For, the Contents of it being the Execution of Justice *upon the Unnatural Sin of* Murther; *Where can it be more fitly addressed, than to the Great Patron of* Justice *among us (God's immediate Vicegerent), by whose Sword (as the Minister of Heaven) such odious Crimes are to be chastised, and Innocent Blood justly expiated with Guilty.*

And it may more fitly suit with your Majesty, *who as you excel in the careful Administration of* Justice *upon all Offenders; so especially upon those (most heinous of all others) the violaters of God's sacred Image, in the perpetration of wilful* Murther, *towards whom* Clemency *even changeth her nature, and becomes* Cruel *to the* Weal-publick. *Never had any Land less cause to complain of too much Indulgency this way, than ours, as may well appear both by the rareness of such Occurrences in your Kingdom, and the severe vindication of them whensoever they happen, or by whom, or howsoever performed.*

These Histories therefore, which may serve as a Looking-glass to all Nations, shall to these of yours be a special Ornament and Mirror of their felicity, and set forth and publish your Praise, in the peaceable and quiet Government of your People, whose Climate (seldom or never) affords such Tragedies; *nor will do, whiles your Christan resolution shall continue to prevent them in the spring, and to punish the lighter degrees of Bloodiness with due relation. The great* Author *of* Justice (*who is* Goodness *and* Justice *it self*) *long preserve your* Majesty *with us, and the* Happiness *we enjoy in your Sacred Person, so near resembling* Him *whose Authority and Image you bear. So prayeth*

Your Majesty's *most humbly devoted*
in all dutiful Allegiance,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

A TABLE
Of the Contents of all the Hiſtories, Contained in the whole ſix Books.

The Contents of the Firſt Book.

HISTORY I.

HAutefelia *cauſeth* La Freſnay *an Apothecary, to poyſon her Brother* Grand Pre *and his Wife* Mermanda, *and is likewiſe the cauſe that her ſaid Brother kills* De Malleray *her own Husband in a Duel.* La Freſnay *condemned to be hanged for a Rape, on the Ladder confeſſeth his two former Murthers, and ſays that* Hautefelia *ſeduced and hired him to perform them :* Hautefelia *is likewiſe apprehended. And ſo for theſe cruel Murthers they are both put to ſevere and cruel Deaths.* Page 1

HIST. II.

Piſani *betrayeth* Gaſperino *of his Miſtreſs* Chriſtineta. Gaſperino *challengeth* Piſani *for this Diſgrate, and kills him in the field; He after continueth his ſute to* Chriſtineta. *She diſſembles her malice for* Piſani *his Death. She appoins* Gaſparino *to meet her in a Garden; and there cauſeth* Bianco *and* Brindoli *to murther him. They are all three taken and executed for the ſame.* pag. 15

HIST. III.

Mortaign, *under the promiſe of Marriage, gets* Joſſelina *with child, and after converting his love into hatred, cauſeth* La Verdure *and* La Palma *to murther both her and her young ſon The jealouſie of* Iſabella *to her Husband* La Palma *is the cauſe of the diſcovery hereof. They are all three taken and executed for the ſame.* p. 29.

HIST. IV.

Beatrice-Joanna, *to marry* Alſemero, *cauſeth* De Flores *to murther* Alonſo Piracquo *who was a ſuter to her.* Alſemero *marries her, and finding* De Flores *and her in adultery, kills them both.* Thomaſo Piracquo *challengeth* Alſemero *for his Brother's death.* Alſemero *kills him treacherouſly in the field, and is beheaded for the ſame, and his body thrown into the Sea : At his execution, he confeſſeth, that his Wife and* De Flores *murthered* Alonſo Piracquo *: their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their aſhes thrown into the air.* p. 41

HIST. V.

Alibius *murthereth his Wife* Merilla : *he is diſcovered, firſt, by* Bernardo, *then by* Emelia *his own Daughter ; ſo he is apprehended and hanged for the fact.*

The Contents of the Second Book.

HIST. VI.

Victorina *cauſeth* Sypontus *to ſtab and murther her firſt Husband* Souranza, *and ſhe her ſelf poyſoneth* Faſſino *her ſecond : ſo they both being miraculouſly detected, and convicted of theſe their cruel murthers, he is beheaded, and ſhe hanged and burnt for the ſame.* pag. 77

HIST. VII.

Catalina *cauſeth her waiting-maid* Anſilva, *two ſeveral times to attempt to poyſon her own Siſter* Berinthia : *wherein failing, ſhe afterwards makes an Emperick, termed*

Sarmiata, *to poyſon her ſaid maid* Anſilva : Catalina *is killed with a Thunder-bolt, and* Sarmiata *hanged for poyſoning* Anſilva. Antonio *ſteals* Berinthia *away by her own conſent : whereupon her Brother* Sebaſtiano *fights with* Antonio, *and kills him in a Duel ;* Berinthia *in revenge hereof, afterwards murthereth her Brother* Sebaſtiano : *ſhe is adjudged to be immured 'twixt two walls, and there languiſheth and dies.* p. 73

HIST. VIII.

Belluile *treacherouſly murthereth* Poligny *in the ſtreet.* Laurieta, Poligny's *Miſtreſs, betrayeth* Belluile *to her Chamber, and there in revenge ſhoots him thorow the body with a Piſtol, when aſſiſted by her waiting maid* Lucilla, *they likewiſe give him many wounds with a Ponyard, and ſo murther him.* Lucilla *flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake, and* Laurieta *is taken and hanged, and burnt for the ſame.* p. 86.

HIST. IX.

Jacomo de Caſtelnovo, *luſtfully falls in love with his Daughter-in-Law* Perina, *his own ſon* Franciſco de Caſtelnovo's *Wife : whom to enjoy, he cauſeth* Jerantha *firſt to poyſon his own Lady* Fidelia, *and then his ſaid ſon* Franciſco de Caſtelnovo; *in revenge whereof,* Perina *treacherouſly murthereth him in his Bed.* Jerantha *ready to die in travel with child, confeſſeth her two Murthers, for the which ſhe is hanged and burnt,* Perina *hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetual impriſonment, where ſhe ſorrowfully dies.* p. 104

HIST. X.

Bertolini *ſeeks* Paulina *in marriage, but ſhe loves* Sturio, *and not himſelf : he prays her Brother* Brellati *his dear friend, to ſolicite her for him, which he doth, but cannot prevail : whereupon* Bertolini *lets fall ſome diſgraceful ſpeeches, both againſt her honour, and his reputation : for which* Brellati *challengeth the field of him, where* Bertolini *kills him, and he flies for the ſame.* Sturio *ſeeks to marry her, but his Father will not conſent thereunto, and conveys him away ſecretly : for which two diſaſters,* Paulina *dies for ſorrow.* Sturio *finds out* Bertolini, *and ſends him a challenge, and having him at his mercy, gives him his life at his requeſt : he afterwards very treacherouſly kills* Sturio *with a Petronel in the ſtreet from a window : he is taken for this ſecond Murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body thrown into the River.* p. 119

The Contents of the Third Book.

HIST. XI.

De Salez *killeth* Vaumartin *in a Duel*; La Hay *cauſeth* Michaele *to poyſon* La Frange; De Salez *loves* La Hay, *and becauſe his Father* Argentier *will not conſent that he marry her, ſtifleth him in his Bed, and then takes her to his Wife*; *ſhe turns Strumpet, and cuts his throat*; *as he is dying, he accuſeth her of this bloody fact, and himſelf for murthering his Father* Argentier : *ſo his dead body is hanged to the Gallows, then burnt*; La Hay *confeſſeth this murther, and likewiſe that ſhe cauſed* Michaele *to poyſon* La Frange : *ſhe hath her right hand cut off, and is then burnt alive*; Michaele *is broken on the wheel, and his dead body thrown into the River.* p. 135

HIST. XII.

Albemare *cauſeth* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther* Baretano, *and he after marrieth* Clara, *whom* Baretano *firſt ſought to marry. He cauſeth his man* Valerio *to poyſon* Pedro *in Priſon, and by a Letter which* Leonardo *ſent him,* Clara *perceives that her Husband* Albemare *had hired and cauſed* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther her firſt Lover* Baretano: *which Letter ſhe reveals to the Judge*; *ſo he is hanged, and likewiſe* Valerio *and* Leonardo *for theſe bloody crimes.* p. 161

HIST. XIII. La

La Vaſſelay *poyſoneth her Waiting-maid* Gratiana, *becauſe ſhe is jealous that her Husband* De Merſon *is diſhoneſt with her; whereupon he lives from her: in revenge whereof, ſhe cauſeth his man* La Villette *to murther him in a wood, and then marries him in requital. The ſaid* La Villette *riding a year after through the ſame wood, his Horſe falls with him, and almoſt kills him; then he confeſſeth the murther of his Maſter* De Merſon, *and accuſeth his wife* La Vaſſelay *to be the cauſe thereof: ſo for theſe their bloody crimes, he is hanged, and ſhe is burnt alive.* p. 171

HIST. XIV.

Fidelia *and* Cæleſtina *cauſe* Carpi *and* Monteleon, *with their two Lacquies* Lorenzo *and* Anſelmo, *to murther their Father Captain* Benevente, *which they perform:* Monteleon *and his Lacquy* Anſelmo *are drowned.* Fidelia *hangs her ſelf:* Lorenzo *is hanged for a Robbery, and on the Gallows confeſſeth the murthering of* Benevente; Carpi *hath his right hand, and then his head cut off;* Cæleſtina *is beheaded, and her body burnt.* p. 187

HIST. XV.

Maurice *like a bloody Villain, and damnable Son, throws his Mother* Chriſtina *into a Well, and drowns her: the ſame hand and arm of his, wherewith he did it, rots away from his body; and being diſcraſed of his wits in priſon, he there confeſſeth this foul and inhumane Murther, for the which he is hanged.* 200

The Contents of the Fourth Book.

HIST. XVI.

Ideaques *cauſeth his Son* Don Juan *to marry* Marſillia, *then commits adultery and Inceſt with her; ſhe makes her Father-in-Law* Idiaques *to poyſon his old wife* Honoria, *and likewiſe makes his own Brother* De Perez *to kill her Chamber-maid* Mathurina; Don Juan *afterwards kills* De Perez *in a Duel:* Marſillia *hath her brains daſht out by a Horſe, and her body is afterwards condemned to be burnt;* Ideaques *is beheaded, his body conſumed to aſhes, and thrown into the air.* p. 217

HIST. XVII.

Harcourt *ſteals away his Brother* Vimory's *Wife,* Maſſerina, *and keeps her in Adultery. She hireth* Tivoly *(an Italian Mountebank) to poyſon* La Precoverte, *who was* Harcourt's *Wife:* Harcourt *kills his brother* Vimory, *and then marries his Widow* Maſſerina: Tivoly *is hanged for a Robbery, and at his execution accuſeth* Maſſerina *for hiring him to poyſon* La Precoverte; *for the which ſhe is likewiſe hanged.* Noel *(who was* Harcourt's *man) on his death-bed ſuſpecteth and accuſeth his ſaid Maſter for killing of his brother* Vimory, *whereof* Harcourt *being found guilty he is broken alive on the wheel for the ſame.* p. 233

HIST. XVIII.

Romeo *(the Lacquy of* Borlary*) kills* Radegonda, *the Chamber-maid of the Lady* Feliſanna, *in the ſtreet, and is hanged for the ſame:* Borlary *afterwards hireth* Caſtruchio *(an Apothecary) to poyſon her Husband* Seignior Planeze, *for the which* Caſtruchio *is hanged, and his body thrown into the River, and* Borlary *is beheaded and then burnt.* p. 251

HIST. XIX.

Beaumarays, *and his Brother* Montaign, *kill* Champigny *and* Marin, *(his ſecond) in a Duel;* Blancheville *(the Widow of* Champigny*) in revenge thereof hireth* Le Valley *(who was ſervant to* Beaumarays*) to murther his ſaid Maſter with a Piſtol, the which he doth; for the which* Le Valley *is broken on a wheel, and* Blancheville *hanged for the ſame.* p. 268

HIST. XX.

Lorenzo

Lorenzo *murthereth his Wife* Fermia; *he ſame twenty years after (as altogether unknown) robbeth his (and her) Son* Thomaſo, *who likewiſe not knowing* Lorenzo *to be his Father, doth accuſe him for that robbery, for the which he is hanged* p. 281

The Contents of the Fifth Book.

HIST. XXI.

Baptiſtyna *and* Amarantha *poyſon their eldeſt Siſter* Jaquinta; *after which* Amarantha *cauſeth her ſervants,* Bernardo *and* Pieria, *to ſtifle her eldeſt Siſter* Baptiſtyna *in her Bed:* Bernardo *flying away, breaks his neck, with a fall off his Horſe:* Pieria *is hanged for the ſame, ſo likewiſe* Amarantha, *and her body after burnt:* Bernardo *being buried, his body is again taken up, and hanged to the Gallows by his feet, then burnt, and his aſhes thrown into the air.* p. 292

HIST. XXII.

Martino *poyſoneth his brother* Pedro, *and murthereth* Monfredo *in the ſtreet: He afterwards grows mad, and in his confeſſion reveals both theſe murthers to Father* Thomas *his Ghoſtly Father; who, afterwards dying, reveals it in his Letter to* Cecilliana, *who was Widow to* Monfredo, *and Siſter to* Pedro *and* Martino: Martino *hath firſt his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the ſame.* p. 337

HIST. XXIII.

Alphonſo *poyſoneth his own Mother* Sophia, *and after ſhoots and kills* Caſſino *(as he was walking in the Garden) with a ſhort musket (or Carabine) from a Window. He is beheaded for theſe two murthers, then burnt, and his aſhes thrown into the River.* p. 335

HIST. XXIV.

Pont Chauſey *kills* La Roche *in a Duel.* Quatbriſſon *cauſeth* Moncallier *(an Apothecary) to poyſon his own brother* Valfontaine; Moncallier *after falls, and breaks his neck from a pair of ſtairs:* Quatbriſſon *likewiſe cauſeth his Father's Miller* Periot *to murther and ſtrangle* Marieta *in her Bed, and to throw her body into his Mill-pond:* Pierot *the Miller is broken alive on the wheel, and* Quatbriſſon *firſt beheaded, then burnt for the ſame.* p. 345

HIST. XXV.

Vaſti *firſt murthereth his Son* George, *and next poyſoneth his own Wife* Heſter, *and being afterwards almoſt killed by a mad Bull in the fields, he revealeth theſe his two murthers, for the which he is firſt hanged, and then burnt.* p. 365

The Contents of the Sixth Book.

HIST. XXVI.

Imperia *for the love ſhe bears to young* Moroſini, *ſeduceth and cauſeth him (with his two conſorts,* Aſtonicus *and* Donato) *to ſtifle to death her old husband* Palmerius, *in his bed:* Moroſini *misfortunately letting fall his gloves in* Palmerius *his Chamber, that night which he did it, they are found by* Richardo *the Nephew of* Palmerius, *who knows them to be* Moroſini's, *and doth thereupon accuſe him and his Aunt* Imperia, *for the murther of his Uncle. So they, together with their acceſſaries* Aſtonicus *and* Donato, *are all four of them apprehended and hanged for the ſame.* p. 377

HIST. XXVII.

Father Juſtinian *a Prieſt, and* Adrian *an Inn-keeper, poyſon* De Laurier, *who was lodged in his houſe, and then bury him in his Orchard; where a month after a Wolf digs up, and devours a great part of his body; which Father* Juſtinian *and* Adrian *underſtanding, they fly upon the ſame, but are both of them apprehended and hanged for it.* p. 400.

HIST.

HIST. XXVIII.

Hippolito *murthereth* Garcia *in the ſtreet by night, for the which he is hanged.* Dominica *with her Chamber-maid* Deniſa, *poyſoneth her Husband* Roderigo; Deniſa *after ſtrangleth her new-born Babe, and throws it into a Pond, for the which ſhe is hanged; on the Ladder ſhe confeſſeth, that ſhe was acceſſary with her Lady* Dominica, *in the poyſoning of her husband* Roderigo, *for the which* Dominca *is apprehended, and likewiſe hanged.* p. 414

HIST. XXIX.

Sanctifiore *(upon promiſe of marriage) gets* Urſina *with Child, and then afterwards very ingratefully and treacherouſly rejecteth her, and marries* Bertranna: Urſina *being ſenſible of this her diſgrace, diſguiſes her ſelf in a Frier's habit, and with a Caſe of Piſtols kills* Sanctifiore *as he is walking in the fields, for the which ſhe is hanged.* p. 426

HIST. XXX.

De Mora *treacherouſly kills* Palura *in a Duel, with two Piſtols: His Lady* Bellinda *with the aid of her Gentleman-Uſher* Ferallo, *poyſoneth her Husband* De Mora, *and afterwards ſhe marrieth and murthereth her ſaid Husband* Ferallo *in his Bed; ſo ſhe is burnt alive for this her laſt Murther, and her aſhes thrown into the air for the firſt.* pag. 447

A TABLE, Of all the Letters (and Challenges) contained in the whole Six BOOKS; with the *Pages* where to find them.

Book I.

	Page
Mermanda *to* Betanford	5
Betanford *to* Mermanda	6
Grand Pre *to* Betanford, *A Challenge*	
De Malleray *to* Grand Pre, *A Chal.*	9
Chriſtineta *to* Piſani	14
Piſani *to* Chriſtineta	15
Chriſtineta *to* Piſani	*ibid.*
Piſani *to* Chriſtineta	*ib.*
Gaſparino *to* Piſani, *A Chal.*	18
Joſſelina *to* Montaign	26
Joſſelina *to* Calintha	*ib.*
Calintha *to* Joſſelina	27
Alſemero *to* Beatrice-Joanna	37
Beatrice-Joanna *to* Alſemero	*ib.*
Alſemero *to* Beatrice-Joanna	*ib.*
Beatrice-Joanna *to* Alſemero	*ib.*
Thomaſo *to* Alonſo Piracquo	39
Thomaſo Piracquo *to* Alſemero, *A Challenge*	43

Book II.

Sypontus *to* Victorina	63
Sypontus *to* Victorina	65
Victorina *to* Sypontus	*ib.*
Sypontus *to* Victorina	66
Antonio *to* Berinthia	76
Berinthia *to* Antonio	77
Antonio *to* Berinthia	78
Berinthia *to* Antonio	80
Antonio *to* Berinthia	*ib.*
Vilarezo *to* Sebaſtiano	83
Sebaſtiano *to* Antonio, *A Chal.*	*ib.*
Poligny *to* Laurieta	93
Laurieta *to* Poligny	*ib.*
Belluile *to* Poligny, *A Challenge*	94
La Palaiſiere *to* Poligny	96
Poligny *to* La Palaiſiere	*ib*
Bellui'e *to* Laurieta	98
Laurieta *to* Belluile	99
Perina *to* Caſtelnovo	111
Caſtelnovo *to* Perina	112
Perina *to* Caſtelnovo	113
Caſtelnovo *to* Perina	114
Caſtelnovo *to his Son* Caſtelnovo	*ib.*
Brellati *to* Bertolini, *A Chal.*	122
Sturio *to* Paulina	124
Paulina *to* Sturio	125
Sturio *to* Bertolini, *A Chal.*	126

Book III.

Vaumartin *to* De Salez, *A Chal.*	143
De Salez *to* Vaumartin	*ib.*
Vaumartin *to* De Salez	*ib.*
Argentier *to* De Salez	154
Baretano *to* Clara	159

Clara

Clara *to* Baretano *ib.*
Baretano *to* Clara 160
Clara *to* Baretano *ib.*
Leonardo *to* Albemare 167
La Vaſſelay *to* De Bremay 180
De Bremay *to* La Vaſſelay *ib.*
La Vaſſelay *to* De Merſon 180
De Merſon *to* La Vaſſelay *ib.*
La Vaſſelay *to* De Merſon *ib.*
De Merſon *to* La Vaſſelay 183
Fidelia *and* Cæleſtina *to* Alcaſero 188
Carpi *to* Fidelia 192
Fidelia *to* Carpi 193
Carpi *to* Fidelia 195
Acaſero *to* Carpi, *A Chal.* 196

Book IV.

Don Juan *to* Ideaques 222
Don Juan *to* Marſillia *ib.*
Ideaques *to* Don Juan 223
Marſillia *to* Don Juan *ib.*
Don Juan *to* Marſillia 224
De Perez *to* Don Juan, *A Chal.* 225
Don Juan *to* De Perez 226
La Precoverte *to* Harcourt 239
La Precoverte *to* Maſſerina 243
Harcourt *to* La Precoverte *ib.*
Maſſerina *to* La Precoverte 245
Borlary *to* Planeze, *A Chal.* 253
Planeze *to* Borlary 254
Borlary *to* Feliſanna 257
Feliſanna *to* Borlary 258
Borlary *to* Feliſanna *ib.*
Planeze *to* Borlary, *A Chal.* 260
Caſtruchio *to* Borlary 265
Blancheville *to* Beaumarays 270
Champigny *to* Beaumarays, *A Chal,* 271
Beaumarays *to* Champigny *ib,*
Fermia *to* Moron 284
Fermia *to* Moron 287
Moron *to* Fermia 288
Fermia *to* Moron 290
Moron *to* Fermia *ib.*

Book V.

Baptiſtina *and* Amarantha *to* Streni 302
Baptiſtina *aud* Amarantha *to* Jaquinta *ib.*
Streni *to* Baptiſtyna *&* Amarantha 313
Jaquinta *to* Baptiſtina *&* Amarantha 314
Amarantha *to* Streni 317
Amarantha *to* Baptiſtina *ib.*
Catharina *to* Delrio 322
Martino *to* Delrio *ib.*
Delrio *to* Catharina 323
Delrio *to* Martino *ib.*
Delrio *to* Cecilliana 324
Cecilliana *to* Delrio 325
Father Thomas *to* Cecilliana 332
Caſſino *to* Sophia 336
Sophia *to* Caſſino *ib.*
Sophia *to* Caſſino 337
Caſſino *to* Sophia 338
Caſſino *to* Sophia *ib.*
Sophia *to* Caſſino 336
Caſſino *to* Sophia 340
La Pretiere *to* Valfontain 349
Valfontain *to* La Pretiere *ib.*
La Pretiere *to* Valfontain 350
Valfontain *to* La Pretiere *ib.*
Quatbriſſon *to* Valfontain 351
Salyna *to* Vaſti 368
Vaſti *to* Salyna 370
Salyna *to* Vaſti 371

Book VI.

Imperia *to* Moroſini 383
Moroſini *to* Imperia *ib.*
Imperia *to* Moroſini 386
Moroſini *to* Imperia 387
Bondino *to* Palmerius 393
De Laurier *to* Du Pont 405
Hippolito *to* Roderigo 417
Roderigo *to* Hippolito *ib.*
Cervantella *to* Roderigo 418
Dominica *to* Roderigo 419
Roderigo *to* Cervantella *ib.*
Roderigo *to* Dominica *ib.*
Cervantella *to* Roderigo 420
Sanctifiore *to* Urſina 427
Urſina *to* Sanctifiore *ib.*
Sanctifiore *to* Urſina 228
Urſina *to* Sanctifiore *ib.*
Urſina *to* Sanctifiore 433
Placedo *to* Urſina 437
Bellinda *to* Palura 454
Palura *to* Bellinda *ib.*

BRITISH MUSEUM 24 NOV

THE

AUTHOR

HIS

PREFACE to the READER.

CHriſtian Reader, we cannot ſufficently bewail the iniquity of theſe laſt and worſt daies of the World, in which the crying and ſcarlet-ſin of Murther makes ſo ample, and ſo bloody a progreſſion: for we now ſcarce turn out ear or eye any where, but we ſhall be enforced, either to hear with pity the mournful effects, or to ſee with grief the lamentable Tragedies thereof: as if we now ſo much degenerated from our ſelves, or our hearts from our Souls, to think that *Chriſt were no longer our ſhepherd, or we the ſheep of his Paſture:* or as if we were become ſuch wretched and execrable Atheiſts, to believe *There were no Heaven, to reward the righteous, or Hell to puniſh the ungodly.* But, if we will divert our hearts from earth to Heaven, and raiſe and erect our Souls from Satan to God, we ſhall then not only ſee what engendereth this diabolical paſſion in us, but alſo find the means to detect, and root it out from amongſt us.

Pſal. 23. 1. Pſal. 100. 3. Mat. 25. 33 41.

To which end it is requiſite, we firſt conſider that our enemies who oppoſe our tranquillity in this life, and our felicity in that to come, are neither ſo few in number, nor ſo weak in power, that we ſhould think our ſelves able to vanquiſh, ere we fight with them; for we have to fight with the bewitching World, the alluring Fleſh, and the enticing Devil: not with three ſimple Soldiers, or poor Pigmies, but with three valiant and puiſſant Chieftans, ſubtil to incamp, dangerous to aſſail, and powerful to fight.

The World, that it may bewitch us to his will, aſſails us with Wealth, Riches, Dignities, Honours, Perferments, Sumptuous houſes, perfumed Beds, Veſſels of gold and ſilver, pompous apparel, delicious fare, variety of ſweet Muſick, Dancing, Masks, and Stage-plays, delicate Horſes, rich Coaches, and Infinite Attendants, with a thouſand other inticements and allurements.

The Fleſh preſents us with Youth, Beauty, *The luſt of the eye, and the pride of life; with inordinante affection and laſcivious deſires*, with a piercing eye, a vermilion cheek, golden hair and a ſlender waſte. And although it diſcover us not all theſe perfections of nature in one perſonage; yet, he ſhews us moſt of them in divers: and then if any thing want to captivate our affections, we ſhall hear them marry their *Syren* voice to their own Lutes and Vials, or their dancing feet to thoſe of others: or if this will not ſuffice, then Perfuming, Powdering, Criſping, Painting, Amorous kiſſes, Sweet ſmiles, Sugared ſpeeches, Wanton Embracings, and Laſcivious dalliance, will undertake to play a world in love. On the other ſide, Strength, Nimbleneſs, Agility of body, Sloth, Luxury, Gluttony, Intemperance, Drunkenneſs, Voluptuouſneſs and Senſuality, will caſt us out ſo fair (I mean ſo treacherous) a Lure, as if we ſtoop thereto, we ſhall buy our pleaſure with repentance, and our delight therein will prove our ruine and deſtruction.

1 Joh. 2. 16. Col. 3. 5.

And now, if neither the world, nor the fleſh can entangle, or inſnare our hearts, *Then comes the Devil, that roaring Lyon, who walks about, ſeeking whom he may devour, that mortal enmey, and arch traytor to our ſouls, that Prince of darkneſs*, whoſe ſubtilty is the more dangerous, and malice the more fatal, *in that he transforms himſelf into an Angel of light, thereby to make us heirs and ſlaves of his obſcure Kingdom*: yea, he will proffer us more than either our tongues can demand, or our hearts deſire; for all the pomp, treaſure, and pleaſures of the world, yea all that is in the world, and the world it ſelf, he will proſtrate and give us, if we will conſent to obey him, and promiſe to fall down and adore him; and for a pledge of his infernal bounty and liberality, he will puff us up with Pride, Arrogancy, Ambition, Vainglory, Oſtentation, Diſdain, Covetouſneſs, Singularity, Affectation, Confidence, Security: and if all theſe allurements will not prevail to ſubdue us, he hath yet reſerved troops and Forces, and another ſtring to his Bow: for then exchanging his ſmiles into frowns,

1 Pet. 5. 8. Rev. 12. 9. John 8. 12. 31. Ep. 6. 12. 2 Cor. 11. 6. Luke 4. 6. 7.

and his calms to ſtorms, he will give us Penſiveneſs, Grief of mind and body, affliction, ſorrow, diſcontent, choler, envy, indignation, deſpair, revenge, and like.

Yea, he will watch us at every turn, and wait on us at every occaſion, for, are we bent to revenge, he will blow the coals to our choler: are we given to ſorow and diſcontent, he will thruſt and haile us on to deſpair: are we inclined to wantonneſs, and laſcivioufneſs, he will fit us with means and opportunity to accompliſh our carnal deſires: or, are we addicted to covetouſneſs and honours, he will either cauſe us to break our hearts, or our necks to obtain it: for it is indifferent to him, either how or in what manner we enlarge and fill up the empty rooms of his vaſt and Infernal Kingdom.

Thus we ſee how powerful our three capital Enemies are; yea, what a cloud, nay what a world of ſubordinate means and inſtruments they have, not only to enſnare, but to deſtroy us: yea, not only to conquer our hearts, but, which is worſe, to make ſhipwrack of our ſouls, and from hence comes our milery: yea, from theſe three fatal trees we gather the bitter fruit of our perdition.

But againſt all theſe temptations and dangers, againſt all theſe our profeſſed enemies in general, and each of them in particular; we may ſwim in the Ocean of the world without drowning, and pilgrimage upon the face of the earth without terrour or deſtruction, if we will conſider, and in conſidering remember, that *God is our Creator, Chriſt our Saviour, and*
Gen. 1.27. *the Holy Ghoſt our Sanctifier and Comforter*: that we are honoured with the reſemblance of
Pſal. 11.5.6. God, whoſe ſtamp and character we bear, and enriched with immortal and living ſouls:
Joh. 10.21. which ſacred priviledges and divine prerogatives lift us up by many degrees of excellency
21.25. above the reſt of all his creatures, whom he hath made for our ſervice, and we only to ſerve
Gen. 2.7. and glorifie Him. That he hath made the world for a thorow fare, and us as paſſengers;
Gen. 1.28. that we have no abiding City here, but muſt ſeek one in the world to come: That the
Iſa. 43.21. world is ours but for a ſeaſon, and Heaven our patrimony and inheritance for ever: That
Heb. 13.14. the pomp and pleaſures thereof are but tranſitory and temporary, and that the vanity thereof paſſeth away as duſt or ſmoke before the wind, whereas thoſe of Heaven are both
Pſal. 132.3. immortal and eternal: *That our fleſh is but like flowers that fade, and graſs that withereth*; but
Iſa. 40.7. Pſal. 39.5. a maſs of corruption, a tabernacle of clay, and a coffin of duſt and aſhes; that the beſt of
1 Cor. 6.15. its beauty is but vanity and deformity, and the end of its Bravery but rottenneſs and putrifaction: if, I ſay, we ſpurn at the vanity of the world, contemn the pleaſures of the fleſh, and ſcoff at the temptations of Satan; uſing the firſt, as if we uſed it not, making the ſecond *the*
Col. 3.2. *Temple of the Holy Ghoſt, and not the members of a Harlot*; and that we are ſo far from fearing as we deſie the third, *Setting our affections on things that are above, and not on things of the earth*: for if we will be heirs of the Church Triumphant, we muſt be firſt Soldiers of the Militant, and ſo following the advice and direction of the Apoſtle, ſtand againſt all theſe
Epheſ. 6. our enemies, *Having the whole ſpiritual Armour, girt about us; as the girdle of Truth, the Breſtplate of Righteouſneſs, the Shield of Faith, the Helmet of Salvation, and the Sword of the Spirit*, not to catch at theſe allurements, or to be caught by them; not to ſtrike ſail, or to ſtoop to theſe afflictions: or to hang down our heads, as if we gave way to them, or were contented that our weakneſs ſtould yield to their ſtrength, or our joys to their afflictions: rather to ſtand up couragiouſly, and to repel and reſiſt manfully, conſidering that we are not only heirs, but coheirs with Jeſus Chriſt, in the participation and felicity of that Heavenly *Hieruſalem*, whoſe joys are infinite, and glory eternal.

I deny not, but afflictions and temptations may befall us; yea, I acknowledg they are ſubject and incident to the beſt and deareſt of God's children, whom he will trie in the fire, to ſee whether they will prove ſilver, or droſs: yea, he will come with his fan and winnow them, to ſee whether they are Wheat or Chaff, Corn or Darnel: But the Children of God
Rom. 5.3. ſhould *rejoyce in tribulation*, and *account it exceeding joy, when they are tempted*: yea, they muſt
James 1.2. Jam. 3.14. conſider, that *God tempteth no man with evil*: but it is our own concupiſcence that draws and enticeth us to it. In which reſpect, we may juſtly ſay, it is a folly to hearken to temptation, but a miſery and madneſs to follow and embrace it.

For why would diſcontent caſt us into deſpair, except we will reſemble the fooliſh Sailor, who abandoneth the Helm in a ſtorm when he hath moſt need to uſe it? or the ſimple fiſh, that leaps from the pan to the fire: Or thoſe ignorant Fools, who to deliver themſelves
Pſal. 73.25. from the rain run into the River? For are we tempted? *The Lord will hold us up by his right*
Pſal 9.10. *hand*, yea, *he will not fail thoſe that ſeek him*: *For he is our rock and our fortreſs, our ſhield, and our*
Pſal. 18.2. *refuge*, yea, *although he hath wounded us, he will bind up our wounds*. And that we may yet ſee
Hoſ. 6.1. Jam. 1.12. a farther benefit, that accrueth to thoſe that are tempted, let us read with joy and retain
Pſal. 125.1. with comfort, that, *Bleſſed is the man that endureth temptation, he ſhall receive the Crown of life,*

which

which the Lord hath promised to those that love him: yea, *they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Sion, which cannot be removed but abideth for ever.*

When therefore (among other temptations) choler so far prevaileth with us (or rather the Devil with our choler) that we imagine mischief in our hearts, or lift up our hands against our Christian Brother, let us then consider what the Apostle tells us from God: *He that hates his Brother, walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth*: yea, *He that loves not his Brother, is not of God.* Hath any one therefore offended thee? why, consider he is a man and no Angel, and as subject to infirmities as thy self: as also, that he is thy Brother by Creation and Adoption, by Nature and by Grace, and that he bears the same Image and Resemblance of God as thy self doth: in which regard thou art counselled, *Not to let the Sun go down on thy wrath*: *That thou seek after peace*: *and follow it*: *That we forbear and forgive one another, as Christ forgives us, and that if we live in peace the God of peace will be with us.*

1 John 2. 11. 1 John 4. 10. Ephe. 4. 26. 1 Pet. 3. 9. Col. 3. 13. Psal. 14. 58.

But some there are (yea alas, too too many) who are so hardned in their hearts and sins, and so resolute in their wilfulness, as instead of relishing, they distaste, and instead of embracing, reject and disdain this Christian advice and Counsel, opening their thoughts and hearts to all vanities, or rather drawing up the Sluces and Flood-hatches to let in all impiety to their souls, they give way to the treacherous baits of the world, to the alluring pleasures of the Flesh, and to the dangerous and fatal temptations of the Devil, and so cruelly imbrew their hands in the innocent blood of their Christian Brethren: and although the murders of *Abel* by *Cain* out of Envy, of *Uriah* by *David* for Adultery, of *Abner* by *Joab* for Ambition, of *Naboth* by *Jezebel* for malice, and of *Jehu* his Sons by *Athaliah* for Revenge (with their several punishments which God inflicted on them for these their hainous and horrible crimes) are presidents enough fearful and bloody, to make any Christian heart dissolve into pity, and a regenerate soul melt into tears, yet such new examples engender and produce fresh effects of sorrow and compassion, and as it were leave and imprint a sensible memory thereof in our hearts and understandings, therefore I thought it a work as worthy of my labour (as that labour of a Christian) to collect thirty several Tragical Histories, which for thy more easy and perfect memory, I have digested into six several Books, that observing and seeing herein as in a Crystal Mirrour, the variety of the Devils temptations, and the allurements of sin, wherewith these weak Christians (the Authors and Actors hereof) suffered themselves to be carried away and seduced: Considering, I say the foulness of their facts in procuring the deaths of their Christian Brethren, some through blood, others through poyson: as also God's miraculous detection and severe punishment thereof, in revenging blood for blood, and death for death: yea many times repaying it home with interest, and rewarding one death with many: that the consideration of these bloody and mournful Tragedies, may by their examples, strike astonishment to our thoughts, and amazement to our senses, that the horror and terrour thereof may hereafter retain and keep us within the lists of Charity towards men; and the bounds of filial and Religious obedience towards God, who tells us by his Royal Prophet, that *whosoever maketh a pit for others shall fall into it himself*: *for his mischief will return upon his own head, and his cruelty fall upon his own pate.* Which we shall see verified in these, who seduced partly by Sin, but chiefly by Satan, who is the author thereof, forgot the counsel of the Apostle, *if any one be afflicted, let him pray*: and grieved; *to pour forth their hearts before God*: not considering the efficacy thereof; *nor how Moses made the bitter waters of* Marah *sweet thereby*: yea they builded not their faiths on God, and his promises on Christ and his Church, on his Gospel and his Sacraments, but spurned at all these Divine comforts and spiritual blessings, yea and trampled that sweet-smelling sacrifice of prayer under their feet, which is the antidote and preservative of the Soul against sin, and the Bulwark to expel all the fiery and bloody darts of Satan's temptations: yea, the very ladder whereby both aspirations and ejaculations of our Souls mount unto God, and his benefits and mercies descend unto us: and this and only this, was both the Prologue to their destruction, and their destruction it self: the which I present unto the view, not only of thine eyes, but of thy heart and soul, because it is a virtue in us to look on other mens vices with hatred and detestation, imitating herein the wise and skilful Pilot, who mourns to see the Rocks, whereon his neighbours have suffered shipwrack: and yet again rejoyceth, that by the sight thereof he may avoid his own: which indeed is the true way, both to secure our safety, and to prevent our destruction, as well of the Temporal life of our Bodies in this World, as the Spiritual of our Souls in that to come.

Gen. 4. 8. 2 Sam. 21. 17. and 3. 27. 1 King 21. 13. and 21. 1. Psal. 7. 14. 15. Jam. 5. 13 Psal. 61. 8. Exod. 15. 16.

I must further advertise thee, that I have purposely fetched these Tragical Histories from forreign parts, because it grieves me to report and relate these that are too frequently committed

committed in our own Country, in respect the misfortune of the dead may perchance either afflict, or scandalize their living friends; who rather want matter of new consolation, than cause of reviving old sorrows; or because the iniquity of the times is such, that it is as easie to procure many enemies, as difficult to purchase one true friend; in which respect, I know that divers, both in matters of this, and of other natures, have been so cautious to disguise and mark their Actors, under the vails of other names; and sometimes been inforced to lay their Scenes in strange and unknown Countries.

For mine own part, I have illustrated and polished these Histories, yet not framed them according to the Model of mine own fancies, but of their passions, who have represented and personated them: and therefore if in some places they seem too amorous, or in others too bloody, I must justly retort the imperfection thereof on them, and not thy self on me; sith I only represent what they have acted, and gave that to the publick which they obscurely perpetrated in private.

My intent, desire, and prayer, is, that if thou art strong in Christ, perusing and reading of these Histories may confirm thy faith, and the defiance of all sins in general, and of Murther in particular; or if thou art but weak in the rules of Christian fortitude and piety, that hereby it may encourage and arm thee against the allurements of the world, and the Flesh; but especially against the snares and enticements of the Devil, which may stir thee up either to Wrath, Despair, Revenge, or Murther: that by the contemplation thereof, thou maist resemble the Bee and not the Spider, and so draw Hony from all flowers, but poyson from none.

It shall be the felicity of my thoughts, and the glory of my content and labour, if by the sight of these Histories, thou reap any spiritual comfort or encouragement in this *Christian Warfare* against the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, our three professed and fatal enemies, or if thou wilt be so wilfully negligent of thine own good, as to ride post by other mens sins and vices, yet with leisure take a curious and exact survey of thy own; and in seeing them, not only endeavour but strive to reform them.

If this first Book of my Tragical Histories work any good effect in thee, in causing thee to assume and take on a resolution to hate these sins in thy self, and to detest them in others; then the five other parts which I owe to my promise, and the frontispice to thee, shall not be kept back, or with-held thee, but in due time succeed this their elder sister: having purposely enlarged thee this my Preface, because this one shall serve for all six Books, at least if the rest be so happy to see the world, or I so fortunate, that the world may see them. In the mean time hoping that thy courtesie and charity will wink at some defects and imperfections, which may herein have slipt either from my Pen, or the Press, and whereof the malice of some, or peradventure the ignorance of others may accuse themselves by condemning me; I recommend these my labours from their passion to thy friendship; from their censure to thy judgment: and us all to the protection of God, *Who is our life, and the strength of our days. To whom be glory for evermore.*

Deu. 30. 30.
Psa. 104. 31.

Thy Christian Friend.

JOHN REYNOLDS.

The

THE

AUTHOR

HIS

RE-ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

Judicious Chriſtian Reader.

THat my promiſe owed ſix of theſe Books of *Gods Revenge againſt Murther* to the World, the Title, and my Epiſtle (to the *Reader*) of the firſt Book, doth apparently teſtifie: It is now ſome ten years ſince that I publiſhed the third thereof; ſince when, my time and leiſure hath been ſtill ſo interrupted, and (as it were) cut aſunder by many different intervening accidents, that I a long time both doubted and feared that the three laſt Books would have abſolutely dyed upon the Deſign: But I praiſe and bleſs God, (he hath been ſo favourable to my deſires, and ſo propitious to my intentions and reſolutions) that I have cleared that doubt and ſecured this fear; for now (by his ſacred Aſſiſtance and Providence) I have fully and compleatly finiſhed them, and do here preſent all ſix Books to thee in one intire Volume. I am not ſo vain or preſumptuous to think that they deſerve to be ſeen and read of more Judicious; for my thoughts aſpire to nothing unproportionable to my mean abilities. I knew it was a ſingular great and excellent point of wiſdom in *Socrates*, who (by the *Oracle* of *Apollo*) was deemed the wiſeſt of Men, to confeſs and acknowledge to the world, *That he knew but one thing, which was, that he knew nothing.*

But here, before I proceed farther, I muſt let the World know, that I underſtand there are a generation of people, who have been ſo ſtrangely ignorant, as to give out, that theſe my *Hiſtories* are not *Originals*, but *Tranſlations*, either from *Italian* or *French*; all which (with equal Truth and Modeſty) I firmly contradict and deny, whether they regard *Matter*, *Manner*, *Method*, or *Phraſe*, *Place*, or *Perſons*: for contrariwiſe I found out the grounds of them in my Travels, and at my own leiſure) compoſed and penned them, according to the rule of my weak Fancy and Capacity, they being ſo far from *Tranſlations*, that as I have hitherto refuſed to imitate any therein, but my ſelf, ſo had I been ſo ambitious or vain-glorious to have given way, or conſent to it, ſome friends of mine in *Paris*, had long ſince done the three firſt Books into *French*, from my firſt *Original* thereof: But knowing Humility to be the faireſt Ornament of a Writer, and Modeſty beſt to become Vertuous Minds, I have hitherto prevented it, and do ſtill reſolve ſo to do.

Now becauſe as *Idleneſs* makes ſome too curious, and *Curioſity* makes others too idle, ſo it likewiſe pleaſed ſome (not ſo diſcreet as forward) to condemn and tax ſome of *Hiſtories* for being too long, and other for being too ſhort, as if I were bound to obſerve and pleaſe their fancy; more than the truth,

or mine own judgment; or that in the contriving and penning thereof, I were obliged to delight and content them before my ſelf. No, no, as long as I know men are as different in their opinions and cenſures, as in their countenances and complexions, I ſhall rather connive and not regard their (worthy to be pitied) ignorance, and reſolve and content my ſelf to contemn and paſs by, rather than to eſteem or grieve at it. They will firſt I hope read, before they underſtand, and let me then requeſt them alſo, that they will firſt underſtand, before they either cenſure, or tax any part of what they read; and ſo I doubt not, but they will both ſee, and find, that in the penning and publiſhing of theſe *Hiſtories*, if am not worthy of their *Love*; yet (at leaſt) their unjuſt *Envy* and *Detraction* is every way unworthy of me, and that although many Books of theſe our time are not particularly approved and liked of for the preſent, yet it is not impoſſible for the future both to reſpect and honour them; and ſo I leave theſe uncharitable *Zoyliſts* to ſleep, ſtanding in the ſimplicity of their ignorance, if they will not be rectified and reformed by warning. And I will now divert my pen to the wiſe and Religious Chriſtian *Readers*, who will know what ſingular good effects it worketh in their hearts, firſt to read with underſtanding, and then to apply with charity and prudence, for whoſe ſakes ſolely I have added theſe my three laſt Books of *Gods Revenge againſt the Crying Sin of Wilful Murther*, to the three former; for I ſend them to the publick good, whereunto all our Endeavours ſhould tend, to the Propagation of *Chriſtian Love* and *Charity* among men, whereat all our Enterprizes ſhould aim, and to the flouriſhing advancement of God's honour and glory, to which all the thoughts of our Hearts, and Faculties of our Souls ſhould chiefly aſpire and level.

And becauſe *Scaliger* affirms, *That nothing ſo ſoon allures or draws a Reader to peruſe and Read, as a ſtrange Theme and Argument*: Therefore this Path being ſeldom (if ever) troden or beaten by any other, I am ſo far from deſpairing, as I am confident, at leaſt of thy acceptance, if not of thy approbation of theſe my labours; and the ſooner, becauſe as thou haſt heretofore diſburthened my *Stationer* of the three firſt of theſe Books, ſo he (in compenſation thereof) hath now drawn the three laſt of them from me to the *Preſs*, with a more than common and uſual importunity; and I ſhall bear this content to my grave, and I hope from thence to Heaven, that in penning of them all I ſhall leave no pernicious Air behind me, to infect Youth with Scurrility, or corrupt their Manners and Inclinations with Incentives to Lewdneſs and Vanity; which as it is the ſhame of this our age, ſo it ought to be the care of every good Man, to ſhun that which ſo many of our lewed and laſcivious Pamplets do not. In writing hereof, I have conſecrated my Pen rather to Inſtruction than Eloquence, and to Charity rather than Curioſity; and have made it my chiefeſt Care, Ambition, and Conſcience, to profit thy Soul, rather than to pleaſe thine Ear, and to ſavour more of Heaven than Earth; Yea, I affirm (with equal truth and boldneſs) that I have written it with ſo innocent a Pen, that the pureſt and moſt unſtained Virgin ſhall not need to make her beautiful Cheeks guilty of the leaſt Bluſh in peruſing it all over.

It is with no ſmall coſt and labour, that I firſt procured, then penned theſe *Hiſtories*, and have now poliſhed and prepared them to the *Preſs*, as well for the extirpating of that *Execrable Sin of Murther* (which crys ſo loud to Heaven for Vengeance) as alſo to ſhew thee, God's ſacred Juſtice, and righteous Judgments in the Vindication of the inhuman Authors thereof, to the end, that (by the knowledg and reading of them) thou maieſt become more Charitable, and more hate cruelty, by their wretched and lamentable examples: having herein

herein endeavoured (as much as in me lies) to make my *Reader* a Spectator, first of these their foul and bloody Crimes, and then of their condign and exemplary punishments, which (as a dismal storm and terrible tempest from Heaven) fell on them on Earth when they least dreamt or thought thereof.

And here to conclude this my *Re-advertisement* to thee, I Religiously from my heart intreat thee to respect the matter, not the Words, and the Importance and Consequence, more than the Dressing of these Thirty several *Tragical Histories*, whiles I will account and esteem it a far greater Happiness for my self, to learn true Charity, and the true fear of God in writing them, than to presume of my Ability to instruct and teach others by reading them, because I may justly and truly say with *Lipsius*, That my aim and desire in publishing of them, *It is not that I might be made greater, but better thereby, and (if it please God) others by me.*

What Spiritual Fortitude, or Benefit, thou reapest by their knowledg and comtemplation, I exhort thee, in stead of giving me any Thanks, to reserve and give them wholly to God, who is the giver of all good things, yea, the Father of Mercies, and the God of all Comfort and Consolation, to whose Grace I commit thee; desiring thee to assist me with thy favourable opinion, and dayly prayers to his Throne of Grace, as I shall ever be ready to requite thee with mine.

Thy Christian Friend,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

The *Stationer* to the *Reader*.

HAVING been ſo often importun'd for a Fifth Edition of this Book, I may ſeem to owe little further ſatisfaction to the World, but to procure what is deſired, and anſwer a publick Expectation. Yet ſeeing that thoſe that have done well in their former actions, have made themſelves Debtors to the world, and muſt for the future render a ſeverer account upon the ſcore of their old merit; I ſhall not excuſe my ſelf from giving the reaſons of this new Edition in Folio, becauſe the Four firſt were received with univerſal approbation; the which, when they firſt came out, the ſparkling Vein which run through them, the ſublimeneſs of ſome parts, where ſuitable paſſions were to be expreſſed, joined with the rareneſs of the Narrations, and perhaps the compaſſion of ſome perſons, which made them wiſh they might not be true, began to create ſuſpicion in ſome, as if they wanted truth, the ſoul of Hiſtory: Upon which the Lord *Abbot*, formerly Arch-biſhop of *Canterbury*, not willing ſo great a part of God's Government in the world, ſhould be ſuſtained upon painted Pillars, knowing the Auxiliaries Falſhood ſupplies Truth with, are dangerous, and always call'd back in her greateſt occaſions; did very diligently enquire of the Author concerning moſt of the particulars, and was by him ſo amply ſatisfied, that that excellent perſon (who was then ſo great a part of the publick Conſcience) did judge the Gentlman's Labour moſt profitably undertaken, and his Pains plac'd for the beſt advantage; which he did declare to the World by his Licenſe and Approbation. Beſides, as a further proof of their truth, I have ſpoken with ſeveral Gentlemen, who have had acquaintance with ſome of the chiefeſt Actors. So that thoſe Ladies whoſe perfect goodneſs delights to ſhare in the *ſufferings of* Caſſandra, *and pay their Ceremonies of grief to empty Tombs*, may let fall that Celeſtial Dew upon thoſe ſweet Flowers and Lillies which here grow about the Grave ſometimes of unfortunate Faith and clear Innocenc. That all this may appear more lively, I have added the ſeveral Brazen Cuts, which repreſent the moſt conſiderable actions, and offer a variety, which I queſtion not but will be agreeable: for, that which is more ſlowly deduced through the courſe of a larger Narration, will at once be preſented to the view, and make the impreſſions ſtrike the deeper. For, as *Naturaliſts* obſerve, that the blood of that beaſt which dies the Purple, does then give the trueſt ſtain when he is killed at one blow: ſo Tragical Stories, put into ſuch order that they may at once touch the ſenſe, do moſt paſſionatly move the affections; which is the main End of this new Edition, and the trueſt Benefit the Publick can receive, To create a horror in men of a ſin which is purſued of God by thoſe puniſhments which are viſible, and not adjourned to the Great Day, I ſhall reſt aſſured of the acceptation of the Candid Reader, to whom I am to give farther notice, That this moſt Excellent Hiſtory of *God's Revenge againſt Murther*, in few years having vended and ſold all the Fifth and Sixth Impreſſions (ſo well contrived with the Graving of Braſs Plates to all the Thirty Tragical Hiſtories;) I now the Seventh time preſent it unto the World much better corrected than the laſt Impreſſion.

The whole work at large thus publiſhed the Seventh time, hath no Addition to the Matter, neither had any of the former. Only to theſe two laſt Impreſſions I did add the thirty Braſs Plates, that hath ſo much ſatisfied the Reader, that he cannot ever hereafter expect any more to be added. All which I commend to thy kind acceptance, and my ſelf to thy ſervice.

W. L.

The Triumphs of God's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

HISTORY I.

Hautefelia *cauſeth* La Freſna *an Apothecary, to poyſon her Brother* Grand Pre, *and his Wife* Mermanda, *and is likewiſe the cauſe that her ſaid Brother kills* De Malleray *her own Husband in a Duel.* La Freſna *condemned to be hanged for a Rape; on the Ladder confeſſeth his two former Murthers, and ſays that* Hautefelia *ſeduced and hired him to perform them;* Hautefelia *is likewiſe apprehended, and ſo for the cruel Murthers, they are both put to ſevere and cruel deaths.*

IF our Contemplation dive into elder times, and our curioſity turn over the variety of ancient and modern Hiſtories (as well Divine as Humane) we ſhall find that Ambition, Revenge, and Murther, have ever proved fatal crimes to their undertakers: for they are vices which ſo eclipſe our judgments, and darkens our underſtandings, as we ſhall not only ſee with grief, but find with repentance, that they will bring us ſhame for

glory, affliction for content, and misery for felicity. Now as they are powerful in Men; so they are (sometimes) implacable in Women, who (with as much vanity as malice) delight in these sins: as if that could add grace to their bodies, that deforms their souls; or lustre and prosperity to their days, that makes shipwrack both of their fortunes and lives. It is with grief and pity (yea not with passion, but compassion) that I instance this in a Gentlewoman, who was born to honour, and not to shame, had not these three aforesaid vices (like so many infernal Furies) lain her glory in the dust, and drag'd her body to an untimely and infamous grave. It is a History that hath many sorrowful dependences, and which produceth variety of disasterous and mournful accidents: wherein (by the just judgment of God) we shall see Ambition bitterly scourged, Revenge sharply rewarded, and Murther severely punished; by whose example, if all that profess Religion become less impious, and more truly Religious, we shall then lead the whole course of our lives, in such peaceful and happy tranquility, (as arming our selves with resolution to live and die in the favour of Heaven) we need not fear either what earth or hell can do unto us. The History is thus.

Near *Auxone* (a strong and ancient Town upon the Frontiers of *Burgundy*, and the free County) dwelt an aged grave Gentleman (nobly descended, and of a very fair demaynes) named *Monsieur de Grandmont*, who had to his Wife a virtuous Lady, termed *Madamoyselle de Carny*, the only daughter of *Monsieur de Buserat*, a worthy Gentleman of the City of *Dole*. This married couple for a long time lived in the greatest height of content, that either earth could afford, or their hearts could desire; for as one way they grew opulent in Lands and wealth, so another way they were endued with three hopeful Sons, *Grand Pre*, *Vileneuse*, and *Masseron*, and with two Daughters, *Madamoyselle de Hautefelia*, and *de Cressye*, a fair Posterity: they blest in their Parents, and their Parents hoping themselves blest in them; so as (to the eye of the world) this one Family promised to make many, (especially seeing the youngest of the five had already attained its tenth year) but God in his Providence ordained the contrary.

Grand Pre (as the first and chiefest Pillar of the house) craves leave of his Father that he might serve his Apprentiship in the Wars, under the command of that incomparable Captain, *Grave Maurice*, then Earl of *Nassaw*, since Prince of *Orange*. *Vileneuse* delighting in Books, his Father thought fit to send to *Pont-au-Mousson*; and thinking to retain *Masseron* with him, he for his beauty was begg'd a Page, by that valorous Marshal of *France*, who so willingly and unfortunately lost his Head in the *Bastile* of *Paris*.

As for their two Daughters: *Hautefelia* lived with her Parents; and *de Cressye* they presented to a great Lady of *Burgundy*, who was long since the most afflicted and sorrowful Wife and Mother to the Barons of *Lux*, Father and Son, who were both slain by that generous and brave *Lorain* Prince, the Duke of *Guise*.

But behold the inconstancy of fortune, or rather the power and pleasure of Heaven, which can soon metamorphose our mirth into mourning, our joys into tears, and our hopes into despair: for within the compass of one whole year, we shall see three of these five Children laid in their graves, and of three several deaths; for *Vileneuf* was drowned at *Pont-au-Mousson*, as he bathed himself in the River; *Masseron* was kill'd in a Duel at *Fontain bleau* by *Rossat* a *Gascoyn*, being Page to the Duke of *Espernon*; and *Hautefelia* died at home of a burning Feaver with her Parents; a triple loss, which doth not only afflict their hearts and souls, but also seems to drown their eyes with a deluge of mournful and sorrowful tears.

Grandmont and *de Carny* his Wife, being thus made unfortunate and wretched by the death of three of their Children, they resolve to call home their other two, to be comforts and props to their old age; but their hopes may deceive them. First from the the Baroness of *Lux* comes *de Cressye*, who succeeding her Sister, we must now term by the name (or rather by the title) of *Hautefelia*; who hath a great and bloody part to act upon the Theatre of this History: after her, very shortly, comes *Grand Pre* from *Holland*, where (in divers services) he left many honourable and memorable marks of his prowess and valour behind him.

Upon his arrival to his Father's house, the flower of all the Nobility and Gentry of the Country come to condole with him, for the death of his Brothers and Sister, as also to congratulate his happy return (an office and complement which expresseth much affection and civility). They find *Grand Pre* a brave compleat Gentleman, not in outward pride, but in inward generosity and vertue, not in the vanity of fashions and apparel, but in the perfection and indowments of his mind and body; he is wholly addicted to the exercise of War, and not to the art of courting Ladies; his delights are in the Camp of *Mars* and *Bellona*, and not in the Palace of *Venus* and *Cupid*; well knowing that the one will breed him honour and glory, and the other shame and repentance; his pastimes are not crisping and powdering of his hair, quarrelling with his Taylor for the fashion of his Cloaths, dancing in velvet pumps, and tracing the Streets in near perfum'd Boots with jangling Spurs; yea, he resembleth not young spruce Courtiers, who

think

think no Heaven to brave Apparrel, nor Paradice to that of their Mistres's Beauty: for he only practiceth riding of great Horses, Tilting, running at the Ring, displaying of Colours, tossing the Pike, handling the Musket, ordering of Rank and File, thereby to make himself capable to conduct and imbattel an Army, and to environ, fortifie, or besiege a City or Castle, or the like; yea, he spurns at the Lute and Viol, and vows there is no Musick to the rattling of the Drum and Trumpet, and to the thundring of the Musket and Cannon; but this Warlike and Martial humour of his shall not last long. Wherein we may observe the vanity of our thoughts, the inconstancy of our delights, and the alteration and mutability of our resolutions; for now we shall shortly see *Grand Pre* hate that he loved, and love that he hated; yea, we shall see him so plunge and drown himself in the beauty of a fair and sweet Gentlewoman, as he shall leave *Holland* for *Burgandy*. War for Peace, Arms for Love, and Enemies for a Mistress: but time must work this alteration and metamorphosis.

The old Gentleman his Father seeing *Grand Pre*'s Martial disposition, fears lest this ambitious and generous humour of his will induce him to seek Wars abroad, sith he finds none at home; and therefore desirous of his company and presence, in that it will sweeten his former afflictions, and give life to his future hopes and content, he profers him the choice of many a rich and fair young Gentlewoman for his Wife, of the best and most ancient Families in and near *Auxone*: but *Grand Pre* is deaf to these requests and motions, and thinks it a disparagement and blemish to his valour, if he should any way listen, or give ear thereto; the which his Father perceiving, and understanding, he bethinks himself of a further invention, and so resolves at Winter to leave the Country, and to recide in the City of *Dijon*, (famous for the ancient seat of the Dukes of *Burgundy*, and so for the present Court of Parliament) hoping that there amongst the multitude of sweet Ladies and Gentlewomen, wherewith that City is adorned, his son *Grand Pre* might at last espy some Paragon of Nature, whose beauty might have power to subdue and Captivate his affections; and indeed (as the sequel will shew) the event answereth his expectation.

For on Sunday morning in Lent, as *Grand Pre* went to the Royal Chappel to hear Father *Justinian* (a Capuchin Fryer) preach, he opposite to him espies a most delicate and beautiful young Lady, slender of body, tall of stature, fair of taint and complexion, having a quick and gracious eye, with pure and delicate hair of flaxen colour, being infinitely rich in Apparrel, yet far richer in the perfections and excellencies of a true and perfect beauty; in a word, she was so amiable and so lovely, so sweet, and so pleasing to his eyes, as at her very first sight *Grand Pre* could not refrain from blushing, as being ravished with the sweetness of so fair an object so as his heart panted and beat within him, as being not accustomed to encounter with such Beauties, or with such sudden passions and alterations.

Now by this time the young Gentlewoman (whose name we shall anon know) could not but perceive with what earnestness and delight *Grand Pre* beheld her, and seeing him to be a proper young Gallant, and richly apparelled and followed, she could not refrain from dying her Lily Cheeks with a Vermilion blush, which gave such grace to her beauty, and so inflamed our poor *Grand Pre*, as he could no longer resist the influence of such amorous assaults; and now it is that his thoughts strikes sail to affection, and his heart doth homage to beauty, so as he revokes his former opinion conceived against the power and dignity of Love, which he now holds erroneous, and in his heart vows that there is no such felicity in the world as to enjoy the Lady of his desires, whom his eyes and Soul chiefly honour and adore: But if he be insnared and imprisoned in the fetters of her Beauty, no less is she in those of his personage, only she is more coy and precise in the exterior demonstration thereof; for as he cannot keep his eyes from gazing on her; so she seems but to look on him by stealth, or if she transgres that Decorum, she immediately, in outward appearance, checks her eyes from ranging beyond the lists of modesty and discretion.

But by this time to the grief of our new Lovers, the Sermon is ended, and all prepare to depart, so their eyes with much discontent and unwillingness, for that time take leave of each other; and here *Grand Pre*, making a turn or two in the Church, is doubly tormented and perplexed, first with grief that he is deprived of his Mistres's sight, and then with sorrow, that he neither knows her, nor her name: But as love refines our wits, and gives an edg to our intentions, so he shews her to his Page, and sends him to make secret enquiry what she is. His Page speedily returns, and informs him that she is *Madamoysel Mermanda*, eldest daughter to *Mounsieur de Cressonvile*, one of the cheifest Presidents of the Court of Parliament. *Grand Pre* extremely rejoyceth to know what she was, and far the more, in respect he sees it no disparagement either to himself or his House to marry her: and therefore omitting all other designs and resolutions (and bidding farewel to the Wars) he resolves to seek her in Marriage; to which end, the next day, he of set purpose, with a Gen-

tleman or two of his intimate and familiar friends, insinuates himself into her Fathers house, who being absent, whiles they entertain the Mother, he (under colour of other conference) courts the Daughter: yea, now his affection is to her by many degrees redoubled, because he sees the excellency of her mind is answerable to that of her person; and now she coming likewise to know him, is as it were wrapt up in the contemplation of a thousand sweet contents, which so work on her affection, (or rather on her heart) as if he thinks himself happy in seeking such a Mistress, she esteems her self blest in finding such a Servant.

Grand Pre finds his first entertainment from *Mermanda* to be respective and pleasing; and so authorized by her courtesie and advice, he taking time at advantage, goes to the old President her Father, and bewrays to him his affection to his Daughter, and the desire he hath to obtain her for his Wife: so having begun his suit, he leaves his Father *Grandmont* to finish it, and continually frequents the company of his beautiful Mistress *Mermanda*.

Her Father *Cressonvile* dislikes not this match, but deems it both agreeable and honourable; only he knows that *Grandmont* hath likewise one only Daughter, and himself one only Son, so he infinitely desires, to make this a double Match, thereby to contract a more firm and stricter league betwixt their two houses: this is proposed and debated, as well between the younger folks, as the old Parents, and at last it takes effect; so as purposely omitting, first the conference, then the Letters sent, from *Grand Pre* to *Mermanda*, and from *Mermanda* to *Grand Pre*; from *De Malleray* (*Cressonvilles* Son) to *Hautefelia*, and from *Hautefelia* to *De Malleray*, because the inserting thereof would make this brief History swell into an ample volume; These Marriages, to the joy of the Parents, and the sweet content of their Sons and Daughters, are pompously solemnized in *Dijon* with all variety of Feasting, Dancing, and Masking, answerable to their degrees and dignities. But these Marriages shall not prove so fortunate as is hoped, and expected; neither was *Hymenæus* invited thereunto, or if he were, he refused to come; and therefore *Lucina* will likewise save her labour, because she knows that neither of these two young married Gentlewomen shall live to make use of her assistance.

And here before I proceed farther, I wish the event of this History could give the lie to this ensuing position, That there is no pride nor malice to that of a woman; but I have more reason to fear, than hope to believe the contrary; for no sooner, have our two young couples reaped the fruits of Marriage, and the felicity of their desires, but we shall see the Sun-shine of their joy overtaken with a dismal storm of grief, sorrow, and misfortune; whereby we may observe and learn, that there is no perfect nor permanent felicity under the Sun, but that all things in this World, yea, the World it self is subject to revolution and change. The manner is thus:

Hautefelia envies her Sister in Law *Mermanda*'s advancement, and contemns her own; she likes not to give the hand to her, whom she knows is by descent her inferiour, and to speak true, prefers a Scarlet Cloak before a Black, and a Sword-man before a Pen-man; these ambitious conceits of hers, proceeding from Hell, will breed bad blood, and produce mournful effects; yea, peradventure strangle her, who embraceth and practiceth them.

Mermanda is of a gracious and mild nature, *Hautefelia* of an imperious and revengeful, never any married couple live more contented, nor pass more pleasant days, than did *Grand Pre* and his fair *Mermanda* for the space of one whole year; wherein she bore her self so loving and courteous towards him, and he so kind and pleasant to her, as their sweet carriage, and honourable and virtuous behaviour, was of all the world (*Hautefelia* only excepted) highly praised and applauded. But *Hautefelia* envying *Mermanda*'s prosperity and glory, because she could neither parallel the one, nor equal the other, and seeing with no other eyes than those of ambition and envy, bethinks her self how she might act her disgrace, and eclipse the splendor of her vertues and glory. When remembring that the Baron of *Betanford* (dwelling not far from *Auxone*) sometimes visited her Brother *Grand pre*, as also he had lately done her two unkind offices, the one, by buying a Jewel from her, which she was in price with, of a Gold-Smith at *Dijon*-Fair; and the other, for retaining a little fine white *Frizeland* Dog, which his Page had stole from her: she thinks to give two strokes with one stone, and at one time to be revenged both of the Baron and of her Sister in Law *Mermanda*.

Judge, Christian Reader, what simple reasons and trivial motives this inconsiderate Gentlewoman hath for her malice, but she is resolute therein, and as she hath laid the foundation, so she will perfect the edifice of her malice and revenge; which to effect, she sends a servant of hers purposely near *Auxone*, to her Brother *Grand Pre*, and writes him a Letter to this effect: She intreats him to come ride over to her, for she hath a secret of importance to reveal to him, which she holds not fit to commit to pen; and withal adviseth him, to frame some other excuse towards her Husband for his sudden coming.

Grand Pre arrived at *Dijon*, and is welcomed of his Brother and Sister, but he discovers her

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to be more ſorrowful than accuſtomed; he is ignorant what theſe clouds of her diſcontent import, or from whence they ariſe; but he ſhall know too ſoon, and his curioſity ſhall pay dear to underſtand it. Supper ended, they fetch a walk in the Garden, and ſo he is conducted to his Chamber, where his Brother in Law *De Malleray* giving him the good night, his Siſter *Hautefelia* with tears in her eyes informs him, that ſhe knows for certain, the Baron of *Betanford* is too familiar with his Wife *Mermanda*, yea, beyond the bounds of honeſty: the which ſhe muſt needs reveal to him, becauſe his honour is hers, which, as ſhe is bound by nature, ſhe will cheriſh and preſerve as her own life.

Grand Pre amazed at this ſtrange and unlooked-for news, is like one lunatick, or rather ſtark mad, he ſtamps with his foot, throws away his hat, now caſting himſelf on the Bed, then on the floor; yea, had not his Siſter prevented him, he had killed himſelf with his own Sword: Theſe are the wretched paſſions of jealouſie which tranſports our ſelves beyond our ſelves, and our reaſons beyond the limits of reaſon: and now this vile and malicious Siſter of his (more out of policy than charity) uſeth many prayers and perſwaſions, brings him again to himſelf, and they conclude to keep it ſecret from all the world, but withal *Grand Pre* vows ſharply to be revenged both of his Wife, and the Baron of *Betanford*.

Hautefelia having thus broached her inveterate and implacable malice (laughing hereat like a Gypſy) betakes her ſelf to her reſt, leaving her Brother, not to ſleep but to drive out the night in watchfulneſs and jealouſie: who the next morn (ſooner than his accuſtomed hour) riſeth, takes his leave of his Brother and Siſter, and ſo very penſive and ſorrowful rides home.

Mermanda findes her Husband ſad, and enquires the cauſe thereof; ſhe prays him, that if any grief or misfortune have befallen him, ſhe may participate and bear the one half thereof, as ſhe doth of his joy and proſperity; and as ſhe was wont to do profers to kiſs him; but he ſlights her, and with much unkindneſs puts her off; whereat ſhe is amazed, as not acquainted with ſuch diſcourteſie. After Supper (jealouſie being his chiefeſt diſh; and grief, hers) he makes three or four ſolitary turns in the Court, and then ſends his Page for his Wife, who betwixt comfort and grief, hope and deſpair, preſently comes to him. He demands of her whether ſhe will walk with him; ſhe anſwereth, that his pleaſure ſhall ever be hers; and that ſhe will moſt joyfully and willingly wait on him where he pleaſeth: He brings her to a ſolitary Grove, and there having choler in his looks, and fire in his tongue, he chargeth her of diſhoneſty with the Baron of *Betanford*.

Poor *Mermanda*, as it were pierced to the heart with the thunder-bolt of this news, falls to the ground in a fainting ſwoon: yea, *Grand Pre* her Husband had much ado to recover her, when coming again to her ſelf, ſhe with many volleys of ſighs, and rivulets of tears, purgeth her ſelf of that imputation and ſcandal; ſhe blames his crudelity and jealouſie, terms her accuſers devils and witches, invokes heaven and earth to bear witneſs of her innocency; and withall clears the Baron of *Betanford*, vowing and proteſting by her part and hope of heaven, that he never attempted nor opened his mouth to make her the leaſt ſhadow of ſo unchaſt a motion.

Grand Pre weighing her words, and ſeeing her bitter and ſorrowful tears, believes his Wife, and ſo frees both her ſelf and the Baron; prays her to pardon him, and vows that he would love her dearer than before, and for ever forget and bury the memory thereof in perpetual oblivion and forgetfulneſs.

But his Wife *Mermanda*, notwithſtanding this ſubmiſſion and reconciliation of her Husband, is ſtill vexed in mind, as finding it eaſie to admit grief, but difficult to expell it: ſhe knows not what to do, nor of whom to take advice how ſhe ſhould bear her ſelf in this ſtreight and perplexity; for well ſhe knows, that if the Baron of *Betanford* ſhould come to viſit her husband, as formerly he was accuſtomed to do, it would revive and confirm his jealouſie, although they were both as innocent as innocency it ſelf. Now ſhe reſolves to write the Baron a Letter to refrain her houſe: but then ſhe thinks it too much indiſcretion and preſumption to attempt it, or that the Letter might be intercepted, or her Husband have news thereof, but again, fearing his coming, and encouraged through her innocency, ſhe reſolves to write unto him; which ſhe doth to this effect.

IT is not with bluſhes, but tears, that I preſume to write unto you; for indeed it grieves me to publiſh my Husbands folly, which by duty, I know, I am bound to conceal; neither had I attempted it, but that grief and neceſſity throws me on this exigent: for ſo it is, that my unſpotted chaſtity is not capable to defend him from jealouſie, which makes me as much triumph in mine own loyalty, as I grieve at his ingratitude: and not content to wrong me, his folly, or rather his frenſie hath reflexion on you, whom he takes to be both the object and cauſe thereof: but as your innocency can juſtly warrant and defend mine honour, and your honour my innocency from the leaſt ſhadow of that crime; ſo that we may both endeavour, rather to quench than inflame this his irregular paſſion; I muſt humbly beſeech you to refrain our houſe, and neither to viſit me nor be familiar with him; and ſo peradventure time may wear

away

away from his thoughts, that which at present truth and reason cannot. Your reluctent virtues and true generosity assure me of this courtesie, the which I will repay with thanks, and requite with prayers, that your days may be as infinite as your perfections, and your fame as glorious as your merits.

MERMANDA.

The Baron receives this Letter, praiseth *Mermanda*'s discretion, and laughs at *Grand Pre*'s folly, extolleth her innocency, and condemns his jealousie, he will be careful to preserve a Ladies honour, especially one so truly chaste and honourable as *Mermanda*; he before had a purpose to see *Paris*, but now this occasion doth both crown and confirm his resolution; he makes ready his preparatives and baggage, and so takes Coach for that great City, which abounds with the greatest part of the Nobility of the whole Kingdom: but before his departure, he returns *Mermanda* this answer.

YOur virtues and my conscience, make us as unworthy of your Husbands jealousie, as he of so chaste a Wife as Mermanda, *and so true a friend as* Betanford: *but as your affection to him hath still shined in your loyalty, so it must now in your patience; sith he in this base-passion of his seeking his own shame, will at last as surely find out your glory. Had his folly revealed me so much as your discreet Letter, I would have exchanged my Pen to a Sword, and with the hazard of my life, and loss of my dearest blood, made known as well to him as to the whole world, the truth, both of your chastity and honour, and of mine honour and innocency: In the mean time I will both imbrace and obey your request, and will manage it with such observance to your Husband, such respect to your vertues, and such regard to mine own reputation, as, I hope, he shall rest satisfied of your chastity towards himself, and of mine to you; otherwise I prize Ladies of your perfections at so high a rate, and set Cavaliers of his humour and inclination at so low an esteem, that I will know how to answer his choler with contempt, and to requite your discretion both with admiration and praise.*

BETANFORD.

Mermanda very joyfully receives this Letter: but hers to the Baron produceth effects contrary to her hopes; for *Grand Pre* understanding of the Baron of *Betanford*'s sudden departure for *Paris* (as jealousie is full of eyes) he fears a plot betwixt him and his Wife, and so confirms his former suspition of her disloyalty; he therefore converts his love into hatred towards her, and now (to shew the fruits and effects of his jealousie) refuseth her his Bed, than which, to a chaste and virtuous Wife, nothing can be more distasteful.

At this ingrateful discourtesie, poor *Mermanda* tears her hair, sigheth, weepeth, mourneth, and lamenteth in such pitiful sort, that it seems nothing in the world is capable to comfort her: but she conceals her grief as secretly as she may: only her pale cheeks and discontented looks, as the outward heralds of her inward affection, do silently discover and bewray it.

Her Husband's Father and Mother, *Grandmont* and *de Carnye*, all this while know nothing of this discontent between *Grand Pre* and *Mermanda*; but their malicious and wretched Daughter *Hautefelia* (whose malice never sleeps) hath spies in every corner of her Fathers house, who advertise her thereof; whereat she infinitely triumpheth and rejoyceth. But this joy of hers shall be but as a breath one steal, or as smoak before the wind.

Grand Pre this mean time boils with inveterate rage, and his jealousie carries him to such extreams, as he vows to be revenged, first of *Betanford*, then of his Wife; to which effect he pretends business to *Chaalons* (as what will malice leave unpretended?) and taking a choice Horse, a Page, and two Lackeys with him, he passeth a contrary way, and comes first to *Troy*, then to *Brie-count Robert* (a days journey from *Paris*;) where being very private in his Inne, he writes a Challenge, and taking aside his Page, delivers it him, and commands him, at break of day to post with all expedition for *Paris*; where being arrived to go to the Crown of *France* in Saint *Honories* Street, and secretly deliver it to the Baron of *Betanford*, to take his Answer, and to return the same night.

The Page to obey his Master's command, seems rather to fly, than post; he fitly finds out the Baron, and very fairly delivers him the Letter, who breaking up the Seal, therein finds these words.

GRAND PRE, to the Baron of BETANFORD.

YOU need no other witness than your self, to inform you in how high a nature you have wronged me, herein your false glory hath made my true shame so apparent, as I had rather die than live to digest it: for me to dissemble you my malice, as you have done me your friendship, I can sooner forget all other offences, than pardon this: therefore think it not strange that I request you to meet me on Thursday *morning next, at five or six, either with your Sword or Rapier on Horse-back, or a foot, at* Carency, *half a league from* Brie-count Robert, *where the Bearer hereof shall expect you, to conduct you safely to a fair Meadow, where without Seconds I will attend you. It is impossible for me to receive any other satisfaction; for to write the truth, nothing but your life, or mine, is capable to decide this difference.*

GRAND PRE.

At

At the reading hereof, the Baron is so far from the least shew, or appprehension of fear, as he is pleasant and jocund; yea, he causeth *Grand Pre's* Page to dine with him, and after dinner, takes him aside, and speaks to him thus; *Tell thy Master, that I will not fail to meet him on Horse-back without a Second, at the hour and place appointed.* The next morn he dispeeds away a choice Horse, which his Lackey leads, and about ten of the Clock, only with his Chirurgion, and Page, takes Coach, and comes that night to *Carency*, where he lodgeth.

The next morning being *Thursday* (the day appointed to fight) *Grand Pre*, pretending to go to the Church, sends away his Page to *Carency*, to await and attend the Baron, and so only with his Chirurgion hies himself to the field; which he first entered, and immediately (before he had fully made four turns) in comes *Betanford*, whom *Grand Pre's* Page had met at *Carency*, and now conducted thither, having only his Chirurgion with him, and having left his Coach, Page, and Lackey, a furlong off, with command not to stir, till they heard from him.

The Chirurgions (instead of two Gentlemen for their Seconds) dispose themselves (according to the Order and Ceremonies of Duels) to search the Combatants for Coats of Male, or the like: But they might have eased themselves of this labour and curiosity; for both the Gentlemen were too honourable, to have their valours tainted with this base point of cowardize or treachery; yea, in meer contempt thereof, they both of purpose had left their Doublets behind them. And now begins a Combate, as memorable as bloody, yea, performed with such valour, dexterity and resolution, that as these times infinitely admire, so succeeding ages will very difficultly believe it.

They come into the Field with a soft trot, and each having his enemy in front, and being neer sixscore paces distant, they give spurs to their Horses, and part like two flashes of lightning. At their first meeting, *Grand Pre* runs *Betanford* thorow the left shoulder, and *Betanford* only wounds *Grand Pre* in the right cheek, close under the eye; and being excellent Horse-men, they turn short, and so again fall to it with bravery and courage; in which encounter *Betanford* receives a wide wound upon the brawn of his right arm; and *Grand Pre* another thorow his left side, which undoubtedly had proved mortal, and so ended the Combate with his life, had not his Sword glanced on a rib, and so ran outwards; and now they both retire to take breath, resolving to advance with more fury: they part again: *Betanford* runs *Grand Pre* thorow the neck, and he *Betanford* thorow the small of the arm, where meeting with the sinews and arteries, it causeth the Sword to fall out of his hand, whereat he is extreamly perplex'd and amaz'd.

Here perchance some base fellow (who had never been trained up in the School of Honour, and therefore not deserved the title of a Gentleman) would have wrought upon the misfortune of this accident, and desired no better advantage to dispatch his Adversary: But *Grand Pre*, whose generosity in this I commend as much as I detest his jealousie, doth highly disdain to stain his honour and courage with this infamy, and so puts *Betanford* out of his apprehension and fear with these words, Baron, be couragious and chearful, for I will rather die, than disgrace my self so much, to fight with an unarmed man, and so commands his Chirurgion to deliver him his Sword again. *Betanford* is thankful to him for this courtesie, and vows he will never forget it.

Now although their wounds do rather ingrain, than imbroider their shirts with blood, yet their youth is so vigorous, their courage so inflamed, and their hearts so resolute and magnanimous, as they neither can nor yet will rest satisfied: in a word, they manage their Horses bravely, and act wonders with their Swords; for by this time they having run four several Careers: *Betanford* hath received seven wounds, and given *Grand Pre* ten: but the loss of all this blood, (which now issued from their Bodies rather by spouts than drops) is not capable to cool their courages; and so although with dust, sweat, blood, and wounds, they rather look like Furies than Men, yet they will not refrain fighting.

And now their Chirurgions grieving and pitying to see them, as it were drown'd in their blood, and well knowing that they had performed more than they thought possible for men, they both agree, and so running with their Hats in their hands, humbly pray them to desist and rest satisfied, by shewing them that their Swords and Courages had already acted wonders beyond belief, and that it was pity that Parents, Prince, and Country, should be deprived of such resolute and valorous Cavaliers, than whom, the world (upon so unfortunate an accident) hath seldom seen braver: but they speak to the wind, and receive no other thanks, but this check from them both, that they are base Fellows, and know not what belongs to their function and duty; and so rating and commanding them away, they once more divide themselves, and with fresh resolution and courage, again set spurs to their Horses; but this encounter proves more happy to *Betanford*, and more dangerous to *Grand Pre*: for as he makes a thrust to *Betanford*, which mist and past under his right arm, without doing any other harm than piercing and cutting thorow his Shirt, *Betanford* (with all the courage and dexterity he had)

had) run *Grand Pre* thorow the belly into the reigns, with which unfortunate wound, as also with a false pace, his Horse then made, he fell from the saddle to the ground speechless, sprawling and strugling, as if he were upon the point to take his last farewel of the world: But he was not so happy, for he shall be cured of his wounds, and hereafter die a more mournful and lamentable end.

— *Betanford* seeing *Grand Pre* fall, doubted that his wounds were mortal, and so alights: whereat his Chirurgion with a loud voice, cryed out, *Dispatch him, Dispatch him*; but he calls him villain for his labour, when remembring the former courtesie he had received from *Grand Pre*, in regiving him his Sword, he like a true noble Gentleman vows now to requite it, and so throwing it and his hat away, he with out-spread arms ran to imbrace and assist him; yea, he prefers *Grand Pre*'s life before his own, and with all possible speed commands his Chirurgion to bring and hast thither his Coach, and to his best power doth assist *Grand Pre*, in setting him up, in ordering and binding up his wounds; his Coach being come, he causeth him to be laid in softly, and so he in one Boot, and the two Chirurgions in the other, their Pages and Lackeys attending them, they drive away to the next Country-house, where they hush themselves up privately: and here *Betanford* resembling himself conjureth both the Chirurgions to use their best art and chiefest skill upon *Grand Pre*, and before he would have his own wounds looked unto, he causeth his to be opened; they do it, and both concur in opinion, that his last wound is mortal; he sees them dress him, and vows he will not forsake him in this extremity, but will be more careful of him than of himself. Reciprocal and singular demonstrations of courtesie and honour in these two Cavaliers, which will make their memories famous to Posterity.

Betanford seeing *Grand Pre* committed to sleep, causeth his own wounds to be speedily searched and dressed, which are not found dangerous; and then takes order in the house, that *Grand Pre* be furnished with all things necessary, as Chamber, curious attendance, and the like; yea, he ordereth matters so, that all things might be done with great secresie and silence, not permitting any of his own, or *Grands Pre's* Servants to be seen forth the house, to the end that the news of these their accidents might not be bruited or vented.

About noon, *Grand Pre's* speech by little and little comes to him, and likewise his memory, when *Betanford* absenting all from his Chamber with his Hat in his hand, came to his bed-side, and having courteously saluted and comforted him, prays and conjures him, as he is a Gentleman of Honour, to tell him why and wherefore he fought with him. Ah Baron (quoth *Grand Pre*) first swear to me on thine Honour, thou wilt deliver me the truth of a question, I will demand of thee, and then I will shew thee. By my honour and fidelity, replies *Betanford*, and as I hope for Heaven, I will. Then Baron (quoth he) diddest thou never wrong me and mine Honour, in being too familiar with my Wife *Mermanda*? The Baron with many solemn protestations and religious oaths, clears both himself and *Mermanda*, and vows that his heart never thought it, much less his Tongue ever attempted it. Whereat *Grand Pre* very humbly intreats him to excuse and pardon him, sith he understood and believed the contrary, which was the only cause of his discontent and challenge: adding withal, that he will, till death, esteem him as his most honourable friend, and as long as he lives, will affect and love his Wife dearer than ever he had before. It is as great happiness to repair and reform errours, as a misery to commit them.

The Baron of *Betanford* staies very secretly ten days with *Grand Pre* at the Country-House, when seeing his wounds hopefully cured and recovered, they resolve to depart. *Grand Pre* kindly thanks *Betanford* for his life, and all other courtesies they had received of him, and he as courteously doth the like to *Grand Pre*, for giving him his Sword wherewith he preserved his own, and so like honourable and intimate friends, they take leave each of other: the Baron taking horse for *Paris*, and freely lending *Grand Pre* his Coach to return to *Auxone*. Thus we see courtesie always returneth with interest.

Grand Pre at his coming home, kisseth and fawneth on his Wife *Mermanda*, acquaints her with the occasion and event of the combate, condemneth his own folly, and extolleth her chastity, prays her to forgive him again this once for all, and vows, that there lives not a braver Nobleman in the world than the Baron of *Betanford*: and to speak truth, she deserves this submission and reconciliation, and he that praise.

At the knowledg hereof, I know not whether *Mermanda* (like a gracious and courteous Wife) did more grieve at her Husbands wounds, than rejoyce at his recovery and life: and now he repenting and detesting his former error, renews his love, affection, and friendship to her, the which he confirmeth and uniteth with a perpetual and indissoluble Gordian knot: nevertheless the variety of her afflictions, and the excess of her grief and discontent, breeds her much weakness and sickness, which withereth the Roses and Lilies of her beauty.

But come we from *Mermanda*'s heavenly vertues, to *Hauefelia*'s devillish vices, which cannot be

be parallell'd or compared, except by *Antitheſis*: for as *Mermanda* repoſeth her ſelf under the ſhadow of her own innocency, and lives in perfect Love and Charity with the whole World, ſo her wretched Siſter-in-Law *Hautefelia*, ſeeing her hopes and purpoſes prevented, will not ſleep in her Malice, but ſets her Wits and Revenge upon the Tenter-hook, to find out another expedient, to be rid of *Mermanda*, who (in her wicked conceit) ſhe thought was Enemy to her content, and an eye-ſore to her ambition and greatneſs.

We no ſooner fly from God, but the Devil follows us; and it proves always a miſerable folly, to be wiſe in wickedneſs and ſin. *Hautefelia* is reſolute in her rage, and cannot or rather will not ſee Heaven for Hell; ſhe bethinks her ſelf of another invention to ſend *Mermanda* into another World, and ſo ſtrikes a bargain with *La Freſnay* an Apothecary, for two hundred Crowns to poyſon her; who like a limb of the Devil, doth undertake and promiſe it: The which, (Ah grief to think thereon) he in leſs than two Months performeth, and ſo this virtuous and harmleſs young Gentlewoman is moſt unnaturally and treacherouſly bereaved of her Life, and brought to a mournful and lamentable end. Which inhumane Murther, we ſhall ſee, God in his due time, will miraculouſly detect, and ſeverely revenge and puniſh.

Her Husband *Grand Pre* exceedingly bewails her death, as alſo her Parents and Friends, yea, ſo infinite were her virtues, and ſo ſweet her behaviour and carriage, as all that knew *Mermanda* lamented her deceaſe; yet no way ſuſpecting or knowing the extraordinary cauſe thereof.

Now while others mourn, *Hautefelia* exceedingly triumphs and rejoices hereat: But this bloody victory ſhall coſt her dear. In the mean time *Mermanda*'s ſingle death can neither quench her revenge, nor ſatisfie her ambition; for as ſhe lik'd not the Siſter, ſo (as before we ſhewed) never lov'd the Brother, her own husband *de Malleray*, whom ſhe obſerv'd, very bitterly to weep and grieve at his Siſter *Mermanda*'s death; ſhe therefore reſolute to add Sin to Sin, reſolves to caſt the apple of diſcord between *Grand Pre* her brother, and *de Malleray* her husband: knowing that if the firſt were ſlain, ſhe was ſole Heir to her Father; if the ſecond, ſhe would have a noble Husband; a policy, whoſe invention is as diabolical, as the execution thereof dangerous!

To which effect, ſhe informs her Husband, That her Brother *Grand Pre* had killed his Wife *Mermanda* with his jealouſie, that he held her to be the Baron of *Betanford*'s ſtrumpet, with whom for the ſame cauſe he had fought at *Brie-count Robert*, and which was more, it was ſhrewdly ſuſpected he had poyſon'd her: the which ſhe once thought for ever to have conceal'd, but that ſhe knew her husband was, and ought to be nearer to her than her Brother. Good God! how far will the malice of this wretched Woman extend, or to what a monſtous height will it grow?

De Malleray griev'd at this heart-killing news, becauſe he ever lov'd his Siſter as dearly as his own life, without conſidering and weighing whether his Wife's words were droſs or gold, believes her, and ſo reſolves very ſecretly to acquaint the Preſident his Father herewith, thereby thinking, and preſuming that he would by order of Law call *Grand Pre* in queſtion for the Fact.

But old *Creſſonville* (having as well his Head in his Eyes, as his Eyes in his Head,) ſeeing that this ſuſpicion and accuſation had no firm grounds, that it was an intricate buſineſs to find out, that it would breed a ſcandal to his Family, and eſpecially to his deceaſed Daughter's Reputation, ſith it is the nature of Calumny to aim at the moſt vertuous Perſons, as *Cantharides* do at the faireſt Flowers; that it would take up the duſt of her Tomb, and withal, breed him an infinite number of potent and powerful Enemies; Therefore grounding his Judgment upon theſe Reaſons, and his Reſolutions upon this his Judgment; he holds it beſt to ſmother it in ſilence, and ſo to brook his Daughters Death as patiently as he may.

De Malleray ſeeing his Father ſo cold in this buſineſs, began to be all in fire himſelf, vowing that he would maintain the Honour, and revenge the Death of his only Siſter *Mermanda*; and his Wife *Hautefelia*, with her impetuous and implacable Malice, blows the coals, and ſets an edge to this his Reſolution; when that very inſtant underſtanding his Brother *Grand Pre* was that Evening arrived at *Dijon*, (he conſulting with Nature, but not with Grace) by a Gentleman of his familiar acquaintance, ſends him this Challenge.

DE MALLERAY *to* GRAND PRE.

I Should degenerate both from my Honour and Blood, if I were not ſenſible of thoſe Wrongs and Diſgraces you have offer'd your Wife and my Siſter, they are of that nature, that I know not whether her innocency deſerve more pity, or your jealouſie contempt and revenge: Her Death and your Conſcience make me as juſtly challenge you, as you have unjuſtly done the Baron of Betanford: *Therefore to Morrow at five of the Clock after dinner, at the foot of* Talon-fort, *in the meadow ranked with walnut trees, bring either a ſingle Rapier, or Rapier and Poniard, and I will meet you without Seconds: The equity of my cauſe, and the injuſtice of yours, make me confident in this hope, that as you loſt your Blood near* Brie-count Robert, *you ſhall now leave your Life in the ſight of* Dijon. *Judge how earneſtly I deſire to try the temper of your Heart and Sword, ſith already I not only count hours, but minutes.*

C DE MALLERAY. *Grand*

Grand Pre, tho' newly recover'd of his late wounds accepts his Challenge, but not without extream wonder to see *De Malleray* so passionate and resolute; he makes choice of single Rapier, and so they meet, where without any other Ceremony, they throw off their Doublets, and gave them to their Chyrurgions, whom they commanded to stay without the next Hedge, and not stir from thence till the Death of the one proclaim the other Victor.

The Sun (that great and glorious Lamp of Heaven) swiftly posts away from our Horizon to the *Antipodes*, of purpose not to see, or be accessary to this bloody tragedy; when our Champions unsheath their Swords, and dispose themselves to fight, both with judgment and resolution. *De Malleray* comes up fairly; prefers the first thrust, and gives *Grand Pre* a wound in his left thigh, and in exchange receives another from him in the neck; which he aim'd fully at the breast, but that he bore it up with his Rapier. *Grand Pre* at the first gives back, but seeing *de Malleray* insult and press on him, he resolutely advanceth, and runs him thorow the side: but the wound was so favourable, as tho' it caus'd much blood, yet brought little danger. They make a stand and take breath, and so they very resolutely to it again: *De Malleray* having hitherto the worst, doth now resolve to manage his business with less violence and more Judgment; when *Grand Pre* driving home to him, he wards bravely, and taking advantage, thrust him in the left shoulder with a deep wound; but himself is hurt in the left arm with a wound which run from his wrist to his elbow.

By this time their Shirts are deeply besprinkled and gored with their blood; but this will not appease their Courage, they will try again; for they never think enough as long as they can stand, and this encounter proves as fortunate for *Grand Pre*, as fatal for *De Malleray*: For he receives a deep wound under his left Pap, which carries his Life and Soul from this World to another; so as without speaking one word, he falls dead to the ground.

Grand Pre seeing *De Malleray* dead, gives thanks to God for his victory, and so mounts on horseback, and with his Chirurgion posts to *Dole*, a Parliament City of the free County, belonging to the Arch-Duke *Albertus*, leaving *De Malleray*'s Chirurgion, not to cure but to bury his Master, or at least to convey his dead body to *Dijon*, for President *Cressonville* his Father to perform that Office.

Who is no sooner advertiz'd of his Sons Death, but with Tears he gives the Parliament to understand thereof, and craves Justice for the Murther. The Parliament decrees a Power to apprehend *Grand Pre*; but he is not desirous to lose his Head on a Scaffold: For by this time he hath recover'd *Dole*, where having staid some three Months, his Parents and Friends (by the favour of that generous and true-noble gallant, *Monsieur le Grand*, his Majesties Lieutenant of the Province of *Burgundy*) procur'd and sent him his Pardon.

But in this mean time come we to his Sister *Hautefslia* (the disgrace of her Sex, and the firebrand of Hell) who no sooner understood the death of her husband, & the flight of her Brother she having hardly the patience to see him laid in his grave, and resolving rather to break her neck with malice than her heart with sorrow, being sure of her dowry, packs up her Jewels, Plate and chiefest baggage, and so leaves *Dijon*, and goes home to her Father near *Auxone*, where during the age of her Father and Mother, and the absence of her Brother, she most imperiously sways and commands all. But this her authority lasted not long; for now home comes *Grand Pre* from *Dole*, at whose return she finds matters alter'd, and her greatness and power diminish'd, and to her grief sees that she cannot so absolutely domineer as before; and which was far worse, her brother in his absence at *Dole*, having smelt & understood her malice and inveterate hatred, both to *Mermanda*, the Baron of *Besanford*, *De Malleray* her Husband, and likewise to himself, (tho' nothing suspecting or dreaming of her poysoning humour) he is so far from acknowledging or respecting her for his Sister, as he will neither endure her company or sight; which she making no shew to perceive, but like a fury of hell, as she is, dissembling her malice and revenge she is still constant, & perseveres in her humour of blood and murther, and hath again recourse to her execrable Apothecary *La Fresnay*, & to the devil her doctor, like wise, to make away her Brother *Grand Pre* with Poyson, as he had already *Mermanda* his Wife, and gives him three hundred Crowns to effect it. This damnable Apothecary loving Money well, and (as it seems) the Devil better, doth ingage himself speedily to perform it; and wretched Villain as he is, within two Months he accomplisheth and finisheth it: And so as *Mermanda* ran equal fortune with him in Life, he doth the like with her in Death; for one deadly Drug, one bloody Sister, and one deviliſh Apothecary gives a miserable and lamentable end to them both.

And now his blood-thirsty Sister *Hautefelia* (the Author of these Murthers and Tragedies) thinking her self freed of all her Enemies, and of all that stood in the way of her advancement and preferment, she (neither thinking of her Conscience or Soul, of Heaven, or Hell) domineers far more than before; yea, builds Castles in the Air, and flatters her self with this false ambition that she now must be a Dutchess, or at least a Countess; but she reckons without God.

We have seen, nay we have here glutted our Eyes with several Murthers, whereof we have beheld this wretched Gentlewoman *Hautefelia*, to be the horrible and cruel Author; and this execrable

ecrable *La Freſnay* to be the bloody Actor: Theſe Crimes of theirs, and the ſmoke of theſe their impious and diſpleaſing Sacrifices, have pierced the Clouds, and aſcended the Preſence of God, to ſue and draw down vengeance and confuſion on their heads; for altho' Murther be for a time concealed, yet the Finger of God will in due time detect and diſcover it; for he will make inquiſition for Blood, and will ſeverely and ſharply revenge the death of his Children.

But God's Providence and Juſtice in the diſcovery thereof, is as different as miraculous; for ſometimes he protracts and defers it of purpoſe, either to mollifie or to harden our hearts, as ſeems beſt to his inſcrutible Will and divine Pleaſure; or as may chiefly ſerve and tend to his Glory; yea, ſometimes he makes the Murtherer himſelf as well an Inſtrument to diſcover, as he hath been an Actor to commit Murther; yea, and many times he puniſheth one Sin by and in another, and when the Murtherer ſits moſt ſecure, and thinks leaſt of it, then he heaps Coals of Fire on his Head, and ſuddenly cuts him off with the revenging Sword of his fierce Wrath and Indignation.

And now that great and Soveraign Judge of the World, who rides on the Winds in triumph, and hath Heaven for his Throne, and Earth for his Footſtool, will no longer permit *Hautefelia* and *La Freſnay* to go unpuniſhed for theſe their Execrable Murthers: For the innocent and dead Bodies of *Mermanda* and her Husband *Grand Pre*, out of their Graves cry to him for Revenge, which like an impetuous Storm, or a terrible Thunder-clap, doth in this manner ſuddenly befal and overtake them.

Some ſix Weeks after *Grand Pre*'s Funerals were ſolemnized, whereat his Siſter *Hautefelia* (the better to cloak her Villany) wept bitterly, and was obſerved to be the chiefeſt Mourner, this Helliſh Apothecary *La Freſnay*, having gotten his Money ſo eaſily, thought to ſpend it as prodigally; and ſo on a time, being in his Cups at a Tavern at *Dijon*, and his Brains ſwelling and ſwimming with ſtrong Wine (as Drunkenneſs is the bawd and uſher to other Sins) he ſtealing from the reſt of his Company, committed a Rape upon one *Margaret Pivot*, a Girl of twelve years old, being the Vintener's Daughter of the Tavern wherein he ſat tipling.

This young Girl, with Millions of Tears, throws her ſelf to the Feet of her Parents, and accuſeth *La Freſnay* for the Fact; who do the like to thoſe famous Senators of the Court of Parliament: So he is apprehended, and being examined, with many vehement and bitter aſſeverations denieth it: He is adjudged to the Rack, and at the ſecond Torment confeſſeth it, and ſo is condemned to be Hanged.

Two *Capuchin* Friers prepare him for his end, they exhort him not to charge and burthen his Soul with concealing any other Crimes, adding, that if he reveal and repent them on Earth, God will remit them in Heaven; theſe exhortations of theirs produce good effects; for tho' he have formerly lived like a Devil, he will now die like a Chriſtian; and ſo with many tears revealeth, that at the inſtigation of *Hautefelia*, and for the lucre of 500 Crowns (which at two ſeveral times ſhe gave him) he had poyſoned *Mermanda* and her Husband *Grand Pre*.

All the World is amazed, and the Parliament acquainted herewith, they alter their firſt Sentence, and ſo for his tripple Villanies, condemn *La Freſnay* to be broken alive upon the Wheel, and there to languiſh and die, without being ſtrangled, which in *Dijon* is accordingly executed to the full ſatisfaction of Juſtice.

A Provoſt likewiſe is forthwith diſpatched from *Dijon* to *Grandmont*'s Houſe, to apprehend his Daughter *Hautefelia*, and as God would have it, ſhe was ignorant of *La Freſnay*'s apprehenſion, and more of his death. The Provoſt finds her dancing in her Father's Garden, in company of many Gentlemen and Ladies: He lays hands on her, and ſo exchangeth her mirth into mourning, and her Songs into Tears: She is brought to *Dijon*, and examined by a Preſident, and two Counſellors of the Parliament. She impudently and boldly denies both Murthers: ſaith *La Freſnay* is her mortal and profeſſed Enemy, and therefore not to be believ'd. But the Devil who hath ſo long bewitch'd and deluded her, either will not, or rather cannot ſave her with this poor evaſion; ſhe is adjudged to the Rack, and at the firſt torment confeſſeth it.

The Criminal Judges of this great and illuſtrious Parliament, in deteſtation of theſe her execrable and bloody Crimes of Murther, pronounce Sentence on her: So, after ſhe had repented her Sins, and prepared her ſelf to die, her Paps ſcared, and torn off with red hot Pincers, then ſhe is hanged; her Body burnt, and her Aſhes thrown into the Air.

Now to gather ſome profit by reading this Hiſtory, or indeed, rather by the memory of the Hiſtory it ſelf, let us obſerve, nay, let us imprint in our hearts and Souls how buſie the Devil was by ambition, covetouſneſs, malice and revenge, to ſeduce and perſwade *Hautefelia* and *La Freſnay* to commit theſe Murthers; and alſo how juſt God was in the detection and puniſhment thereof, that the fear of the one may terrifie us from embracing and attempting the other; to the end, that as they lived in Sin and died in Shame, ſo we may live in Righteouſneſs, and die in Peace, thereby to live in Eternal Felicity and Glory.

God's Revenge against the Crying and execrable Sin of Murther.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY II.

Pisani *deceiveth* Gasparino *of his Mistress* Christeneta. Gasparino *challengeth* Pisani *for this disgrace, and kills him in the Field: He after continueth his suit to* Christeneta; *she dissembles her Malice for* Pisani *his death; she appoints* Gasparino *to meet her in a Garden, and there causeth* Bianco *and* Brindoli *to murther him; they are all three taken, and executed for the same.*

WHere affection hath reason for guide, and virtue for object, it is approved of Earth, and applauded of Heaven; but where it exceeds the bounds of Charity, and the lists of Religion, Men pity it, Angels laments it, and God himself contemns it; for if we are crossed in our love, why should discontent make us desperate? Or to what end should we fly Reason to follow Rage, except we desire to ride Post to Hell, and to end our days on a shameful and infamous Scaffold here on Earth? It is an excellent Felicity to grow from Virtue to Virtue, and a fatal Misery to run from Vice to Vice. Love and Charity are always the true marks of a Christian, and Malice and Revenge those of an Infidel, or rather of a Devil, but to imbrue our Hands in innocent Blood, and to seek the death of others, is to deprive our selves of our own Life, as the sequel of this History will declare; which I relate with pity and compassion, sith I see the stage whereon these Tragedies are acted and represented, not only sprinkled, but gored with great variety and effusion of Blood.

In *Pavia* (the second City of the Dutchy of *Millan*) the very last year that *Count Fuentes* (under the King of *Spain*) was Vice-roy of that Stage, *Signior Thomaso Vituri*, a noble Gentleman of that City, had one only Child, a Daughter, of the age of fifteen years, named *Dona Christeneta*; who was exceeding fair and beautiful, and indued with many excellent qualities

ties and perfections, requisite in a Gentlewoman of her rank: She was sought in Marriage by many Gallants of the City; but a Cavalier of *Cremona* must bear her away, or at least her Affection:

The History is thus,

Seignieur Emanuel Gasparino, a noble young Gentleman of *Cremona*, hearing of *Vituri*'s wealth, and of his Daughter *Christeneta*'s beauty and vertues, (the Adamants and Load-stones to draw Mens Affections) resolveth with himself to seek her for his Wife: He acquaints none herewith, but an intimate dear Friend of his, a young Gentleman of the same City, named *Seignior Ludovicus Pisani*, by descent a *Venetian*, whom he prays to assist and accompany him to *Pavia*, in seeking and courting the fair *Christeneta* his Mistress. *Pisani* terms himself much honoured and obliged to *Gasparino*, and very willingly grants his request; and so they prepare for their Journey.

They come to *Pavia*, *Vituri* bids *Gasparino* welcome, and entertains him respectfully and courteously, as also *Pisani*; he thanks *Gasparino* for the Honour he doth him in seeking his Daughter, and like a carefull Father takes time to consult hereon: But for *Christeneta*, she looks not so pleasing nor pleasantly on him as he expecteth. He is deeply in love both with her Beauty and other Perfections; but he finds her cold in her discourse and answers, and very melancholy and pensive: He courts her often (and after the *Italian* fashion, with variety of Musick, Ditties, and Ayrs,) but still he finds her averse, and contrary to his Desire, as if her Thoughts were otherwise fixed. *Gasparino* knows not how to win her Affection, nor how to bear himself herein; he consults with *Pisani*, and prays him to confer with *Christeneta*, and to sound her Affection: But it proves often dangerous, still indiscretion, to trust a Friend in this case.

Pisani promiseth to perform the office of a Friend, and to confer effectually with *Christeneta*; he seeks opportunity and place, and finds both; he sets out to her *Gasparino*'s merits, and paints forth his Praises, and in a word, leaves nothing untouched, which he thinks may any way advance his Friend's content and affection: But he finds *Christeneta*'s Mind perplexed and troubled; for she often changeth Colour; now red, then pale, and now red again; yet he observes that her Eyes are still stedfastly fixed on him; he prays her that she will return a pleasing answer for him to carry to his Friend, and her Lover, *Gasparino*.

Christeneta would willingly speak but cannot, for her Heart and Breast beats and pant, and her sighs very confusedly interrupt her words; but at last, dying her Lilly cheeks with a Vermillion blush, she tells him that she is not ignorant of *Gasparino*'s Merits, who deserves far her betters; but that she cannot consent to love him, in respect she hath fixed, but not engaged her affection on another. *Pisani* still extolleth his Friend *Gasparino* to the Sky, and for all honourable parts prefers him before any Gentleman of *Lombardy*, and withal, with much industry and insinuation, endeavours to request and draw *Christeneta* to name him her Servant: Which she once thought to have done, had not Modesty (the sweetest and most precious ornament of a Virgin) for that time withheld her when after two or three deep sighs (the outward Heraulds of her inward Passions) she told him thus,

Pisani, It is a dear and near Friend of yours, who is the first that I have, and the last that I will affect; but I will not at present name him, only if you please to meet me secretly to morrow, at eight of the clock in the Morning, in the Nuns Garden, at Saint *Clare*, I will there inform you who it is; but in the mean time, and ever, forbear to solicite me any more for *Gasparino*; sith he shall not be my Servant, nor will I be his Mistress: And so for that time they part, and he confidently promiseth to meet her.

Gasparino demands of *Pisani* how he finds his Mistress *Christeneta*; He answers faithfully according as she told him; but conceals their appointed meeting in the Nuns Garden: And now because he seeth it labour lost to research *Christeneta*, he will not be obstinate in his suit, but will give a Law to his passions and affections, rather than they shall prescribe any to him, and so resolves to take leave of her, because as well by her self, as by her Father and Mother, and now chiefly by *Pisani*, he sees she is otherwise bent and affected, to which end he leaves *Pavia*, and returns to *Cremona*. Leave we therefore *Gasparino* to his Thoughts, and come we to those of *Pisani* and *Christeneta*, to see what their Garden-Conference will bring forth.

Pisani cannot imagine what Friend of his it should be that *Christeneta* loveth, but she knows enough for them both; and it may be too much for her self: She knows it at least an immodest, if not a bold part for her to court *Pisani*, who ought rather to court her: But she thinks it both Wisdom and Duty to give way to that which she cannot avoid and prevent, and so prefers the zeal of her affection before the respect of her

Modesty,

modeſty, but that which makes her ſo reſolute in the execution of this her amorous attempt is, to ſee that *Gaſparino* hath found *Piſani* to ſolicite for him to her, and ſhe can find none but her to ſolicite for her ſelf to *Piſani*: Therefore bold in this her reſolution, ſhe bears ſo deep and ſo dear an affection to *Piſani*, that ſhe thinks every Moment an Hour, and every Hour an Age, before ſhe ſee *Piſani*, that one Perſon of the World, whom ſhe loves more dear than all the World. Thus wiſhing night Day, her Houſe the Nunnery, and her Chamber the Garden; ſhe with much impatient patiency awaits the hour of Eight, which ſhe knows will bring her Joy or her Torment, her Felicity or her Miſery, her Life or her Death.

The Clock ſtrikes Eight; *Chriſteneta* takes her Prayer-Book, and her waiting-maid, and ſo trips away to the Nunnery; but ſhe doth now diſpence with her devotion, to give content to her Eyes, or rather to her Heart, in ſeeing and enjoying the deſired company of *Piſani*, whom ſhe eſteems the life of her Content, and the content of her Life; and ſo forſakes the Church, to go to the Garden: *Piſani*, who never failed of his Hour and Promiſe to Men, doth now diſdain to miſs thereof to a Lady: For now *Chriſteneta* hath ſcarce made three paces in the walks of the Garden, but e're the fourth be finiſhed, ſhe ſees *Piſani* enter; ſhe bluſhes at the ſight, and ſhe grows pale at her bluſhes; he finds her in a Bower of Sycamors, Cypreſſes, and Vines, decked within with Roſes, Lillies, and Gilly-flowers, he gives her the good morrow, and the ſalute, the which, with a modeſt and ſweet courteſie, ſhe receives and returns; he tells her he is come to perform his Promiſe, and if it pleaſe her to receive hers. She would fain anſwer him, but her Cheeks give bluſhes, where her Tongue ſhould words; but at laſt darting a ſweet look on him (which was the Embaſſador and Herald of her Heart) ſhe diſcovereth her ſelf to him thus.

The Perſon (*Piſani*) on whom I have fix'd and ſetled my affection, doth exceedingly reſemble you, is of your own Blood, and of your neareſt and deareſt acquaintance. *Piſani* preſſeth her to know his Name; when after many glances, ſighs, and bluſhes, ſhe tells him his Name is *Piſani*, and himſelf the Man; prays him to pardon her boldneſs, and to give an honourable Interpretation and Conſtruction to her Affection; adding withal, that when ſhe firſt ſaw him, ſhe loved him; and now prays him to be pleaſed, that *Chriſteneta* may be a Sollicitor for her ſelf to *Piſani*, and not *Piſani* to *Chriſteneta* for *Gaſparino*; yea, ſhe confirms her words with many ſighs, and again her ſighs with many tears, which trickle down her beautiful Cheeks, like pearled drops of Dew upon bluſhing Damask Roſes.

Piſani wonders at this unexpected news, and knows not how to bear himſelf in a buſineſs of this nature; he ſees that her Beauty deſerves Love, and her Deſcent and Vertues Reſpect: But withal he is not ſo diſhonourable to betray his Friend. He wonders at her affection, and is not ignorant that ſhe deſerves a more noble Husband than himſelf; but ſeeing her languiſh for an Anſwer, he returns her this: *Although I acknowledge my ſelf infinitely bound to you for that affection of yours, wherewith you pleaſe to honour me, yet as Honour is to be preferred before Affection, ſo* Chriſteneta *muſt excuſe* Piſani; *ſith he cannot be a Servant to her, but he muſt be a Traitor to* Gaſparino; *and that reſpect excepted, in requital of your favour, I will eſteem my ſelf happy if I may loſe my Life for your Service.*

Yet he is not ſo unkind, but gives her a Kiſs or two at farewel, which as much delights *Chriſteneta*, as his refuſal doth afflict her: So they part. The reſt time muſt bring forth.

Now although *Gaſparino* have left *Pavia*, yet he cannot forſake his affection to *Chriſteneta*, but cheriſheth her Memory, and in Heart adoreth her Idea; yea, he loves her deeply and dearly, and indeed her Perfections and Beauty deſerve Love: But ſuch is *Chriſteneta*'s affection to *Piſani*, as ſhe can take no truce of her Thoughts, but in deſpight of diſcretion and modeſty (which perſwade and counſel her to the contrary) ſhe within ten days after purpoſely ſends a confident Meſſenger to him, to *Cremona*, with this Letter.

CHRISTENETA *to* PISANI.

FInd it not ſtrange, that I ſecond my laſt Speech with this my firſt Letter, and think, that were not my Affection intire and conſtant, I ſhould not thus attempt to reveal it to you in Lines, which bluſh not as my Cheeks do, when I write them; I ſhould offer too palpable violence and injury to the Truth, if I tell you not that it is impoſſible for Chriſteneta *to love any but* Piſani; *whom I no ſooner ſaw, but deeply admired and dearly affected. Now ſith my zeal to you is begun in Vertue, and ſhall be continued in Honour, it makes me flatter my ſelf with hope, that you will not enforce me to deſpair: For if I am not ſo happy to be yours, I muſt be ſo unfortunate never to be mine own. Judge what your abſence is to me, ſith your preſence is my chiefeſt Felicity: Which makes me*

both

both deſire and wiſh, that you were either in Pavia, *or I in* Cremona, *I can prefix and give bounds to my Letter, though not to my Affection. Hate not her who loves you dearly, otherwiſe, whatſoever you think, I know, your unkindneſs to me will be meer Cruelty.*

CHRISTENETA.

Piſani receiveth this Letter; he wonders at her affection, and now conſults betwixt *Chriſteneta*'s love to him, and his reſpect to *Gaſparino*; he at firſt holds it incivility not to anſwer her Letter, and yet is very unwilling in doing her right, to wrong his Friend: but at laſt peruſing her Letter again, he finds it ſo kind, as he deems it not only ingratitude, but a degree of inhumanity for him not to return her an Anſwer, and therefore taking Pen and Paper, he writes to her thus:

PISANI *to* CHRISTENETA.

YOu diſcover to me as much Affection as I ſhould Treachery to my Friend, either to accept or requite it; and were it not for that Conſideration, which muſt tend as much to mine own Honour, as to your Content, I would not ſtick to ſay, that Piſani *loves* Chriſteneta, *becauſes ſhe deſerves to be beloved; only give me leave to inform you, that as you are too fair to be refuſed, ſo I am too honeſt to betray my Friend, eſpecially ſuch a one who is as confident of my Fidelity, as I aſſured of his. Could time reconcile theſe difficulties with my Reputation, my Heart would inſtantly command my Pen to ſignifie to you, that I deſire to give you hope, and take away your deſpair; and withal, that* Pavia *is more pleaſing to me than* Cremona, *ſith* Chriſteneta *lives in it, and* Piſani *in her. I was never heretofore cruel to any, neither do I reſolve to be unkind to you; for how can I, ſith I as truly vow to honour you, as you profeſs to love me? Live you in this aſſurance, and I will die in the ſame.*

PISANI.

Time with a ſwift Foot vaniſheth and paſſeth away, but *Chriſteneta*'s affection to *Piſani* cannot; She in his Letter perceives a glimmering light of hope break forth thorow the obſcure Clouds of her deſpair; but Fear doth as ſoon eclipſe and ſtrangle, as propagate and produce it; only, deſpight of all apprehenſion and oppoſition, her Thoughts do ſtill gaze and look on *Piſani*, as the Needle of the Compaſs doth to the *North*; ſo as ſhe can reſt in no true tranquillity of Mind, before ſhe writes to him again; the which ſome fifteen days after, ſhe doth to this effect.

CHRISTENETA *to* PISANI.

I May paſs the bounds of diſcretion, but will not exceed thoſe of Honour; I have ever learnt to retain this Maxim, that affection which receives end had never beginning: If then I live, I muſt breath the air of your Love as well as this of my Life; ſith it is the prime and ſole Cauſe thereof, as the Sun is of the Light. Your Letter I find ſo full of doubts and ambiguities, as I know not wherefore to hope, or why not to deſpair; could you dive as deeply into my Heart as I have into your Merits, if Nature do not, Pity would inform you, that you ought to prefer the Love of a Lady before the Reſpect of a Gentleman, eſpecially ſith he may carry his Heart from you, and I deſire to bring and preſent mine to you: And how can your abſence either rejoice or comfort me, ſith your preſence will not? Think what you pleaſe, either of me, or of your ſelf, only give me leave to tell you, that I find doubt a ſtep and degree to deſpair, as deſpair is to death: I write rather with Tears than Ink: If you will not live my Saint, I muſt die your Martyr.

CHISTENETA.

At the receipt of this ſecond Letter (which was ſo ſweetly pleaſing, and pleaſingly ſweet to his Thoughts) he found the Bulwarks and defences of his reſpect to *Gaſparino* razed and beaten down, and a fair Breach made and laid open for *Chriſteneta* to enter and take poſſeſſion of the Caſtle of his Heart: So now at one inſtant he performs two ſeveral Attempts; for the farther he flies from his Friend *Gaſparino*, the nearer he approacheth to his Miſtreſs *Chriſteneta*; and therefore now wholly imparadiſing his Thoughts in the Garden of her pure Beauty, and taking the chiefeſt light of his content and felicity from the relucent luſtre of her Eyes, he thinks it high time, no longer to bear out his Flag of Defiance, but to ſtrike Sail, and do homage to the Soveraign of his Thoughts, the which he doth in this Letter, that he purpoſely ſends her, in anſwer of hers, by his Page.

PISANI

PISANI *to* CHRISTENETA.

YOur Virtue and Beauty is enough powerful to prevail with me, but your Affection which adds grace to either, and either to it, makes me forget my Reſpects to Gaſparino, *to remember my Love to* Chriſteneta; *but that which gives Life to this my Reſolution, is, that it is impoſſible for him to hate me as much as you love me; and in this hope I both rejoice and triumph, that you ſhall not be my Martyr but my Miſtreſs, and I will be both your Saint and your Servant; for as you deſire to live in my favour, ſo my chiefeſt ambition and zeal is to die in your affection: That which Heaven makes me affirm, Earth ſhall not enforce me to deny. I will ſhortly follow, and ſecond this my Letter; till when, you can never ſo much lament my Abſence, as I deſire your Preſence. Let this be your true Conſolation, ſith it is my ſole delight and chiefeſt felicity.*

PISANI.

If *Piſani*'s firſt Letter overthrew *Chriſteneta*'s deſpair; this his ſecond revives and confirms her hopes; ſo that whereas heretofore ſhe condemned her Preſumption in writing to *Piſani*, ſhe now not only applauds her reſolution therein, but alſo bleſſeth the hour that ſhe attempted it: yea, ſhe builderh ſuch Caſtles of delight and content in her Heart, and her Heart in her Soul, to think that ſhe ſhould be his Wife, and he her Husband; that ſhe anticipateth the Hours, and blames the days for not preſenting her with the ſight and preſence of her ſweet *Piſani*; whom above all Earthly Contents ſhe chiefly deſireth.

Now if *Chriſteneta* were thus perplexed with the abſence of her *Piſani*, no leſs is he with that of his *Chriſteneta*: For, remembring the freſhneſs of her youth, and the ſweetneſs of her Beauty, he in conceit hateth *Cremona*, which before he loved; and now loveth *Pavia*, which before he hated. It's as great a grief to him to be with his other Affairs without her, as it would rejoice him to be with her, without them; yea, ſhe runs ſo deeply in his Thoughts, and they on her Beauty, as (if it were not immodeſty) he either wiſheth himſelf impaled in her Arms, or ſhe incloiſtered in his. And now, to perform as much as his Letter hath promiſed, he, without thinking or reſpecting of his old Friend *Gaſparino*, prepares all things ready to go to ſee his new Miſtreſs *Chriſteneta*.

He comes to *Pavia*, accompanied with three or four of his neareſt and deareſt Friends; viſiteth *Chriſteneta*, whom he ſaluteth and courteth with all kind, honourable, and amorous Complements: She is joyful, yea, raviſhed with his Arrival; he doth aſſure her of his perpetual Affection, and reciprocally himſelf of hers; yea, ſhe ſo infinitely delights in his Preſence, and he ſo extreamly in hers, that ſhe now freely gives her ſelf to *Piſani*, and he in exchange, as abſolutely takes himſelf from *Gaſparino*, to give himſelf to *Chriſteneta*: So as ſhe is rejoicing in her purchaſe, and he triumphing in his victory, they attend the time, wherein Heaven and Earth hath ordained of two Bodies to make them one.

But it is not enough for *Piſani* to be poſſeſſed of *Chriſteneta*'s Favour; for he muſt likewiſe obtain that of her Parents, before either he can enjoy his wiſhes, or ſhe her deſires, and ſo he goes honourably and ſecretly to work with them: But he finds them not ſo tractable as *Chriſteneta* hoped, or himſelf deſired: For old *Vituri* her Father preferring Wealth before Honour, and Riches before Virtues, diſlikes this motion, alledging that *Piſani*'s Father died exceedingly in Debt: That his chiefeſt Lands were engaged and mortgaged; that he had many great Legacies to pay to his Siſters; but, which was worſt of all, that *Piſani* himſelf loved the Court better than the Country, and that in his Expences and Apparel he was extreamly prodigal, and frugal in neither; which conſiderations ſo ſwayed the judgment and opinon of *Vituri*, that knowing he might every day provide and procure a better Match for his Daughter. He gives *Piſani* to underſtand, that as yet he hath no intent to marry his Daughter; alledging her few years, and the like trivial reaſons and excuſes, whereby *Piſani* might plainly perceive, that he had no intent to give him his Daughter.

This refuſal of *Vituri* doth wonderfully grieve *Piſani* and afflict *Chriſteneta*, ſo as they ſee their Hopes nipt in their Bloſſoms, and their deſires not in the way to reap ſuch effects as they expected. *Piſani* diſtruſting his own Power, ſets his Parents and chiefeſt Friends to draw *Vituri* to hearken unto Reaſon: But his Age cannot be deceived in that, which his Judgment, and not his Paſſion, ſuggeſted him; they have divers conferences; but every day, inſtead of bringing hopes, produceth more difficulties and deſpair;

spair; and now that *Pisani* may see that his suit and research is displeasing to *Vituri*, he looks not on him with so courteous an eye as accustomed; and which is worse, *Christeneta* is forbidden his company, and he her Father's house.

This goes to the Hearts of our two Lovers, but they brook it as patiently as they may, and hope that time will give end to these their discontents and afflictions. In the mean while, as fire suppressed doth often flame forth with more violence, so sith they cannot Personally visit one the other, they entertain their affections by their Letters; which are so many in number, as I hold it fit rather to suppress than divulge them. Thus whiles *Pisani* comforts himself that there are no roses without prickles, and that hopes long expected are best welcome, but chiefly relying upon the affection and constancy of his Mistress; he will not stain his valour, with this point of Cowardize, to be put off with the first repulse of *Vituri*, but resolveth to continue as constant in his affection, as he doth in his refusal; and so, after he had staid a month or two in *Cremona*, he bethinks himself of an Invention whereby it is not impossible for him to obtain his Mistress of her Father.

Pisani, being inriched with the treasure of *Christeneta*'s favour and affection, writes to her, that if she can obtain her Mothers consent, she peradventure may easily procure that of her Husband; who harkening and relishing this advice with much zeal, puts it a foot; and as in few days she gained her Mother, so a Month was not fully past, before she had likewise drawn her Husband to approve and consent to this Match. So now our Lovers are again revived and comforted; for the rubs being taken away, the difficulties removed, and the Parents on both sides fully satisfied, all things now seem in so fair a forwardness and preparation, as if our two Lovers were shortly to injoy each other in Marriage; or to injoy the fruits of marriage, which so earnestly and infinitely both affected and desired.

To which end, that their Nuptials might be solemnized with the greater pomp and glory, they provide themselves of variety of rich and sumptuous Apparel. The day appointed, and all the Nobility of *Pavia* and *Cremona* (as well their Kinsfolks as others) are invited to the Wedding. But their Parents shall come short of their Designs, and these our two Lovers of their hopes; for this Marriage being not begun in Heaven, shall never be finished nor consummated on earth.

We have here so much spoken of *Pisani*, that it seems we have quite forgotten *Gasparino*, as if he had no further part to act in this History; but he is not so fortunate: for this proceeding of *Pisani* to *Christeneta* is not so secretly managed, but he hath news thereof; who knowing there can be no greater Treason, after that of a Subject to his Soveraign, than for a Freind to betray his Friend, he grieves, and is extreamly inflenced at *Pisani*, to see he hath betrayed him of his Mistress: the which he takes so bitterly and passionately, that he vows he will make him repent it. Jealousie and Revenge are always bad Counsellors, and therefore can never prove good Judges: But such is his love to *Christeneta*, and so deeply is her beauty imprinted and engraven in his heart, as shutting his Judgment to Charity, and opening it to Revenge, he is resolved, at what price soever, to call *Pisani* to a strict account for this affront and disgrace, and is resolved rather to die, than live to see himself thus abused, by one whom God and Nature hath made his inferiour. Were we as apt to do good as evil, we should be Angels, not Men; but resembling our selves (or rather harkening too much to the Prince of Darkness) we fly reason to follow rage, and many times procure our own destruction, in seeking that of others.

Gasparino having thus his eyes and senses o're-clouded and veiled with the mist of Revenge, is transported with such bloody passions and resolutions, as he is sometimes resolved to Pistol *Pisani*, either in the Street, or in his Bed; and other times to hire two or three Ruffians to murther him the next time he rides into the Country: but at last casting his eyes from Hell to Heaven, and from Satan to God, he trampleth those execrable resolutions under his feet, and banisheth them from his heart and thoughts, esteeming them as unworthy of him, as he were of the World, if he should commit them; and so for that time enters into a resolution with himself, no more to think on *Christeneta*, and less to be revenged on *Pisani*, for betraying her from him.

Had *Gasparino* continued in this peaceable and Christian-like mind, he had not exposed himself to so many dangers and misfortunes, nor given himself as a Prey to feed the malice and revenge of his bloody Enemies: but now, understanding that all *Cremona* and *Pavia* prated and laughed at his disgrace, in seeing him thus baffled and abused by *Pisani*, he thinks that not only himself, but his honour is disparaged and wronged herein, and that he shall be extreamly condemned of Cowardize, if in a Duel he call not *Pisani* to right him, and give him satisfaction: yea, the only consideration of this point of honour (which many times is bought and sold at so dear a price, as the peril and loss both of body and soul) did so violently perswade and prevail with him, that as revenge admits of no opposition, nor hearkens to any advice, so enquiring for

Piſani, and underſtanding him to be in *Pavia*, he the more inraged and inflamed hereat, taking with him a reſolute and confident Gentleman, and one only Lackey, fets ſpurs to his Horſe and ſo hies thither, reſolving with himſelf to gain his honour in the ſame City, where he had received his diſgrace.

Being arrived at *Pavia*, he is aſſured that *Piſani* is in the City, and enquiring more curiouſly after him, he underſtands, that, that very inſtant he is with his Miſtreſs *Chriſteneta*, which ſo galled his thoughts, and inflamed his heart, as he was once reſolved that very inſtant to ſend him a Challenge, and the ſooner, becauſe *Chriſteneta* might be an eye-witneſs of the delivery thereof: but to ſpeak truth Paſſion could not find a better opportunity, nor Judgment a worſe, for him to draw his malicious contemplation into bloody and impious action; and therefore reſpecting *Chriſteneta*, although ſhe had refuſed to reſpect him, and fearing if ſhe had the leaſt notice or inkling thereof, ſhe loved her *Piſani* ſo dearly, as ſhe would hinder and prevent him from running into ſo eminent a danger, he all that day huſh'd himſelf up privately in his Inn, deferring the ſending thereof till the morning, when delivering it to his Couſin *Sebaſtiano* (the Gentleman that came with him from *Cremona*) he prays him inſtantly to find out *Piſani*, and to deliver it to him as ſecretly and as fairly as he could.

Sebaſtiano being no novice in theſe occaſions and accidents, repairs to *Piſani* his Lodging and finds him as he was iſſuing out of his Chamber, whom he ſalutes, and delivers *Gaſparino*'s Challenge faſt ſealed. *Piſani* with a conſtant carriage, and firm countenance, receives it, and breaking off the Seals, ſteps aſide and reads theſe Lines.

GASPARINO to PISANI.

YOU have given the firſt breach to our friendſhip: for ſith you have treacherouſly bereaved me of my Miſtreſs, you muſt now both in honour and juſtice, either take my life, or yeild me yours in requital. If you conſider your own ingratitude, you cannot tax, much leſs condemn, this my reſolution: the Place, the Weſt end of the Park; the hour, four or five after Dinner; the manner, on foot, with Seconds; the Weapon, if you pleaſe, two ſingle Rapiers, whereof bring you one, and I the other; and I will be content to take the refuſal, to give you the choice. If your courage anſwer your infidelity, you will not refuſe to meet me.

GASPARINO.

Piſani having received and peruſed this Challenge (like an a Italianated Gallant, preferring his honour before his life) very cheerfully, without any motion or ſhew of alteration, either in his ſpeech or countenance, turns to *Sebaſtiano*, and ſpeaks to him thus, Sir, I pray tell *Gaſparino* from me, that my ſelf and Second, will with ſingle Rapier meet him and his, at the hour and place appointed.

Sebaſtiano returns: and *Piſani* having accepted the Challenge, bears it ſo ſecretly, as *Chriſteneta* (the other half of his heart) underſtands not hereof; he finds out his dear and intimate Friend *Sfondrato* a valiant young Gentleman, iſſued of a very noble Family of *Millain*, who accompanied him from *Cremona*, to whom he relates the whole effect of this buſineſs, ſhewing him *Gaſparino*'s Challenge, and requeſting him to honour him ſo much as to Second him in this quarrel: *Sfondrato* very cheerfully and freely offereth, and engageth himſelf; and ſo about noon *Sebaſtiano* and himſelf, like honourable friendly enemies, meet to provide and match the Rapiers; but bear it ſo ſecretly and diſcreetly, as none whatſoever could once perceive their intents, or gather their reſolutions. The hour approaching, they all take Horſe, and that day *Piſani*, becauſe he would be no way prevented and hindred, doth purpoſely refrain to viſit his Miſtreſs *Chriſteneta*. They poſt to the Park as to a Wedding, being the place of Rendezvous for their meeting (ſo famous for the defeat of the *French*, and taking priſoner of their King *Francis* the Second, by the Forces of the Emperor *Charles* the fifth.)

Gaſparino and *Sebaſtiano* are firſt in the Field; but *Piſani* and *Sfondrato* are not long after; ſo they all tye up their Horſes to the hedge, pull off their Spurs, and cut away the timber-heels of their Boots, that they might not trip, but ſtand firm in their Play: But ere they begin, the Seconds ſearch the Principals, and they the Seconds: ſo they throw off their Doublets, and appear all in their ſhirts, not as if they feared death, but rather as if they were reſolved to make death fear them.

By this time *Gaſparino* and *Piſani* draw; they make their approaches, and at the firſt encounter *Piſani* is hurt in the out-ſide of the left arm, and *Gaſparino* in the righ flank, the blood whereof appeared not, but fell into his hoſe; they again ſeparate themſelves, and now try their fortunes afreſh; here *Piſani* receives two wounds, the one glancing on his ribs, the other in the brawn of his right arm, and *Gaſparino* one deep one in his left ſhoulder; but theſe ſlight hurts they only eſteem as ſcars, not as wounds, and therefore ſeeing their ſhirts but ſprinkled, not dyed

with

with their bloods, they couragiously come on again; but this bout proves favourable to them both, for *Gasparino* wards *Pisani*'s thrust from him, and only runs *Pisani* thorow the hose, without doing him any other harm: and so they close, which *Pisani* doth purposely to exchange ground, thereby to have the Sun in his back, which was before in his eyes, and now they conclude to take breath.

Their Seconds withdraw not from their stations, neither can they yet imagine to whose side fortune will incline, they being well near as equal in wounds as courage; and now *Pisani* and *Gasparino*, dressing their Rapiers, and wiping off the blood from them, begin again to make tryal on whom victory is resolved to smile, but they alter the manner of the Fight; for now *Gasparino* fights with judgment, and not with fury; and *Pisani* with fury, and not with judgment, whereas heretofore they both did the contrary. They traverse their grounds, *Pisani* is so violent, as he hath almost put himself out of breath; but *Gasparino* is so wary and cautelous, as he contents himself to break his thrusts, and resolves not to make any but to the purpose, and upon manifest advantage; the issue answereth his hopes and expectations; for at the very next encounter, as *Pisani* runs *Gasparino* in the neck, he runs *Pisani* thorow the body, a little below the left pap; and his Sword meeting with *Cava Uena* (which leads directly to the heart) makes a perpetual divorce betwixt his body and his soul, and so he falls stark dead to the ground. *Gasparino* knowing him dispatched, sheaths up his Rapier. But *Sfondrato* and his Chirurgion run to his assistance; but the affection of the one, and the art of the other were in vain; for *Pisani* his life had forsaken his body, and his Soul was already fled from this world to another.

Whilst *Sfondrato* and the Chirurgion were stretching out the dead body of *Pisani*, and covering it up with their Cloaks, *Sebastiano* runs to *Gasparino*, and congratulates with him for his victory, extolling his valour to the sky. But *Gasparino* tells him, that these praises appertain not to him, but to a higher providence; and withal prays him to be careful, and to manage his life both with courage and discretion: and for himself, finding his wounds no way desperate nor dangerous, he is resolved not to suffer his Chirurgion to bind them up, till he see the issue of Combat betwixt his faithful friend *Sebastiano* and *Sfondrato*.

By this time *Sfondrato* thinks it high time to begin, and being no way daunted with the misfortune and death of his friend *Pisani*, but rather incouraged and resolved to set it dearly on the life of *Sebastiano*; he draws, and with his Rapier in his hand comes towards him. *Sebastiano* meets him half way with a very fresh and cheerful countenance, and so they approach one to the other; at their first encounter, *Sebastiano* gives *Sfondrato* a large and wide wound on his right side, but receives another from him thorow the left arm, a little below the elbow; but that of *Sfondrato* poured forth more blood; and, to be brief, they both give and take divers wounds, and perform the part of valorous Gentlemen.

But in the end, God, who would not give all the victory to one side, but will make both parties losers, to shew that he is displeased with these their bloody actions, and uncharitable resolutions, which though Honour seem to excuse, yet Religion cannot; after they had three several times taken breath, *Sebastiano* advancing a fair thrust to *Sfondrato*'s breast, which only pierced his shirt, and ravelled his skin; *Sfondrato* requited him with a mournful interest, for he ran him thorow at the small of the belly, and so nailed him to the ground, bearing away his life on the point of his Rapier.

Thus our four Combatants, being now reduced to the number of two, *Sfondrato* expected that *Gasparino* would have exchanged a thrust or two with him; the which certainly he had performed: But *Gasparino* finding that the loss of so much blood made him then weak, and that it was now more than time for him to have his wounds bound up, they having taken order for the decent transporting of their dead friends that night to *Pavia*; they, without speaking word one to the other, commit themselves to their Chirurgions, and so their wounds being bound up, they take them with them, and to save themselves from the danger of the Law, they take Horse and post away, *Gasparino* to *Parma*, and *Sfondrato* to *Florence*: from whence they resolve not to stir, before their friends have procured and sent them their pardons.

Leave we them there; and, to follow the stream of this History, come we to *Cremona* and *Pavia*, which rings with the news of the issues of these lamentable and tragical Combates. *Pisani* and *Sebastiano* are infinitely bewailed of their Parents, and lamented of their friends, yea of their very enemies themselves, and generally of all the world, who either knew them, or heard of their untimely and unfortunate ends.

But all these tears are nothing, in comparison of those which our fair *Christeneta* sheds for the death of her sweet *Pisani*, for her griefs are so infinitely bitter, as she tears her hair, disfigureth her face, weeps, mourns, houls, and crys so extremely, that Sorrow her self would grieve to see her sorrow; yea, she forsakes and abandoneth all company, throws off all her rich and glittering Garments, and takes on mournful and sad apparel; so as all the perswasions of the world are not

capable to give her the leaſt ſhadow of conſolation; for, as ſhe affirms, ſhe neither will nor can be comforted; only amidſt her tears, if ſhe admit, or permit ony paſſion to take place in her heart or thoughts, it is choler and revenge againſt *Gaſparino*, who had bereaved her of her only joy, of her dear and ſweet *Piſani*, whom ſhe loved a thouſand times more dear and tenderly than her ſelf, and of him ſhe vows to be revenged in the higheſt degree: whereby we may here in *Chriſteneta* ſee the old phraſe made good and verified, that there is no affection or hatred to that of a Woman; for where they love, they love dearly; and where they hate, they hate deadly: But leave we her to her ſorrows, and come we again to *Gaſparino*; who in ſhort time, having obtained his pardon, returns from *Parma* to *Cremona*, where he is joyfully received of his Parents and Friends.

He is no ſooner arrived, but the remembrance of *Chriſteneta*'s beauty doth flouriſh and revive in his heart; for although ſhe had loved another, yet he could affect none but her ſelf: when letting paſs ſome ſix or eight months, and hoping that time (which is ſubject to nothing, and all things to it) might wipe off her tears, and blow away her ſighs for the death of *Piſani*; he reſolves to renew his old ſuit to her: to which end he viſits her, firſt by friends, next by letters, and then in perſon. *Chriſteneta* (like a counterfeit Fury) diſſembles her love to *Piſani*, and her hatred to him, and withal triumpheth and taketh a pride to ſee how diſcreetly and cloſely ſhe bears her malice: But our wiſdom in ſin proves meer folly in the eyes of God, which though ſhe will not now acknowledge; yet ſhe ſhall hereafter be inforced to do it with repentance, and peradventure when it is too late. So being reſolute in her inveterate indignation; her malice doth ſo out-brave her Charity, and her revenge her Religion, as ſhe cannot find any reſt in her thoughts, or tranquility in her mind, before ſhe ſee the death of *Gaſparino* make amends and ſatisfaction for that of *Piſani*.

Gaſparino having the eyes of his judgment hood-winked, and not foreſeeing how dangerous it is to repoſe and relie on the favour of an incenſed enemy, (as our judgments are never cleareſt when we approach our ruin) is very importunate with *Chriſteneta*, that he may meet and confer privately with her, which indeed is the only opportunity that in heart ſhe hath ſo long deſired; and now it is that ſhe conſpires his ruin, and plots his deſtruction, wherein (perchance) ſeeking his death, ſhe may procure her own.

Diſſembling wretch as ſhe is, ſhe ſeems to be vanquiſhed with his importunity; and therefore to ſhew her ſelf courteous and kind to him, ſhe appoints him to meet her in the Nuns Garden at ſix of the clock in the morning. But what courteſie, what kindneſs is this? to have have hony in the tongue, and poyſon in the heart? For ſhe preſently agrees with two wretched Ruffians, *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, for twice fifty Duckets to murther him. See here the implacable and damnable malice of this young Gentlewoman, who forgetting her Soul, and her God, becomes the Author of ſo execrable and lamentable a Murther.

Gaſparino, drowning his ſenſes and underſtanding in the contemplation of the content he ſhould receive in injoying his Miſtreſs *Chriſteneta*'s Company, thinks the night long e're the day appear, and although the evening were fair and clear, yet in the morn, *Aurora* had no ſooner leapt from the watry Bed of *Neptune*, but the Skies were over-caſt and veiled with obſcure clouds, which impriſon the Sun and his golden beams, purpoſely not to behold ſo bloody a Tragedy, as was then to be acted.

Chriſteneta (who could not ſleep for revenge) is ſtirring in the morning betimes, and ſo are *Bianco* and *Brindoli*. They all meet in the Nuns Garden, ſhe walking in the Alleys, and they hiding themſelves out of ſight: At laſt the Clock ſtrikes ſix, and immediatedly in comes *Gaſparino*, with his Hat in his hand, and his Rapier by his ſide; he courts and ſalutes *Chriſteneta* with many amorous ſpeeches, and ſweet complements, ſhe prepares to receive him: but inſtead of courteous entertainment, gives him a bloody welcome: her words (or rather her watch-words) are theſe; *Gaſparino* (quoth ſhe) *this Garden is the place where I had my firſt conference with* Piſani, *and where I purpoſe to have my laſt with you.* At which words *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, ruſh forth of a Bower, and with many wounds kill him dead at their feet, but he had firſt the leiſure to draw, and for a while very valiantly defended himſelf, giving each of them ſeveral wounds. *Chriſteneta* ſeeing *Gaſparino* felled to the ground, fearing that he was not fully dead, and to prevent his crying, ſhe runs to him, thruſts her Handkercheif into his mouth; and to ſhew her ſelf more like a Tyger than a Woman, and a Devil than a Chriſtian, ſhe with a ſmall Ponyard, or Stelletto, ſtabs him many times thorow the body, and ſpurning him with her feet, utters this revengeful and bloody ſpeech; *This I ſacrifice to the memory of my dear Love Piſani.* And ſo *Bianco* and *Brindoli* take this murthered body of *Gaſparino*, and tying a great ſtone to it, threw it into the Well of the Garden; and, the better to conceal this damnable act, they fly by a Poſtern-door; and *Chriſteneta* thinking to cover and ſhroud her ſin, under the cloak of piety and devotion, forſakes the Garden; and ſo, unſeen of any earthly eye, betakes her to the Nuns Church, where

ſhe

she falls on her knees; but with so prophane a Devotion, as she did no way repent; but rather triumph at this Murther: But this her hypocrisie shall cost her dear.

We have here seen this horrible and cruel murther committed and acted, and the murtherers themselves by this time all fled, and gotten to their homes; yea, *Christeneta* glorieth in her revenge, and *Bianco* and *Brindoli* in their moneys; so as they now think themselves free, and past all danger: but they shall be deceived in their hopes, for Divine Providence hath decreed otherwise. And here we come to the detection and punishment of this murther, wherein God's mercy and justice, his providence and his glory, do most miraculously shine and appear.

The Nuns being in their Cells at their Orisons, hear the clinking of swords, and so they advertise their Abbess or Governess thereof, who gives the Alarm in the House. They descend to the Garden, to see what this rumor might be; they find the Postern open and the Alleys very much sprinkled and gored with bloods: they suspect murther, but neither find nor see any, either living or dead: they send to acquaint the Prefect and Provost of the City herewith, who repair to the Garden, and (as before) find much blood, but see no body; they make strict inquiry and search in the ditches, hedges, thickets, and vaults of the Garden, but finding nothing, only they forgot to search the Well: Then to find what those fighters were, they think of a policy, as worthy of them, as they of their Office: they give a secret charge to all the Chirurgions of the City to reveal to them, if any having new wounds, came that night, or the next morning to them, to be cured, whereupon *Rhanutio*, one of the chiefest Chirurgions, informs them, that he about an hour since had dressed *Bianco* and *Brindoli* (two Soldiers of the City) of nine several wounds, which they newly received. The Prefect and Provost advertised thereof, cause them to be brought before them, whom they found both together, where (no doubt) they had consulted. They inquire who wounded them? They answer, they had a quarrel betwixt themselves, and so they fought it out. Being demanded again, where, and when they fought, they looked each on other, and knowing that *Christeneta* was safe at home, and *Gasparino* close in the Well, they instantly replyed, it was in the Nuns Garden at Saint *Clare*, and at six of the clock in the morning, which agreeing to the Nuns relation, gave end to this business, for that time especially. But though they delude and blind the eyes of men, yet they cannot, nor shall not those of God; And now, although these murtherers have thus escaped, yet they prepare to forsake and leave *Pavia*, for fear to be afterwards discovered. But they shall be prevented in their subtleties, for the hand of God will speedily arrest them.

Now we must observe, that *Gasparino* being found wanting two whole nights from his lodging, and his Lackey gathering no news of him at *Vituri*'s House, where he usually frequented to visit and court his Mistres *Christeneta*, he informs the Host of the house thereof; and he like an honest man, doubting the worst (after the custom of *Italy*) acquainted the Prefect and the Provost thereof, who, like judicious and wise Magistrates, examined *Gasparino*'s Lackey, when he last saw his Master, and where? The Lackey answers, he parted from his Chamber yesterday morning betwixt five and six, with his Prayer-book in his hand, as if he were going to Church, but commanded him not to follow him; and since (he saith) he saw him not. And now by the Providence of God, the Lackey's relation gives a little glimpse and glimmering light to the discovery of this murther; for the Magistrates see, that the hour of *Gasparino*'s departure from his Chamber, and that of *Bianco* and *Brindoli*'s fighting do agree; as also his Book and the Nuns Church bear some shew of coherence and probability.

Whereupon, they (guided as it were by the very immediate finger of God) resolve and determine to apprehend, and forthwith to imprison both *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, who the very next day had thought to have slipt down the River to *Ferrara*, and so to *Venice*.

They are examined concerning *Gasparino*; they vow he is a Gentleman they have neither known nor seen. The Magistrates hold it fit they should be put to the Rack, which is as speedily performed: but these stout Villains constantly and firmly maintain their first speech; and although they make suit to be freed and released, yet the Prefect holds it necessary to continue them in prison, and withal, to make a more narrow and exacter search in the Nuns Garden.

Christeneta being at the first advertised that *Bianco* and *Brindoli* were dead, is thereat astonished and amazed, and so resolves to fly, but being advertised they had already suffered torments, and revealed nothing, she again resolves to stay, which indeed she doth; but it is the justice and mercy of God that keeps this bloody Bird within her Nest.

The Prefect and Provost (as being inspired from Heaven) continue constant in their resolutions, to make a second search in the Garden for murther; which they do, and very curiously, leaving no place unsearched: at last it pleased the Lord to put into the Provosts mind to search the Well, which the day before they had omitted. He acquaints the Prefect herewith, who with much alacrity approves hereof, and so causing it to be searched, they at last in their hooks bring up some pieces of wrought black Taffety, which by the Lackey was affirmed and known to be

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the ſame that his Maſter *Gaſparino* wore the laſt time he ſaw him; whereat they were more eagerly encouraged to ſearch again moſt exactly; which they do, and at laſt bring up the dead body of *Gaſparino*, when ſtripping off his cloaths, they find his body pierced with thirteen ſeveral wounds; at the mournful ſight whereof, the whole Aſſembly, but eſpecially his Lackey, cannot refrain from tears, and yet all glorifie God for finding his body, as alſo for the diſcovery of the Murtherers, who now they confidently believe are *Bianco* and *Brindoli*.

But ſee the further mercies of God; for *Bianco* and *Brindoli* are but the hands which executed this murther, and not the head which plotted it: therefore the Magiſtrates being ſure of them, do now reſolve to hye to priſon, and to give them double torment, thereby to diſcover out of what quiver the firſt Arrow of this murther came: But behold the mercy and juſtice of God! they are eaſed of this labour, and the name of the Malefactor brought them by a moſt miraculous and unheard-of accident; for when the Magiſtrates and whole Company had often viſited *Gaſparino*'s naked body, and ſeen nothing but wounds, a little boy ſtanding by (of ſome ten years of age) eſpied a linnen cloth in his mouth, which he ſhewed to the Company, which the Prefect cauſing to be pulled out, found it to be a Cambrick handkercheif, and withal a name in red ſilk Letters in one corner, which was the very true name of *Chriſteneta*.

See, ſee, the goodneſs! Oh let us ſtand amazed and wonder at the mercies of God, to ſee what means and inſtruments he ordaineth for the diſcovery of Murtherers.

The Prefect and Provoſt ſend away ſpeedily to apprehend her, ſhe is taken in the midſt of her pleaſures and paſtimes, yea from the arm of her mother, and feet of her Father, to whom ſhe fled for ſafety but in vain; for ſhe is inſtantly committed cloſe Priſoner, from whence we ſhall not ſee her come forth, till ſhe come to her condign puniſhment on a ſhameful Scaffold, for this her horrible offence of Murther.

And now the Prefect and Provoſt go themſelves to the Priſon, where *Bianco* and *Brindoli* are; they accuſe them peremptorily for the murther of *Gaſparino*, whoſe body, they inform them, they have taken out of the Well: but they again deny it. They give them double torment, and conjure them to reveal this their murther; but they are ſo ſtrong of courage, or rather the devil is ſo ſtrong in them, as they deny all, and neither accuſe themſelves nor any other.

The Prefect and Provoſt, although they ſaw all circumſtances concur, that undoubtedly *Chriſteneta* had a deep hand in this murther, yet they examine her fairly, and promiſe her much favour, and their beſt friendſhip and aſſiſtance, if ſhe will reveal it; but ſhe, as her two confederates, denies all. They adjudg her to the Rack, whereunto ſhe very patiently permits her ſelf to be faſtned; but her dainty body and delicate limbs cannot endure the cruelty of this torment; and ſo ſhe confeſſeth all; that in revenge of *Piſani*'s death, ſhe had cauſed *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to murther him in the Nuns Garden, as we have formerly underſtood.

And now comes Gods ſentence from heaven, pronounced againſt theſe murtherers, by the mouth of his Magiſtrates on earth, who for reparation and expiation of their horrible crimes of murther committed on *Gaſparino*, adjudge *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to have their right hands cut off, then to be hanged, and their bodies thrown into the River *Po*; And *Chriſteneta* (notwithſtanding all the ſolicitation which her Father and friends made for her) to be firſt hanged then burned, and her aſhes thrown into the air: Which, to the full ſatisfaction of Juſtice, before an infinite number of Spectators (who aſſiſted at their mournful ends) was accordingly executed, who yet could not refrain from tears, but as much approved and applauded *Chriſteneta*'s affection to *Piſani*, as they deteſted and abhorred her inhumane and bloody revenge to *Gaſparino*.

Bianco and *Brindoli*, as they lived unrighteouſly, ſo they dyed deſperately, and could not be drawn to repent themſelves of this their bloody fact: But, as I have underſtood, *Chriſteneta* was extremly ſorrowful for her ſins, but eſpecially for this murther, whereof at her laſt breath ſhe infinitely and exceedingly repented her ſelf: yea, I have been informed, that ſhe delivered a godly and religious ſpeech upon the Ladder, but I was not ſo fortunate to recover it.

May all true Chriſtians read this Hiſtory with profit, and profit in reading it, that ſo God may receive the glory, and their ſouls the eternal comfort and conſolation. *Amen.*

GODS

GOD'S Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

HISTORY III.

Mortaign, *under promiſe of marriage, gets* Joſſelina *with Child; and after, converting his love into hatred, cauſeth his Lackey* La Verdure, *and* La Palma, *to murther both her, and her young Son: the jealouſie of* Iſabella *to her Husband* La Palma *is the cauſe of the diſcovery hereof: they are all three taken and executed for the ſame.*

IT is a juſt reward for the vanity of our thoughts, and a true recompence for the errors of our youth, that we buy pleaſure with repentance, and the ſweetneſs of ſin with the bitterneſs of afflictions: but if we violate the laws of Chriſtianity, and abandon our ſelves to Luſt and Fornication, then we ſhall ſee with ſhame, that men will not pity us, and find with grief that God will puniſh us. It is an excellent vertue in Maidens, not to liſten to the lewd temptations of men, and in men not to hearken to the ſugred charms of the Devil, for commonly that folly gives the one ſhame, and this madneſs brings the other deſtruction: but if we firſt forget our ſelves, and then our God, by adding and heaping ſin upon ſin, as firſt, to perpetrate fornication, and after murther, than aſſuredly our eſtate is ſo miſerably wretched, and wretchedly miſerable, as we have no hope left for better fortunes, nor place for worſe. And becauſe Example is both pleaſing to our memory, and profitable to our judgment, this mournful enſuing Hiſtory ſhall make good, and confirm it to us: Therefore let us ſhut the door of our thoughts againſt the power of ſin, and that of our hearts againſt the malice of Hell, and we ſhall not only make our fortunes immoveable in this world, but our felicity eternal in that to come.

In the South eaſt part of *France*, within a days journey of the famous City of *Lions*, at the foot of the Mountain of *Tarara*, upon the border and boſom of the ſweet River *Lignon*, ſo famouſed by the Minion of Honour, and the Darling of the Muſes, the Marqueſs of *Urſe*, in his beautiful and Divine *Aſtrea*, neat *Durency* (a certain ſmall Village) there dwelt a poor Country-Farmer named

named *Andrew Mollard*, who of late buried his Wife, had one only Child left him by her, being a very fair young Girl, about the age of twelve years old, named *Josselina*, whom he hoped should prove the staff and prop of his age, and resolved when she grew up in years and came to womans estate, to marry her to some of his neighbours sons, and at his death, to give her all that little which either his Parents, or his own labour and industry had left or procured him.

Two or three years sliding away, in which time *Mollard* increasing in wealth and his daughter in years, she was, and was justly reported to be the fairest Nymph of those parts, and by all the rustick Swains termed the fair *Josselina*, esteeming themselves happy if they might see her, much more, if they might injoy her presence.

Now within a little League of *Mollard*'s house, dwelt an ancient and wealthy Gentleman, named *Mounsieur de Concye*, who had many Children, but among the rest, his eldest son, termed *Mounsieur de Mortaign*, was a very hopeful and brave Gentleman, who was first a Page to that generous Noble-man *Mounsieur de la Guiche*, sometimes Governour of *Lyons*, and since his death, a chief Gentleman to *Mounsieur de Saint Jerrant*, now a Marshal of *France*.

This *Mortaign* having lived some years in *Paris*, with his Lord the Marshal, where he followed all honourable exercises, as Riding, Fencing, Dancing, and the like (whereby he purchased himself the honourable title of a most perfect and accomplished Gentleman) was at last desirous to see his Father, partly, because he understood he was weak and sickly; but especially to be at the Nuptials of a sister of his, termed *Madamoyselle de la Hay*, who was then to be married to a Gentleman of *Avergne*, termed *Mounsieur de Cassalis*.

This Marriage being solemnized, *Mortaign* having conducted his sister into *Avergne*, and now seeing his Father strong and lusty, he begins to dislike the Country, and to wish himself again in *Paris*, where the ratling of Coaches, and the infinity of fair Ladies did better delight and please him: he craves leave of his Father and Mother to return, which (because he is the chiefest stay and comfort of their age) they unwillingly grant him, and so he prepares for his return to *Paris*. But an unlooked-for accident shall stop his Journey for the present; and another, but far more fatal, seconding and succeeding that, shall stop and hinder him from ever seeing it.

For the night before the morning he was to depart, *de Concye* his Father is most dangerously taken with a burning Fever, and so neither he nor his Mother will permit him to depart. Living thus in the Country, and few Gentlemen dwelling near his father's house, he gives himself to Hunting and Hawking, pastimes and exercises, which though before he loved not, yet now he exceedingly delights in. Now amongst other times, he one day hunting in his Fathers Woods (hollowing for his Dog which he had lost in a thicket) by chance sprung a Pheasant, which flying to the next Woods, he sends for his Hawk, with an intent to fly at him; and so being not so happy as again to set sight of him, he ranged so far, and withal so fast, that he was very thirsty, but saw no house near him, that he might call for Wine; till at last he hapned on that of *Andrew Mollard*, of whom we have formerly made mention. *Mortaign*, seeing a man walking in the next Vineyard, demanded if he were the man of the house, and prayed him to afford him a draught of Wine, alledging that he was very thirsty; *Mollard* knowing this young Gentleman by the model of his face, presumed to demand of him if he were not one of *Mounsieur de Concye*'s Sons? He answered, yes, and that his name was *Mortaign*. *Mollard* presently calling to mind that he was his Father's Heir, very courteously (in this fashion) prays him to enter his house, and so being set down, he sends his daughter *Josselina* for Wine, which she fetched, and they both drink; where honest *Mollard* thinking himself blessed with so great (and as he thought so good) a Gentleman, very cheerfully profers him Pears, Grapes, Walnuts, and such homely dainties as his poor Cottage could afford. But we shall see *Mortaign* requite this courtesie of *Mollard*, with an extream ingratitude.

Mortaign whose eye was seldom on *Mollard*, and never from his Daughter, admires to see so sweet a beauty in so obscure a place; he cannot refrain from blushing, to behold the delicacy of her pure complexion: for though she were poor in clothes, yet he saw her rich in beauty, which made not only his eyes, but his heart conclude, that she was wonderful fair; sith it is ever the sign of a true and perfect beauty, where the face graceth the apparel, and not the apparel the face. And now comparing *Josselina*'s taint, to that of the gallant Ladies of *Paris*, he finds that the truth of nature exceeds the falshood of their Art: for thorow the Alablaster of her Front, Neck and Paps, he might perceive the azure of her veins, which like the windings of *Meander*'s streams swiftly range, and sweetly presents it self to his eye. And for her eyes, or rather the Diamonds and Stars of her face, their splendor was so clear, and their influence so piercing, as they not only captivate his thoughts with love, but wounded his heart with affection and admiration. But if *Mortaign* gaze on the freshness and sweetness of *Josselina*'s beauty, no less doth she on the properness and perfection of his youth, only his eyes tilt at her with more liberty, and hers on him with modesty, respect, and secrecy; which *Mortaign* well espying, he vows

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to obtain her favour, or to lose his life in research thereof: but the end of such lascivious resolutions seldom prosper.

But see how all things favour *Mortaign*'s affection, or rather his lust, to *Fosselina*! for *Mollard* tells him, he holds a small Tenement near adjoyning to his Father; who hath now put him in suit of Law for two Herriots; and therefore beseecheth him for his good word and favour to his Father in his behalf. *Mortaign* glad of this occasion to serve for a pretext and cloak for him to have access to his house and Daughter, promiseth him to deal effectually with his Father for him, and the next time he passeth that way, to acquaint him what he hath done therein: and so stealing a kiss or two from *Fosselina*, as her Father went into the Court, and withal, swearing to her, that he loved her dearly, and would come often to see her; he thanking *Mollard* for his good chear, for that time departed.

But the further he goes from *Mollard*'s house, the nearer his heart approacheth his Daughter *Fosselina*, so his thoughts being steadfastly and continually fixed on her, he begins to distaste his Father's house, yea, forsakes all company; and many times pretending to walk in the Park and Woods, he steals away privately to see his new Mistress. He visits her often, but especially when her Father is at Market, and gives her Gloves, Lawn, and Silk Girdles; yea, he never comes to her, but brings her some Gift and Present, thinking thereby the sooner to obtain his desire, but as yet he is still deceived: for, although she be humble and simple, yet she is chast, and will not hearken to his allurements and enticements. Had *Fosselina* continued constant in this resolution, her life would have proved more happy, and her death less mournful.

Mortaign perceiving *Fosselina*'s coyness and obstinacy, is thereat no way the less, but rather far the more insnared and inflamed with her beauty; and now perceiving that all his Visits, Gifts, Speeches, Prayers, work no desired effect, he hath recourse to that old fallacy and subtil invention, whereby so many silly Maids are abused and deceived; he vows that if she will permit him to enjoy his desire, he will marry her, notwithstanding that their Birth and Quality were so unequal and different: and this, and only this battery and alurement, was that which vanquished *Fosselina*'s Chastity, who poor Girl, caught with this snare, in hope to be a Gentlewoman, shook hands with her Maiden-head, which she should have prized and esteemed far more precious than her life: but she shall pay dear for this her folly; for she shall live *Mortaign*'s Strumpet, and never die his Wife.

Mortaign hath now his desire of *Fosselina*; and for the fruit of this their unchast pleasure, in short time her belly swells. *Mollard* her Father discovers the Pad in the straw; he grieves hereat, tears his white hairs, and vows, his Daughte'rs infamy will shorten his days. He torments her with reproachings and threatnings, so as she can find no rest or tranquility in his House: she advertiseth *Mortaign* hereof, and requests his assistance in this her affliction. *Mortaign* by night steals her away, and sends her ten leagues off from *Durency*, placing her in a poor Kinsman's House of his, where she is delivered of a young Son. But she shall shortly see (with repentance) what it is to have a Child ere a Husband. In the mean time she feeds her self with hope, that *Mortaign* will shortly marry her; but he resolves nothing less: for the Gallants of these times (who build their triumphs upon the shipwrack and ruins of Maidens Honour) will promise any thing, ere they enjoy their desire, but perform nothing when they have obtained it; but rather spurn at those pleasures, as at Nose-gayes, which they delight in in the morn, and throw away ere night.

Calintha (*Mortaign*'s Mother) all this while knows nothing of these occurrences betwixt her Son and *Fosselina*; and desires to see him married, that she might have the felicity to see her self a Grand mother: to which end, she resolves to seek a Wife for him: and makes a motion to *Mounsieur de Vassay*, the *Seneschal* of *la Palisse*, to match her Son with *Madamoyselle la Varina*, his only Daughter. *De Vassy* dislikes not this motion; the young folkes see and love: so as in all human sense, and outward appearance, it seems a short time will finish and conclude this match: but it was otherwise determinated in Heaven.

This news doth amaze and terrifie *Fosselina*: but, as one misfortune seldom comes alone, she likewise, that very instant, understands that *Mollard* her Father (for very grief of her foul fact) is dead, and hath dis-inherited her, leaving her nothing but the memory of her shame for her Portion and Dowry, and only repentance to comfort her: And this indeed is the forerunner of her future misery. Wherefore now, if ever, it is for her to look to her self and welfare; to which end she resolves to write *Mortaign* a Letter, to put him in mind of his promise, and to take compassion of her poverty, being already reduced to this misery, that she hath not wherewithal to maintain her self and Child. Her said Letter (word for word) I thought good to insert here, because the substance and perusal thereof, deserves both pity and compassion.

JOSSELINA to MORTAIGN.

YOu have bereaved me of mine honor, the which (had I as much grace as vanity) I should have esteemed far dearer and more precious than my life. Your promise to make me your Wife, was the only lure which drew me to consent to that error and folly; at the remembrance whereof, I grieve with shame, and shame with repentance, especially sith I see you are so far from performing it, as you hate me, instead of loving me: let the sweetness of my youth, and the freshness of my beauty, (which with many oaths you protested you both admired and adored) judg whether I have deserved this discourtesie of you: but it is a just punishment for my sin; and now I find too late, though formerly I would not believe, that the fruits of pleasure are bitter, resembling those Pills which seem sweet to the Palate, but prove poyson to the Stomach; and may all Maidens beware by my example. If you will not advance my fortunes, yet seek not to make shipwrack of my life, as you have done of my chastity. You know, my Father is dead, and with him, all the means which in this World I can either hope or expect, as well for the maintenance of my self, as of your Son, except from you self; the which, with millions of sighs and tears, I beg and beseech you to afford us; and if not for love to me; at least for pity to him; if you will not grant me the honour to be a piece of your self, yet in nature you cannot deny but your little Son is not only your picture, but your Image: therefore if you will not affect me for his sake, at least do him for mine; and think, that as it will be an extream ingratitude in you, not to give her maintenance, who hath given you a Son; so it will be extream cruelty, not to allow that poor babe wherewithal to live, sith he hath received both his Being and life of you. But, I hope, you will prove more natural to him, and more charitable to my self; otherwise rest assured, that such disrespect and unkindness, will never go long, either unpitied of men, or unpunished of God.

JOSSELINA.

Josselina having penned this Letter to *Mortaign*; she, desirous to draw hope and assistance from all parts, thinks it fit likewise to write another to *Calintha* his Mother, to the same effect: the which she doth, and sends it by a confident Messenger, with expres charge to deliver them severally: the tenor thereof is thus.

JOSSELINA to CALINTHA.

I Know not in what terms either to relate you my misfortunes, or reveal you my misery; especially sith my own folly and indiscretion gave life to the first, as your Son Mortaign's *ingratitude doth to the second: had I been as wise, as now sorrowful; or as chast as now repentant; or which is more, had I not then loved him, as much as he now hates me, I need not blush, as I do, to write to you, That his promise to make me his Wife, hath made me the unfortunate Mother of a young Son, whereof he is the unkind Father. I may well term my self unfortunate, sith I no sooner lost mine honour, but my Father, for his displeasure of my shame and folly, gave all his Means from me, which before, Right and Nature had promised me; and I may justly term your Son* Mortaign *unkind, sith he not only refuseth to marry me, but also to allow maintenance, either for my self or his Child. It is therefore to you, wanting and despairing of all other means, friends, and hopes, that with many blushes and tears, I presume to acquaint you with the poverty of my fortune, and the riches of my misery, the which I humbly request you both to pity and relieve; at least, if you will not, that your Son may, who is the cause thereof. My love to him, hath not deserved your hatred to me: and therefore in excusing my folly, or rather, if you please, my youth, I hope you will be so charitable to the poor Babe my Son, that I shall not want for his sake, nor he for his Fathers; or if you will frown, and not smile on me, but rather triumph to see me languish and faint under the burthen of my poverty, yet vouchsafe to excuse his innocency, though you condemn mine error: and so, if I must dye miserably, at least let me carry this one content to my my grave, That I may be sure he shall live happily. Nature cannot deny this Charity, and Grace will not excuse that Cruelty.*

JOSSELINA.

Whiles *Josselina* flatters her self with hope, that these Letters will procure her her desire and comfort, *Mortaign*, and *Calintha* his Mother receive them. As for *Mortaign*, he like a base Gentleman, (whose courtesie was now turned into inhumanity) as much triumphs in his own sin, as rejoyceth in *Josselina*'s fooliſh ambition and poverty. It is a felicity to him, to think that he hath abused her youth, and betrayed her chastity: and therefore he now respecteth her so little, or rather dis-respecteth her so much, as her shame is his glory, her misery, his happiness; and her affliction his content; yea, he no more thinks of her, but with disdain and envy: for the beauty of *Varina*, hath quite defaced and blotted out that of *Josselina*. Neither doth thus this

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cruelty of his rage end in her, but it begins in the pretty Babe his Son: for he so far degenerateth from the Laws and Principles of Nature, as he not only hates the Mother for the Child's sake, but the child for his Mother's sake; yea, he is so far from giving either of them maintenance, or both content, as he scorns the Mother, and will no way either own or relieve the Child; and so burning his Letter, and forgetting the contents thereof, he very ingratefully and cruelly resolves to answer it with silence: and this is the best comfort which *Josselina* and the poor young Babe, her Son, receive from *Mortaign*. But, I fear, the worst is to come.

If *Josselina* and her Bable receive such disrespect and inhumanity from *Mortaign*, it is to be feared and doubted, that they will meet with little better from his Mother *Calintha*; who no sooner received and read her Letter, but, full of wrath and indignation, she in disdain throws it away from her: yea, her discontent and malice is so inflamed against *Josselina*, and her Child, as fearing it may prove a blur and a block to *Mortaign's* marriage with *Varina*, she not only refuseth to relieve them, but is so cruel and inhumane, as she wisheth them both in another World, as unworthy to live in this. But her choler is too passionate, and her passions too unnatural and cruel: for if she would not relieve *Josselina*, whom her Son *Mortaign* had abused; yet, in pity; yea, in nature, she should have taken order for the maintenance of the Child, whom her Son had begotten: for if the Mother had deserved her hatred, yet this poor Babe was innocent thereof, and rather merited her compassion, than her envy; or, at least, if there had been any spark of humanity, grace, or good nature in her, if she would not have been seen courteous, and harboured them her self, yet she might dispence with her Son, and wink if he had perfotmed it. But nothing less: for her malice is so great, and her rage so outragious and unreasonable, as she refuseth it her self, and commands him to the contrary: so as being once resolute, not to cast away so much time to return *Josselina* an answer, she at last in a humour, wherein disdain triumphed over pity, and humanity over charity, calls for Pen and Paper, and return'd her this bitter and cruel answer.

CALINTHA to JOSSELINA.

HAving been so graceless to abuse my Son, I wonder how thou darest to be so impudent, as to offend me with thy Letter, the which I had once thought rather to have burnt, than read: but I find it not strange, that being defective of thy body, thou art so of thy judgment, to think, that sith thine own Father gave all from thee, that I, who am a meer stranger to thee (as I wish thou hadst been to my Son) should afford or give thee any thing. Neither doth this resolution of mine proceed from contempt, but charity: for, as thou art a Woman, I pity thee; but, as a strumpet, hold it no pity to relieve thee. Now then, despairing of any hope for thy self, thou pleadest for thy Brat; but sith he is the object of thy shame, as thou art of my Son, and withal the cause: why should I look on the Child with compassion, sith I neither can nor will see the Mother, but with disdain and envy? Thou complainest of thy misfortune and misery, without considering that the Stars and Horoscope of thy base birth, never pointed thee out for so high an estate, as of a Clown's Daughter, to become a Gentleman's Wife: but thou must add ambition to thy dishonesty, as if one of these two vices were not enough powerful to make thee miserable. Thou dost likewise tax my Son of unkindness towards thee; without considering, that his love to thee, hath been cruelty to himself: for, as thou art like to buy his familiarity with tears; so, for ought I know, may he thine with repentance. If thou expect any comfort, thou must hope for no other than this, That as my Son disdains to marry thee, so do I, that either my self or he relieve thee. Look then on thy self with shame, on thy Child with repentance; whiles my Son and I will remember you both with contempt, but neither with pity.

CALINTHA.

Poor *Josselina* having received and perused *Calintha's* Letter, and seeing, withal, *Mortaign* so inhuman, as he disdains to write to her; for meer grief and sorrow, she, with her Babe at her breast, falls to the ground in a swoon; and had not the noise thereof advertised those in the next room, to come to her assistance, she had then and there ended her misery with her life; and not afterwards live to see and endure so many sharp afflictions, and lamentable wants and misfortunes.

Alas! alas! she hath now no power to speak, but to weep; yea, if her tears are not words, I am sure her words are sighs: for, being abandoned of *Mortaign*, and hated of his Mother, she is so pierced to the heart with the consideration of that cruelty, and the remembrance of this disdain, that she tears her hair, repents her self of her former folly, and curseth the hour that *Mortaign* first saw her Father's house, or she him: but this is but one part of her sorrows and afflictions; Lo, here comes another, that is capable to turn her discontent into despair, her despair into rage, and her rage into madness.

For, by this time, *Calintha* understanding by her Son, where *Josselina* resided and sojourned, she so ordered the matter, as when *Josselina* least thought thereof, she and her Babe, in a dark

and cold night, is moſt inhumanly turned out of the Houſe where ſhe was, yea, with ſo great barbarism and cruelty, as ſhe was not ſuffered to reſt, either in the Hay-loft, Barn, or Stable, or any other place within doors, but inforced to lie in the open field, where the bare ground was her Bed, a Mole-hill her Pillow, the cold Air her Coverlet, and the Firmament her Curtains and Canopy. And now it is, and never before that her eyes guſh forth whole Rivers of tears, and her heart and breaſt ſends forth many Volleys of deep fetcht ſighs; yea, having no other Tapers but the Stars of Heaven to light her, ſhe looks on her poor Babe for comfort; whoſe ſight, God knows, doth but redouble her ſorrows and afflictions, becauſe it lies crying at her breaſt for want of Milk, which (poor woman) ſhe had not to give it: when, being in this miſerable caſe, and accompanied with none but the Beaſts of the Field, and the Birds of the Air, who yet were far happier than her ſelf, becauſe they were gone to their reſt, and ſhe could receive none: ſhe, after many bitter ſighs, groans, and tears, uttered theſe ſpeeches to her ſelf:

Alas, alas, poor *Joſſelina*! it is thy folly, and not thy fortune, that hath brought thee to this miſery: for, hadſt thou the grace to uſe, and not to abuſe thy beauty, thou might'ſt have ſeen thy ſelf as happy as now thou art wretched and miſerable. But ſee what a double loſs thou receiveſt for thy ſingle pleaſure; for the loſs of thy chaſtity to *Mortaign*, was that of thy Father to thee: and now being deprived of both, what wilt thou do, or whether canſt thou fly for comfort? But alas, this is not all the miſery: for, as thy loſs is double, ſo is thy grief: for now thou muſt as well ſorrow for thy Child, as for thy ſelf: yea, *Joſſelina* forget to grieve for thy ſelf, and remember to do it for thy Babe, ſith thou haſt brought it into the world, and haſt not wherewith to maintain it. And then, not able to proceed further, ſhe takes it up and kiſſes it, rains tears on its cheeks, though ſhe cannot ſtream milk in its mouth; when again, recovering her ſpeech, ſhe continues thus:

Ay me, *Joſſelina*! thou art both the Author and the Cauſe of thine own miſery, and therefore thou muſt not blame Heaven, but thank thy ſelf for it, for thy afflictions are ſo great, as whereſoever thou turneſt thy thoughts or eyes, thou findeſt nothing but grief, nothing but ſorrow: for if thou think on *Mortaign*, he looks on thee with diſdain; if on his Mother *Calintha*, ſhe with envy: yea, thou canſt not behold the World without ſhame; thy poor Infant without ſorrow; nor thy ſelf, without repentance. Nay, conſider further with thy ſelf, what thou haſt gotten by caſting (or rather, by caſting away) thy affection on *Mortaign*; he found thee a Maid, and hath left thee a Strumpet; thou haſt a Child, and yet no Husband; then thou wert ſo happy, as to have a Father; and now thy Son is ſo miſerable, as he can find none: yea, then thou wert a Friend to many; but now thou findeſt not one that will be ſo to thee, and, which is worſe, thou haſt not wherewithal to be ſo to thy ſelf. Alas! alas! thou haſt no Houſe to go to, no Friend to truſt to, no Meat for thy ſelf, nor Milk for thy Child: therefore poor *Joſſelina*, quoth ſhe, How happy ſhould we both be, if thou wert buried, and he unborn.

She would have finiſhed her ſpeech, but that tears interrupted her words, and ſighs cut her tears in pieces.

By this time her Babe falls aſleep; but her griefs are ſo great, and her ſorrows ſo infinite, as ſhe cannot cloſe her eyes, nor yet be ſo much beholding either to *Morpheus* or *Death* to do it for her; which perceiving, as alſo that the Moon was inveloped in a Cloud, and that the Stars began to deny her the comfort and luſtre of their light: ſhe fearing to be overtaken with rain, and perceiving a thick Wood a pretty way off from her, ſhe takes her Babe, and as faſt as her weak and wearied legs could perform (bitterly weeping and ſighing) hyes thither for ſhelter: but Heaven proves more kind to her, than Earth; for lo, both the Moon and Stars aſſiſt and comfort her in this her ſorrowful Journey. Being come to the Wood (which indeed was farther off than ſhe thought) ſhe began to be weary; and there making a Bed of Leaves (which at that ſeaſon of the year fell abundantly from the Trees) ſhe thereon for a while reſted her ſelf, but ſleep ſhe could not: and now if any thing in the world afford her comfort, it was to ſee that her infant ſlept pretily, though not ſoundly: but here, if her eyes craved reſt, ſo her ſtomach craved meat; for it was now mid-night, and ſhe had eaten nothing ſince noon: ſo pulling off her upper-Coat, ſhe wraps and covers her Child as hot as ſhe could; who being faſt aſleep, and laying it on the bed of Leaves, ſhe goes from Tree to Hedg, and gathers Black-berries, Slows, and wild Cheſnuts, wherewith, inſtead of better Vians, ſhe ſatisfied her hunger; and now ſhe ſees her ſelf on the top of a Hill, at whoſe foot ſhe perceived a River, and a great ſtony Bridg over it, the which ſhe knew; as alſo, that there was a little Village near about a mile beyond it, which indeed in the midſt of her miſeries afforded her ſome comfort. So back ſhe hyes to her Child, which ſhe finds out by its crying; it wanted not only his Nipple, but his Nurſe: and ſo with many kiſſes takes it up in her Arms, and hyes towards the Bridg,

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and [illegible] Village, which she now remembers is termed *Villepont*, where she arrives [illegible] the clock in the morning, and lodged her self in a very poor Inne; being extream[illegible] infinitely joyful, that she had recovered so good a harbour.

But [illegible]th none to pay her expences, and to lie in Inns upon credit, is to be ill attended and worse looked to: so she is enforced, yea, fain to sell away her Quoives, her Hand[illegible] and her Upper-coat, to discharge her present occasions. Poor *Fosselina*! how happy hadst thou been, if thou hadst had as much Wit and Chastity, as Beauty, or rather, more Chastity, and less Beauty! But it is now too late to remedy it; though never to repent it.

Fosselina knowing *Villepont* to be but seven Leagues frome *Durency* (the Parish where she was born) is irresolute, whether to stay here, or go thither. Want of means perswades her to the first: but knowing that *Mortaign's* love was turned into hatred, and that it was dangerous for her to be near his incensed Mother, she resolves to stay in *Villepont*, and to write to her Kinsfolks and friends to assist her in this her misery and necessity. In the mean time she is forc'd to content her self with a poor little out-Chamber, where there is neither Chimney nor window, but only a small loop, whereinto the Sun scarce ever entred; and yet she is exceamly well contented, and glad hereof.

But, Wealth finds many Friends, and Poverty none; and yet, sith diversity of fortunes is the true Touch stone of Friendship; we may therefore more properly and truly term those our friends, who assist us in our necessity, and not who seem to pleasure us in our prosperity; for, those are real friends, but these verbal: those will perform more than they promise; and these promise much, but perform nothing.

But *Fosselina* is so wretched and unfortunate, as she finds neither the one nor the other to assist her in this her misery: yea, so far she is to receive either means or promises, as nothing is sent her, nor none will see her; so as miserable necessity enforceth her to report and divulge the misfortunes of her fortune; and to complain to all the world, of *Mortaign's* treachery, and of his Mother *Calintha's* cruelty: yea, she threatens to send him his Son, sith he will not afford her wherewith to maintain him.

This is not so secretly carried in *Villepont*, but *De Vassye* and *Varina* his Daughter have news hereof in *La Palisso*, which occasioned her to grow cold in her affection, and he in his respect to *Mortaign*; so as all things decline, and there is little hope or appearance, that this Match shall go forward. *Mortaign* is too clear sighted, to be blind herein: yea, he presently knows from what point of the compass this wind cometh; and is fully possessed that *Fosselina* is the cause of these alterations and storms: he is exceedingly enraged and enflamed hereat, and gives such way to his passion and choler, as these obstacles must be removed; and he vows to destroy both *Fosselina* and her Son. A bloody resolution, not beseeming either a Christian, or a Gentleman: for was it not enough for him to rob *Fosselina* of her honour, and to put a Rape on her Chastity and Vertue, but he must likewise bereave her of her life, and so add Murther to his lust? Alas, what a base Gentleman is this? yea, how far degenerates he from true Gentility, to be so cruel to her that hath been so kind to him? But the Devil suggesteth to his thoughts, and they to his heart, that *Varina* is fair; and that there is no way nor hope left to obtain her, before *Fosselina* and her brat be dispatched. Now if Grace could not perswade him from being so cruel to *Fosselina*, yet (me thinks) Nature should have with-held him from being so inhuman to his own Son. But his faith is so weak towards God, and the Devil is so strong with him, that he cannot be removed or withdrawn from his bloody resolution, only he alters the manner thereof: for, whereas he resolved first to destroy the Mother, then the Child; now he will first dispatch the Child, then the Mother. O Heavens! why should Earth produce so bloody and prodigious a Monster?

Now the better to dissemble his malice, he thinks to reclaim and pacifie *Fosselina*: and so gives order that she and her Child be lodged in a better Inn, in the same Village of *Villepont*; and signifies to her that he hath gotten a Nurse, and hath provided maintenance for his Son; and that shortly he will send his Lackey for him: but withal, that she must keep this very secret, because he will not have his Mother *Calintha* acquainted therewith. *Fosselina* rejoyceth, and seems to be revived with this pleasing news; yea, she begins to forget her former misery, and flatters her self with this hope, that fortune again will smile on her. So, within three days *Mortaign* sends his Lackey *La Verdune*, to her for the Babe; the which, with many kisses and tears, she delivereth him; hoping that *Mortaign*, his Father, would be careful of his maintenance; and not so much as once dreaming, or conceiving, that he had any intent to murther it. But she shall find the contrary, for henceforth she shall never see her Babe, nor her Babe her.

La Verdure (the Lackey) following his Master's Command, is not four Leagues from *Villepont*, before, like a damnable Miscreant, he strangles it; and wrapping it in a Linnen Cloth

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(which he had purposely brought with him) throws it into the River Lignon [illegible] pay dear for murthering of this sweet and innocent Babe.

But it is not enough: for *Mortaign*'s devilliſh malice and revenge, will not be quenched or ſatisfied, till he ſee the Mother follow the fortune of the Son: to which end he agrees with her Hoſt, *La Palma*, and his aforeſaid Lacquey, *La Verdure*, to ſtifle her in her bed. The which, for two hundred Franks they perform, and bury her in the Garden, ſhe being ſoundly ſleeping, and poor ſoul, not ſo much as once dreaming of this her mournful and lamentable end. What Tygers or Monſters of Nature are theſe, to commit ſo damnable a Murther; as if there were no God in Heaven to detect them, nor Earth or Hell to puniſh them.

But we ſhall ſee the contrary; yea, we ſhall ſee both the Murther, and the Murtherers, revealed and diſcovered by an extraordinary means; wherein God's providence and glory will moſt miraculouſly reſplend and ſhine.

As ſoon as *La Verdure* and *La Palma* had murthered our harmleſs *Joſſelina*, they both poſt away to *Durency*, as well to acquaint *Mortaign* herewith, as alſo to receive their money (whereof the one half was paid them, and the other due). This news was ſo pleaſing to him as he cheerfully lays down his promiſe: and ſo they both frolick it in the Village: *La Verdure* making no haſt home to his Maſter *Mortaign*, nor *La Palma* to his old Wife *Iſabella*.

In the mean time (a Month being paſt away) *Mortaign* hoping the way clear, and all the rubs removed that hindred him from obtaining his fair Miſtreſs *Varina*; he procures his Father, *De Coucye*, and others of his friends, to ride to *La Paliſſe*, hoping to finiſh the Match betwixt *La Varina* and himſelf. But he and they are inforced to ſee themſelves deceived of their hopes. For, *De Vaſſye* and his Daughter having heard that *Joſſelina* and her Son were conveyed away, and could not be heard of, they (ſuſpecting and fearing that which was faln out) in plain terms gave *Mortaign* the refuſal; who galled to the heart herewith, doth now hang down his head, and ſee his former bloody Errors and Crimes; but it is too late: for the Lord hath bent his Bow, and his Arrow is ready to revenge them.

La Palma underſtanding of *Mortaign*'s arrival from *La Paliſſe*, thinks it high time for him to leave *Durency*; and ſo returning home to *Villepont* to his Wife *Iſabella*, who being an old woman, and he a young man, was not only impatient, but jealous of his long ſtay (which was well near five weeks) and the rather, for that he departed, as ſhe thought, in company of *Joſſelina*; who, becauſe ſhe was young and fair, ſhe vehemently ſuſpected he had ſince entertained and ſtayed with. But, this Jealouſie of hers, God makes his inſtrument to diſcover this execrable Murther.

For *La Palma* coming home, his wife *Iſabella* (as we have heard) being incenſed with anger, and inflamed with jealouſie, gives him this bitter entertainment and welcome: *La Palma* (quoth ſhe) *you were very unkind, ſo ſoon to forſake your Whore* Joſſelina. *La Palma* being pierced to the quick with this bitter ſpeech of his Wife, like a lewd fellow, gave her firſt the lye, and then termed her a Whore in ſpeaking it. She hath fire in her looks, and he thunder in his ſpeeches. So after many bitter and ſcandalous injuries banded one to the other, ſhe adds rage to her words, and he a box on the ear to his choler, wherewith he fell'd her as dead to the ground; yea, the Servants and all that beheld it, cry-out a main, as if her Soul had already taken her laſt farewel of her body. At this tumult the neighbours aſſemble, and deeming *Iſabella* dead, they lay hands on *La Palma* her Husband, and carry him before the Procurer, *Fiſcal* of *La Paliſſe*, who was then in the Village of *Villepont*; who, without further examination, commits him to Priſon; and ſo goes in perſon to viſit *Iſabella*; who by this time is a little recovered, but not freed from the danger of death. She relates him all that had paſt betwixt her husband and her ſelf; as alſo of his departure with *Joſſelina*, and of his long ſtay in *Durency*; adding withal, that he hath heretofore many times beaten her, and now ſhe hopes that this blow will not go unpuniſhed: yea, her rage, or rather God's Providence carries her ſo far, as ſhe conſtantly avers to the Magiſtrate, that if *Joſſelina* be not her Husband's Strumpet, ſhe conſtantly believes he is her Murtherer; and to conclude, ſaith, her ſervant-maid *Jaqueta* can ſay more.

Jaqueta examined, ſaith, That the night before her Maſter's departure for *Durency*, he was at mid-night in *Joſſelina*'s Chamber, together with one *La Verdure* a Lacquey, and that ſince, *Joſſelina* was neither ſeen nor heard of: and being farther demanded if ſhe knew whoſe Lacquey *La Verdure* was; ſhe anſwered, he was *Monſieur Mortaign*'s Lacquey, who was Son to *Monſieur de Coucye*. The Procurer *Fiſcal*, conſidering their ſeveral depoſitions, doth ſhrewdly ſuſpect there was more in the wind than is yet diſcovered: he leaves *Iſabella*, and goes to her Husband in Priſon; and after he had ſharply checked him for beating his Wife, he enquires and chargeth him with theſe two points: firſt, why he and *La Verdure* were in *Joſſelina*'s Chamber at mid-night: and ſecondly, what was become of her, ſith, ſince that time, ſhe hath neither been ſeen nor heard of.

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La Palma is terrified and amazed with theſe demands, (and far the more, becauſe he leaſt expected them) the which apparently appeared in the alteration of his colour and complexion, which commonly bewrayes an inward perturbation of the mind and heart. He anſwereth not punctually to thoſe points demanded of him, but runs on with many bitter invectives againſt the rage and jealouſie of his Wife, and then being by the Procurer bid anſwer to thoſe two points he formerly demanded of him; he, after many frivolous and extravagant ſpeeches, denies that either he or *La Verdure* were in *Joſſelina*'s Chamber; and that he neither ſaw her departure, nor knew what was become of her; and withal, prays the Procurer *Fiſcal*, to free and releaſe him of his impriſonment. But he ſhall not eſcape at ſo cheap a rate.

For the Procurer, being very familiar with *Mounſieur de Vaſſye* his Colleague and fellow-Judg of *La Paliſſe*, remembred that he had formerly heard him ſpeak of this *Mounſieur Mortaign*, who lately ſought his Daughter *La Varina* in Marriage; as alſo of his entertaining and rejecting this *Joſſelina*, a Farmer's Daughter of *Durency*, by whom he had a baſe Son: and now conſidering, that at ſuch an unſeaſonable hour his Lackey *La Verdure* ſhould be in her Chamber in *La Palma*'s Houſe, and *La Palma* himſelf in his company, and ſhe never ſince ſeen or heard of; he thinks there is ſome fire hid and covered in theſe embers, and there is ſome deeper miſery in this buſineſs, which as yet was not revealed.

Wherefore, like a wiſe Magiſtrate, he holds it fit, the ſame night to ſend *La Palma* privately to *La Palliſſe*, as alſo his Wife *Iſabella*, and *Jaquita*, for Witneſſes; and rides thither himſelf, to ſit upon his Proceſſe; with whom the Lieutenant of that Juriſdiction joyned: but for *Mounſieur de Vaſſye*, the Seneſchal, he (for the regard he bore to *Mortaign*, becauſe he vehemently ſuſpected he had a deep and chief hand in this buſineſs) would not be preſent, but purpoſely abſented himſelf at a Houſe of his in the Country: the next morning *La Palma* is examined, as alſo the two Witneſſes; and *Jaquita* is confronted with him, who ſtands firm to her former depoſition: but he flatly denies all. The Procurer and the Lieutenant adjudged him to the Rack. He endured the firſt torment; but at the ſecond, he confeſſeth, that he and *La Verdure* had ſtifled and murthered *Joſſelina* in her Bed, in his own Houſe, and had buried her in his Garden; and that they were ſet a work and hired to do it by *Mounſieur Mortaign*, who gave them two hundred Franks to effect it.

Lo here by the mercy and Providence of God, *La Palma*'s malice to his Wife *Iſabella*, and her jealouſie to him, hath diſcovered and brought to light this cruel and bloody Murther, which was ſo ſecretly contrived, and ſo cunningly and devilliſhly acted upon the body of *Joſſelina*. But hers being diſcovered, let us likewiſe ſee how that of her harmleſs and innocent Babe is likewiſe brought to light; the two Judges themſelves ride all night to *Villepont*, they ſearch the Garden, and find the dead body of *Joſſelina*, having no other winding-ſheet, but her own Smock. They ſend away the Provoſt to apprehend *Mortaign* and his Lackey for this Murther; who meets *La Verdure* by the way, and ſeizes *Mortaign* in his Bed.

They are ſeverally brought to *La Paliſſe*; and firſt, *La Verdure* is confronted with *La Palma*, who denies all; but they preſent his feet to the fire, and than he confeſſeth not only the Murther of *Joſſelina*, but likewiſe that of her infant-Son; whom he firſt ſtrangled, and then threw into the River *Lignon*: and this, he ſaid, he did at the requeſt of his Maſter *Mortaign*; of whom, for his part and labour, he received one hundred Franks.

We have here found two of theſe Murtherers, and now what reſteth there, but that the third, who is the Author, and as it were, the Capital great wheel of theſe bloody Tragidies, be produced and brought to his Arraignment? The Procurer and Lieutenant repair again to the Priſon, and charge *Mortaign* with theſe two bloody Murthers: he knows it is in vain to deny it, ſith he is ſure his two execrable Agents have already revealed it: therefore he, aſhamed at the remembrance of his cruel and unnatural crimes, doth with many tears very ſorrowfully and penitently confeſs all.

It is a happineſs for him to repent theſe Murthers; but it had been a far greater, if he had never contrived and committed them: yea, the Judges are amazed to hear the cruelty hereof and the people to know it; and both ſend their praiſes and thankfulneſs to God, that he hath thus detected and brought them to light on Earth.

And now comes the Cataſtrophe of their own Tragidies, wherein every one of theſe Malefactors receives condign puniſhment for their ſeveral offences.

La Palma is condemned to be hanged and burnt; *La Verdure* to broken on the Wheel, and his body to be thrown into the River *Lignon*; and *Mortaign*, though the laſt in Rank, yet firſt in offence, to be broken on the Wheel, his body burnt, and his aſhes thrown into the air: which Sentence, in the ſight of a great multitude of Spectators, was on a Market-day accordingly executed and performed in *La Palis*.

And

And this was the bloody end of *Mortaign*, and his two Helliſh Inſtruments, for Murthering innocent *Joſſelina*, and her ſilly and tender Infant. May all Maidens learn by her example, to preſerve their Chaſtities; and men by *La Verdure's*, and *La Palma's*, not to be drawn to ſhed innocent blood for the lucre of wealth and mony; and by *Mortaign's*, to be leſs laſcivious, inhuman and bloody; thereby to prevent ſo execrable a life, and ſo infamous a death.

One thing I may not omit: *La Palma*, on the Ladder, extremely curſed the malice of his Wife *Iſabella*, who (he ſaid) was the Author of his death: and no leſs did *La Verdure*, on the Wheel, by his Maſter *Mortaign*: but both of them were ſo deſperately irreligious, as neither of them conſidered that it was their former ſins, and the malice of the Devil, to whom they gave too much ear, that was the cauſe thereof.

And for *Mortaign*, after he had informed the World, that he was extremely grieved that his Judges had not given him the death of a Gentleman, which was, to have been Beheaded; he, with many tears, bewailed his infinite ingratitude, cruelty, and unnaturalneſs, both towards *Joſſelina*, as alſo his and her young Son: yet he prayed the world in general to pray that God would forgive it him; and likewiſe requeſted the Executioner to diſpatch him quickly out this life, becauſe he confeſſed he was unworthy to live longer.

Now let us glorifie our Creator and Redeemer, who continually makes a ſtrict inquiſition for Blood, and a curious and miraculous inquiry for Murther: yea, let us both fear him with love, and love him with fear, ſith he is as impartial in his Juſtice, as in diſtributing his Mercies.

GODS

GOD'S Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A SPANISH HISTORY.

HISTORY IV.

Beatrice-Joana, *to marry* Alſemero, *cauſeth* De Flores *to murther* Alfonſo Piracquo, *who was a Suter to her.* Alſemero *marries her, and finding* De Flores *and her in adultery, kills them both.* Thomaſo Piracquo *challengeth* Alſemero *for his Brothers death.* Alſemero *kills him treacherouſly in the field, and is beheaded for the ſame, and his body thrown into the Sea. At his Execution he confeſſeth, that, his Wife and* De Flores *murthered* Alfonſo Piracquo: *their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their Aſhes thrown into the Air.*

SIth in the day of Judgment we ſhall anſwer at God's great Tribunal, for every lewd thought our hearts conceive, and idle word our Tongues utter, how then ſhall we dare to appear (much leſs think to eſcape) when we defile our bodies with the pollution of Adultery, and taint our Souls with the innocent blood of our Chriſtian Brethren? when, I ſay, with beaſtly luſt and adultery, we unſanctifie our ſanctified bodies, which are the receptals and Temples of the Holy Ghoſt, and with high and preſumptuous hands, ſtab at the Majeſty of God, by murthering Man, who is his Image? This is not the Ladder to ſcale Heaven, but the ſhorteſt way to ride poſt to Hell: for, how can we give our ſelves to God, when in the heat of luſt and fume of revenge we ſell our hearts to the Devil? But did we either love God for his mercy, or fear him for his Juſtice, we would then not only hate theſe ſins in our ſelves, but deteſt them in others; for theſe are crying and capital offences, ſeen in Heaven, and, by the Sword of his Magiſtrates, brought forth and puniſhed here on Earth. A lamentable and mournful example whereof, I here produce to your view, but not to your incitation: may we all read it to the reformation of our lives, to the comfort of our Souls, and to the eternal glory of the moſt Sacred and Individual Trinity.

In *Valentia* (an ancient and famous City of *Spain*) there dwelt one *Don Pedro de Alſemero*, a noble young Cavalier, whoſe Father (*Don Juan Alſemero*) being ſlain by the *Hollanders* in the

Sea-fight at *Gibralter*, he resolved to addict himself to Naval and Sea actions, whereby to make himself capable to revenge his Father's death: a brave resolution, worthy the affection of a Son, and the Generosity of a Gentleman!

To which end, he makes two Voyages to the *West Indies*, from whence he returns flourishing and rich, which so spread the sails of his ambition, and hoysted his fame from top to top-gallant, that his courage growing with his years, he thought no attempt dangerous enough, if honourable, nor no honour enough glorious, except atchieved and purchased by danger. In the Actions of *Alaracbe* and *Mamora*, he shewed many noble proofs and testimonies of his valour and prowess, the which he confirmed and made good by the receit of eleven several wounds, which as Marks and Trophees of Honour made him famous in *Castile*. Boyling thus in the heat of his youthful blood, and contemplating often on the death of his father, he resolves to go to *Validolyd*, and to imploy some Grandee either to the King or the Duke of *Lerma*, his great favourit, to procure him a Captains place, and a Company under the Arch-Duke *Albertus*, who at that time made bloody Wars against the *Netherlands*, thereby to draw them to obedience: But as he began this suite, a general truce of both sides laid aside Arms, which (by the mediation of *England* and *France*) was shortly followed by a peace, as a Mother by the Daughter; which was concluded at the *Hague*, by his Excellency of *Nassaw*, and Marquess *Spinola*, being chief Commissioners of either party. *Alsemero* seeing his hopes frustrated, that the Keys of Peace had now shut up the Temple of War, and that Muskets, Pikes, and Corslets, that were wont to grace the Field, were now rusting by the walls; he is irresolute what course to take, resembling those fishes who delight to live in cataracts and troubled waters, but die in those that are still and quiet: For he spurns at the pleasures of the Court, and refuseth to haunt and frequent the companies of Ladies: And so not affecting, but rather disdaining the Pomp, bravery and vanity of Courtiers, he withdraws himself from *Validolyd* to *Valentia*, with a noble and generous intent to seek Wars abroad, sith he could find none at home: where being arrived, although he were often invited into the companies of the most noble and honorable Ladies both of the City and Country; yet his thoughts ran still on the Wars, in which Heroick and Illustrious profession, he conceived his chiefest delight and felicity: and so taking order for his Lands and affairs, he resolves to see *Malta*, that inexpugnable Rampier of *Mars*, the glory of *Christendome*, and the terrour of *Turkey*, to see if he could gain any place of command and honour either in that Island, or in their Gallies; or if not, he would from thence into *Transilvania*, *Hungary*, and *Germany*, to inrich his judgment and experience, by remarking the strength of their Castles and Cities, their Orders and Discipline in War, the Potency of their Princes, the Nature of their Laws and Customs, and all other matters worthy the observation both of a Traveller and a Souldier: and so building many Castles in the air, he comes to *Alicant*, hoping to find passage there for *Naples*, and from thence to ship himself upon the *Neapolitan* Gallies for *Malta*.

There is nothing so vain as our thoughts, nor so uncertain as our hopes: for commonly they deceive us, or rather we our selves in relying on them; not that God is any way unjust (for to think so were impiety) but that our hopes take false objections, and have no true foundation; and to imagine the contrary, were folly: the which *Alsemero* finds true: for here the wind doth oppose him, his thoughts fight and vanquish themselves; yea, the Providence of God doth cross him in his intended purposes, and gives way to that he least intendeth.

For coming one morning to our Lady's Church at *Mass*, and being on his knees, in his Devotion, he espies a young Gentlewoman likewise on hers, next to him; who being young, tender, and fair, he thorow her thin Veil discovered all the perfections of a delicate and sweet Beauty; she espies him feasting on the dainties of her pure and fresh cheeks; and tilting with the invisible glances of his eyes, to hers: he is instantly ravished and vanquished with the pleasing object of this Angelical countenance, and now he can no more resist either the power or passion of Love.

This Gentlewoman (whose name as yet we know not) is young and fair, and cannot refrain from blushing, admiring to see him admire and blush at her. *Alsemero* dies in conceit with impatiency, that he cannot injoy the happiness and means to speak with her; but he sees it is in vain to attempt it, because she is ingaged in the company of many Ladies, and he of many Cavaliers. But Mass being ended, he inquires of a good fellow Priest, who walked by, what she was, and whether she frequented that Chuch, and at what hour. The Priest informs him, that she is *Don Diego de Vermandero*'s Daughter; he being Captain of the Castle of that City, that her name was *Dona Beatrice-Joana*, and that she is every morning in that Church and Place, and near about the same hour.

Alsemero hath the sweetness of her beauty so deeply ingraven in her thoughts, and imprinted in his heart, that he vows *Beatrice-Joana* is his Mistress, and he her servant: yea, here his warlike resolutions have end, and strike sail. And now he leaves *Bellona*, to adore *Venus*; and forsakes *Mars*, to follow *Cupid*; yea, so fervent is his flame, and so violent is his passion, as he can neither

neither give, nor take truce of his thoughts; till he be again made happy with her sight, and blessed with her presence.

The next morn (as Lovers love not much rest) *Alsemero* is stirring very timely, and hoping to find his Mistris, no other Church would please him, but our Ladies; nor place, but where he first and last saw her, but she is more zealous than himself; for she is first in the Church, and on her knees at her Devotion, whom *Alsemero* gladly espying, he kneels next to her, and having hardly the patience to let pass one poor quarter of an hour (he resolving, as yet, to conceal his name) like a fond Lover, whose greatest glory is in complements; and courting his Mistress, he boards her thus:

Fair Lady, it seems, that these two mornings, my devotions have been more powerful and acceptable than heretofore, sith I have had the felicity to be placed next so fair, and so sweet a Nymph, as your self, whose excellent beauty, hath so suddenly captivated mine eyes, and so secretly ravished my heart, that he which heretofore rejected, cannot now resist the power of Love, and therefore having ended my devotion, I beseech you excuse me, If I begin to pray you to take pity of me, sith my flame is so fervent, and my affection is so passionate, as either I must live yours, or not die my own.

Beatrice Joana could not refrain from blushing under her Veil, to see an unknown Cavalier board her in these terms in the Church; and she gave attentive ear to his speech, so she could not for a while refrain from glancing her eye upon the spruceness of his person, and the sumptuousness of his Apparel: but at last, accusing her own silence, because she would give him no cause to condemn it, she with a modest Grace, and a graceful Modesty, returns him this answer.

Sir, as your devotions can neither be pleasing to God, nor profitable to your Soul, if in this place you account it a felicity to injoy the sight of so mean a Gentlewoman as my self; so I cannot impute it to affection, but flattery, that this poor beauty of mine (which you unjustly paint forth in rich praises) should have power either to captivate the eyes, or, which is more, to ravish the heart of so noble a Cavalier as your self. Such Victories are reserved for those Ladies, who are as much your equal, as I your inferiour: and therefore directing your zeal to them, if they find your affection such as you profess to me, no doubt, regarding your many vertues and merits, they will in honour grant you that favour, which I in modesty am constrained to deny you.

Alsemero (though a Novice in the art of Love) was not so ignorant, and so cowardly to be put off with her first repulse and refusal; but rather seeing that the perfections of her mind corresponded with those of her beauty, he resolves now to make a trial of his wit and tongue, as heretofore he had done of his courage and sword; and so joyns with her thus:

It is a pretty ambition in you, sweet Lady, to disparage your beauty, that thereby it may seem the fairer; as the Sun, who appears brighter by reason of the Night's obscurity; and all things are best, and more perfectly discerned by their contraries: But I cannot commend, and therefore not excuse your policy, or rather your disrespect, to slight and post me over from your self, whom I love, to those Ladies I neither know or desire, which in effect is to give me a Cloud for *Juno*. No, no, it is only to you, and to no other, that I present and dedicate my service; and therefore it will be an ingratitude as unworthy my receiving, as your giving, that I should be the object of your discourtesie, sith you are that of my affection.

To these speeches of *Alsemero*, *Beatrice-Joana* returns this reply:

It is not for poor Gentlewomen of my rank and complexion, either to be ambitious, or politick, except it be to keep themselves from the snares of such Cavaliers as your self, (who for the most part) under the colour of affection, aim to direct the trophees of your desires upon the tombs of our dishonours; only I so much hate ingratitude, as you being to me a stranger, charity and common courtesie commands me to thank you for the profer of your service, the which I can no way either deserve or requite, except in my devotions and prayers to God for your glory and prosperity on earth.

As she had ended this her speech, the Priest ends his Mass; when *Alsemero* arising, advanced to lift her up from kneeling, and so with his Hat in his hand (sequestring her from the crowd of people, who now began to depart the Church) he speaks to her to this effect:

Fair Lady, as I know you to be the Lady *Beatrice-Joana*, Daughter to the noble Knight *Don Diego de Vermanderos*, Captain of the Castle of this City; so I being a stranger to you, I admire that you offer so voluntarily an injury to your judgment, and my intents, as to pervert my affection and speeches to a contrary sense: but my innocency hath this consolation, that my heart is pledg for my tongue, and my deeds shall make my words real. In the mean time, sith you will give me no place in your heart, I beseech you lend me one in your Coach; and be at least so courteous, as to honour me, in accepting my company to conduct you home to your Fathers Castle.

Beatrice-Joana, calling to mind the freeneſs of her ſpeeches, and the ſharpneſs of his anſwer, not bluſhing for joy, but now looking pale for ſorrow, repents her ſelf of her error, the which ſhe ſalves up the beſt ſhe could in this Reply.

Noble Sir, when I am acquainted as well with your heart as with your ſpeeches, I ſhall then not only repent, but recant with error, in judging of you by others; in the mean time, If I have any way wronged your merits and vertues, to give you ſome part of ſatisfaction, if you pleaſe to grace me with your company to the Caſtle (although it be not the cuſtom of *Alicant*) I do moſt kindly, and thankfully accept thereof: then *Alſemero*, giving her many thanks, and kiſſing her hand, he takes her by the arm, and ſo conducts her from the Church to her Coach.

It is both a grief and a ſcandal to any true Chriſtians heart, that the Church, ordained for thankſgiving and prayer unto God, ſhould be made a Stews, or, at leaſt, a place for men to meet and court Ladies; but in all parts of the Chriſtian World, where the Roman Religion reigneth, this ſinful cuſtom is frequently practiced, eſpecially in *Italy* and *Spain*, where, for the moſt part, men love their Courtizans better than their God; and it were a happineſs for *France*, if her Popiſh Churches were freed of this abomination, and her people of this impiety. But again to our Hiſtory.

— We will purpoſely omit the conference which *Alſemero* and *Beatrice-Joana* had in the Coach, and allow them by this time arrived at the Caſtle; where firſt her ſelf, then the Captain her Father, thanks him for this honour and courteſie; in requital whereof, he ſhewed him the rarities and ſtrength of his Caſtle; and after ſome ſpeeches and complements betwixt them, he was ſo happy as to kiſs *Beatrice-Joana*, but had not the felicity to entertain her; and ſo he departs, his Lackey attending him with his Gennet, to the Counter-ſcarf. So home he rides to his lodging, where, while the wind holds the contrary, we will a little leave him to his thoughts, and they to reſolve in what ſort he might contrive his ſuit, for the obtaining of his new and fair Miſtreſs *Beatrice-Joana*; and likewiſe her ſelf, to muſe upon the ſpeeches and extraordinary courteſies, which this unknown Cavalier afforded her, and begin to ſpeak of *Don Alfonſo Piracquo*, a rich Cavalier of the City, who, unknown to *Alſemero*, was his rival and competitor, in likewiſe ſeeking and courting *Beatrice-Joana* for his Miſtreſs and Wife.

This *Piracquo* being rich both in Lands and Mony, and deſcended of one of the chiefeſt and nobleſt Families of *Alicant*, by Profeſſion a Courtier, and indeed (to give him his due) a Cavalier indeed with many rare qualities and perfections, was ſo highly beloved, reſpected, and eſteemed in that City, as the very faireſt and nobleſt young Ladies were, with much reſpect and affection, proffered him in marriage by their Parents; but there was none either ſo precious or pleaſing to his eye, as was our *Beatrice-Joana*, whom he obſerved for beauty to excel others, and for Majeſty and Grace to ſurpaſs her ſelf: and indeed he could not refrain from loving her, nor be perſwaded, or drawn to affect any other; ſo as he ſetled his reſolution either to have her to his Wife, or not to be the Husband of any. Yea, he is ſo earneſt in his ſuit, as ſcarce any one day paſſeth but he is at the Caſtle.

Vermandero thinks himſelf much honoured of him, in ſeeking his Daughter; yea, he receives him lovingly, and entertains him courteouſly; as knowing it greatly for her preferment, and advancement; and ſo gives *Piracquo* many teſtimonies of his favour, and many hopes that he ſhall prevail and obtain his Miſtreſs. But *Beatrice-Joana* ſtands not ſo affected to him, rather ſhe receives him coldly; and when he begins to ſuit her, ſhe turns her deaf ear, and never anſwereth him, but in general terms only, not peremptorily to diſobey her Parents, ſhe ſeems to be pleaſed with him, and yet ſecretly in heart wiſheth him farther from her.

But *Piracquo* flattering himſelf in his hope, and as much doting on *Beatrice-Joana*'s Beauty, as he relies on her Father's conſtant affection to him, he is ſo far from giving over his ſuit to her, as he continueth it with more earneſtneſs and importunity, and vows that he will forſake his life e're his Miſtreſs. But ſometimes we ſpeak true, when we think we jeſt: yet he finds her one and the ſame; for although ſhe were not yet acquainted with *Alſemero*, yet ſhe made it the thirteenth Article in her Creed, that the ſupream Power had ordained her another Husband, and not *Piracquo*; yea, at that very inſtant the remembrance of *Alſemero* quite defaced that of *Piracquo*, ſo that ſhe wholly refuſed her heart to the laſt, of purpoſe to reſerve and give it to the firſt; as the ſequel will ſhew.

Now by this time *Vermandero* had notice, and was ſecretly informed of *Alſemero*'s affection to his daughter, and withal that ſhe liked him far better than *Piracquo*, which news was indeed very diſtaſtful, and diſpleaſing to him, becauſe he perfectly knew that *Piracquo*'s means far exceeded that of *Alſemero*. Whereupon, conſidering that he had given his conſent, and in a manner ingaged his promiſe to *Piracquo*: he, to prevent the hopes, and to fruſtrate the attempts of *Alſemero*, leaves his Caſtle to the command of *Don Hugo de Valmarino*, his Son, and taking his Daughter *Beatrice Joana* with him, he in his Coach very ſuddenly and ſecretly goes to *Briamata*.

a fair house of his, ten leagues from *Alicant*, where he means to sojourn, until he had concluded and solemnized the Match betwixt them: But he shall never be so happy, as to see it affected.

At the news of *Beatrice-Joana*'s departure, *Alsemero* is extreamly perplexed and sorrowful, knowing not whether it proceeded from her self, her Father, or both; yea, this his grief is augmented, when he thinks on the suddenness thereof, which he fears may be performed for his respect and consideration: the small acquaintance and familiarity he hath had with her makes him that he cannot condemn her of unkindness; yet, sith he was not thought worthy to have notice of her departure, he again hath no reason to hope, much less to assure himself of her affection towards him. He knows not how to resolve these doubts, nor what to think or do in a matter of this nature and importance: for thus he reasoneth with himself, If he ride to *Briamata*, he may perchance offend the Father: If he stay at *Alicant*, displease the Daughter; and although he be rather willing to run the hazard of his envy, than of her affection; yet he holds it safer to be authorized by her pleasure, and to steer his course by the compass of her commands: He therefore bethinks himself for a means to avoid these extreams, and so finds out a Channel to pass free betwixt that *Scylla* and this *Caribdis*; which is, to visit her by Letters; he sees more reason to embrace than to reject this invention; and so providing himself of a confident Messenger, his heart commands his pen to signifie her these few lines.

ALSEMERO to BEATRICE-JOANA.

AS long as you were in Alicant, *I deemed it a heaven upon earth, and being bound for* Malta, *a thousand times blessed that contrary wind which kept me from embarquing and sailing from you; yea, so sweetly did I effect, and so dearly honour your beauty, as I entred into a resolution with my self, to end my voyage ere I begin it, and to begin another, which I fear will end me. If you demand or desire to know what this second Voyage is, know, fair Mistress, that my thoughts are so honourable, and my affection so religious, that it is the seeking of your favour, and the obtaining your self to my Wife, whereon not only my fortune, but my life depends. But how shall I hope for this honour, or flatter my self with the obtaining of so great a felicity, when I see you have not only left me, but, which is worse, as I understand, the City for my sake? Fair* Beatrice-Joana, *if your cruelty will make me thus miserable, I have no other consolation left me, to sweeten the bitterness of my grief and misfortunes, but a confident hope, that death will as speedily deprive me of my days, as you have of my joys.*

ALSEMERO.

I know not whether it more grieved *Beatrice-Joana* to leave *Alicant*, without taking her leave of *Alsemero*, than she doth now rejoice to receive this Letter; for as that plunged her thoughts in the hell of discontent, so this raiseth them to the heaven of joy; and, as then she had cause to doubt of his affection, so now she hath not only reason to flatter, but to assure her self thereof: and therefore, though she will not seem at first to grant him his desire, yet she is resolved to return him an answer, that may give as well life to his hopes, as praise to her modesty. Her letter is thus:

BEATRICE-JOANA to ALSEMERO.

AS I have many reasons to be incredulous, and not one to induce me to believe, that so poor a beauty as mine should have power to stop so brave a Cavalier (as your self) from ending so honourable a Voyage, as your first; or to perswade you to one so simple as your second: so I cannot but admire, that you in your Letter seek me for your Wife, when, in your heart, I presume, you least desire it: and whereas you alledge your life and fortunes depend on my favour, I think you write it purposely, either to make tryal of your own wit, or of my indiscretion, by endeavouring to see whether I believe that which exceeds all belief. Now as it is true, that I have left Alicant, *so it is as true, that I left it not any way to afflict you, but rather to obey my Father: for this I pray believe, that although I cannot be kind, yet I will never be cruel to you. Live therefore your own friend, and I will never die your enemy.*

BEATRICE-JOANA

This Letter of *Beatrice Joana* gives *Alsemero* much despair, and little hope; yet though he have reason to condemn her unkindness, he cannot but approve her modesty and discretion, which doth as much comfort as that afflict him; so his thoughts are irresolute, and withal so variable, as he knows not whether he should advance is hand, or withdraw his pen again, to write to his Mistress. But at last knowing that the excellency of her Beauty, and the dignity of her Vertues, deserves a second Letter; he hoping it may obtain and effect that which his first could not, calls for Paper, and thereon traceth these few lines.

ALSEMERO to BEATRICE-JOANA.

YOU have as much reason to assure your self of my affection, as I to doubt of yours: and if Words and Letters, Tears and Vows, are not capable to make you believe the sincerity of my zeal, and the honor of my affection; what resteth, but that I wish you could drive as deeply into my heart, as my heart hath into your beauty, to the end you might be both Witness and Judge, if under Heaven I desire any thing so

much

much on Earth, as to be crowned with the felicity to ſee Beatrice-Joana *my Wife, and* Alſemero *her Husband? But why ſhould I ſtrive to perſwade that, which you reſolve not to believe, or flatter my ſelf with any hope, ſith I ſee I muſt be ſo unfortunate to deſpair? I will therefore henceforth ceaſe to write, but never to love: and ſith it is impoſſible for me to live, I will prepare my ſelf to die, that the world may know, I have loſt a moſt fair Miſtreſs in you; and you a moſt faithful and conſtant Servant in me.*

ALSEMERO.

Beatrice-Joana ſeeing *Alſemero*'s conſtant affection, holds it now rather diſcretion, than immodeſty to accept both his ſervice and ſelf, yea, her heart ſo delights in the agreeableneſs of his perſon, and triumphs in the contemplation of his virtues, that ſhe either wiſheth her ſelf in *Alicant* with him, or he in *Briamata* with her: but conſidering her affection to *Alſemero* by her Father's hatred, and her hatred to *Piracquo*, by his affection; ſhe thinks it high time to inform *Alſemero* with what impatiency, they both endeavour to obtain her favour and conſent, hoping that his diſcretion will interpoſe, and find means to ſtop the progreſs of theſe their importunities, and to withdraw her Father's inclination from *Piracquo*, to beſtow it on himſelf: But all this while ſhe thinks her ſilence is an injury to *Alſemero*, and therefore no longer to be uncourteous to him, who is ſo kind to her; ſhe very ſecretly conveighs hinr this Letter.

BEATRICE-JOANA to ALSEMERO.

AS it is not for Earth to reſiſt Heaven, nor for our wills to contradict God's providence, ſo I cannot deny, but now acknowledge that if ever I affected any man, it is your ſelf; for your Letters, proteſtations, and vows, but chiefly your merits, and the hope, or rather the aſſurance of your fidelity, hath won my heart, from my ſelf, to give it to you: but there are ſome important conſiderations, and reaſons, that inforce me to crave your ſecreſie herein, and to requeſt you, as ſoon as conveniently you may, to come privately hither to me; for I ſhall never give content to my thoughts, nor ſatisfaction to my mind, till I am made joyful with your ſight, and happy with your preſence. In the mean time, manage this affection of mine with care and diſcretion; and, whiles you reſolve to make Alicant *your* Malta, *I will expect and attend your coming with much longing and impatiency to* Briamata.

BEATRICE-JOANA.

It is for no others but Lovers to judge how welcome this Letter was to *Alſemero*, who a thouſand times kiſſed it, and as often bleſt the hand that wrote it. He had as we have formely underſtood, been twice in the *Indies*; but now, in his conceit, he hath found a far richer treaſure in *Spain*, I mean his *Beatrice-Joana*, whom he eſteems the joy of his life, and the life of his joy, but ſhe will not prove ſo. He is ſo enamoured of her beauty, and ſo deſirous to have the felicity of her preſence, as the Wind coming good, the Ship ſet ſail for *Malta*, and he (to give a colour for his ſtay) feigns himſelf ſick, fetcheth back his Trunks, and remaineth in *Alicant*; and ſo burning with deſire to ſee his ſweetly dear, and dearly ſweet Miſtreſs, he diſpatcheth away his confident Meſſenger to *Briamata* in the morning, to adverriſe her, that he will not fail to be with her that night at eleven of the clock.

Beatrice-Joana is raviſhed with the joy of this news, and ſo provides for his coming. *Alſemero* takes the benefit of the night, and ſhe gives him the advantage of a Poſtern-door, which anſwers to a Garden, where *Diaphanta* her Waiting Gentlewoman attends his arrival. He comes, ſhe conducts him ſecretly thorow a private Gallery, into *Beatrice-Joana*'s Chamber; where (richly apparelled) ſhe very courteouſly and reſpectfully receives him. At the beginning of their meeting they want no kiſſes, which they ſecond with complements, and many loving conferences, wherein ſhe relates to him *Piracquo*'s importunate ſuit to her, and her Fathers earneſtneſs; yea, in a manner, his conſtraint, to ſee the Match concluded betwixt them; he being for that purpoſe there, in her Fathers houſe. Again, after he had alledged, and ſhewn him the intireneſs of her affection to himſelf, with whom ſhe is reſolved to live and die, ſhe lets falls ſome dark and ambiguous ſpeeches tending to this affect, that before *Piracquo* be in another world, there is no hope for *Alſemero* to enjoy her for his Wife in this. Lo here the firſt plot and deſign of a lamentable and execrable Murther, which we ſhall ſhortly ſee acted and committed.

There needs but half a word to a ſharp and quick underſtanding: *Alſemero* knows it is the violence of her affection to him, that leads her to this diſreſpect and hatred to *Piracquo*, and becauſe her content is his, yea, rather it is for his ſake, that ſhe will forſake *Piracquo*, to live and die with him. Paſſion and affection blinding his judgment, and beauty triumphing and giving a law to his Conſcience, he freely profereth himſelf to his Miſtreſs, vowing, that he will ſhortly ſend him a Challenge and fight with him; yea, had he a thouſand lives, as he hath but one, he is ready if ſhe pleaſe, to expoſe and ſacrifice them all at her command and ſervice. *Beatrice Joana* thanks him kindly for his affection and zeal, the which ſhe ſaith, ſhe holds redoubled by the freeneſs of his profer, but being loth that he ſhould hazard his own life, in ſeeking that of another, ſhe conjures him by all the love he bears her, neither directly, nor indirectly, to intermeddle with

Piracquo

Piracquo, but that he repose and build upon her affection and constancy; not doubting but she will so prevail with her Father, that she shall shortly change his opinion, and no more perswade her to affect *Piracquo*, whom she resolutely affirms, neither life nor death, shall enforce her to marry. And to conclude, although she affirm, that his presence is dearer to her, than her life, yet the better, and sooner to compass their desires, she prays him to leave *Alicant*, and for a while to return to *Valentia*, not doubting but time may work that, which perchance hast, or importunity may never. Thus passing over their kisses, and the rest of their amorous conference, he assured of her love, and she of her affection; he returns for *Alicant*, packs up his baggage, which he sends before, and within less than four days takes his journey for *Valentia*; where we will leave him a while, to relate other accidents and occurrences; which (like Rivers into the Ocean) fall within the compass of this History.

This meeting, and part of *Alsemero*'s and *Beatrice-Joana*'s conference at her Father's house of *Briamata*, was not so secretly carried and concealed, but some curious, or treacherous person neer him, or her, over-hear and reveal it: which makes her Father *Vermandero* fume, and bite the lip; but he conceals it from *Piracquo*: and they still continue their intelligence and familiarity; *Vermandero* telling him plainly, that a little more time shall work and finish his desires, and that sith his request cannot prevail with his Daughter his commands shall. But he shall miss of his aim.

There is not so great distance from *Briamata* to *Alicant*, but some of the noblest of the City are advertised hereof; and one among the rest, in great zeal and affection to *Piracquo*, secretly acquaints *Don Thomaso Piracquo* his younger Brother therewith, being then in the City of *Alicant*; who hearing of this news, whereof he imagined his Brother was ignorant, loath that he should any longer persevere in his present error, and to prevent his future disgrace, he like a faithful and honest Brother, takes occasion from *Alicant* to write him this insuing Letter to *Briamata*.

THOMSO to ALFONSO PIRACQUO.

BEing more zealous of your prosperity, than my own; and knowing, it many times falls out, that Lovers lose the clearness and solidity of their judgment, in gazing and contemplating on the Roses and Lillies of their Mistresses beauties; I desirous to prevent your disgrace, thought my self bound to signifie to you, that I here understand by the report of those, whose speeches bear their perswasions with them, that your suit to Beatrice-Joana *is in vain, and she unworthy of your affection, because she hath already contracted her self to* Alsemero *your Rival: I am as sorry to be the Herald of this news, as glad, and confident, that as she hath matched your inferiour, so you are reserved for her betters. Wherefore, Sir, recal your thoughts, tempt not impossibilities, but consider, that the shortest errors are best; and though you love her well; yet think that at your pleasure you may find variety of Beauties whereunto hers deserves not the honour to do homage. I could give no truce to my thought, till I had advertised you hereof, and I hope either the name of a Brother, or your own generosity, will easily procure pardon for my presumption.*

THOMASO PIRACQUO.

Piracquo, notwithstanding this his Brother's Letter of counsel and advice, is so far from retiring in his suit, as he rather advanceth with more violence and zeal; and, as many mens judgments are dazled and obscured a little before their danger and misfortune, when indeed they have most need to have them sound and clear; so he is not capable to be disswaded from researching his Mistress; but rather resembleth those Sailors, who are resolute to endure a storm, in hope of fair weather: but he had found more security, and less danger, if he had imbraced and followed the counsel that his Brother gave him: For, *Beatrice-Joana* seeing she could not obtain her desire in marrying *Alsemero* e're *Piracquo* were removed, doth now confirm that which formerly she had resolved on, to make him away, in what manner, and at what rate soever. And now after she had ruminated, and run over many bloody designs, the Devil, who never flies from those who follow him, proffers her an invention as execrable as damnable. There is a gallant young Gentleman, of the Garrison of the Castle, who follows her Father, that to her knowledg doth deeply honour, and dearly affect her; yea, she knows, that at her request, he will not stick to murther *Piracquo*: his name is *Signior Antonio de Flores*: she is resolute in her rage, and approves him to be a fit instrument to execute her will.

Now as soon as *Vermandero* understands of *Alsemero*'s departure to *Valentia*, he with his daughter and *Piracquo*, returns from *Briamata* to *Alicant*; where, within three days of their arrival, *Beatrice-Joana*, boyling still in her revenge to *Piracquo*, which neither the air of the Country, nor City could quench or wipe off, she sends for *de Flores*, and with many flattering smiles, and sugred speeches, acquaints him with her purpose and desire, making him many promises of kindness and courtesis, if he will perform it.

De Flores having a long time loved *Beatrice-Joana* is exceeding glad of this news; yea, feeding his hopes with the air of her promises, he is so caught and intangled in the snares of her beauty, that he freely promises to dispatch *Piracquo*; and so they first consult, and then agree upon the manner,

manner how, which forthwith we ſhall ſee performed: to which end, *De Flores* inſinuates himſelf fairly into *Piracquo*'s company and familiarity, as he comes to the Caſtle; where watching his helliſh opportunity, he one day hearing *Piracquo* commend the thickneſs and ſtrength of the Walls, told him that the ſtrength of that Caſtle conſiſted not in the Walls, but in the *Caſemates* that were ſtored with good Ordnance to ſcour the ditches. *Piracquo* very courteouſly prays *De Flores* to be a means that he may go down and ſee the *Caſemates*, *De Flores* like a bloody Faulkner, ſeeing *Piracquo* already come to his lure, tells him it is now dinner time, and the Bell upon ringing; but, if he pleaſe, he himſelf will after dinner accompany him, and ſhew him all the ſtrength and rarities of the Caſtle. He thanks *De Flores* for this courteſie; accepts hereof, with promiſe to go. So he hies into dinner, and *De Flores*, pretending ſome buſineſs, walks in the Court.

Whiles *Piracquo* is at dinner with *Vermandero*, *De Flores* is providing of a bloody banquet in the Eaſt *Caſemate*; where of purpoſe he goes and hides a naked Sword and Ponyard behind the door. Now dinner being ended, *Piracquo* finds out *De Flores*, and ſummons him of his promiſe; who tells him he is ready to wait on him: ſo, away they go from the Walls to the Ravelins, Sconces, and Bulwarks, and from thence by a Poſtern to the Ditches; and ſo, in again to the *Caſemates*, whereof they have already viewed three, and are now going to the laſt, which is the Theater, whereon, we ſhall preſently ſee acted, a mourſul and bloody Tragedy. At the deſcent hereof *De Flores* puts off his Rapier, and leaves it behind him; treacherouſly informing *Piracquo*, that the deſcent is narrow and craggy. See here the Policy and Viliany of this devilliſh and treacherous Miſcreant.

Piracquo, not doubting, nor dreaming of any Treaſon, follows his example, and ſo caſts off his Rapier: *De Flores* leads the way, and he follows him; but alas! poor Gentleman, he ſhall never return with his life. They enter the Vault of the *Caſemate*, *De Flores* opens the door, and throws it back, thereby to hide his Sword and Ponyard: he ſtoops and looks thorow a Port-hole, and tells him, that, that, Peece doth thorowly ſcour the Ditch. *Piracquo* ſtoops likewiſe down to view it, when (O grief to think thereon) *De Flores* ſteps for his Weapons, and with his Ponyard ſtabs him thorow the back, and ſwiftly redoubling blow upon blow, kills him dead at his feet, and without going farther, buries him there, right under the ruins of an old wall, whereof that *Caſemate* was built. Lo here the firſt part of this mournful and bloody Tragedy.

De Flores (like a graceleſs villain) having diſpatched this ſorrowful buſineſs, ſpeedily acquaints *Beatrice-Joana* herewith, who (miſerable wretch) doth hereat infinitely rejoyce, and thanks him with many kiſſes; and the better to conceal this their vile and bloody Murther, as alſo to caſt a miſt before peoples conceits and judgments, ſhe bids him by ſome ſecret means to cauſe reports to be ſpread, firſt, that *Piracquo* was ſeen gone forth the Caſtle-gate; then, that in the City he was ſeen take Boat, and went (as it was thought) to take the air of the Sea. But this wit of theirs ſhall prove folly: for though men, as yet, ſee not this Murther, yet God in his due time will both detect and puniſh it.

By this time *Piracquo* is found wanting, both in the City and Caſtle: ſo theſe aforeſaid reports run for current, all tongues prattle hereof. *Vermandero* knows not what to ſay, nor *Piracquo*'s Brother and Friends what to do herein; they every hour and minute expect news of him, but their hopes bring them no comfort, and amongſt the reſt, our devilliſh *Beatrice-Joana* ſeems exceedingly to grieve and mourn hereat. *Don Thomaſo Piracquo*, with the reſt of his friends ſearch every corner of the City, and ſends ſcouts both by Land and Sea, to have news of him. *Vermandero* the Captain of the Caſtle doth the like, and vows, that next his own Son, he loved *Piracquo* before any man in the world: yea, not only his friends, but generally all thoſe who knew him, exceedingly weep and bewail the abſence and loſs of this Cavalier; for they think he is drowned in the Sea.

Now in the midſt of this ſorrow, and of theſe tears, *Beatrice-Joana* doth ſecretly advertiſe her Lover *Alſemero* hereof, but in ſuch palliating terms, that thereby ſhe may delude and carry away his judgment from imagining that ſhe had the leaſt ſhadow or finger herein; and withal prays him to make no longer ſtay in *Valentia*, but to come away to her to *Alicant*. *Alſemero* wonders at this news, and to pleaſe his fair Miſtreſs, believes part thereof, but will never believe all: but he is ſo inflamed with her beauty, as her remembrance wipes away that of *Piracquo*: when letting paſs a little time, he makes his preparation for *Alicant*; but firſt he ſends the chiefeſt of his Kindred to *Vermandero*, to demand his Daughter *Beatrice-Joana* in Marriage for him, and then comes himſelf in Perſon, and in diſcreet and honourable manner courts her Parents privately, and makes ſhew to ſeek her publickly.

In fine, After many conferences, meetings, and complements, as *Alſemero* hath heretofore won the affection of *Beatrice-Joana*, ſo now at laſt he obtains likewiſe the favour and conſent of *Vermandero* her *Father*. And here our two Lovers, to their exceeding great content, and infinite

finite joy, are united, and by the bond of marriage, of two persons made one; their Nuptials being solemnized in the Castle of *Alicant*, with much Pomp, State and Bravery.

Having heretofore heard the conference that past betwixt *Alsemero* and *Beatrice-Joana* in the Church; having likewise seen the amorous Letters that past betwixt them, from *Alicant* to *Briamata*, and from *Briamata* to *Alicant*; and now considering the Pomp and Glory of their Nuptials, who would imagine that any averse accident could alter the sweetness and tranquility of their affections; or that the Sun-shine of their joys, should so soon be eclipsed, and overtaken with a storm? But God is as just as secret in his decres.

For this married couple had scarce lived three months in the pleasures of wedlock (which if virtuously observed, is the chiefest earthly joy) but *Alsemero*, like a fond Husband, becomes jealous of his Wife; so as he curbs and restrains her of her liberty, and would hardly permit her to confer or converse with, yea, far less, to see any man: But this is not the way to teach a woman chastity; for, if fair words, good examples, and sweet admonitions, cannot prevail, threatning and imprisoning in a chamber will never. Yea, the experience thereof is daily seen, both in *England*, *France*, and *Germany*, where generally the women use (but not abuse) their liberty and freedom granted them by their Husbands, with much civility, affection and respect.

Beatrice-Joana bites the lip at this her Husband's discourtesie; she vows she is as much deceived in his love, as he in his jealousie; and that she is as unworthy of his suspition, as he of her affection: he watcheth her every where, and sets spies over her in every corner; yea, his jealousie is become so violent, as he deems her unchast with many, yet knows not with whom: But this tree of jealousie never brings forth good fruit. She complains hereof to her Father, and prays him to be a means to appease and calm this tempest, which threatens the Shipwrack, not only of her content, (but it may be) of her life. *Vermandero* bears himself discreetly herein; but he may as soon place another Sun in the Firmament, as root out this fearful frenzy out of *Alsemero*'s head; for this his paternal admonition is so far from drawing him to hearken to reason, as it produceth contrary effects; for now *Alsemero*, to prevent his shame, and secure his fear, suddenly provides a Coach, and so carries home his Wife from *Alicant* to *Valentia*. This sudden departure grieves *Vermandero*, and galls *Beatrice-Joana* to the heart, who now looks no longer on her Husband with affection, but with disdain and envy. Many days are not past, but the Father resolves to send to *Valentia*, to know how matters stand betwixt his Daughter and her Husband: He makes choice of *De Flores* to ride thither, and sends Letters to them both.

De Flores is extreamly joyful of this occasion, to see his old Mistress *Beatrice-Joana*, whom he loves dearer than his life: he comes to *Valentia*, and finding *Alsemero* abroad, and she at home, delivers her her Fathers Letter, and salutes and kisseth her, with many amorous embracings and dalliances (which modesty holds unworthy of relation) she acquaints him with her Husband's ingratitude: he rather rejoyces than grieves hereat, and now revives his old suite, and redoubleth his new kisses: she considering what he hath done for her service, and joyning therewith her Husband's jealousie, not only engageth herself to him for the time present, but for the future, and bids him visit her often. But they both shall pay dear for their familiarity and pleasure.

Alsemero comes home, receives his Father's Letter, sets a pleasing face on his discontented heart, and bids him welcome. And so the next day writes back to his Father *Vermandero*, and dispatches *De Flores*; who for that time takes his leave of both, and returns for *Alicant*.

He is no sooner departed, but *Alsemero* is by one of his spies, a waiting-Gentlewoman of his Wives, whom he had corrupted with mony, advertised that there past many amorous kisses, and dalliances between her Mistress and *De Flores*: yea, she reveals all that ever she saw or heard; for she past not to be false to her Lady, so she were true to her Lord and Master. And indeed this waiting-Gentlewoman was that *Diaphanta*, of whom we have formerly made mention, for conducting of *Alsemero* to our Lady's Chamber at *Briamata*. *Alsemero* is all fire at this news, he consults not with judgment, but with passion; and so rather like a devil than a man, flies to his Wive's Chamber, wherein furiously rushing, he with his Sword drawn in his hand, to her great terror and amazement, delivers her these words:

Minion (quoth he) upon thy life tell me what familiarity there hath now past betwixt *de Flores* and thy self? whereat she, fetched many sighs, & shedding many tears, answers him, that by her part of heaven, her thoughts, speeches, and actions have no way exceeded the bounds of honour and chastity toward him; and that *De Flores* never attempted any courtesie, but such as a Brother may shew to his own natural Sister. Then, quoth he, whence proceeds this your familiarity? Whereat she grows pale, and withal silent. Which her husband espying, dispatch quoth he, and tell me the truth, or else this Sword of mine shall instantly find a passage to thy heart. When lo, the Providence of God so ordained it, that she is reduced to this exigent and extremity, as she must be a witness against her self; and in seeking to conceal her whoredom, must discover her murther; the which she doth in these words: Know *Alsemero*, that sith thou wilt inforce me

to ſhew thee the true cauſe of my chaſt familiarity with *De Flores*, that I am much bound to him, and thy ſelf more; for he it was, that, at my requeſt, diſpatched *Piracquo*, without which (as thou well knoweſt) I could never have injoyed thee for my Husband, nor thou me for thy Wife: And ſo ſhe reveals him the whole circumſtance of that cruel Murther, as we have formerly underſtood; the which ſhe conjures, and prays him to conceal, ſith no leſs than *De Flores* and her own life depended thereon, and that ſhe will die a thouſand deaths, before ſhe will conſent to defile his Bed, or to violate her oath and promiſe given him in marriage.

Alſemero both wondring and grieving at this lamentable news, ſays little, but thinks the more; and though he had reaſon and appearance to believe, that ſhe who commits Murther, will not ſtick to commit Adultery; yet upon his Wive's ſolemn oaths and proteſtations, he forgets what is paſt; only he ſtrictly chargeth her, no more to ſee or admit *De Flores* into her company; or if the contrary, he vows he will ſo ſharply be revenged of her, as he will make her an example to all poſterity.

Beatrice-Joana, notwithſtanding her Husband's ſpeeches, continueth her intelligence with *De Flores*, yea, her Husband no ſooner rides abroad, but he is at *Valentia* with her; and they are become ſo impudent, as, what they did before ſecretly, they now in a manner do publickly, or at leaſt with Chamber doors open. *Diaphanta* knowing this to be a great ſcandal, as well to her Maſter's honour, as houſe, again informs him thereof; who vows to take a ſharp revenge of this their infamy and indignity, as indeed he doth: for he bethinks himſelf (thereby to effect it) of an invention as worthy of his jealouſie as of their crime of Murther, and of their ſecond Adultery. He enjoyneth *Diaphanta* to lay wait for the very hour that *De Flores* arrives from *Alicant* to *Valentia*, which ſhe doth; when inſtantly pretending to his Wife a journey in the Country, he very ſecretly and ſilently, having his Rapier and Ponyard, and a Caſe of Piſtols ready charged in his Pocket (ſeeming to take horſe) huſheth himſelf up privately in his ſtudy, which was next adjoyning and within his Bed-chamber.

Beatrice-Joana, thinking her Husband two or three Leagues off, ſends away for *De Flores*, who comes inſtantly to her: they fall to their kiſſings and embracings; ſhe rejoycing extreamly for his arrival, and he for her Husband *Alſemero*'s departure: ſhe relates him the cruelty and indignity her husband hath ſhewed and offered her, the which *De Flores* underſtands with much contempt and choler, as alſo with many threats. *Alſemero* hears all, but doth neither ſpeak, cough, ſneeze, nor ſpit. So from words they fall to their beaſtly pleaſures, when *Alſemero* no longer able to contain himſelf, much leſs to be acceſſary to his ſhame, and their villany, throws off the door, and violently ruſheth forth; when finding them on his Bed, in the midſt of their Adultery, he firſt diſchargeth his Piſtols at them, and then with his Sword and Ponyard runs them thorow, and ſtabs them with ſo many deep and wide wounds, that they have not ſo much power or time to ſpeak a word, but there lie weltring and wallowing in their blood, whiles their Souls fly to another world, to relate what horrible and beaſtly crimes their bodies have committed in this. Thus by the Providence of God, in the ſecond Tragedy of our Hiſtory, we ſee our two Murtherers Murthered, and *Piracquo*'s innocent blood revenged in the guiltneſs of theirs.

Alſemero having finiſhed this bloody buſineſs, leaves his Piſtols on the Table, as alſo his Sword and Ponyard all bloody as they were; without covering or removing the breathleſs bodies of theſe two wrerched miſcreants, ſhe ſhuts his Chamber-door, and is ſo far from flying for the fact, as he takes his Coach, and goes directly to the Criminal Judge himſelf, and reveals what he had done; but conceals the Murther of *Piracquo*. The Judg is aſtoniſhed and amazed at the report of this mournful and pitiful accident; he takes *Alſemero* with him, returns to his houſe, and finds thoſe two dead bodies freſh ſmoaking, and reaking in their blood. The news hereof is ſpread in all the City. The whole people of *Valentia* flock thither to be eye-witneſſes of theſe two murthered Perſons; where ſome behold them with pity, others with joy, but all with aſtoniſhment and admiration; and no leſs do thoſe of *Alicant*, where this news is ſpeedily poſted; but all their griefs is nothing to thoſe of *Don Diego de Vermandero*'s (*Beatrice Joana*'s father) who infinitely and extreamly grieves, partly for the Death, but eſpecially for the crime of his Daughter.

The Judg preſently commits *Alſemero* priſoner in another of his own Chambers, and ſo examining *Diaphanta*, upon her oath, concerning the familiarity betwixt *De Flores* and *Beatrice-Joana*; ſhe affirms conſtantly, that now, and many times before, ſhe ſaw them commit Adultery, and that ſhe it was that firſt advertiſed *Alſemero* her Maſter hereof. Whereupon, after a ſecond examination of *Alſemero*, they, upon mature deliberation, acquit him of this fact; ſo he is freed, and the dead bodies carried away and buried.

But although this earthly Judg have acquited *Alſemero* of this fact, yet the Judg of Judges, the great God of Heaven, who ſeeth not only our heart, but our thoughts, not only our actions, but our intents, hath this, and ſomething elſe to lay to his charge; for he (in his ſacred Providence,

dence, and divine Justice) doth both remember and observe: first, how ready and willing *Alsemero* was to engage himself to *Beatrice-Joana* to kill *Piracquo*; then, though he consented not to the Murther, yet how he concealed it, and brought it not to publick arraignment and punishment, whereby the dead body of *Piracquo* might receive a more honourable and Christian-like Sepulchre: annd if these crimes of his be not capable to deserve revenge and chastisement, Lo, he is entring into a new, willful, and premeditated Murther, and doth so dishonourably and treacherously perform it, as we shall shortly see him lose his Life upon an infamous Scaffold, where he shall find no heart to pity him, nor eye to bewail him.

If we would be so ignorant, we cannot be so malicious, to forget that loving and courteous Letter, which *Don Thomaso Piracquo* wrote his Brother *Alfonso Piracquo* from *Alicant* to *Briamata*, to withdraw himself from his suit to *Beatrice-Joana*; and although his affection and jealousie to prevent his Brother's disgrace, was then the chief occasion of that his Letter, yet sith he was since disastrously and misfortunately bereaved of him, of that dear and sweet Brother of his, whom he ever held and esteemed far dearer than his life, his thoughts, like so many lines, concur in this Center, from whence he cannot be otherwise conceited or drawn, but that *Beatrice-Joana* and *Alsemero* had a hand, and were at least accessaries, if not authors of his loss: upon the foundation of which belief he raiseth this resolution, that he is not worthy to be a Gentleman, nor of the degree and title of a Brother, if he crave not satisfaction for that irreparable loss which he sustaineth in that of his Brother; and the sooner is he drawn thereunto, because he believes, that as *Alsemero* was ordained of old to chastise *Beatrice-Joana*, so he was by the same Power reserved to be revenged of *Alsemero*. Whereupon, although it be not the custom of *Spain* to fight Duels (as desiring rather the death of their enemies than of their friends) he resolves to fight with him: and to that end, understanding *Alsemero* to be then in *Alicant*, sends him this Challenge.

THOMASO PIRACQUO to ALSEMERO.

IT is with too much assurance, that I fear Beatrice-Joana's *vanity, and your rashness, hath bereaved me of a Brother, whom I ever esteemed and prized far dearer than my self: I were unworthy to converse with the World, much less to bear the honour and degree of a Gentleman, if I should not seek satisfaction for his death, with the hazard of my own life: for if a friend be bound to perform the like courtesie and duty to his friend, how much more a Brother to his Brother? Your Sword hath chastised* Beatrice-Joana's *error, and I must see whether mine be reserved to correct yours. As you are your self, meet me at the foot of* Glisseran *hill to morrow, at five in the morning, without Seconds; and it shall be at your choice, either to use your Sword on horse back, or your Rapier on foot.*

THOMASO PIRACQUO.

Alsemero accepts this Challenge, and promiseth, that he and his Rapier will not fail to meet him: yet as he one way wondreth at *Piracquo*'s valour and resolution, so another way he considereth the great loss he hath received in that of his Brother, and the justness of his quarrel against him; who although he were not accessary to his Murther, yet he is, in concealing the cruelty thereof; and indeed this villany makes him lose his accustomed courage, and think of a most base cowardize, and treacherous stratagem: But this dishonourable resolution and design of his, shall receive an infamous recompence, and a reward and punishment as bitter as just.

They meet at the hour and place appointed; *Piracquo* is first in the field, and *Alsemero* stays not long after; but he hath two small Pistols charged in his Pockets, which in killing his Enemy shall ruin himself. They draw, and as they approach, *Alsemero* throws away his Rapier, and with his Hat in his hand, prays *Piracquo* to hear him in his just defence, and that he is ready to joyn with him to revenge his Brother's Murtherers. *Piracquo* being as courteous, as courragious, and as honourable as valiant, likewise throws away his Rapier, and with his hat in his hand comes to meet him; but it is a folly to unarm our selves in our Enemy's presence; for it is better and fitter that he stand to our courtesie, than we to his: When *Piracquo* feared nothing less than treachery, *Alsemero* draws out his Pistols, and dischargeth them; the first thorow the head, the second thorow his breast; of which two wounds, he, speaking only thus, *O Villain! O Traitor!* falls down dead at his feet. Lo here the third bloody part of this History.

It is a lamentable part for any one to commit Murther; but for a Gentleman to destroy another in this base and cruel manner, this exceeds all baseness and cruelty it self: yea, it makes him as unworthy of his honour, as worthy of a halter.

The news of this bloody fact rattles in the streets of *Alicant*, as Thunder in the Firmament: *Piracquo*'s Chirurgion being an eye-witness hereof, reports the death of his Master, and the treachery of *Alsemero*; All *Alicant* is amazed hereat, they extol *Thomaso Piracquo*'s valour, and his singular affection to his dead brother, and both detest and curse the treachery and memory of *Alsemero*. The criminal Judges are advertised hereof, who speedily send post after him: but he is mounted on a swift Gennet, and, like *Bellerophon* on his winged *Pegasus*, doth rather fly than

gallop: but his haſte is in vain; for the juſtice of the Lord will both ſtop his Horſe, and arreſt him. He is not recovered half way from *Alicant* to *Valentia*, but his Horſe ſtumbles, and breaks his fore-leg, and *Alſemero* his right arm; he is amazed, perplexed, and inraged hereat, and knows not what to do, or whither to fly for ſafety; for he ſees no buſh nor hedg to hide him, nor lane to ſave him; and now he repents himſelf of his fact, but it is too late. His Horſe failing him, he truſteth to his legs, and ſo throwing off his Cloak, runs as ſpeedily as he may: but the foulneſs of his fact doth ſtill ſo affright him, and terrifie his conſcience, as he is afraid of his own ſhadow; looks ſtill back, imagining that every ſtone as he ſees is a Sergeant come to arreſt him; yea, his thoughts, like ſo many blood-hounds, purſue and follow him, ſweating exceedingly, partly through his labour, but eſpecially through the affliction and perturbation of his mind; yea, every point of a minute, he expecteth and fears his apprehenſion.

Neither is his fear or expectation vain: for lo, at laſt he perceives four come galloping after him, as faſt as their Horſes can drive. So they finding firſt his poor horſe, and now eſpying his miſerable ſelf, he ſees he is environed on all ſides, and thinks the earth hath brought forth *Cadmean* men to apprehend him; yet remembring himſelf a Gentleman, and withal a Souldier, he reſolves rather to ſell his life dearer in that place, than to be made a ſpectacle upon an infamous Scaffold: but this courage and reſolution ſhall neither prevail or reſcue him.

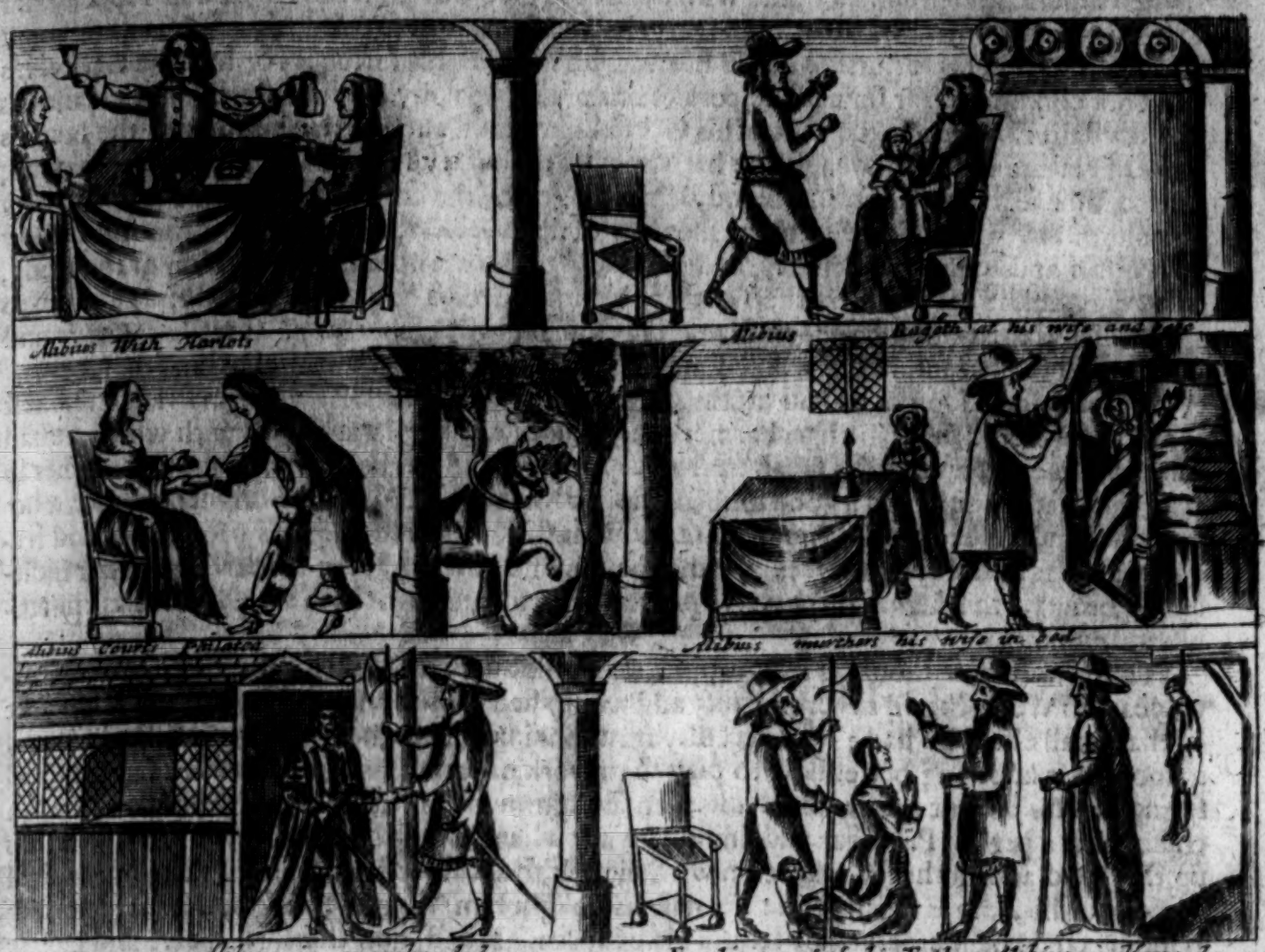
He to this effect draws his Rapier, the which the four Sergeants will him to yeild, and render up to the Kings Laws and Juſtice; but he is reſolute to defend himſelf. They threaten him with their Piſtols; but their ſight do as little amaze him, as their report and bullets: ſo they alight from their Horſes, and environ him with their Swords, and having hurt two of them, and performed the part of a deſperate Gladiator, the third joyning with him, they break his Rapier within a foot of the Hilt, whereat he yeilds himſelf. *Alſemero* thus taken, is the ſame night brought back to *Alicant*, in whoſe Gates and Streets a wonderful concourſe of people aſſembled to ſee him paſs, who as much pity his perſon, as execrate and condemn his fact.

The Senate is aſſembled, and *Alſemero* brought to appear, who conſidering the hanouſneſs of his treacherous and bloody fact, which the Devil had cauſed him to commit, he ſtays for no Witneſſes, but accuſeth himſelf of this Murther, the which from point to point he confeſſeth; and ſo they adjudg him to loſe his head: but this is too honourable a death for a Gentleman who hath ſo treacherouſly and baſely diſhonoured and blemiſhed his Gentility. As he is on the Scaffold, preparing himſelf to die, and ſeeing no farther hope of life, but the image of death before his eyes, knowing it no time now either to diſſemble with God, or to fear the Law, he to the amazement of all the world, tells the people, that though he killed *Don Thomaſo Piracquo*, yet he had no hand in the Murther of his Brother *Don Alfonſo*, whom (he ſaid) *De Flores* at the inſtigation of his wicked and wretched wife *Beatrice-Joana*, had murthered and buried in the eaſt *Caſemate* of the Caſtle: and withal affirmed, that if he were guilty in any thing concerning that Murther, it was only in concealing it, which he had done till then, and whereof (he ſaid) he now moſt heartily repented himſelf, as being unwilling any longer to charge his Soul with it, ſith he was ready to leave this world, and to go to another; and ſo beſought them all to pray unto God to forgive him, whoſe Sacred Majeſty he confeſſed he had highly and infinitely offended; and wiſhed them all to beware, and flie the temptations of the Devil, and to become beter Chriſtians by his example.

The Judges advertiſed hereof, cauſe his head to be ſtricken off for murthering of *Don Thomaſo Piracquo*, and his body to be thrown into the Sea, for concealing that of *Don Alfonſo*; which was accordingly executed: and from the place of execution they immediately go to the Caſtle, and ſo to the Eaſt *Caſemate*, where cauſing the ſtones to be removed, they find the mournful murthered body of *Don Alfonſo Piracquo*, which they give to his kinſfolks, to receive a more honourable Burial, according to his rank and degree; and from thence they return to the Churches, while the bodies of *De Flores*, and *Beatrice-Joana* were interred (after they were brought back from *Valentia*) the which, for their horrid murther, they at the common place of Execution cauſe to be burned, and their aſhes to be thrown into the Air, as unworthy to have any reſting place on earth, which they had ſo cruelly ſtained and polluted with innocent blood.

Lo here the juſt puniſhment of God againſt theſe deviliſh and bloody Murtherers! at the ſight of whoſe executions, all that infinite number of people that were Spectators, univerſally laud and praiſe the Majeſty of God for purging the earth of ſuch unnatural and bloody Monſters.

GODS



GOD'S Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY V.

Alibius *murthered his Wife* Merilla : *he is diſcovered, firſt by* Bernado, *then by* Emelia *his own Daughter : ſo he is apprehended, and hanged for the fact.*

HOw far are they from having peace with God, and all his creatures, when they lay violent hands on their own Wives; yea, when they murther them in their beds, inſtead of repoſing their ſecrets and affections in their boſoms! Theſe are helliſh reſolutions, and infernal ſtratagems, that nature neither allows, nor Grace approves. For, beſides the Union betwixt God and his Church, there is none ſo perfect and abſolute on Earth, as is that of Man and Wife: For, as this world hath made them two perſons, ſo God hath conjoined, and made them one; and therefore, what madneſs, nay, what cruelty is it to be ſo cruel to thoſe, who (if not our ſelves) are at leaſt our ſecond ſelves? Charity (the daughter of Heaven) teacheth us to love all the world, but eſpecially thoſe who are our Kinſfolks or Friends. Religion (the Mother of Charity) ſteps a degree farther, and injoineth us to love thoſe who hate us; yea, theſe likewiſe are not only the rules of Nature, but the Precepts of Grace: therefore, to kill thoſe who love us, and to deprive thoſe of life, who (did occaſion preſent) are ready to ſacrifice theirs for the preſervation of ours, it muſt needs proceed rather from a monſter than a man, or rather from a devil than a monſter; but ſuch devils, and ſuch monſters are but too rife and common in theſe our ſinful times. And amongſt others, I here produce one for example: who for that cruel and inhuman fact of his, by the juſtice of God was juſtly rewarded with a Halter. And may all thoſe, who derpetrate the like crime, participate of the ſame, or of a worſe puniſhment.

In the pariſh of *Sprear*, ſome fifteen miles diſtant from the beautiful and noble City of *Breſcia*, (in the Territories of the *Venetians*) there dwelt a poor Country-man, termed *Alibius*, who could vaunt of no other wealth left him by his deceaſed parents, but that he was a man of a comely

comely ſtature and proportion,and withal,that they were of an honeſt fame and reputation: if ſo his virtues had anſwered theirs,his poverty had never proved ſo pernicious,and fatal an enemy to him,as to ruin his fortunes with his life,and his life with his fortunes; or,had the vices of his Soul not contamined or ſtained the perfections of his body,my Pen had ſlept in ſilence,and his Hiſtory lain raked up in the duſt of his Grave; but, ſith his actions have exceeded the bounds both of Nature and Grace; yea,ſith he hath learned of the Devil to imbathe his hands in poyſon, and to imbrue them in innocent blood, I(incouraged by the connivency and ſilence of others) not out of any want of charity to the memory of dead *Alibius*,but in deteſtation of his bloody reſolution and actions,and chiefly, and eſpecially to the comfort and inſtruction of the living, who may abhor his crime by the ſight of his puniſhment, I have adventured and reſolved to give this a place amongſt the reſt of my Tragical Hiſtories, that *Italy*, as well as *Breſcia* and *Sprear* (and peradventure the whole Chriſtian world with *Italy*) may underſtand thereof.

This *Alibius*,as ſoon as he had attained the age of five and twenty years,married an honeſt maiden, termed *Merilla*, being a Farmer's daughter of the Pariſh of *Sprear*, with whom he had but ſmall means, and ſhe(to ſpeak truth) but little wit,and leſs beauty; yet, ſhe was neither ſo poor but that ſhe deſerved a good husband,nor ſo hard-favoured but ſhe might content an honeſt one. And indeed had *Alibius* his care and induſtry,anſwered *Merilla*'s providence and frugality; or his luſtful eye,not ſtrayed either beyond his vow given her in marriage,or her indifferent beauty: this match might have proved as fortunate, as it hath ſince ſucceeded miſerable and ruinous.

For *Alibius*,whoſe thoughts flew a pitch above his birth,rank,and means, had not lived many years in Wedlock, till his prodigality and vanity had waſted and diſſipated the greateſt part of that ſmall eſtate he had; ſo as neceſſity now looking on him,becauſe formerly he diſdained to look on it,knowing better how to play than work,or rather,not how to work,but play;and ſeeing that his preſent means could not maintain him,nor his future hopes promiſe it, he as a truant,and a perfect Prodigal,diſdaining to want when he hath it,and when he hath it not, ſets up this lewd and unthrifty reſolution with himſelf,to ſet all at ſix and ſeven. But this prodigal humour of his,doth as much grieve his wife,as delight him: for now,ſhe ſees, that her ſpinning at home could neither ſerve,nor ſatisfie his expences abroad, and that all her care and labour was by far too little to maintain his vanity; which ſhe (poor good woman) perceiving,yea, more than ſo,contrary to her hopes,now feeling,ſhe with fair words,and ſecret and ſweet perſwaſions,endeavoureth to reclaim him from it: but this courſe of hers works a contrary effect; for if before he played the Prodigal in her abſence,now he plays the Tyrant in her preſence; for he not only rejoyceth and ſtops his ears againſt her counſel, but rates and reviles her with vile and contemptuous ſpeeches,ſuch as indeed are infinitely unfit either for a husband to give, or a wife to receive. And this,as I have been informed,was the firſt diſtaſte betwixt *Alibius* and *Merilla*.

But we need not go far for a ſecond. There is no peſtilent Infection,nor infectious Peſtilence to that of haunting and frequenting bad company; for it is a rock whereon many have ſuffered Shipwrack; it is a fountain that ſends forth many poyſoned ſtreams to thoſe that taſte or drink thereof; yea, it is a Tree,whoſe fruit is by ſo much bitterer to the ſtomack as it ſeems pleaſing to the Palate,like Pills of Poyſon candyed in Sugar: and as that which moſt delights,moſt confounds the ſenſe,ſo uſe breeding an habit,and habit a ſecond nature,vicious company, whom we take to be our deareſt friends,do in fine prove our moſt dangerous enemies,and ſo much the more dangerous,ſith when we would forſake them, we cannot; which our *Alibius*,will at laſt find true in himſelf; yea,we ſhall ſee him inforced to acknowledg it,as having bought and purchaſed it with a woeful and lamentable experience,for now he begins to love ſwearing,whoredom,and drunkenneſs, that before he hated; and to hate the Goſpel of Chriſt, and the profeſſors thereof, that before he loved; a moſt wretched exchange, where we take from our Souls to give our ſenſes; and a woful bargain,where we ſell God to buy the Devil.

Poor *Merilla*,grieving to ſee what ſhe could not un-ſee,theſe ungodly courſes, as alſo that it not only conſumed the ſmall remainder of his means, but likewiſe loſt his friends,and darkned and eclipſed his reputation, thinks it, not only a part of her duty, but of her affection to him, to requeſt ſome virtuous friend, or godly neighbour of theirs to deal with him herein, thereby,to endeavour to perſwade him from theſe his irregular and prophane courſes: But, as thoſe who are ſick,are ſo deprived of their taſte,as they cannot diſcern between ſweet and bitter. So *Alibius* ſick of the Lethargie of theſe his enormous and diſſolute vices, was ſo far from reliſhing this wholeſome counſel,as he not only rejected it,but ſcoffed and reviled the party who gave it him: and it being not ſo ſecretly(or peradventure not ſo wiſely)managed,but he coming to underſtand,it proceeded from his wife *Merilla*,he took it ſo paſſionately and outragiouſly,to ſee his follies revealed by her who was bound to conceal them,as moſt uncivilly and

inhumanly

unhumanely checking her; he in the heat of his displeasure and revenge, some months forsakes her company, and many her bed; whereat, such was her tender affection to him, and his disrespect to her, as I know not whether she more grieved or he rejoyced.

The motives of his third distaste to his Wife, where grounded upon her barrenness and sterility; as if it were in her power to give him a Child, when Gods pleasure and providence was to give none to her, without considering that the barenness and fruitfulness of a woman comes all from the Lord; Or without remembring that some Children are born for a curse, as others for a blessing to their Parents: Or as if his earthly vanity could teach Gods secret Divinity, what were fittest for him. And yet these reasons cannot prevail against his unreasonable self, and therefore this amongst the rest of his distastes, he, or rather the Devil for him, throws in against his Wife: *That if he had a Child, he should be a good Husband, and not before.* As if he desired and sought some pretext and colour, though never so unjustly and ungodly, to cover his vices and prodigality; or in the eyes of the World to bolster out and apologise his jarring and squaring with his Wife: yea, his impudency was grown to the hight of this impiety, that he often affirmed, his Wife was the cause of his poverty; for if she would give him no Child, God would give him no prosperity.

Now, as all women by nature generally desire Children, so it is a great affliction (I will not say a curse) to them, if they have none. But these unjust speeches of *Alibius*, do justly and infinitely afflict his wife *Merilla*, who (that no farther discord might trouble the harmony of their Wedlock) sends her tears to earth, and her Prayers to Heaven, that her blessed Saviour would be pleased to bless her with a Child; when God, seeing his profane hypocrisie, which he will revenge, and understanding her Religious zeal, which he will reward, out of the inestimable treasure of his mercy and Providence, grants her her request, and him his desire; so as in short time she sees her self the Mother, and him the Father of a young Daughter, termed *Emelia*.

The fourth reason of his distaste at his Wife, was, that seeing time run on in his swift career, and his prodigality still remaining, as also that his mask of his wive's sterility was taken away; he that was heretofore so desirous of a Child, now thinks this one to be one too many, because (saith he) he can no way endure the crying and trouble thereof. But, is there any thing so unnatural or ridiculous as this? Now, if he murmur at this his Child, during her Infancy, he will much more storm at her, when she comes to riper years: And observing that her Mother doth substract from his prodigality, to add to her maintenance, this doth again extreamly vex and afflict him; so that his Child, whom he pretended should be the cause of his joy and prosperity, is now that of his grief, and as he thinks of his farther poverty and misery: The which poor *Merilla* his wife, to her unspeakable and ineffable grief, palpably perceiveth, as well in his uncharitable and malicious speeches, banded to her for her Daughter *Emelia*'s sake, as to *Emelia* for her sake: But what know we, whether God hath purposely sent his Daughter, to revenge the injuries and wrongs that her Father intended to her Mother?

His fifth, (as yet) his last distaste against his wife, proceeds from his observing that her beauty is withered and decayed; not that heretofore he knew her fair; but that she is not so fair now, as when he first married her; as if time and age had not power to wither the blossoms of our youth, as the Sun hath to wither the freshest Roses and Lilies. But as all his former distastes towards his Wife, bewray his inclination to prodigality and prophanels: so this last of his, doth manifestly discover his addiction to lust, and his affection to whoredome; for it is impossible for our Wives to seem foul in our eyes, except there be some others seem fairer; as blackness seems blacker when it is compared and paralleld with whiteness; and this indeed, is the Vulture and Viper that sticks so close to his breast, and so near to his heart; yea, this is his darling and bosome sin that will strangle him, when it makes greatest shew to kiss and imbrace him.

Alibius, powerfully solicited by these five several distastes conceived against his Wife *Merilla*, who poor woman rides at an Anchor in the tranquility of her innocency, whiles he (in the heart and height of his youth) floated in the Ocean of his voluptuousness and sensuality, but especially provoked by his own poverty and penury; who now began to appear to him in a lean and miserable shape: he leaves his Wife and Family, and betakes himself to the service of Gentlemen, thinking thereby to stop the current of his prodigality, and to find out the invention and means, futurely to get that which formerly he had expended: which resolution of his had been indeed commendable, if the integrity of his heart had been answerable to the sweetness of his tongue: but we shall see the contrary, and find, by his example, that Snakes always lurk under the faireſt and greeneſt leaves.

During which time, he serves some Gentleman of worth and quality, but one of especial account and Reputation, not distant above three small miles from the City of *Brescia*, who being an excellent House-keeper, and a good Member of the Common-Weal, there *Alibius'*

(had

(had he had as much Grace as Vanity, as much Religion as Impiety) might have forgotten his old vices, and have learned new virtues: But if he delighted to become excellent in any thing, it was, first to be a perfect Carver and VVaiter, then to be decent in his Apparel; and last of all, to be smooth in his speeches, and effable and pleasing in his Complements, without any regard at all, either to reform the vanity of his thoughts, or to controul his dissolute and dangerous actions.

Having thus past away many years abroad in service, and very seldome or never either seen *Sprear*, or visited his *Merilla* and *Emelia*, he at last seeing of the one side, that age began to snow on his head, and that the greatest wealth of a Serving-man, was, to have only a new Livery, and a full belly; to have many verbal, but no real Friends, resolved to leave his Service, as also his wife and daughter in *Sprear*, and so to travel to *Venice*, hoping there in some honest place, and imployment, to serve the Seigniorie, or at least some one of the *Magnificoes* or *Clarissimoes*: But then considering the charge of the Journey, the weakness of his purse, and the uncertainty of his advancement and preferment, he resolves for a time to sojourn in *Brescia*; and to watch if any occasion or accident presented, whereby he might repair and raise his Fortunes.

He had not long lived in this City (which for antiquity, beauty, situation, wealth and fidelity (after *Venice* it self) gives not the hand to any of her Sister-Cities of that State;) but his eyes (as the lustful Sentinels of his heart) espy so many beauties, as he began to loath his own wife *Merilla*, and to wish her in another world, that he might have another wife, in this. Lo, here the Devil begins with him anew to perswade him to hate his wife.

Abiding thus in *Brescia*, it fell out, that he who bore the silver Rod in token of Honour and Justice (or rather of Honour to Justice) before the Podestate or chief Magistrate of this City, dyed; and to this office *Alibius* (because he knew himself a grave and personal man) aspired, and what through the respect of his gravity, through his smooth tongue, and fair speeches, but especially making many friends to the Podestate and Senators, he at last obtained it: A place indeed, more honourable than profitable, and yet worth at least one hundred Zechines, *per annum*, besides his diet. This preferment makes *Alibius* look aloft, and so he scorns his poor wife *Merilla*, as if there were no parity and sympathy betwixt her rags and his robes: Yea, he would not see *Sprear*, nor suffer her to see *Brescia*; and the Devil was so busie with him, or he with the Devil, that in hope of a richer and fairer wife, he resolves to poyson her, according as he heretofore had many times thought and premeditated; and that which egged and threw him on, with more violence and precipitation, was a proud conceit of himself, and of his much dignity and preferment. But as poverty many times befals us for our good; so sometimes, wealth and prosperity brings us misfortune and misery.

Not long after, another accident falls out, which doth likewise rejoyce him: An honest Citizen of *Brescia*, of his own name, though no way his Kinsman dies (and since it hath been shrewdly imagined, not without vehement suspicion of Poyson) leaving a rich VViddow, named *Philatea*: And for the familiarity and good conceit he had of our *Alibius*, as also induced thereunto through his hypocritical shew of honesty and piety, makes him sole Over-seer of his Will; so neatly and smoothly did our *Alibius* work and insinuate himself in his favour: But the mask of this his hypocrisie shall be soon pulled off.

Alibius seeing *Philatea* young, rich and fair, he looks on her more often than on her husbands Testament; and so wishing his wife *Merilla* in his adopted Kinsmans-Grave, and himself in *Philatea*'s Bed, he bends his purposes and intents that way, as so many lines that run to their Center: yea so strongly hath the Devil possessed him with these helish designs and bloody resolutions, as his love to *Philatea*, defacing his respect to *Merilla*, he sees her a block in his way, and a step to his preferment, and so concludes that she must be removed and dispatched: To which effect, to draw his sinful contemplation into bloody action, he rides over to *Sprear* to her, and under a colour of tender love and affection, he in Milk, VVine, and rosted Apples, gives her poyson; when seeing it would not work his desired effect, he after takes an occasion, purposely to quarrel with her, and so very lamentably (in presence of their Daughter *Emelia*) reviles and beats her, and returns to *Brescia*, still hoping that the poyson yet might operate, and disperse it self in her veins, and that shortly he should hear the news of her death. Lo here *Alibius* his first attempt in seeking to murther his VVife.

In this mean time he lays close siege on *Philatea*'s Chastity; who not so honest as fair, is soon drawn to sin, and prostitutes her self unto his beastly pleasure, and having no regard to her reputation, conscience or Soul, consents to this bitter-sweet sin of Adultery; the which lascivious familiarity is so long continued betwixt them, till at last *Philatea*'s straight Bodies become too small, and her Apron too short for her; when seeing it high time to provide for her fame, she acquaints *Alibius* herewith, and asks his advice, whether she shall marry with one of her

Servants

Servants, *Alibius* meaning to keep the Farm for himſelf, whereof he had already taken poſſeſſion, bids her not to care for a Husband, but to be of good comfort, and that far within her time, he would provide a place for her to lay down her great Belly; yea, ſo ſecret, as her own Heart could either wiſh or deſire.

But if our miſerable *Alibius* were before reſolved to murther his poor harmleſs Wife *Merilla*, this news, and theſe Speeches of *Philatea*, ſet him all in fire; and ſo (having conſulted with that Devil) he vows ſhe ſhall not live: To which end, he provides himſelf of ſtronger Poiſon, and in a dark Night (when as he flatters himſelf with hope, that the Heavens were ſo unjuſt and inhumane, to conſpire with him in the Murther of his Wife,) he takes Horſe in the Eaſt-Suburb of *Breſcia*, and ſo rides towards *Sprear*.

But ſee the Juſtice, and withal the Providence and Mercy of our indulgent God! who vouchſafed, and yet reſolved to reſtrain and divert him from his bloody Enterprize, by an accident as ſtrange as true; for, a Mile out of *Breſcia*, as *Alibius* rides by the common place of Execution, his horſe ſtumbles, and falls under him, right againſt it, with which fall his ſhoulder is out of joynt. Oh what a great Caveat was this for *Alibius*, if he had had the leaſt ſpark of Grace to have made good uſe hereof! But the Devil had bewitch'd his Underſtanding and Judgment; for he could ſee by no other Eyes, but by thoſe of Revenge and Blood.

Arriving at his Houſe at *Sprear*, he, contrary to his hopes, finds his Daughter *Emilia*, with her Mother (who by this time was married likewiſe to a poor Country-man of *Sprear*) whoſe ſight and preſence was, for that time, a ſtop to the execution of her Father's poyſoning deſign on her Mother; for he feared that ſhe had formerly diſcover'd and ſuſpected this his purpoſe and reſolution, as indeed ſhe had: Wherefore he forbore to adminiſter it, only becauſe he would not loſe all his labour, he again quarrels with his Wife, and after he had revil'd her with many ſcandalous and contumelious Speeches, he in the preſence of his (mournful) Daughter, doth exceedingly beat her; who (weeping to ſee her Mother weep) infinitely grieved to be an Eye-witneſs of this inhuman and barbarous Cruelty of her Father: And ſo, for that time, *Alibius* again permitted his Wife to live; but this will prove no Pardon, but only a ſhort reprival for her.

Returning again to *Breſcia*, it is not long before *Philatea* doth again importune him to provide for the concealing and ſalving of her ſhame, alledging that her time drew on, and that it was more than time to provide her a Husband. *Alibius*, at theſe her ſecond Summons, begins to look about, and reſolves, at what rate, or in what manner ſoever, now to ſend his Wife into another World; yet (as I think, or ever underſtood) conceals his purpoſe from *Philatea*. Miſerable Wretch! had he not participated more of the nature of a Tyger, than a Man, or of a Devil, than a Tyger, he would never have laid violent hands on his own Wife, whom Earth and Heaven had made fleſh of his fleſh, and of two Bodies one; yea, or had he had ſo much Grace to have conſidered, that the Silver wand he bore before the *Podeſtate*, was for the ſcourging and puniſhing of Sin. Methinks it ſhould have made him more charitable, and not ſo bloody to attempt it. But what will not Luſt enterprize, and revenge execute, if we neither fear God with our Hearts, nor love him with our Souls?

Perſeverance in Grace and Virtue is excellent, but in Sin lamentable. *Alibius* hath had years and time enough to wipe away his cruelty towards his Wife: But the longer he lives, the deeper root it takes in him, yea, he will neither give the flower of his youth, nor the bran of his age to God, but that to Pleaſure, this to Revenge and Murther, and both to the Devil: For now he is reſolute to finiſh this mournful and bloody Tragedy, that he hath ſo long deſired, and ſo often attempted: And now indeed the fatal time approacheth, wherein innocent *Merilla*, by the murtherous hand of her Husband, muſt be ſent out of this World to ſee a better.

Alibius having waited on the *Podeſtate* to Supper, takes Horſe, a little before the Gates of the City were ſhut; and having his former Poyſon in his Pocket, away he rides to *Sprear*: But to act his villany with the greater ſecrecy, he maketh and diſguiſeth himſelf, approaching his houſe he in the next Meadow ties up his Horſe to a tree, and ſo knocks at the door. Poor *Merilla*, his Wife was in Bed and aſleep with (a little Girl) her Grand-child, named *Pomerea*, the Daughter of her Daughter *Emilia*, whom without a Candle ſhe ſends down to open the door, aſſuring her ſelf (as indeed it proved too true for her) that it was her Husband *Alibius*. *Pomerea* opening the door, lets one in, but whom ſhe knows not; and then for fear retires to the Kitchen, which ſhe ſhuts faſt on her. So *Alibius* mounts to his Wife's Chamber, and after ſome words gives her a Potion (ſome ſay of Milk) bitterly ſugred with Poyſon, and forceth it down her: Who poor Soul is amazed hereat, and with her weak ſtrength cries out for help, but in vain. He being devilliſhly reſolved, now to make ſure work, takes a Billet out of the Chimney, and ſo diſpatcheth and kills her in her Bed (without giving her any time to commend her Soul unto God) and ſovery haſtily ruſheth forth the door.

Pomerea, fearing that which happen'd, lights a Candle, and aſcends up the Chamber, where ſhe ſees the lamentable ſpectacle of her murther'd Grand-mother, hot, reeking and ſmoaking in her Bed; whereat ſhe is amaz'd, and makes moſt woful cries and mournful lamentations: when wringing her hands, and bitterly ſighing and weeping, ſhe knows not what to do, or what not to do, in this her bitter and wretched perplexity: In which mean time *Alibius* going for his Horſe, finds only the Halter, for his Horſe is grazing in the Meadow; he diligently ſeeks him, but cannot a long time ſet ſight of him; which indeed doth much aſtoniſh and amaze him: But at laſt he finds him, and ſo gallops away to *Breſcia*; where the better to deludé the World, and to caſt a miſt before their Eyes, he is again by ſix of the Clock in the Morning waiting upon the *Podeſtate*, and conducting him to the *Domo*, or Cathedral Church of that City. But this Policy of his ſhall not prevent his detection and puniſhment.

In this mean time, *Pomerea* runs to the neareſt Neighbours, and divulgeth the murther of her Grandmother. Many of the Neighbours flock thither, to ſee this bloody and woful Spectacle: the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear* are acquainted herewith; they ſend for Chyrurgions, who viſit the dead Body, and report ſhe is both poyſon'd and beaten to Death; they examine poor *Pomerea*, who relates what ſhe ſees and knows; they ſend every where to ſearch for the Murtherer. By this time the news comes to *Breſcia*. *Alibius* (like a counterfeit Miſcreant) is all in Tears, yea, he ſheweth ſuch living affection, to the memory of his dead Wife, as he ſends every where to find out the Murtherer; but God will not have him eſcape, for in due time we ſhall ſee him brought forth, and appear to the World in his colours.

Alibius notwithſtanding his Tears in his Eyes, having ſtill a Hell in his Conſcience, is afraid, leſt *Emilia* his Daughter (meaſuring the ſubſequent by the antecedent) hold him to be her Mother's Murtherer; and becauſe the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear* (ſuſpecting her) have taken ſureties for her appearance; he, the better to inſinuate with her, uſeth her with more than wonted courteſie and affabillity, imagining that if her Mouth were ſtopped, he need not fear any others Tongue: But this politick ſleight of his ſhall not prevail.

Now by little and little, Time (the conſumer of all things) begins to wear away the crying rumour of this Murther; and ſo *Alibius* thinking himſelf ſecure, e're three Months be fully expired, forgetting *Merilla*, takes *Philatea* to his ſecond Wife; which being known in *Breſcia*, many curious Heads of that City (though not upon any ſubſtantial ground, but only out of preſumptive Circumſtances) vehemently ſuſpect that *Alibius* had a deep hand in the Murther of his late Wife *Merilla*: But they dare not ſpeak it aloud, becauſe he was well belov'd both of the *Podeſtate* himſelf (for that year being) and generally of all the Senators.

But as murther pierceth the Clouds, and cries for revenge from Heaven, ſo we ſhall ſee this of *Alibius*, miraculouſly diſcover'd, and e're long ſeverely puniſh'd: For when he thought the ſtorm paſt, and ſaw the Skies clear; when, I ſay, he imagin'd that all rumours and tongues were huſh'd up in ſilence, and that he thought on nothing elſe, but to paſs his time ſweetly and voluptuouſly with his new and fair Wife *Philatea*; then, when all other means and inſtruments wanted, to bring this his obſcure and bloody Fact to light; Lo, by the Divine Providence of God, we ſhall ſee *Alibius* himſelf be the cauſe and inſtrument of his own Diſcovery.

For after he had married *Philatea* (which I take to be the firſt light of ſuſpecting him of his Wife *Merilla*'s Murther) (if my Information be true, as I confidently believe it is) this is the ſecond: *Alibius* under the pretext of other Buſineſs, ſends for one *Bernardo*, of the Pariſh of *Sprear*, to come to him to *Breſcia*. Now, for our better light and information herein, as alſo for the more orderly contriving of this Hiſtory, we underſtand that, this *Bernardo* was an old aſſociate and diſſolute Companion of *Alibius*: Whom (as it is well known by thoſe who knew them) he had many times uſed and made his ſtickler and agent in many of his former lewd courſes and enterprizes; not that I any way think he had any hand in the preſent murther of *Merilla*, for then (I know) ſuch is the Candour and Wiſdom of the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear*, and ſuch is the clear Judgment and Zeal of the Senators of *Breſcia* to Juſtice, that he had never eſcaped, but had been apprehended and brought to his Tryal.

We muſt farther underſtand, that this *Bernardo* was likewiſe a Companion of *Emilia*'s Husband: Yea, ſcarce any one day paſt, but they were known and ſeen together in Tippling-Houſes, and other ſuch lewd and vicious places, whereas Drink was ſtill a moſt treacherous and unſecret Secretary.

It may be that what *Merilla* told her Husband privately, he diſcover'd it publickly to *Bernardo*: Who coming (as we have formerly heard) to *Breſcia*, after his conference with *Alibius*, he fell to his old vein of tipling and carouſing, and there without the North-gate of *Breſcia* (which looks towards *Bergamo*) having more Money than Wit, and more Wine than Money, in the midſt of his Cups, told he was a Conradyne, or Country-man of *Sprear*; That he knew *Alibius* as great as now he bore himſelf, and that he murthered his poor Wife in the Country,

to

to have this fine one in the City. Which Speeches of his he reiterated and repeated often, yea, so often, as they fell not to the ground, but some of his lewd Companions took notice hereof: And one amongst the rest, being inwardly acquainted with *Alibius*, went and secretly advised with him hereof; who (under-hand) sends away for *Bernardo*, where he was, and wrought so with him, as since that time he was never seen in *Brescia*: But this report of his remain'd behind him.

A second light which *Alibius* gave to the discovery of this his Murther, was, that thinking the way clear, and all Suspicions vanished, he converted his affection into contempt, and his courtesie to disrespect and unkindness towards his Daughter *Emelia*, by taking away the greatest part of that small means he gave her towards her maintenance; which uncharitable and unnatural part of his, threw this poor Woman into so bitter a perplexity, as knowing in her Conscience that her Father was her Mother's Murtherer, she exceedingly apprehended and feared lest he would attempt to dispatch her likewise: The which she far the more doubted, because her Father had bailed her, but not as yet freed her from her appearance before the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear*. But here, as simple as she was, she enters into many considerations with her self; that, to accuse her Father, would be as great a disobedience in her, as it was a cruelty in him to murther her Mother. She is a long time irresolute, either to advance or retire in this her purpose and enterprize: And here she consults betwixt Nature and Grace, betwixt the Laws of Earth and Heaven, what she should do, or how she should bear her self in a matter of so unnatural a nature; it grieves her to be the means of her Father's Death, of whom she had receiv'd her Being; and yet she sorroweth not to reveal the murther of her Mother, of whom she enjoy'd her Life. But tho' Sense and Nature cannot, yet Reason and Religion will reconcile, and clear these doubts: Yea, evaporate those Mists, and disperse these Clouds from our Eyes, and make us see clear, that Earth may not conceal Murthers, sith God receives Glory both in the detection and punishment thereof.

Some will say this Daughter did ill to accuse her Father. But who will not affirm that he did far worse, to murther her Mother; neither was it a delight, but a torment to her, to effect it; for she enters into this resolution with Tears, and persevereth therein with Sighs and Lamentations: But if she were at first resolute herein, this resolution of hers is exceedingly confirmed, when she sees her Father so suddenly married, and her Mother-in-Law ready to lay down her great Belly; especially when she hears the reports of this Suspicion bruited in *Brescia*. So now she can no longer contain her self, but goes to the next Corrigador, and reveals to him that her Father *Alibius* was the Murtherer of her Mother *Merilla*.

The Corrigador being a wise and grave Gentleman, wondring at this lamentable News, detains *Emelia* in his House, and writes away to the Podestate of *Brescia* hereof; who receives this news on a Saturday at night. The Sunday morning he acquaints the Prefect and chief Senators thereof, who repairs to his house. The probabilities and circumstances are strong against *Alibius*. So they all conclude to imprison him; he is at the door, ruffling in his garded Gown and Velvet Cap, with his Silver Wand in his Hand (as if he were fitter to check others, than to be controuled himself) waiting to conduct the Podestate to the *Domo*. *Alibius* little dreams how near he is to danger, or danger to him: He is by an Isbier or Serjeant call'd in to speak with the Podestate; and although his Conscience inwardly torment him, yet he puts a good (or at least a brazen) Countenance on all, and so very chearfully comes before him. At his first arrival, his Velvet Cap, and silver Wand (those dignified marks of Honour and Justice) are taken from him, and consequently his Office: (Because these are rewards only proper to Vertue and not to Vice) he is examined by those worthy Magistrates, who bear graviry in their Looks, wisdom in their Speeches, and justice in their Actions. *Alibius* hath many smooth words, for the defence of his Crime, which with the aid and varnish of his graceful gestures, he strives to extenuate and palliate, but in vain; for he hath to do with those Magistrates, who cannot be deluded, or carried away, either with the Sugar of a Lye, or the charm of an Evasion. So they commit him close Prisoner, where he hath both time and leisure to think on the foulness of his Fact, and the unnaturalness and barbarism of his Cruelty.

The Monday following, the Corrigadors of *Sprear* send *Emelia* to *Brescia*, where, the next day the Podestate, Prefect and Senators examined her; they first exhort her to consider, that she speaks before God; and altho' *Alibius* be her Earthly Father, yet he is her Heavenly: They conjure and swear her to speak the Truth, and no more: And because they see her a simple illiterate Woman, they inform her what the vertue and nature of an Oath is. When *Emelia* falling on her Knees, wringing her hands, and stedfastly looking up towards Heaven, she (bitterly weeping and sighing) for a pretty while had not the Power to utter a word, the Prefect with mild Exhortations and Speeches encourageth her to speak; when with many tears and interrupted Sighs, she at last uttereth these words: My Father hath often beaten my Mother, and

even lain her for dead; and other times he hath given her Poyſon, and he it is, and no other that hath now murthered her. One of the Senators, (ſome ſay it was the Podeſtate, who as much favoured *Alibius*, as hated his Crime) bad *Emilia* look to her Conſcience, and her Conſcience to God, and withal to conſider, that as *Merilla* was her Mother, ſo *Alibius* was her Father. Whereat ſhe bitterly weeping again ſaid, that what ſhe had already ſpoken was true, as ſhe hoped to enjoy any part of Heaven. So they binding her to give Evidence at the great Court of the Province, which ſome four Months after was to be held in the Caſtle of the City, they diſmiſs her.

In which mean time *Alibius* is viſited in Priſon by divers of his Acquaintance; yea, ſome of the chiefeſt Senators themſelves afforded him that Honour and Charity: They deal with him about his Crime, but in vain, for he takes Heaven and Earth to witneſs, that he is innocent; yea, he ſeems to be ſo religious and conſcionable in his Speeches, as he drew many of inferiour rank and underſtanding to believe that his accuſation was not true, and his impriſonment unjuſt and falſe. But God will ſhortly unmask his Hypocriſie, and, to his ſhame and confuſion, lay open, and diſcover to the whole World his unnatural and bloody Cruelty.

And now the time is come that the Dukes and Seigniory of *Venice* are uſed to depute and ſend forth Criminal Judges, to deſcend and paſs thorow the Provinces of their Territotories and Dominions, to ſit upon all capital Malefactors, and to puniſh them according to their deſerts. A Cuſtom indeed held famous, not only in the Chriſtian, but in the whole Univerſal World: And whereby the *Venetian* State doth undoubtedly receive both Glory, Vigour, and Life, ſith it not only preſerveth their Peace, and propagateth their Tranquility, but alſo rooteth out and exterminateth all thoſe that (by their lewd and diſſolute actions) ſeek to impugn and infringe it.

Thus theſe high and honourable Judges (being in number two for every diviſion) having diſpatch'd their buſineſs (or rather that of the Seigniories) in *Padua*, *Vicenſa*, *Verona*, and *Bergamo*, are now arriv'd in *Breſcia*, in the Caſtle whereof (which is both beautiful and conſpicuous to the Eye) they keep their *Forum* and Tribunal. And becauſe this City is exempted from the Province, as being particularly indowed with a peculiar Juriſdiction, and honoured with many honourable Priviledges and Prerogatives, therefore (*Merilla* being murthered in the Province) *Alibius* is fetch'd out of his firſt Priſon, and, by one of the chiefeſt and graveſt Senators deputed for that purpoſe by the Podeſtate and Senate, conducted and convey'd to the Caſtle, there to be arraign'd by thoſe two great Judges: And altho' this aforeſaid Senator was ſo wiſe and religious, as he ſeem'd to have the art of Perſwaſion in his Speeches; yet by the way uſing his beſt oratory and charity to draw *Alibius* from denial to confeſſion, and from that to contrition and repentance, his Heart was ſtill ſo perverſe and obdurate, as he notwithſtanding perſever'd in his willful obſtinacy, and peremptorily continued and ſtood upon the points of his Innocency, and Juſtification, ſo ſtrong was the Devil yet with him.

But while an infinite number of Spectators gaze on *Alibius* as he is in the Caſtle, and he chearfully and careleſly converſed with ſome of his acquaintance, as if the innocency of his Conſcience were ſuch as his Heart felt no grief nor perturbation: Lo, he is call'd to his Arraignment, whereunto that world of People, who were then in the Caſtle, flock and concur.

His Thoughts are ſo vain, and vanity ſo ambitious, as he comes to the Bar in a black-beaten Sattin ſuit, with a fair Gown, and a ſpruce ſet Ruff; having both the hair of his Head, and his long grey Beard neatly comb'd and cut; yea, with ſo pleaſant a look, and ſo confident a demeanour, as if he were to receive, not the Sentence of his guiltineſs and death, but that of his innocency and enlargement. Theſe honourable Judges cauſe his Indictment to be read; wherein his poyſoning and murthering of his Wife, is branch'd and depainted out in all its circumſtances, whereat his Courage and Confidence is yet (notwithſtanding) ſo great, as by his looks he ſeems no way moved, much leſs aſtoniſhed or afflicted: The Witneſſes are produced, firſt his own Daughter *Emelia*, who with Tears in her Eyes, ſtands firm to her former depoſition, that he had often beat her Mother almoſt to death, and now had killed and poyſon'd her; agreeing in every point with her depoſition given to the Podeſtate and Prefect of *Breſcia*: Which to refel, her Father *Alibius* with many plauſible and ſugred Speeches, tells his Judges, that his Daughter is incenſed or lunatick, or elſe that ſhe purpoſely ſeeks his Life, to enjoy that ſmall Means he hath, after his death: And ſo runs on in a moſt extravagant and impertinent Apology for himſelf, with many invective and ſcandalous Speeches againſt her, and concludes, that he was never owner of any Poyſon.

His Judges, out of their honourable inclination and zeal to ſacred Juſtice, permit him to ſpeak without interruption; when having ended, they begin to ſhew him the foulneſs of his fact; yea, like Heavenly Orators, they paint him out the deviliſh nature and monſtrous crime of Murther, the which they ſay he redoubleth by denying it, notwithſtanding that they have

evidence

evidence as clear as the Sun to convince him thereof; and ſo they call for two Apothecaries Boys, who ſeverally affirm, they ſold him Rats-bane at two ſeveral times.

But the Devil is ſtill ſo ſtrong with *Alibius*, as though his Conſcience doth hereat afflict and torment him, yet, there is no change nor ſign thereof, either ſeen in his Countenance, or diſcern'd in his Speeches, but ſtill he perſeveres in his Obſtinacy, and in a bravery pretends to wipe off the Apothecary's Boys Evidence, with this poor Evaſion, that he bought and uſed it only to poyſon Rats: And ſo again with many ſmooth words, humble crouches, and hypocritical Complements, he uſeth the prime of his ſubtilty and invention to make it appear to his Judges, that he had no way imbrued his hands in the Blood of his Wife: But this will not avail him, for he is before Lynce-ey'd Judges, whoſe Integrity and Wiſdom, can pierce thorow the foggy Miſts of excuſes, and the obſcure Clouds of his far-fetch'd ſhifts, and cunningly compacted evaſions.

And now to cloſe and wind up this Hiſtory, after the Jury impanelled had amply heard, as well the Witneſſes againſt *Alibius* as his defence for himſelf; and that all the World could teſtifie that his Judges gave him a fair Tryal, they return and report him guilty of murthering his Wife *Merilla*; whereat he is put off the Bar, and ſo for that time ſent back to his Priſon: And yet the heat of his Obſtinacy being hereat no way cool'd, the edge of his denial any way rebated, nor the obdurateneſs of his Heart, in the leaſt thing mollified: He, by the way as he paſſeth, beating his Breaſt, and ſometimes out-ſpreading his Arms, ſaith, It is not his Crime, but the Malice of his deviliſh Daughter that hath caſt him away; yea, although many of his compaſſionate and Chriſtian Friends, do now again in Priſon, work and perſwade him to confeſſion, by alledging to him, that God is as merciful to the repentant, as ſevere to the impenitent and obſtinate, yet all this will not prevail.

The ſecond Morning after his Conviction, he is brought again from his Priſon, to the Caſtle, and ſo to the Bar, to receive his Judgment, where one of the two moſt honourable Judges ſhew him,

That it is hearkning to the Devil, and his forſaking of God, that hath brought him to this Miſery; paints and points him out his diſſolute Life; his frequenting of bad Company, his prodigality, and adultery; but above all, his mask'd Hypocriſie, which, he ſaith, in thinking to deceive God, hath now deceiv'd himſelf: Yea, in Heavenly and Religious Speeches, informs him, how merciful and indulgent God is to repentant Sinners; that he muſt now caſt off his Thoughts from Earth, and aſcend and mount them to Heaven, and no longer to think of his Body, but of his Soul; and ſo after a Learned and Chriſtian-like Speech, as well for the inſtruction of the living, as the conſolation of *Alibius*, who was now to prepare himſelf to die, he pronounceth, that for his execrable Murther committed on his own Wife *Merilla*, he ſhould hang till he were dead: and ſo beſought the Lord to be merciful to his Soul.

And now is *Alibius* again returned to his Priſon, but ſtill remaineth obſtinate and perverſe, affirming to all the World, that as he hath lived, ſo he will die innocently: But God will not ſuffer him to die, without confeſſing and repenting this his bloody and unnatural Murther.

Theſe his grave and religious Judges, out of an honourable and Chriſtian Charity, ſend him Divines, to prepare his Body to the death of this World, and his Soul to the life of that to come: They deal moſt effectually, powerfully, and religiouſly with him in Priſon, and although they found that the Devil had ſtrongly enſnar'd and charm'd him, yea, and as it were, hardned his Heart to his Perdition; yet, God of his infinite and ineffable Mercies, addeth both Power and Grace to their Speeches, and exhortations, ſo as his Eyes being opened, and heart pierced and mollified, they at laſt ſo prevail with him, that being terrified with God's Juſtice, and encouraged and comforted with his Mercies, he with Tears, Sighs, and Groans, confeſſeth this Murther of his Wife, and not only bitterly repents it, but alſo doth thank theſe Godly Divines for their Charity, Care, and Zeal for the preſervation and ſaving of his Soul, and doth upon his Knees beſeech them to pray unto the Lord to forgive him.

We have ſeen *Alibius* murther his Wife *Merilla*; we have ſeen his Apprehenſion, Impriſonment, Trial, Conviction, and Condemnation, for this his execrable and bloody Fact: wherein we may obſerve how the Juſtice of God ſtill triumphs o're the temptations and malice of the Devil; and how Murther, tho' never ſo ſecretly acted, and conceal'd, will at laſt be detected and puniſh'd. What reſteth there now, but that after we have hereby made good uſe of this Example, we ſee *Alibius* fetch'd from his Priſon, and convey'd to the Place of Execution; (whereat, as we have heard, he formerly ſtumbled in jeſt, but now he muſt in earneſt (where, although it were timely in the Morn, (as having the favour to die alone, and at leaſt three Hours before the other Condemn'd Malefactors) an infinite number of the Citizens of *Breſcia*, (of all Ranks, and of both Sexes) aſſembled to ſee *Alibius* take his laſt Farewel of this World.

At his aſcending up the Ladder, his fair grey Beard and comely Preſence drew pity from the Hearts,

hearts, and tears from the Eyes of the greateſt part of the Spectators, to ſee that the Devil had ſo ſtrongly inchanted and ſeduced him to lay violent hands on his Wife, and to ſee ſo grave and ſo proper an aged Man thus misfortunately and untimely caſt away.

His Speech at his end, was brief and ſhort; only he freely confeſt his Crime, and with infinite Sighs and Tears beſought the World to pray for his Soul; he lamented the vanity of his Youth, and the diſſoluteneſs of his Age; told them, that his neglect of Prayer to God, and his too much Confidence in the Devil, had brought him to this ſhameful End; and therefore beſought them again and again to beware by his Example: And ſo having ſolemnly freed his ſecond Wife *Philarea* from being any way acquainted or acceſſary with the Murther of his firſt Wife *Merilla*, he recommending his Soul into the Hands of his Redeemer, died as penitently as he had lived diſſolutely and prophanely.

And thus was the life and death of *Alibius*; the which I was the more willingly induced to publiſh, partly, becauſe I was an Eye-witneſs, both of his Arraignment and Death, (as I returned from my Travels) but more eſpecially, in hope that this Example and Hiſtory may prove to be as great a Conſolation to the Godly, as a Terrour to the Unrighteous.

To God be all Glory and Praiſe.

FINIS.

THE

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE Againſt the Crying and Execrable SIN OF MURTHER.

EXPRESSED

In Thirty ſeveral Tragical Hiſtories (digeſted into Six Books) which contain great variety of mournful and memorable Accidents, Amorous, Moral, and Divine.

BOOK II.

Written by *JOHN REYNOLDS.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Ben. Griffin* and *Sam. Keeble.* 1702.

WALPOLE'S

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THE GRAHAMS

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

AND

TRULY NOBLE

Richard Lord Buckhurſt

Earl of *Dorſet*, Lord Lieutenant of his Majeſty's County of *Suſſex*.

Right Honourable,

OUT *of a reſolution, whether more bold or zealous, I know not, I have adventured this Second Book of my* Tragical Hiſtories *to the World, under your Honours Patronage and Protection. Neither need I go far to yield either your Honour, or the World, a reaſon of this my* Preſumption *and* Ambition, *ſith you Vertues innobling your Blood, as much as your* Nobility *illuſtrates your Virtues, was the firſt Motive which drew me hereunto: For whilſt many others endeavour to be great, your Honour (reſembling your ſelf) not only endeavours, but ſtrives to be good; as well knowing, that* Goodneſs *is the Glory and Eſſence, yea, the Life, and, as I may ſay, the Soul of* Greatneſs; *and that betwixt* Greatneſs *and* Goodneſs, *there is this difference and diſparity; that makes us famous, this Immortal; that, beloved of Men, this, of God; that, accompanieth us only to our Graves, and this to Heaven. My ſecond prevailing Motive is this, my* Dedication *proceeded from the reſpect of my particular* Duty, *(as my firſt was ſolely derived from the Conſideration of your own general and generous Vertues) for having the Honour to retain to your Noble Brother, Sir* Edward Sackvile, *Knight, to whom, for many ſingular reſpects, and immerited Favours (whilſt I am my ſelf) I owe not only my ſervice, but my ſelf; I therein hold me obliged and bound to proffer and impart this part of my Labours to your Honour, as the firſt publick Teſtimony of my Zeal and Service, eternally devoted and conſecrated to the Illuſtrious Name and Family of the* Sackviles; *whereof* God's *Divine Providence hath made your Honour chief Heir and Pillar. The drift and ſcope of theſe* Hiſtories *are to inform the World,* God's Revenge ſtill Fights and Triumphs againſt the crying and execrable ſin of (Wilful and Premeditated) Murther, *which in theſe our (impure and prophane) times,*

is so fatally and frequently co-incident to unregenerated Christians; which scarlet and bloody Crime, is infallibly met with, and rewarded by God's *sharp and severe punishment; having purposely published and divulged them to my dear Country of* England, *that they may serve (though not by the way of comparison, yet of application) as the sight of* Julius Cæsar's *Bloody Robe (shewed by* Marcus Antonius *to the* Romans *in* Campo Martio, *when he there pronounced his Funeral* Oration*) thereby to make his Murther and Murtherers in the greater Horrour and Execration with the People. The* Histories *of themselves are as different, as their effects and accidents: Their Scenes being willfully and sinfully laid in divers parts of* Christendom *beyond the Seas, and the Tragedies unfortunately perpetrated and personated by those, who more adhereing to impiety, than* Grace, *and to Satan than* God, *made shipwrack, if not of their Souls, with their Bodies, I am sure of their Lives with their Fortunes, and of their Fortunes with their Lives. They themselves (or rather their Sins) first brought the Materials, I, only the Collection, Illustration, and polishing of these their deplorable* Histories, *which are Pen'd in so low a sphere of Speech, and so inelegant a Phrase, as they can no way merit the Honour of your perusal, much less of your Judgment, and least of all, of your Noble Protection and Patronage.*

Howsoever, my hopes (led and marshalled by the Premises) do as it were flatter me, that your Protection will wink at my Imperfections, and your Curiosity at my Ignorance and Presumption, in daigning to permit this my rude Pamphlet, to salute and pilgrimage the World, under the authentical pass-port of your Honour's *Favour; who of her self is composed of so poor Metal (or rather dross) as, without the pure Gold of your Honourable Name, it would run a hazard, not to pass currant with the curious wits, and censures of this our (too curious and too censorious) Age: Whereof could I rest assured, I should then not only rejoice, but triumph in this my happiness, as so richly exceeding the proportion of my poor Labours and Merits, that I could not aspire to a greater Honour, nor desire a sweeter felicity: And so recommending this my imperfect Pamphlet to your Favour, my unworthy self to your pardon; and your* Honour, *your* Noble Countess, *and the sweet young Lady your* Daughter, *to God's best Favours and Mercies; I will assume the confidence and constancy to remain,*

Your Houour's in all Humility and Service,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

THE

God's Revenge againſt the Crying and execrable Sin of Murther.

An ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY VI.

Victorina *cauſeth* Sypontus *to ſtab and murther her firſt Husband* Souranza, *and ſhe her ſelf poyſoneth* Faſſino: *So they both being miraculouſly detected and convicted of theſe their cruel Murthers, he is Beheaded, and ſhe Hanged and Burnt for the ſame.*

WHere Luſt takes up our deſires, and Revenge and Murther ſeizeth on our reſolutions, it is the true way to make us wretched in this Life, and our Souls miſerable in that to come: For if Chaſtity and Charity (the two precious Vertues and Ornaments of a Chriſtian) ſteer not our actions on Earth, how ſhall, nay, how can we arrive to the Harbour of Heaven? Or if we abandon theſe Celeſtial Vertues, to follow and embrace thoſe internal Vices, what do we but take our ſelves from Felicity to Miſery, and conſequently give our ſelves from God to Satan? But did we ſeriouſly (and not trivialy) conſider that there is a Heaven to reward the Righteous, and a Hell to puniſh the ungodly, we would neither defile our Hearts, nor pollute our Souls with the thought, much leſs with the action of ſuch beaſtly and inhumane Crimes. But in this ſinful age of ours, the number is but too great of laſcivious and impious Chriſtians, who delight in the affection and practice thereof. Among whom I here repreſent the Hiſtory of an execrable Gentlewoman, and her wretched and unfortunate Lover; who were both born to Honour, and not to Infamy, had they had as much Grace to ſecure their Lives, as vanity and impiety to ruin them. The Hiſtory is bloody, and therefore mournful, but if we deteſt their Crimes, we need not fear their Puniſhments; for God is as gracious and propitious to protect the Innocent, as juſt and ſevere to chaſtiſe the guilty.

In *Italy*, the beauty of *Europe*, and in the City of *Venice* (the glory of *Italy*, the Nymph of the Sea, and the Pearl and Diamond of the World) in the latter years of the reign of noble *Leonardo*

Donata,)who as Duke, ſate at the helm of that Potent and powerful Eſtate) ſo famous for baniſhing the Jeſuits, and for oppoſing himſelf againſt the intruſion and fulminations of *Pope Paulus Quintus*, in the juſt defence and maintenance of the prerogatives and priviledges of the *Seignory*; there was at that time a Gentleman, a younger Brother, yet of well near fifty years old, of the noble Family of the *Beraldi*, named *Seignior Jacomo Beraldi*, who dwelt above the *Rialto*-Bridge (that famous Maſter-piece of Architecture) upon the *Canalla Granda*, who in the *April* of his youth took to Wife *Dona Lucia*, Daughter to *Seignior Lorenza Burſſo*, a Gentleman of *Padua*, by whom he had ſeven Children, four Sons and three Daughters; ſo as his Wife and he eſteeming themſelves happy in their Iſſue paſſed away their time in much content and felicity: But God (for ſome ſecret and ſacred reaſon to his Divine Majeſty beſt known) converting his ſmiles into frowns, within the ſpace of ſeven Years takes away ſix of their Children; ſo as their eldeſt Daughter only remained living, being a young Gentlewoman of ſome eighteen Years old, named *Dona Victorina*.

This young Gentlewoman being noble, rich, and fair (three powerful and attractive Adamants to draw the affections of many Cavaliers) according to her deſert, had divers Gallants who ſought her in Marriage: But ſhe was of nature proud, cholerick, diſdainful, and malicious; Vices enough to ruin both a Beauty and a Fortune: But of all her Suitors and Servants, he whom ſhe beſt loved and affected, was one *Seignior Sypontus*, a Gentleman of the City, who was more noble than rich, and yet more debauch'd and vicious than noble; but otherwiſe a very proper young Gallant: But the perfections of the Body are nothing to be compar'd to the excellent qualities and endowments of the Mind, for thoſe are but the varniſhes and ſhadows of a meer Man, but theſe the perfections and excellencies of a wiſe Man, and therein noble; ſith indeed Wiſdom is one of the trueſt degrees, and moſt eſſential parts of nobility. Now if *Victorina* love *Sypontus*, with no leſs reciprocal flame and zeal doth *Sypontus* affect *Victorina*: For, as his eyes behold the delicacy of her Perſonage, and the ſweetneſs of her Beauty, ſo his heart loves either, and adores both; yea, ſo deep an impreſſion hath ſhe engraven in his thoughts and contemplations, that he is never merry till he ſee her, nor pleas'd till he enjoy the felicity of her company; which *Victorina* rejoiceth to ſee, and obſerves with infinite content and delectation. *Sypontus* thus entangl'd in the ſnares of *Victorina*'s beauty, and ſhe likewiſe in thoſe of his Perfections, he reſolves to court her, and ſeek her in Marriage, which he performs with much affection, zeal, and conſtancy, leaving no induſtry, care, curioſity or coſt unattempted, to enrich and crown his deſires with the precious and ineſtimable treaſures of her Love. I ſhould make this ſhort diſcourſe ſwell into an ample Hiſtory, to particularize, or punctually relate the Letters, Sonnets, Preſents, Meetings, Dancings, Muſick, and Banquets, which paſt betwixt theſe two Lovers, and wherewith *Sypontus* entertain'd his dear Miſtreſs *Victorina*. I will therefore purpoſely omit it, and cover my ſelf with this excuſe, which may ſatisfie my Reader, to conſider that *Sypontus* (as before) was an *Italian*, whoſe cuſtom and nature rather exceeds than comes ſhort, in all amorous Ceremonies and Complements; And therefore, again to reſume my Hiſtory, I muſt briefly declare, that after the protraction and receſs of a Years time, *Victorina* conſenteth to *Sypontus* to be his Wife, ſo far forth as he can obtain the conſent of her Father and Mother: A fit and vertuous anſwer of a Daughter, wherein I know not whether ſhe bewray more modeſty and diſcretion in her ſelf, or reſpect and obedience to her Parents.

Sypontus infinitely pleas'd with this ſweet news and delightful melody, is as it were raviſhed and wrapt up into Heaven with joy, when flattering himſelf with this poor hope, that as *Victorina* was courteous, ſo he ſhould find her Parents kind to him; he, with much reſpect and honour, repairs to *Beraldi* and *Lucia*, and in fair and diſcreet terms aquaints them with his long affection to their Daughter *Victorina*; whom (with as much earneſtneſs as humility) he prays to beſtow her on him for his Wife: But this old couple are as much diſpleaſed at *Sypontus*'s motion, as their Daughter *Victorina* rejoiceth thereat; and ſo they return him their denial inſtead of their conſent, only in general terms they thank him for his love and honour, and certifie him that they have otherwiſe diſpoſed of their Daughter. *Sypontus* bites the Lip, and *Victorina* hangs her head at this their bitter and diſtaſteful anſwer: But he is too generous and amorous to be put off with this firſt repulſe. Whereupon he employs his Parents and Kinſfolks (whereof ſome were of the chiefeſt rank of Senators and *Magnifico*'s) to draw *Beraldi* and *Lucia* to conſent to this Match, but in vain: For they are deaf to thoſe requeſts, and reſolute in their denial, grounding their refuſal upon *Sypontus*'s Poverty; for they ſee he is become poor; becauſe in the laſt tranſmarine Wars the *Turks* took from his Father and himſelf moſt of his Lands and Poſſeſſions near *Scutary* in *Dalmatia*, and therefore they reſolve to provide a richer Huband for their Daughter. The Iniquity of our times is as ſtrange as lamentable; for in matters of Marriage, Parents, without due regard either to the natures or affections of their Children, ſtill prefer Gold before Grace, and many times Riches before Vertue and Nobility,

which

which concur and meet in one perſonage: But divers of theſe Marriages in the end, find either ſhame, miſery, or repentance; and ſometimes all.

Sypontus ſtorms as much as *Victorina* grieves at his refuſal; but, to fruſtrate that, and provide for this, *Beraldi* deals with *Seignior Jovan Baptiſta Souranza* to marry his Daughter *Victorina*, who is a Gentleman of a good Houſe, but far richer than *Sypontus*; but withal, far different in age; for *Sypontus* is but twenty eight years old, and *Souranza* near threeſcore: So as Gold playing the chiefeſt part in this Contract, *Souranza* is ſure of *Victorina* for his Wife, e're he know her, or hardly hath ſeen her. *Beraldi* advertiſeth his Daughter of his Will and Pleaſure herein: So *Souranza* ſees her with Affection and Joy, and ſhe him with diſgrace and grief; and thus this old Lover the firſt time entertains his young Miſtreſs with Kiſſes, and ſhe him with Tears. He is no ſooner departed, but *Victorina* very ſorrowfully and penſively throws her ſelf at her Parents Feet, and with ſhowers of Tears very earneſtly and paſſionately beſeeches them, that they will not enforce her to Marry *Souranza*, whom (ſhe affirms) ſhe cannot love, much leſs obey; prays them to conſider what a miſery, nay, what a Hell it will be to her thoughts and ſelf, to have him in her Bed, and *Sypontus* in her Heart. When ſhe could no further proceed, becauſe her ſighs cut her words in pieces, and ſo grief daunting her heart, and her fear to *Souranza*, and affection to *Sypontus*, caſting a milk-white veil over her vermillion Cheeks, ſhe ſinks to the Earth in a fainting cold ſwoon, when her hard-hearted and cruel Parents (more with aſtoniſhment than commiſeration and pity) ſteps to her aſſiſtance, and again bring her to her Senſes; who not forgetting where her Speeches ended, ſhe remembers to begin and continue them thus: O my dear Parents! Name not *Souranza* for my Husband, but if you will needs give me one, then by all that Blood of yours, which ſtreameth in all the Veins of my Body, of two, let me enjoy one, *Sypontus* or my Grave; he the beginner of my Joys, or this the ender of all my Miſeries and Sorrows: Neither is it diſobedience in me, but fear of Cruelty in your ſelves, that throws me on the exigent of this requeſt and reſolution; wherein, I pray conſider me by the bonds of Nature, and not by the rules of Avarice and Inhumanity. But her Father and Mother (whithout any reſpect to her youth and tears, or regard to her affections and Prayers) love *Souranza*'s Wealth ſo well, as they will hate *Sypontus*'s Poverty, and in it himſelf: And therefore checking *Victorina* for her folly, and taxing her of Indiſcretion, their Command and Authority gives a Law to her Obedience and Deſires: And, to conclude, they are ſo bitter, and withal, ſo cruel to her, that within few days they violently enforce her to marry *Souranza*. But this enforc'd Match will produce Repentance and Miſery of all ſides.

As it is a duty in Children to honour and obey their Parents, ſo it is no leſs in Parents carefully to regard, and tenderly to affect their Children; but in Matches that are concluded with Wealth without Affection, their Parents ought to proceed with Judgment not with Paſſion; with Perſwaſion, not with Force: For can there be any Hell upon Earth comparable to that of a diſcontented Bed? Or is it not a grief to Parents, thro' their cruelty, to ſee their Children live in deſpair inſtead of hope, in affliction inſtead of Joy; and to die miſerably, whereas they might have liv'd pleaſantly and proſperouſly? 'Tis true, that young folks affections are not ſtill well grounded, but for want of advice and counſel, many times meet with miſery for felicity; yet ſith Marriage is a Contract, not for a day, but for ever; not for an hour, but for the term and leaſe of our Lives; therefore Parents in matching their Children, ſhould be rather charitable than greedy for the World, and rather compaſſionate than rigid: But enough of this, and again to our Hiſtory.

We have ſeen *Victorina*, with an unwilling willingneſs, enforc'd to marry *Souranza*; we ſhall not go far before we ſee what ſharp Calamities and bitter Afflictions and Miſeries this Match produceth: *The Argument and Cauſe briefly is thus*; Victorina *lies with her Husband* Souranza, *but cannot love him*; from whence (as ſo many lines from their Center) ſpring forth many mournful and diſaſtrous accidents; the little Ring of Matrimony incloſeth many great and weighty conſiderations, and among others this is not one of the leaſt; diſparity in years makes no true harmony in Affections; for there is no affinity 'twixt *January* and *May*; and it is a matter, tho' not impoſſible, yet difficult for youth and age to ſympathize. *Souranza*'s beſt performance of the Rites and Duties of Marriage, is but deſire; yea, his age cannot ſufficiently eſtimate, much leſs reward the dainties of *Victorina*'s youth; for he is more ſuperſtitious than amorous, as delighting rather to kiſs an Image in the Church, than his Wife in his Bed: And not to betray the Truth, I muſt crave leave of Modeſty, to aver, that ſhe finds little difference 'twixt a Maid and a Wife, ſo that her luſt out-braving her chaſtity, and ſenſualities trampling her vertue and honour under Foot, whereas her Affection ſhould look from *Sypontus* to *Souranza*, both ſhe and it contrariwiſe look from *Souranza* to *Sypontus*. Diſſembling Pleaſures, which ſtrangle when they ſeem to embrace and kiſs us, bitter

Pills

Pills candied in Sugar, Cordials to the Senſe, but Corroſives to the Soul! Yea, *Victorina* in forgetting her modeſty, will not remember her vow in Marriage; for had ſhe been as vertuous as young, or as chaſte as fair, it had not only been her vertue, but her duty, to have ſmother'd the defects and conceal'd the imperfections and impotency of her old Husband; Chaſtity would have perſwaded her to this, but Incontinency and Luſt draw her to a contrary Reſolution.

Sypontus likewiſe ſtorms and grieves at this unwiſh'd and unequal Match of old *Souranza* with his young and fair *Victorina*; yea, he hates him ſo much, and loves her ſo tenderly and dearly, as he would, but cannot prevent it: For (as before) they are Married; and he, inſtead of the *Laurel*, is fore'd to wear the *Willow*; but his grief finds this comfort, and her diſcontent this conſolation, that ſith *Victorina* is not his Wife, ſhe is his Miſtreſs; and ſith *Sypontus* is not her Husband, he is her Servant, or (to uſe the *Venetian* Phraſe) ſhe is his *Courtizana*, and he her *Enamoreta*: But ſuch Leagues and Contracts of vicious affections, ſeldom make happy ends; for as they begin in luſt, ſo commonly they end in infamy and miſery. *Sypontus* often familiarizeth with *Victorina*; yea, their familiarity is ſuch, as I in modeſty will not report, ſith in charity I cannot; and altho' they beat their affections and pleaſures ſecret, yet cuſtom breeding a habit, and that a ſecond nature; *Souranza* is now no ſooner abroad, but *Sypontus* is at home, ſo as in effect, *Souranza* is but the ſhadow, and *Sypontus* the ſubſtance of *Victorina*'s Husband: But theſe laſcivious Lovers ſhall pay dear for their affections; *Sypontus* for entertaining and keeping another Man's Wife, and *Victorina* for breaking her Vow in Wedlock to her Husband, in defiling his Bed, and contaminating her Body with the foul Sin of Adultery.

It had been good and ſafe for them, if they had not begun theſe their beaſtly Pleaſures, but to give no end to them, muſt needs prove dangerous and ruinous; to commit this ſin of Adultery is odious, but to perſevere therein, is moſt abominable before God: The reaſon hereof is as true as pregnant; for if the reward of a ſingle be death, the redoubling thereof muſt needs be double damnation. But as it is the nature of Adultery to be accompanied and waited on by other ſins, ſo *Victorina* is not only content to love *Sypontus*, but ſhe makes a further progreſſion in impiety, and will needs hate her Husband *Souranza*; who, poor honeſt Gentleman ſick with the Gout, and a cough of the Lungs, is now diſtaſteful, and which is worſe, odious to her: So that ſhe which ſhould be a cordial to his age, his age is now a corroſive to her youth, and ſhe ſo far forgets both her ſelf and her duty, as ſhe rather contemns than loves him, and as he rejoiceth in her ſight, ſo ſhe delights in nothing ſo much as in his abſence, and *Sypontus*'s Preſence; ſhe makes her diſcontents and malice to her Husband known to *Sypontus*, who doth pity, but will not remedy them; all her Speeches tend to wiſh her ſelf in another World, or her Husband not in this. *Sypontus* is not ignorant whereat ſhe aims; but altho' he enjoys the Wife, yet he cannot find in his heart, but is too conſcientious to murther the Husband: Had he remain'd in the conſtancy of this reſolution, he had been happy, and not ſo miſerable and unfortunate to end his days with ſhame and infamy. But now behold, an unexpected accident draws and throws him on headlong to perpetrate this execrable Murther, for (as the Gentry and Nobility of *Venice* are for the moſt part Merchants) ſo *Sypontus* receives ſuddenly and ſorrowful news of two great loſſes befallen him in the *Levant* Seas, in two ſeveral Ships, the one coming from *Alepo*, taken by the *Turkiſh* Pyrates of *Rhodes*; the other from *Alexandria*, taken as is ſuppos'd by one of the Duke of *Oſſuna*'s *Neopolitan* Gallies, ſcouring the Iſland of the *Archipelagus*, in which two Veſſels he loſt at leaſt ſeventy thouſand *Zechines*, it being the two third parts of his whole Eſtate; and now to maintain his greatneſs, and bear up his Port and Reputation, knowing *Souranza* to be infinitely rich, and his Wife *Victorina* young, amorous, and fair, he agrees with the Devil, and ſo reſolves to murther him, and then to marry her, which he knows, ſhe, above any earthly matter chiefly deſires. Lo here the foundation and project of a Murther, as lamentable as execrable! Neceſſity in baſe Spirits may be powerful, but in thoſe more vertuons and noble, it ſhould never be a pernicious and prodigious Counſellor; for there is as much generoſity and fortitude in ſupporting Poverty with Patience, as there is covetouſneſs in being ambitious to purchaſe Wealth with Infamy.

At the next interview and meeting of *Sypontus* and *Victorina*, ſhe like a bad Woman, a wicked wife, and a wretched creature, redoubleth him her complaints and diſcontents againſt her huſband; and becauſe *Sypontus* knows it wiſdom to ſtrike whilſt the Iron is hot, as alſo that time muſt taken by the Fore-lock, he like a wretched Politician lays hold of this occaſion and opportunity, and ſo conſenteth to the murther of her Husband; when from this bloody reſolution they paſs to the manner how to effect it: They conſult this lamentable buſineſs. *Victorina* (induſtrious in her Malice) propoſeth to poyſon him, and ſo to bury him in her little Garden: but *Sypontus* diſlikes this Project, and profers her to murther him in his *Gondola*, as he comes from *Lucifizina*; whereon they agree. So ſome ten days after, *Victorina* advertiſeth him, that

her

her Husband is to go to his house of Pleasure in the Country near *Padua*, on the bank of the River *Brenta*, where he is only to stay three days. *Sypontus* imbraceth this occasion, and continually wantonizing with his Wife in his absence, promiseth her to meet her Husband at his return, and then to dispatch him; which news, with a longing desire this miserable Curtezan *Victorina* attends him, with as much impatience as impudency. *Sypontus* in the mean time (in favour of twice ten *Zeckines*) is prepar'd of two wicked *Gondoliers*, or Watermen, who deeply vow and swear to conceal this Murther. So the precise day of *Souranza*'s departure from his Country-house being come, *Sypontus*, not to fail of his Promise to *Victorina*, in the execution of his bloody and damnable attempt, takes his *Gondola*, and hovers in the direct passage betwixt *Lucifizina* and *Venice*, for *Souranza*'s arrival, who, poor harmless Gentleman, loveth his young Wife so tenderly and dearly, as he thought this short time long that he had wandred from her, but he hath seen his last of her, and alas, alas! he shall see an end of himself; for about five of the Clock in the Evening (it being Summer-time) his usual hour of return, he takes *Gondola* at *Lucifizina*, for *Venice*, and near mid-way 'twixt both, *Sypontus* espies him, and the sooner because it being hot weather, and no wind stirring, *Souranza* had caused his Curtains to be withdrawn. *Sypontus* (inflam'd with boiling malice and revenge) with all possible celerity makes towards his *Gondola*, the which disguised and masked he enters, and there with his Poniard very devilishly stabs him three several times at the Heart, when falling down to his Feet, he most barbarously cut off his Beard and Nose, (that he might not be known) and so throws him into the Sea, as also his Watermen after him, that they might tell no tales: When having finish'd these execrable Murthers, he with his *Gondola*, with all possible speed hies first to *Murano*, and so lands by the *Patriarchy*, from thence by the *Arsenal*, and so to his own House behind St. *Servi*'s Church; thereby to cast a fairer varnish on this Villany, by landing and coming into the City another way. When being arrived at his House he that Night by a confident Servant of his, sends *Victorina* this Letter.

SYPONTUS *to* VICTORINA.

FAir and dear Victorina, *I have begun, and ended a business, which infinitely imports thy good and my content: The Party hath drunk his fill of White and Claret, and is now gone to his eternal rest; so a little time, I hope, will wipe off thy old Tears, and confirm thy new Joys. Be but as affectionate, as I secret, and as secret, as till death I will be affectionate, and thou needest neither fear my Fortunes, nor doubt thine own: Judge what I would do to enjoy thee, and for thy sake, sith I have already undertaken and acted a business of this nature. We must for a time refrain each others Company, that we may the sooner meet, and embrace, with more content, and less danger.*

SYPONTUS.

Victorina infinitely rejoiceth at this news, and the better to cloak her Malice, under the veil of Secrecy, she laments and complains to her Father of her Husband's long absence. *Souranza*'s Parents are by *Beraldi* acquainted herewith, they begin to find the time of his stay very long, and now resolve to send his Nephew, *Seignior Andrew Souranza* up the River *Brenta*, to know the cause thereof: He passeth and repasseth the Sluce of *Lucifizina*, and brings word that he departed thence for *Venice*, in a *Gondola*, four days since. *Victorina* his Wife grieves, and weeps at his absence; so do his own Parents and Friends, who enquire of all sides, but find comfort or news from none, what is become of him. And here Reader, before thy curiosity carry thee farther, I conjure thee to stand astonished and wonder, at the inscrutable and wonderful Judgment of God, in the detection of this Murther. For Fishermen some eight days after, casting out their Nets betwixt the Islands *La Lazareto* and St. *George Majore*, bring up this dead Body of murther'd *Souranza*, being well apparell'd: But chiefly for their own discharge, they bring the dead Corps to *Venice*, and land him at St. *Mark*'s Stairs; where they extend and expose his Body to be known of Passengers. Now behold further God's miraculous Providence, in the discovery and finding out hereof: For amongst the numberless number of spectators and walkers, who daily, and almost hourly frequent and adorn that famous Burse, and incomparable Palace, it happen'd that *Andrea Souranza* cast his Eye on this dead and Sea-wither'd Body; on whom he looks with as much stedfastness, as curiosity, as if nature had made his living Body a part of that dead; or as if his hot Blood had some sympathy and affinity with that of the dead Personage, which, long since, the coldness of the Sea had congeal'd and frozen: But at last espying a red spot in his Neck (under his right Ear) that he brought into the World with him, and which all the influence and vertue of the Water of the Sea had not Power to deface and wash away; as also observing a Wart over his left eye-lid, which Nature had given his Birth; and his Youth his Age: He passionately cries out before the World, that it is the Body of his Uncle, *Seignior Jovan Baptista Souranza*: So it is visited by his Parents

rents and Friends, and known to be the same; so they carried him to an adjoining House, and there divesting him naked, find that he hath three several wounds in his Body, either of a Sword or Poniard, which gives matter of talk, and administreth cause of admiration in all the City. So they bury him honourably according to his rank and degree, and all knowing him to be murther'd, infinitely bewail his untimely, and lament his mournful death: But especially his Wife *Victorina*, who having formerly play'd the Strumpet, then the Murtheress, now takes on the mask, and assumes the representation of an Hypocrite; outwardly seeming to die for Sorrow, when God, and her foul ulcerated Conscience know, that inwardly her Heart leap'd for Joy, thus to be depriv'd, and freed of her old Husband. Yea, and the more to blear the Eyes, and eclipse the Judgment of the World, for casting the least shadow of Suspicion on her for this unnatural Murther, she and her whole Family take on black and mourning Attire; and for her self in two Months after, never goes forth of her House, except to the Church where her Husband was buried: Where her Hypocrisie is so infinitely feigned, and dissembling, that she is often observ'd to bedew and wash his Tomb with Tears; but these *Crocodile*-Tears of hers, and these her false and treacherous Sorrows shall not avail her; for although God's Divine and Sacred Majesty be merciful in his Justice, yet he is so just in Mercies, as neither the Politick Secrecy of *Sypontus*, nor the Hypocritical Sorrows of *Victorina*, for this cruel murther, shall go either unmask'd or unpunish'd, but in their due appointed time, they shall be brought forth in their Colours, and made publick Examples, as well of Infamy as Destruction for the same: The manner is thus,

The deceas'd *Seignior Jovan Souranza* hath a younger Brother, nam'd *Seignior Heironymo Souranza*; who having carefully and curiously observ'd, that his Sister-in-Law *Victorina*, never perfectly nor dearly lov'd his Brother her Husband, and that she was never so familiar, nor dutiful to him, as it behoov'd her, during the term of her Marriage, which partly he attributed to the disparity of their Years, in respect of the frozenness of his Age, and the heat and freshness of her Youth; he began vehemently to suspect her of this Murther, which he often revolved and ruminated in his mind, as if the suggestion and perswasion thereof, not only bore probability, but truth with it: To which end, as the affection of a true Friend (much more of a Brother) should pass beyond the Grave, and not remain intomb'd, and buried in the dust thereof, he is resolv'd to put his best Wits and Invention upon the Tenter-hooks, to discover and reveal the same; to which end, he breaks with *Victorina*'s Gentlewoman, who waited on her in her Chamber, and who indeed was his own Niece, *Felicia*, to know what Gentlemen chiefly frequented her Lady, *Felicia* informs her Uncle, that *Seignior Sypontus* is many nights with her, that there is much affection and familiarity between them, and that he sends her many Letters. Her Uncle glad of the glimmering light, which he hopes will poduce a greater and perfecter, conjures her to intercept some of his Letters, for the more effectual discovery of his Brother's, and her Uncle's Death. So *Felicia* promiseth her best care and fidelity herein, and shortly effecteth it: For in few days after, being sent by her Lady *Victorina* to a Casket of hers to fetch her a new pair of *Roman* Gloves, she opening an Ivory Box, therein finds a Letter, which she reads, and seeing it signed by *Sypontus*, she thinks it no Sin to be false to her Lady, and true to her Uncle, and so very secretly and safely sends it to him; which indeed was the very Letter we have formery seen and read: Now is his Jealousie and Suspicion confirm'd. So vowing and sacrificing Revenge to his dead and murther'd Brother, away he goes to the three chief Judges of the forty, who sit on criminal causes; and very passionately accuseth *Sypontus* and *Victorina* for the Murther, committed on the Person of his Brother, *Seignior Jovan Baptista Souranza*, at Sea; whereupon they are both committed Prisoners, but sequestred in several Chambers. *Sypontus* is first examined, then *Victorina*; they both very constantly deny the Murther, and with many sugred words, and subtle evasions, intimate, and insinuate their Innocencies therein: So the next day the Judges produce *Sypontus*'s own Letter; the sight whereof extreamly afflicteth and vexeth him, but he is constant in his denial, and resolute in that constancy, and so takes on a brazen face, and with many asseverations and imprecations, again and again denies it; averring, It is not his hand, but a meer Imposture and Invention of his Enemies, who have counterfeited it, purposely to procure his Ruin and Destruction; yet inwardly to himself he feareth all is discover'd, and that there is no means left him to escape death, whose image and form he now too apparently and fatally sees before his Eyes. So he is sent back to his Prison, and his Judges in the *interim* consult on his Fact; where he is no sooner arrived, but bolting his Chamber privately to himself, he considering that either *Victorina*, or some for her, had betrayed him by his own Letter, he, in bitter fury of Choler and Passion, throws away his Hat, now crosseth his Arms, and then beats his Breast, and stamping with his Feet, at last very low to himself, bandeth forth these Speeches.

And

And is it poſſible, that I muſt now loſe my Life thro' *Victorina* her Folly, and Treachery, into whoſe hands I repos'd both my ſecrets and it? Have I done what I have done for her ſake, and is this the requital ſhe gives me? And ſith there is no other Witneſs, muſt mine own Letter be produc'd in Juſtice againſt me? What will I not do? What have I not done for her ſake? Woe is me, that I ſhould live to be rewarded with this monſtrous and inhumane Ingratitude; when for ſorrow and indignation, not able to contain himſelf, he takes Pen and Paper, and writes *Victorina* this enſuing Letter.

SYPONTUS *to* VICTORINA.

IS it poſſible that thy Affection to me hath been all this while feigned, and that thou, whom I truſted with all my ſecrets, art now become the only woman of the World to betray me? I have hazarded my Life for thy ſake; and muſt I now be ſo unfortunate and wretched, to loſe it through thy Treachery? When I bore matters with ſuch care and ſecreſie, that no Witneſs whatſoever could be produced againſt me, muſt mine own Letter, which was ſafely delivered thee, be brought forth to convict me of my Crime, and ſo to incur Death, which otherwiſe I had avoided? Is this the reward of my Love? Is this thy recompence of my Affection? O Victorina! Victorina! *Such is my tender eſteem of thy ſweet Youth and Beauty, that had I enjoyed a thouſand Lives, I would have reputed my ſelf happy to have loſt them all for thy ſake and ſervice: And having but one, wilt thou be ſo cruel to deprive me thereof? But that my Loyalty and my Affection may ſhine in thy Malice, take this for thy comfort, that as I have ever lived, ſo I will now die thy true Servant and faithful Lover.*

SYPONTUS.

But obſerve here the error of *Sypontus*'s Judgment; for whilſt he imputes it to *Victorina*'s treachery, that his Letter will occaſion his death, he is ſo irreligious and impious, as he looks not up to Heaven, to conſider that the detection thereof proceeds from God's immediate Finger and Providence. No, no. For the Devil yet holds his thoughts ſo faſt captivated and entangled in the ſnares of *Victorina*'s Beauty, as he hath not yet the grace to look from his Crime, to his Repentance; nor conſequently from Earth to Heaven: But like a prophane *Libertine*, and unregenerated Perſon, being within a ſmall point of time near his End, he yet thinks not of his Soul, nor of God, but only dallies away the remainder of his hours in the miſerable contemplation of his fond affection, and beaſtly Senſuality.

By this time *Victorina* hath receiv'd his Letter; at the news and reading whereof, ſuch is the paſſion of her Frenzy, which ſhe (tho' unjuſtly) terms love, that ſhe is all in tears, ſighs, and lamentable exclamations; ſhe knows it impoſſible for any other of the World to be the revealer of *Sypontus*'s Letter, but only her Maid *Felicia*, whom in her uncharitable revenge ſhe curſeth to the pit of Hell: But that which adds a greater torment to her torments, and a more ſenſible degree of Affliction to her miſerable Sorrows, is, to ſee that her *Sypontus* (whom by many degrees ſhe loves far dearer than her Life) ſiniſterly ſuſpecteth her fidelity towards him; yea, ſo far, as he not only calls her affection, but her treachery in queſtion: And this indeed ſeems to drown her in her Tears. But yet notwithſtanding, ſo fervent is her Love towards him, as the fear of his Death draws her to a reſolution of her own: So if *Sypontus* die, ſhe vows ſhe will be her own accuſer, and ſo not live, but die with him. Strange effects of Love, or rather of Folly, ſith Love being irregular, and taking falſe objects, (in its true character) is not Love but Folly: To which end, calling for Ink and Paper, ſhe bitterly weeping, indites and ſends him theſe few Lines, in anſwer of his.

VICTORINA *to* SYPONTUS.

I Were the moſt wretched and ingrateful Lady of the World; yea, a Lady who ſhould not then deſerve either to ſee or live in the World, if Victorina *ſhould any way prove treacherous to* Sypontus, *who hath ſtill been ſo true and kind to her. But believe me, dear* Sypontus, *and I ſpeak in the Preſence of God, upon peril of my Soul, I am as innocent as that Witch, that Devil, my Maid* Felicia, *is guilty of the producing of thy Letter, which I fear will prove thy Death; and rejoice, that in it, it ſhall likewiſe prove mine. For, to clear my ſelf of Ingratitude and Treachery, as I have lived, ſo I will die with thee; that as we mutually participated the Joys of Life, ſo we may the Torments of Death: For although thy Letter accuſe me not of my Husband* Souranza's *Murther, yet that my affection may ſhine in my loyalty, and that in my affection, I will not ſurvive, but die with thee, I will accuſe my ſelf to my Judges, not only as acceſſary, but as Author of that Murther: And this reſolution of mine I write thee with Tears, and will ſhortly ſeal it with my Blood.*

VICTORINA.

Sypontus in the midſt of his perplexities and ſorrows, receives this Letter from *Victorina*, the ſweetneſs of whoſe Affection and Conſtancy, much revives his Joy, and comforteth him: For now her innocency defaceth his ſuſpicion of her Ingratitude and Treachery; and withal, he plainly ſees, and truly believes, that it was *Felicia*, not *Victorina*, that brought this Letter to light. But when he deſcends to the latter part of the Letter, and finds her reſolution to die with him, then he condemns his former error in taxing her, and in requital, loves her ſo tenderly and dearly, that he vows he will be ſo far from accuſing her as acceſſary of her Husband's Murther, as both the Rack, and his Death ſhall clear and proclaim her Innocency. Had the ground of theſe fervent and reciprocal affections of *Victorina* and *Sypontus* been laid in Vertue, as they were in Vice; or in Chaſtity, and not in Luſt and Adultery, they would have given cauſe to the whole World as juſtly to praiſe, as now to diſpraiſe them; and then to have been as ambitious of their Imitation, as now of their Contempt and Deteſtation.

So *Sypontus* (as before) having fully and definitively reſolv'd, not to accuſe but to clear *Victorina* of this Murther; as alſo that he would die alone, and leave her youth and beauty to the enjoying of many more Earthly Pleaſures; he expecting hourly to be ſent for before his Judges, to ſit upon his Torment or Death, thinking himſelf bound both in affection and honour, to ſignifie to *Victorina* his Pleaſure herein, he craves his Jaylor's abſence; and with much Affection and Paſſion, writes her this his laſt Letter.

SYPONTUS *to* VICTORINA.

SWeet Victorina, *thy Letter hath given me ſo full ſatisfaction, as I repent me of my raſh credulity conceived againſt thy Affection and Conſtancy, and now lay the fault of the diſcovery of my Letter, where it is, and ought to be, on* Felicia, *not on thy ſelf. It is with a ſorrowful, but true preſage, that I foreſee my Life haſtens to her Period: The Rack is already prepared for my Torments, and I hourly expect when I ſhall be fetch'd to receive them, which for thy ſake I will embrace and ſuffer with as much Conſtancy as Patience. I will deny my own guiltineſs the firſt time, but not the ſecond, but in my Torments and Death, I will requit thee of thine, with as true a reſolution, as Earth expects to loſe me, and, I hope to find Heaven. Therefore by all the Bonds of Love and Affection that ever have been betwixt us, I firſt pray, then conjure thee to change thy reſolution, and to ſtand on thine Innocence. For if thou wilt, or deſireſt to gratifie me with thy laſt affection and courteſie at my Death, let me bear this one Content and Joy to my Grave, That* Victorina *will live for* Sypontus's *ſake, though* Sypontus *die for hers.*

SYPONTUS.

He had no ſooner ſent away this his Letter to *Victorina*, but he himſelf is ſent for to appear before his Judges, who upon his ſecond examination and denial adjudged him to the Rack; which he endured with admirable patience and conſtancy; yea, he cannot be drawn to confeſs, but ſtands firm in his denial, and not only clears himſelf, but alſo aquits *Victorina*. *Hieronymo Souranza* doth, notwithſtanding, earneſtly follow and ſollicite the Judges; and God, out of his immenſe Mercy, and profound Providence, ſo ordaineth, that their Conſciences ſuggeſt and prompt them, that *Sypontus* is the actor of this execrable Murther. Wherefore the next day they adminiſter him double Torment; when lo, his reſolution and ſtrength failing him, he acknowledgeth the Letter his, and confeſſeth, it was himſelf that had murthered *Seigniour Jovan Baptiſta Souranza*; but withal, proteſteth conſtantly, that *Victorina* is innocent, and no way acceſſary hereunto. The Judges rejoice at *Sypontus*'s Confeſſion, as much as they grieve at the foulneſs of his Fact; And ſo, altho' they were alſo deſirous to hang him, yet conſidering he was a *Venetian* Gentleman (and conſequently had a great Voice in the great Counſel of the *Seigniory*) they adjudge him the next day to loſe his Head betwixt the two Columns at St. *Mark*'s *Place*, and ſo for that Night ſend him back to his Priſon to prepare himſelf to die. *Sypontus* is no ſooner departed from them, but they conſult on *Victorina*, whether ſhe were guilty or innocent of her Husband *Souranza*'s Murther: But they differ in opinion, ſome would likewiſe have her Racked; but others of them, more adviſed and modeſt, reply, that *Sypontus*'s Letter intimated only his affection to *Victorina*, but no way her malice to her dead Husband *Souranza*, nor that ſhe was any way guilty or acceſſary to his Murther: So they reſolve to forbear her, and not to put her to the Torment, except *Sypontus* accuſe her at his Execution. Now the very Night that he was to die the next Morn, he infinitely deſires his Jaylor to permit him to confer with *Victorina*, and take his laſt leave of her; which is denied him, as having receiv'd Command from Authority to the contrary: Whereat extreamly grieving, he is called away by ſome Divines, whom the Charity of that grave Senate ſend him, to prepare and direct his Soul

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in her passage and transmigration to Heaven. So passing the Night in Tears and Prayers for the foulness his Crime, the Morn being come, and nine of the Clock strucken, he is brought to the Scaffold, where a World of People concur and flock from all parts of the City, to see this wretched and unfortunate Gentleman act the last Scene and part of his Life upon this infamous *Theatre*. Here *Sypontus* freely confesseth his foul Murther of *Souranza*, but is yet so vain and wretched, as he takes it on his Death, that *Victorina* is absolutely innocent hereof; He seems to be very repentant and sorrowful for all his Sins in general, and for this Murther in particular.

For expiation and reward hereof, his Head is sever'd from his Body; a just recompence and punishment for so vicious and bloody a Gentleman, who adhereing to Adultery more than Chastity, to Revenge than Charity, and to the Devil than God; forgot himself so far, as to commit this execrable and lamentable Murther.

Now, the order and *Decorum* of our History, leads from dead *Sypontus* to living *Victorina*; who, I know not whether more griev'd at his Death, or rejoic'd, that on the Rack and Scaffold he hath acquitted her of her Husband's Murther. In a word, it is remarkable to behold the vanity and inconstancy of this female Monster; for, contrary to her Vows, and repugnant to her Letters, Tears, *Sypontus* is no sooner dead, but her affection towards him dies with him: Yea, his Blood is scarce so soon cold, as her Zeal and Friendship; for she now holds it a pure folly to cast away her youth and life, if she may preserve the one, and save the other; and therefore resolves to try her best art and wit, to make her Innocency pass current with her Judges; yea, so desirous and ambitious is she to live, as her female Heart hath drawn on this masculine fortitude and generosity, that, if occasion present, she will constantly both out-dare and out-brave the torments of the Rack, thereby to prevent her death.

Some three days after *Sypontus* was executed, the Judges again sit and consult on *Victorina*, but finding no Evidence nor Witness to accuse her, they at first are of opinion to discharge and free her; only they deem it requisite to terrifie, but not to torment her with the Rack, before they give her her Liberty, whereunto they all agree. So they send for her, and threaten her with the Rack: But she vows, that all the Torments in the World shall never enforce her to confess an untruth, and that she never had the least suspicion that *Sypontus* was guilty of this execrable Murther of her Husband: Her Judges will not yet believe her; so they cause her to be carried to the Rack, whereunto she very chearfully and patiently permits herself to be fastened, bidding the Executioner do his worst; which constancy of hers, her Judges seeing and hearing, they, in pity and commiseration, as well of her youth and beauty, as to her descent, and the tears and prayers of venerable old *Beraldi* her Father, cause her to be loosed, and so in open Court acquit and discharge her.

Here we see this wretched Courtezan *Victorina* acquitted of her Judges for her Husband's Murther, so as triumphing more in her good Fortune, than her Innocency; she now thinks the Storm of her Punishment past and over-blown, and that no future trouble can be reserved for her, or she for it: But her hopes will deceive her: For although she had made her Peace with Earth, yet she hath not with Heaven, and although she hath deluded the Eyes of her Judges, yet she shall not those of God; but when his appointed hour, and her due time is come, then her Crimes and Sins, her Adultery and Murther, shall draw down vengeance from Heaven, to her Confusion. In the mean time we shall see this Monster, and disgrace of her Sex, make such bad use of her former danger, as she will again add Blood to Blood, and Murther to Murther: But God will reserve not only the rod of his Wrath for her Correction, but the full Vials of his Indignation for her Confusion; as the sequel will shew thee.

Six Months are scarce past, since the Murther of her Husband *Souranza*, and the Execution of her *Enamoreta*, *Sypontus*, but she hath already quite forgotten these two mournful and tragical accidents; and which is more, she is so frolick and youthful, as she hath thrown off her mourning Attire, and drawn on her rich Apparel, and glittering Jewels, whereof the curiosity of the nobler sort of Gentlemen and Ladies of the City take exact observation; and tho' *Beraldi* and *Lucia*, her Father and Mother, herein tax her of her Indiscretion and Immodesty, yet she thinks her self exempt of their Commands, and therefore will do it, out of the ambitious priviledge of her own uncontrollable Authority and willfulness. Besides, her thoughts are so youthful, and her carriage so light, as notwithstanding she came (as it were) but now from burying of her first Husband, yet she is resolv'd without delay, to have a second; her Father and Mother check her of levity and incivility in embracing this resolution, but in vain; for her impudency returns them this immodest answer, that she will not trifle away her time, but Marry. They advise her to be cautious, and to do nothing rashly in this her second Match; that the misfortune and scandal of her first may no more reflect on her. But she will make choice of her self by the Eyes of her youth, and not by those

of their Age; by those of her own Fancy, and not by these of their Election. Her Husband *Souranza* died rich, both in Lands and Monies, and his Widdow *Victorina*, without any opposition, enjoyeth all: So she needs not look out for Suiters, for there are Gallants enough, who sue and seek her; but of them all, he whom she best and chiefly affecteth, is one *Seigniour Ludovicus Fassino*, a very neat and proper young Gentleman of the City, rich and well descended; his Parents and Kinsmen for the most part being *Clarissimo's*, and *Senators*, and all of them Gentlemen of *Venice*; and him *Victorina* desires and resolves to make her Husband, grounding her chiefest reason and affection on this resolution and foundation, that as *Souranza* was too old for her, so *Fassino* was young enough, and therefore fit to be her Husband, and she his Wife, measuring him wholly by his exteriour Personage, and not so much as once prying either into his Vices or Vertues. *Fassino*, who carries a vicious and pernicious Heart, under a pleasing gesture and tongue, and loving *Victorina*'s Wealth more than her Beauty, observing her affection and respect to him, seeks, courts, and wins her. Her Parents understanding hereof, as also that *Fassino* is a vicious and debauch'd Gentleman, with all their possible Power and Authority, they seek to divert their Daughter from him. But she is deaf to their requests, and is resolved, that as she followed the stream of their Commands in her first Match, so she will now the current of her own Pleasures and Affections in this her second: And so, to the wonder of *Venice*, and the grief of all her Parents and Friends, before she had above ten days conferr'd with *Fassino*, she marries him. But this Match shall not succeed according to their desires; for *Victorina* shall shortly repent it, and *Fassino* as soon rue and smart for it; sith it is a *Maxim*, that sudden Affections prove seldom prosperous; for if they have not time to settle and take root, they are incident as soon to fade as flourish, especially if they are contracted and grounded more for Lust than Love, and more for Wealth than Vertue.

The first Month of this Marriage, *Fassino* keeps good correspondence and observance with his Wife, but thenceforth he breaks Pale, and rangeth; for the truth is, altho' he were but a young Gentleman, yet (which is lamentable) he was an old Whoremaster, which lascivious Profession of his, threatens the ruine, not only of his Health, but of his Fortune and Reputation; so now, when he should be at home he is abroad; yea, not only by Day, but by Night, that upon the whole, *Victorina* is more a Widdow than a Wife: At which unlook'd and unwish'd for news, she not only bites the Lip, but often puts finger in her Eye and weeps; for it gripes and grieves her at Heart, to see her self thus slighted, neglected, and abused by *Fassino*, whom of the Gallants of the City, she had elected and chosen for her Husband; she is infinitely grieved hereat, and yet her Jealousie infinitely exceeds her grief and sorrow: And now, as graceless as she is, she thinks God hath purposely sent her this lascivious *Fassino* for her second Husband, as a just plague and punishment, to revenge her Adultery committed against *Souranza* her first; so had she had more grace, and less vanity and impiety, she would have made better use of this consideration, and not so soon forgot it, and, in it, her self.

Now, as it is the nature of Jealousie, to have more Eyes than *Argus*, and so to pry and see every where; *Victorina*'s Curiosity, or rather her Malice herein, finds out that her Husband *Fassino* familiarly frequenteth and useth the Company of many Courtezans, especially of the Lady *Paleriana*, one of the most famous and reputed Beauties of *Venice*: And this news indeed strikes her at the very gall with sorrow and vexation; fain she would reform and remedy this vice of her Husband, but how, she knows not: For she sees little or no hope to reclaim him, sith he not only tenderly loves *Paleriana*, but, which is worse, she apparently sees, that for her sake, he contemns her self and her company; for when he comes home, he hath no delight in her, but only in his Lute or Books, which is but to pass his melancholly hours, for his Lady *Paleriana*'s absence, till he again revisit her; so as wholly neglected, and as I may truly say, almost forsaken of her Husband, she knows not what to do, nor how to bear her self in those furious storms of her Grief, and miserable tempest of her Jealousie; but of two different courses to reclaim him from this his Sin of Whoredom, she takes the worst; for instead of counselling and disswading her Husband, she torments him with a thousand scandalous and injurious Speeches: But this instead of quenching, doth but only bring Oyl to the flame of his Lust; for if he repair'd home to her seldom before, now he scarce at all comes near her; so as she is a Wife, yet no Wife; and hath a Husband, yet no Husband; but this is not the way to reclaim him, for fair Speeches and sweet Exhortations may prevail, when Choller cannot.

And now it is that this wretched and execrable Lady, again assumes bloody resolutions against her second Husband as she had formerly done against her first, vowing that he shall die, e're she will live to be thus contemn'd and abus'd of him; yea, her hot Love to him is soon grown cold, and her fervent affections, already so frozen, that now she thinks on nothing else

but

but how to be reveng'd, and to be rid of him; and is ſo impious and graceleſs, as ſhe cares not how, nor in what manner ſoever ſhe ſend him from this World to another: For the Devil hath drawn a reſolution from her, or rather ſhe from the Devil, that here he ſhall not much longer live. Good God! what an impious and wretched Fury of Hell will *Victorina* prove her ſelf here on Earth? For the blood and life of one Husband cannot quench the thirſt of her luſt and revenge, but ſhe muſt and will imbrue her hands in that of two; as if 'twere not enough for her to trot, but that ſhe will needs gallop and ride poſt to Hell. O what pity is it to ſee a Lady ſo wretched and execrable! O what an execrable wretchedneſs is it, to ſee a Lady ſo inhumane, and ſo devoid of pity! But the Devil is ſtrong with her, becauſe her faith is weak with God; therefore ſhe will advance, ſhe will not retire in this her bloody deſign and reſolution. Wherefore we ſhall ſhortly ſee *Faſſino*'s Adultery puniſh'd with death, by his Wife *Victorina*'s revenge; and this Murther of hers juſtly rewarded and reveng'd with the puniſhment of her own: The bloodier our actions are, the ſeverer God's Judgments, and the ſharper his revenge will be.

Of all ſorts and degrees of inhumane and violent deaths, this wretched Lady *Victorina* thinks Poyſon the ſureſt, and yet the moſt ſecret to diſpatch her Husband. This Invention came immediately from the Devil, and is only practiſed by his Members, of which number ſhe will deſperately and damnably make her ſelf one: Her Luſt and Revenge, like miſerable Advocates, and fatal Orators, perſwade her to this execrable attempt, wherein by cutting off her Husband's Life, ſhe ſhall find, that ſhe likewiſe caſts away her own Life. So neither grace nor nature prevailing, ſhe ſends for an Apothecary, nam'd *Auguſtino*; and when ſhe hath conjur'd, and he promis'd his ſecrecy, ſhe acquaints him, that her new Husband *Faſſino* keeps Courtezans to her noſe, and daily and hourly offereth her many other inſupportable abuſes and diſgrace; in requital and revenge whereof ſhe is reſolved to poyſon him, and prays him to undertake and perform it, and that ſhe'll reward him with three hundred *Zeckines* for his labour.

Of all Profeſſions and Faculties, there are good and bad; *Auguſtino* loves God too well, herein to obey the Devil; he hath too much grace, to be ſo impious and graceleſs, and vows that he will not buy Gold at ſo dear a rate, as the price of Blood, ſo as a good Chriſtian and a true Child of God, he not only refuſeth *Victorina*'s motion and proffer, but in religious terms, ſeeks to divert and perſwade her from this her bloody attempt. But ſhe is reſolute in her Malice, and willful in her Revenge, and therefore will perform it her ſelf, ſith *Auguſtino* will not: So (by a ſecond hand) ſhe procures poyſon from a ſtrange *Emperick*; whereof the City of *Venice*, more than others of *Italy*, aboundeth: So ſhe only waits for an opportunity, which very ſhortly, though alas, too ſoon, preſents it ſelf; the manner thus.

It's impoſſible that *Faſſino*'s diſſolute life, and extream debauchery can keep him long from ſickneſs; for this Puniſhment is always incident and hereditary to that ſin. He complains thereof to his wife *Victorina*, who receives this news rather with gladneſs, than commiſeration and pity, and ſo taking his Bed, he prays her to make him ſome comfortable hot Broth for his ſtomach: Which news ſhe hears, and embraceth inwardly with Joy, outwardly with diſdain. For albeit ſhe lays hold of this opportunity to poyſon him, yet ſhe diſſembles her Malice, and the better to colour her Villany, becauſe ſhe knows it the ſmoother and ſhorter way to be reveng'd in poyſoning him, ſhe will not make the Broth her ſelf, but commands her Maid *Felicia* to do it, (of whom we have formerly ſpoken, in the diſcovery of *Sypontus*'s Letter to her Uncle *Hieronymo Souranza*) which treacherous office of hers, our malicious and deviliſh *Victorina* her Lady and Miſtreſs, hath now a Plot in her head, to requite with an execrable and helliſh recompence: For while *Felicia* is boyling of the Broth, her Lady *Victorina* trips to her Chamber and Cloſet, and fetcheth out the Poyſon, invellop'd in a Paper, whereof ſhe takes two parts and brings down with her, and whilſt ſhe had purpoſely ſent *Felicia* from the Fire, ſhe runs and throws it into the Broth, which for the preſent no whit alter'd the colour thereof: So *Faſſino* call'd for it, this poor innocent Gentlewoman *Felicia* (not ſuſpecting or dreaming of Poyſon) gives it him, which (as ignorant thereof) he ſups up; and this was about nine or ten of the Clock in the Morning.

Now while *Felicia* is acting this mournful tragedy on *Faſſino* in his Chamber, her Lady *Victorina* is acting another in hers; for ſhe takes the other third part of the Poyſon, and ſecretly opening *Felicia*'s Trunk, puts it into a painted Box which ſhe found therein, and ſo locks it again, hoping (tho' indeed with a wretched and helliſh hope) that her Husband being dead, his Body open'd, and the Poyſon found in her Trunk, ſhe would give out that *Felicia* had poyſon'd him with Broth that Morn, and this found in her Cheſt, would make her guilty of the Murther: For which ſhe knew ſhe muſt needs die. See, ſee the deviliſh double Malice of this wretched Lady *Victorina*, as well to her husband *Faſſino*, as her Maid *Felicia*! But as finely as the Devil hath taught her to ſpin the thread of this her malice and revenge, yet tho' her Plot have taken effect and hold of her Husband, nevertheleſs ſhe ſhall in the end fail of hers to innocent *Felicia*: In the Interim, though to the Eyes of the World it ſeem at firſt to ſucceed according to

her

her desires by the by, yet it shall not in the main: But that Murther, and this Treason of *Victorina* shall not go long either undetected, or unpunish'd.

This Poyson working in *Fassino*'s Stomach and Body, begins by degrees to cut off his vital Spirits, so as his strength falls him, his red Cheeks already look pale and earthy, and his Body infinitely swells: He calls for his wife *Victorina*, who with all haste and expedition came, tells her secretly, that he fears *Felicia* hath poyson'd him with the Broth she gave him in the Morning, and so requesteth her to send for his Parents and Friends to be present at his Death, for live he could not. *Victorina* like a dissembling she-devil, tears her Hair for anger, and for meer sorrow seems to drown her self in her tears at this news, kisseth and fawns on her Husband, and in all possible haste sends away of all sides for his Kinsfolk and Friends, who hastily repair thither and find *Fassino* almost dead; so, they with Tears enquire his Sickness, when with open Voice his Wife *Victorina* cries out, that her wretched Maid *Felicia* had with Broth that Morn poyson'd him; which *Fassino*'s Memory and Tongue yet served him to confess and aver, word for word, as his Wife *Victorina* had related them: Whereat they are all sorrowful and weep, and then, and there cause *Felicia* to be apprehended and shut fast in a Chamber; who (poor harmless young Gentlewoman) is amazed at the terrour and strangeness of this news, and cries out, and weeps so bitterly, as she seems to melt her self into tears, only she knows her self innocent; and yet fears that this Malice and Revenge proceeds to her from her Lady *Victorina*. Whilst *Felicia* is thus under sure keeping, her Master *Fassino* dies; which news is soon dispersed and divulged abroad, to the grief and admiration of the whole City. The next Morn the Criminal Judges are advertized hereof, who repair to *Fassino*'s House; who by this time is dead, and there see his breathless Carcass, which they order to be opened: The Poyson is plainly found on his Stomack in its natural pristine colour; when examining first *Felicia*, then *Victorina*'s Parents, they report *Fassino*'s own words uttered a little before his Death, that *Felicia* had that Morn poysoned him with Broth; which is averred by *Victorina*, who saith, she saw her give it him. So they send away poor *Felicia* to Prison, but yet with a vehement suspicion, that this poyson'd Arrow came out of *Victorina*'s own Quiver, which they the sooner believe, in respect of her former troubles, and suspicions for the Murther of her Husband *Souranza*. So the Judges return and betake themselves that very instant, to their Tribunal of Justice, in the Duke's Palace of St. *Mark*, where they send for *Felicia*, who is brought them unaccompanied of any; for, as misfortune would, both her Uncle *Hieronymo*, and her Cousin *Andrea Souranza*, were then at *Corfu*, employed in some publick affairs for the Seigniory. The Judges examine *Felicia* concerning the Broth and Poyson she gave her Master, she bitterly sighing and weeping, confesseth the Broth, but denies the Poyson; vowing by her part, and hope of Heaven, she neither touch'd nor knew what Poyson was, and desired no favour of them, if it were found or proved against her; whhal, she acquaints them, that she fears it is a trick of Malice and Revenge, clapt on her by her Lady *Victorina*, for the discovery of *Sypontus*'s Letter. And to speak the truth, the Judges in their Hearts partly adhere and concur with her in this opinion: They demand of her whether her Lady *Victorina* touch'd this Broth, either by the Fire or the Bed? She according to the Truth, answer'd, that to her knowledge or sight, she touch'd it not, nor no other but her self. So they send her again to Prison, and return speedily to *Fassino*'s House; where committing *Victorina* to a sure Guard, they ascend her Chamber and Closet, search all her Trunks, Caskets, and Boxes, for Poyson, but find none: And the like they do to *Felicia*'s Trunks, which they break open, she having the Key; and in a Box find a quantity of the same Poyson, whereby it was apparent she absolutely poysoned her Master *Fassino*. The Judges having thus found out, and reveal'd, as they thought, the true Author of the Murther, they descend again, examine *Victorina*, and so acquit her. Poor *Felicia* is advertized hereof; whereat she is amaz'd and astonish'd, and thinks that some Witch or Devil cast it there for her destruction. She is again sent for before her Judges, who produce the Poyson found in her Trunk: She denies both the Poyson and the Murther, with many sighs and tears: So they adjudge her to the Rack, which Torment she suffereth with much Patience and Constancy; notwithstanding her Judges considering that she made and gave *Fassino* the Broth, that none touch'd it but her self, that he died of it, and that they found the remainder of the Poyson in her Trunk, they think her the Murtherer; so they pronounce Sentence, that the next Morning she shall be hanged at St. *Mark*'s Place. She poor Soul is returned to her Prison; she bewails her misfortune thus to die, and be cast away innocently, taxing her Judges of injustice, as her Soul is ready to answer it to God.

All *Venice* prateth of this cruel Murther committed by this young Gentlewoman, but for her Lady *Victorina*, she triumphs and laughs like a Gipsie, to see how with this one stone she hath given two strokes, and how one poor Drug hath freed her this day of her Husband

Fassino,

Faſſino, and will to Morrow of *Felicia*, of whom ſhe rejoiceth in her ſelf, that now ſhe hath cried quittance for the diſcovery of *Sypontus*'s Letter, which procured his Death: But her hopes may deceive her, or rather the Devil will deceive both her and her hopes too. How true or falſe, righteous or ſinful our actions be, God in his due time will make them appear in their naked colours, and reward thoſe with glory, and theſe with ſhame.

The next Morn, according to the laudable cuſtom of *Venice*, the Mourners of the Seigniory accompany our ſorrowful *Felicia* to the place of Execution, where ſhe modeſtly aſcended the Ladder, with much ſilence, penſiveneſs, and affliction: At the ſight of whoſe Youth and Beauty, moſt of that great and infinity of Spectators cannot refrain from Tears, and commiſerating and pittying, that ſo ſweet a young Gentlewoman ſhould come to ſo infamous and untimely a Death. When *Felicia* lifting up her hands, and erecting her eyes and her heart towards Heaven, ſhe briefly ſpeaks to this effect. She takes Heaven and Earth to witneſs, that ſhe is innocent of the poyſoning of her Maſter *Faſſino*, and ignorant how that Poyſon ſhould be brought into her Trunk: That as her knowledge cannot accuſe, ſo her Conſcience will not acquit her Lady *Victorina* of that Fact, only ſhe leaves the detection and judgment thereof to God, that being ready to forſake the World, ſith the World is reſolved to forſake her, ſhe as much triumphs in her Innocency as grieves at her Misfortune: And that ſhe may not not only appear in Earth, but be found in Heaven a true Chriſtian, ſhe firſt forgives her Lady *Victorina*, and her Judges, and then beſeecheth God to forgive her all her ſins, whereunto ſhe humbly, and heartily prays all that are preſent, to add their Prayers to hers: And ſo ſhe begins to take off her Band, and to prepare her ſelf to die.

Now, *Chriſtian Reader*, what humane Wiſdom, or Earthly Capacity, would here conceive or think, that there were any ſublunary means left for this comfortleſs Gentlewoman *Felicia*, either to hope for Life, or to flatter her ſelf that ſhe could avoid Death? But lo, as the Children of God cannot fall, becauſe he is the Defender of the Innocent, and the Protector of the Righteous, therefore we ſhall ſee to our Comfort, and find to God's Glory, that this innocent young Gentlewoman ſhall be miraculouſly freed of her dangers, and Puniſhment, and her inveterate arch-enemy *Victorina* brought in her ſtead, to receive this ſhameful death, in expiation of the horrible Murthers of her two Husbands, which God will now diſcover, and make apparent to the Eyes of the World: For as the Friers and Nuns prepare *Felicia*, to take her laſt farewel of this World, and ſo to ſhut up her Life in the direful and mournful Cataſtrophe of her Death; behold, by the Providence and Mercy of God, the Apothecary, *Auguſtino* (of whom this our Hiſtory hath formerly made an honeſt and religious mention) arrives from Cape *Iſtria*, and having left his Ship at *Malmocco*, lands in a Gondola at St. *Mark*'s ſtairs; when knowing and ſeeing an execution towards, he thruſt himſelf in amongſt the crowd of People, where beholding ſo young and ſo fair a Gentlewoman ready to die, he demands of thoſe next by him, what ſhe was, and her Crime; when being anſwered, that her name was *Felicia*, a waiting Gentlewoman to the Lady *Victorina*, who had poyſoned her Maſter *Faſſino*; at the very firſt report of the names of *Victorina*, and her Husband *Faſſino*, *Auguſtino*'s Blood flaſheth up in his Face, and his Heart began to beat within him, when demanding if no other were acceſſary to this murther, he was informed that her Lady *Victorina* was vehemently ſuſpected thereof, but ſhe was cleared, and only *Felicia*, this young Gentlewoman found guilty thereof; which words were no ſooner deliver'd him; but God putting into his Heart and Remembrance, that this Lady *Victorina* would have formerly ſeduced him for three hundred *Zeckines*, to have poyſoned her Husband *Faſſino*, he confidently believing this young Gentlewoman innocent hereof, with all poſſible ſpeed, as faſt as his Legs could drive, he runs up to the South-Eaſt part of the corner of the Gallery of the Duke's Palace, where the Officers ſit to ſee the Execution done; the which he requeſteth at that time to ſtop, becauſe he hath ſomething to ſay concerning the Murther of Seigniour *Faſſino*. Whereupon they call out to the Executioner to forbear: Which bred infinite admiration in all the Spectators, as wondring at the cauſe and reaſon hereof, when, in conſtant and diſcreet terms, *Auguſtino* informs the Judges, that he thinks *Felicia* innocent, and her Lady *Victorina* guilty of this Murther, and ſo relates them the manner, time, and place, where *Victorina* her ſelf ſeduced him to poyſon her Husband *Faſſino*, how ſhe proffer'd him three hundred *Zeckines* to perform it, which he refuſed, and to the utmoſt of his power ſought to diſſwade her from this bloody and execrable buſineſs. The Judges are aſtoniſhed at the ſtrangeneſs of this news, which they begin confidently to believe; and ſo bleſs the hour of *Auguſtino*'s Arrival, that hath with-held them from ſpilling the Innocent Blood of *Felicia*; when commanding her from the place of Execution, to her Priſon, they inſtantly give order for the Lady *Victorina*'s apprehenſion, who already

already had built Trophies and triumphs of Joy in her Heart, to ſee that all her bloody deſigns ſo well ſucceeded. But now is the Lord's appointed time come, wherein all her cruel Murthers, Whoredom, Treachery, and Hypocriſie, ſhall be brought to light and puniſh'd: Yea, now it ſhall no longer be in her Power, or in that of the Devil, her Schoolmaſter, and Seducer, either to diminiſh the leaſt part of her Puniſhment, or to add the leaſt moment or point of time to her Life. She is all in tears at her apprehenſion, but they rather ingender envy than pity, in her Judges: And ſo from the delights and pleaſures of her Houſe, ſhe is haſtily conveyed to Priſon.

Her Judges, in honour to the ſacred dignity of Juſtice (the Queen of Earth, and Daughter of Heaven) confront her with *Auguſtino*, who avers his former depoſitions as conſtantly in her Face, as ſhe denies it impudently in his. But this will not avail her: For now God hath made the probabilities, or rather the ſight of her Crime too apparent. So without any regard to her Prayers, Tears, or Exclamations, they adjudge her to the Rack, where the tenderneſs of her Limbs, the ſharpneſs of her Torments, but eſpecially the griefs and pinches of her Conſcience make her acquit *Felicia*, acknowledgeth *Auguſtino*'s Evidence, and condemn her ſelf to be the Author both of her firſt Husband's ſtabbing, and alſo her ſecond's poyſoning: Her Judges as much praiſe God for her Confeſſion, as they deteſt and are aſtoniſhed at the falſeneſs of theſe her horrible Crimes. So with much Joy they firſt free innocent *Felicia* of her unjuſt Impriſonment; and then knowing it pity that ſo wretched a Lady as *Victorina*, ſhould live any longer; they, for her abominable Cruelties and Inhumanities, condemn her (the next Morn) to be Hang'd and Burnt on St. *Mark*'s *Place* At the knowledge and divulging of which news, as her Father, Mother, and Kinsfolk extreamly grieve, ſo all *Venice* bleſs and glorifie God, firſt, that innocent *Felicia* is ſaved, and guilty *Victorina* detected and condemned to the ſhame and puniſhment of a deſerved Death.

The ſame night the Prieſts and Friers deal with her about the ſtate of her Soul, and its Pilgrimage and tranſmigration to Heaven: They find that her youth, luſt, and revenge, hath taken a ſtrange Poſſeſſion of the Devil, and he in them; for ſhe ſtill loves the memory of *Sypontus*, and envies and deteſts that of her two Husbands, *Souranza* and *Faſſino*: But they deal effectually with her, and in their Speeches depainting her forth the Joys of Heaven, and the torments of Hell, they at laſt happily prevail, and ſo make her forſake the vanity and impiety of theſe her Paſſions, by reliſhing the ſweet ſhowers of God's Mercies: So the next Morn ſhe is brought to her Execution; where the World expecting to hear much matter from her, ſhe is very penſive and contemplative, and ſays little; only ſhe prays *Felicia* to forgive her, as alſo all the Parents of her two Husbands, *Souranza* and *Faſſino*, and likewiſe of *Sypontus*; but chiefly ſhe invokes God her Saviour and Redeemer, to pardon theſe her horrible ſins of Adultery and Murther, and beſeecheth all that are preſent to pray for her Soul; and ſo according to her Sentence, ſhe is firſt hang'd and then burnt: Whereat all that great affluence and concourſe of People, praiſe the Providence and Juſtice of God, in cutting off this Female Monſter, and ſhame of her Sex, *Victorina*; whoſe tragical and mournful Hiſtory may we all read and remember with deteſtation, that the example hereof be our fore-warning and Caveat, not to truſt in the deceivable Luſts of the Fleſh, and the treacherous tentations of the Devil, but to rely on the Mercies and Promiſes of God, which will never fail his Elect, but will aſſuredly make them happy in their Lives, bleſſed in their Deaths, and conſtantly glorious in their Reſurrections.

GOD'S

GOD'S Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A PORTUGAL HISTORY.

HISTORY VII.

Catalina *cauſeth her waiting-Maid* Anſilva *two ſeveral times attempt to poyſon her own ſiſter* Berinthia; *wherein failing, ſhe afterwards makes an Emperick, termed* Sermiata, *poyſon her ſaid Maid* Anſilva. Catalina *is killed with a Thunderbolt, and* Sermiata *hanged, for poyſoning* Anſilva. Antonio *ſteals* Berinthia *away by her own conſent; whereupon her Brother* Sebaſtiano *fights with* Antonio, *and kills him in a Duel.* Berinthia *in revenge hereof, afterwards murthereth her own brother* Sebaſtiano: *She is adjudged to be immured betwixt two walls and there languiſheth and dies.*

HOW fooliſhly and impiouſly doth our malice betray our ſelves, or the devil our ſouls, when we maliciouſly betray others? For we are as far from Grace as Wiſdom, when we permit either irregular affection, or unlawful paſſion to hale us on to choler, choler to revenge, and revenge to murther. Nay, how exempt are we of Religion, and devoid of all Chriſtian piety and charity, when our thoughts are ſo eclipſed, and our judgments darkened, when our conſciences are ſo defiled, and our Souls ſo polluted with revenge, that the eldeſt Siſter ſeeks to poyſon her younger, and this younger afterwards murthereth her own and only Brother, becauſe in a Duel he had formerly ſlain her Lover? Alas, alas, theſe are bloody accidents, which not only fight againſt Grace, but Nature, not only againſt Earth, but Heaven; and not only againſt our Souls, but againſt God. Neither are theſe the only Tragedies that our inſuing Hiſtory reporteth and relateth; for we ſhall therein farther ſee a wretched Waiting-Gentlewoman poyſoned by her more wretched Lady and Miſtreſs, together with her execrable Agent a bloody and graceleſs Emperick; and all juſtly revenged, and ſeverely puniſhed by the Sword of Gods wrath and indignation. Wherein the Chriſtian Reader may obſerve, as well to Gods glory, as his own conſolation, that never pretended or actual Murthers were either contrived more ſecretly, perpetrated more cloſely, detected more miraculouſly, or puniſhed more

ſtrangely and ſeverely; ſo as if the Devil have not fully poſſeſt our hearts and Souls, or if our thoughts and reſolutions, do yet retain the leaſt ſpark of Grace and Chriſtianity, we ſhall fly their crimes by the ſight and fear of their puniſhments, re-fetch our wandring and erroneous ſenſes from Hell to Earth, purpoſely to raiſe them from Earth to Heaven; and ſo religiouſly to give, and conſecrate both them, and our ſelves, and Souls from ſin to righteouſneſs, and conſequently (with as much felicity as glory) from Satan to God.

There dwelt in the City of *Avero* in *Portugal*, an ancient Nobleman, termed *Don Jaſper de Vilarezo*, rich either in quality of earthly greatneſs, as well of blood, as revenews, who was nearly allied to the Marquis of *Denia* (in *Spain*) as marrying a Neece of his, named *Dona Alphanza*, a Lady exquiſitely indued with the ornaments of Nature, and the perfections of Grace; for ſhe was both fair and vertuous; that adding luſtre to theſe, and theſe returning and reflecting embelliſhment to that, which made her infinitely beloved of her husband *Vilarezo*, and exceedingly honoured of all thoſe who had the honour to know her; and to crown the felicity of their affections and marriage, they had three hopeful children, one ſon, and two daughters: He termed *Don Sebaſtiano*, and they the *Donas*, *Catalina*, and *Berinthia*: He having attained his fifteenth year, was by his father made Page to Count *Manriques de Lopez*, and continually followed him at Court; and they, from their tenth to their thirteenth years, lived ſometimes at *Coimbra*, other-whiles at *Lisbon*, but commonly at *Avero* with their Parents, who ſo carefully trained them up in thoſe qualities and perfections, requiſite for Ladies of their rank, as they were no ſooner ſeen, but admired of all who ſaw them.

But before we make a further progreſſion in this Hiſtory (thereby the better to unfold and anatomize it) I hold it rather neceſſary than impertinent, that we take a courſory, though not a curious ſurvey, of both theſe young Ladies perfections and imperfections, of their vices and virtues, their beauty and deformity: That as objects are beſt known by the oppoſition of their contraries, ſo by the way of compariſon we may diſtinguiſh how to know, and know how to diſtinguiſh of the diſparity of theſe two Siſters, in their inclinations, affections, and delineations.

Catalina was ſomewhat ſhort of ſtature, but corpulent of body: *Berinthia* tall, but ſlender: *Catalina* was of a taint, complexion, more brown than fair: *Berinthia* not brown but ſweetly fair, or fairly ſweet: *Catalina* had a diſdainful, *Berinthia* a gracious eye: *Catalina* was proud, *Berinthia* humble. In a word, *Catalina* was of humour extremely imperious, ambitious, and revengeful; and *Berinthia*, modeſtly courteous, gracious, and religious. So theſe two young Ladies, growing now to be capable of marriage, many Cavaliers of *Avero* become Servants and Suiters to them, as well in reſpect of their Father's nobility and wealth, as for their own beauties and virtues: yea, their fame is generally ſo ſpread, that from *Lisbon*, and moſt of the chiefeſt Cities of *Portugal*, divers Nobles and Knights reſort to their Father *Don Vilarezo*'s houſe, to offer up their affections, to the dignity and merits of his daughters. But his age finding their youth too young to be acquainted with the ſecrets and myſteries of marriage, puts them all off, either in general terms, or honourable excuſes; as holding the matching of his daughters of ſo eminent and important conſideration, as he thinks it fit he ſhould adviſedly conſult, and not raſhly conclude them; which affection and care of Parents to their Children, is ſtil as honourable as commendable.

Don Sebaſtiano their Brother, being often both at *Madrid*, *Validolid*, and *Lisbon*, becomes very intimately and ſingularly acquainted with *Don Antonio de Rivero*, a noble and rich young Cavalier, by birth likewiſe a *Portugal*, of the City of *Elvas*, who was firſt and chief gentleman to the Duke of *Fraganza*; and the better to unite and perpetuate their familiarity, he proffers him his eldeſt Siſter in marriage, and prays him at his firſt conveniency, to ride over to *Avero*, to ſee her; offering himſelf to accompany him in his journey, and to ſecond him in that enterprize, as well towards his Father as Siſter. *Don Antonio* very kindly and thankfully liſtneth to *Don Sebaſtiano*'s courteous and affectionate proffer; and knowing it ſo far from the leaſt diſparagement, as it was a great happineſs and honour for him to match himſelf in ſo noble a Family, they aſſign a day for that journey: againſt when, *Don Antonio* makes ready his preparatives and train, in all reſpects anſwerable to his rank and generoſity. They arrive at *Avero*, where *Don Jaſper de Vilarezo*, for his own worth, and his Son's report, receives *Don Antonio* honourably; and entertains him courteouſly: He viſiteth and ſaluteth, firſt the Mother, then the two young Ladies her Daughters: And although he cannot diſlike *Catalina*, yet ſo precious and amiable is ſweet *Berinthia* in his eye, as he no ſooner ſees, but loves her: Yea, her piercing eye, her vermilion cheeks, and delicate ſtature, act ſuch wonders in his heart, as he ſecretly proclaims himſelf her Servant, and publickly ſhe his Miſtreſs: To which end he takes time and opportunity at advantage, and ſo reveals her ſo much in terms, that intimates the fervency of his zeal, and endears the zeal of his affection and conſtancy.

Berinthia

Berinthia entertains his motion and ſpeeches with many bluſhes, which now and then caſts a roſiate veil o'r the milk-white Lillies of her Complexion: And, to ſpeak truth, if *Antonio* be enamour'd of *Berinthia*, no leſs is ſhe of him: So as not only their Eyes, but their Contemplations and Hearts ſeem already to ſympathize and burn in the flame of an equal affection. In a word, by ſtealth he courts her often. And not to detain my Reader in the intricate Labyrinth of the whole paſſages of their loves, *Antonio* for this time finds *Berinthia* in this reſolution, that, as ſhe hath not the will to grant, ſo ſhe hath not the power to deny his Suit: The reſt time will produce.

But ſo powerfully do the beauty and vertues of ſweet *Berinthia* work in *Antonio*'s affections, that impatient of delays, he finds out her Father and Mother, and in due terms (requiſite for him to give, and they receive) demands their Daughter *Berinthia* in Marriage. *Vilarezo* thanking *Antonio* for this honour, replies, that of his two Daughters, he thinks *Berinthia* his younger, as unworthy of him, as *Catalina*, his eldeſt, worthily beſtow'd on him. *Antonio* anſwers, that as he cannot deny but *Catalina* is fair, yet he muſt confeſs that *Berinthia* is more beautiful to his Eye, and more pleaſing to his Thoughts. *Vilarezo* laſtly replies, that he will firſt match *Catalina* e're *Berinthia*, and that he is as content to give him the firſt, as not as yet reſolv'd to diſpoſe of the ſecond: And ſo at this time, they on theſe terms depart, *Vilarezo* taking *Antonio* and his Son *Sebaſtiano* with him to hunt a Stag, whereof his adjacent Forreſt hath plenty. But whilſt *Antonio*'s Body purſues the Stag, his Thoughts are flying after the beauty of his dear and fair *Berinthia*; who as Paragon of Beauty and Nature, ſits Empreſs, and Queen-Regent in the Court of his Contemplations and Affections. He is wounded at the Heart with *Vilarezo*'s Anſwer, and *Berinthia* to the Gall, when he certified her of her Father's reſolution, only Modeſty (that ſweet Companion, and precious Ornament of Virgins) to the extremity of her Power, endeavour'd to keep *Antonio* from perceiving, or ſuſpecting ſo much. *Antonio* prays his dear Friend *Sebaſtiano*, to perſwade his Father to give him his Siſter *Berinthia* to Wife: He performs the true part of a true Friend, and a Gentleman, but in vain; for his Father *Vilarezo* is reſolute, firſt to marry *Catalina*; then *Antonio* not of power ſo ſoon to leave the ſight and preſence of his ſweet *Berinthia*, muſt invent ſome matter for his ſtay. And indeed, as Love is the Whet ſtone of Wit, to give an edge to Invention; ſo *Antonio*, to enjoy the Preſence of his fair *Erinthia*, is enforc'd to make ſhew, that he neglects her, and affecteth *Catalina*; and ſo converſeth often with her, but ſtill in general terms, whereat ſhe builds many Caſtles of hope and content in the Air of her Thoughts. For, if *Berinthia* lov'd *Antonio*, no leſs doth *Catalina*: Strange effects of Affection, where two Siſters deeply and dearly love one Gentleman, and when but one, and peradventure neither of them ſhall enjoy him.

But as *Catalina* is the pretext, ſo *Berinthia* is both the ſole object and cauſe of *Antonio*'s ſtay, whom he courts and layeth cloſe ſiege to, as often as opportunity makes him happy in the deſir'd happineſs and felicity of her company: ſhe gives him bluſhes for his ſighs, and ſometimes (altho' a man) the fervency of his affection was ſuch, as he can't refrain from returning her tears for her bluſhes; when, albeit Love perſwades him to ſtay longer in *Avero*, yet diſcretion calls and commands him away to *Lisbon*; and all the fruit of his Journey that he ſhall carry thither with him, is this, that for enjoying fair *Berinthia* to his wife, he conceives far more reaſon to hope, than to deſpair. Next death there is no ſecond affliction ſo grievous, or bitter to Lovers, as ſeparation and parting: This *Berinthia* feels, but will not acknowledge; and this *Antonio* acknowledgeth becauſe he feels. After Supper, taking her to a window, he ſecretly prays her to honour him with the acceptance of a poor ſcarf, and plain pair of gloves (which notwithſtanding were infinitely rich, and wonderfully fair) in token of his affections; and ſhe, the morn of his departure, by *Diego* his Page, ſends him a hankerchief curiouſly wrought with hearts and flames, of ſilk and gold, in ſign of her thankfullneſs. He promiſeth *Berinthia* to write, and ſee her ſhortly; and *Catalina* entreats him to be no ſtranger to *Avero*. To *Catalina* he gives many words but few kiſſes; to *Berinthia*, many kiſſes, but more tears: His departure makes *Berinthia* ſad, as grieving at his abſence; and *Catalina* joyful as hoping of his return: *Catalina* triumphs for joy, hoping that *Antonio* ſhall be her husband; and *Berinthia* now begins to look pale with ſorrow, fearing ſhe ſhall not be ſo happy as to be his wife. By this time breakfaſt is ſerv'd in, when *Sebaſtiano* comes, takes *Antonio* and his two Siſters, and carries them to the Parlour, where *Vilarezo* and his wife *Alphanta* attend *Antonio*'s coming. They all ſit down, and altho' their fare be curious, yet *Antonio*'s Eyes feed upon more curious dainties; as the ſparkling eyes, flaxen hair, and vermilion cheeks of *Berinthia*'s incomparable Beauty, which is obſerv'd of all parts, except of *Berinthia*, who is ſo ſecret and cautious in her carriage, as altho' her affection yet her diſcretion will not permit her modeſty either to obſerve or ſee it. Breakfaſt ended, *Antonio* taking *Vilarezo* and his wife *Alphanta* apart, firſt gives infinite thanks for his honourable and courteous Entertainment, and then very earneſtly again prays them not to reject his ſute for their Daughter *Berinthia*. *Vilarezo* & his wife pray *Antonio* to excuſe this bad reception, which they know comes many ways

ſhort of his deſerts, and alſo requeſts him to imbrace their motion for their Daughter *Catalina*. Thus, after many other Complements, he takes his Congee of *Vilarezo*, kiſſeth his Wife and two Daughters, firſt *Catalina*, then *Berinthia*, who though laſt in Years, yet is the firſt Lady in his deſires and thoughts, and the only Queen of his Affection. So they are as it were enforc'd to make a Vertue of Neceſſity, and to take a ſhort farewel, inſtead of a more ſolemn, which either of them wiſhed, and both deſired; but their Eyes dictate to their Hearts, what their Tongues cannot expreſs; and ſo *Antonio* and *Sebaſtiano* take Coach and away for *Lisbon*; *Antonio* as much triumphing in the Beauty of his fair *Berinthia*, as his Friend *Sebaſtiano* grieves, that of his two Siſters, *Antonio* would not accept of *Catalina*, nor his Father conſent to give him *Berinthia* for his Wife: Notwithſtanding they confirm their familiarity and Friendſhip with many interchangeable and reciprocal Proteſtations, that ſith they cannot be Brothers, they will live and die dear and intimate Friends: But I fear the contrary.

Being arriv'd at *Lisbon*, *Antonio* feels ſtrange alterations in his thoughts and paſſions: For now he is entangl'd in the fetters of *Berinthia*'s Beauty and Vertues, that he will ſee no other object but her *Idea*, nor (almoſt) ſpeak of any Lady but her ſelf: And in theſe his amorous contemplations he both rejoiceth and triumpheth; but again, remembring the aſſurance of *Vilarezo*'s refuſal, and the uncertainty of *Berinthia*'s affection and conſent, his hopes are nipt in their bloſſoms, and his joys as ſoon fade as flouriſh: He wiſheth that *Avero* were *Lisbon*, and either himſelf in *Avero* with *Berinthia*, or ſhe in *Lisbon* with him. To attempt the one, he holds it as great a folly, as a vanity to wiſh the other: But he bethinks himſelf of a remedy for this his perplexity, and reputes himſelf oblig'd in the bonds, as well of reſpect, as love, to write to his fair *Berinthia*; and then again he fears that it will find a difficult paſſage and acceſs to her, becauſe of her Father's diſtaſte, and Siſter's jealouſie. But the Sun of his affection doth ſoon diſpel and diſſipate theſe doubts, or rather diſperſe them as Clouds before the Wind: And now to prevent thoſe who might attempt to intercept his Letters, he bethinks himſelf of an invention, as worthy as commendable in a Lover; he writes *Berinthia* a Letter, and accompanying it with a rich Diamond, ſends it her by *Diego* his own Page, to *Avero*: Whom purpoſely and feignedly he cauſeth to arm himſelf with this pretext and colour, that he is in Love with *Anſilva*, and Lady *Catalina*'s Waiting-Gentlewoman, and hath gotten leave of his Maſter to come to *Avero*, to ſeek her in Marriage; where after ſome fifteen days he arrives, and very ſecretly delivers his Maſter's Ring and Letter to *Berinthia*, who (ſweet Lady) was then toſt with the wind of Fear, and the waves of Sorrow, that in all this time ſhe heard not from *Antonio*, doubting indeed leſt the change of air, places, and objects, might have power to change his Affection; when now bluſhing for Joy, as much as ſhe before look'd pale for Sorrow, ſhe takes the Ring and Letter, and kiſſing both, ſhe ſecretly flies to her Chamber, when bolting the door, ſhe with as much affection as impatience, breaking up the Seals, therein finds theſe Lines:

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

SWeet Berinthia, *wert thou as courteous as fair, thou wouldſt reſt as confident of my affection as I do of thy beauty, and then as much rejoice in that, as I triumph in this: But as my Tongue lately wanted Power, ſo now doth my Pen Art, to inform thee how dearly I love thy Beauty, and honour thy Vertues, ſo as could thy thoughts pry into mine, or my Heart be ſo happy to dictate to thine, thoſe ſhould know, and this ſee, that* Antonio *is ambitious of no other Earthly Felicity, than either to love thy Husband, or die thy Martyr. Think with thy ſelf how far thou undervalueſt, and un-requiteſt my Zeal, when I will deſpair of loving* Catalina, *and yet cannot hope that* Berinthia *will affect me: Only therefore in thee (ſweet Lady) it remains, either to crown my Joys by that Conſent, or to immortalize my Torments by thy refuſal. Be pleaſed therefore, fair* Berinthia, *to ſignifie me thy reſolution that I may know my doom, and prepare my ſelf, either to wed thee or my Grave.*

ANTONIO.

Berinthia, having again and again perus'd and o're-read this Letter, gives it a thouſand kiſſes for his ſake who wrote and ſent it her; and ſo very ſecretly locks it up in her Caſket, as alſo the Diamond, and now attends opportunity to confer privately with *Diego*, when he will reſolve to return to his Maſter at *Lisbon* that ſhe may return him an anſwer, though not ſo ſweet as he expect, yet not ſo bitter as he fears. In the mean time *Diego* delivereth her Father *Vilarezo* his Maſter's Letter, in favour of his (pretended) ſute to *Anſilva*, as alſo in thankfullneſs of his entertainment, without naming either *Catalina*, or *Berinthia*, his Daughters, or once mentioning his return to *Avero*, whereat *Vilarezo* grieves, and *Catalina* bites the Lip: But *Berinthia* cannot but ſmile to ſee *Antonio*'s invention for the ſafe delivery of his Letters, nor yet refrain from laughing

laughing in her self, to see how cunningly his Page *Diego* courts *Anſilva*; for he makes ſuch demonſtration of love to her, and ſhe is ſo enamour'd of him, that *Catalina* thinks a ſhort time will finiſh this Match; but he and her Siſter *Berinthia* knows the contrary. *Diego* at the end of three days is deſirous to depart, and *Berinthia* extreamly glad of his reſolution to ſtay no longer: So ſhe betakes her ſelf to her Chamber, and writes this Letter to her *Antonio*, in anſwer of his.

BERINTHIA *to* ANTONIO.

HAD I not been more courteous to thee, than I am fair to my ſelf, thou hadſt not taſted ſo much of my affection, nor I ſo many of my Father's Frowns; and altho' thy Tongue and Pen have acquainted me with thy rich Zeal intended and devoted to my poor Merits, yet judge with thy ſelf, whether it be fit for me to requite thee with obſervance, or him that gave me my being with diſobedience: As I deſire not to have thee die my Martyr, ſo my Father will not permit thee to live my Husband; and yet, as it is out of my power to remedy the firſt, ſo it is not impoſſible for time to effect and compaſs the laſt: Not that I reſolve to give thee too much hope, rather that I aim to take away ſome of thy deſpair, to the end I may find thee as conſtant in thy Affection, as thou me ſincere in my Conſtancy. My Siſter's Jealouſie of me, and my Father's diſtaſte of thee, invites thee to manage this favour of mine with as much Secrecy as Circumſpection.

BERINTHIA.

Having folded up, and ſeal'd her Letter, ſhe finds out *Diego*, and beckens him to follow her to the Garden, where in one of the Bowers, ſhe delivers him this Letter, together with a roſe of Opales, the which, in token of her love, ſhe conjures him with ſafety and ſpeed to deliver to his Maſter *Don Antonio*. *Diego* having his diſpatch of *Berinthia*, ſoon gives *Anſilva* hers, promiſing to return ſome three weeks after; at which time he prays her to expect him; when thanking *Vilarezo* for his kind Entertainment, and he bidding him tell his Maſter, he would be glad to ſee him in *Avero*, he leaps to Horſe, and ſo poſts away for *Lisbon*.

I cannot relate with what incredible, and infinite joy *Antonio* receives this Letter and Ring from *Berinthia*: And, to write the truth, I think the Letter ſcarce contain'd ſo many Syllables as he often read it over and kiſs'd it. He ſees *Berinthia*'s Modeſty reſplend and ſhine in her Affection, and her Affection in her Modeſty towards him, wherein he glories in that, rejoiceth in this, and triumphs in both: But altho' he be ſure of her Affection, yet he is not of her ſelf; for he ſees her Letter containeth many verbal complements, but all of them not one real promiſe; and therefore he cannot repute his tranquillity and felicity compleat e're he be crown'd with this Happineſs: Beſides, he fears that his abſence and her Father's preſence, may in tract of time, by degrees cool the fervency of *Berinthia*'s Affection; and yet then he as ſoon checks his own timidity, in conceiving the leaſt Suſpicion of her Conſtancy. Now he thinks to acquaint his intimate Friend, and his dear Brother *Sebaſtiano*, with their Affections, but then he condemns that opinion, and revokes it as erroneous and dangerous, and contrary to the rules of Love, in Sailing without the compaſs of *Berinthia*'s advice and commands; by the which he holds it both ſafety and diſcretion to ſteer his courſe and actions. Again, he ſo infinitely and earneſtly longs to re-ſee his dear and ſweet Miſtreſs, as he reſolves to ride over again to *Avero*; but the obſtinacy of *Vilarezo*, and the jealouſie of *Catalina*, makes him end that Journey e're he began it. In this perplexity and conteſtation of reaſons, he is irreſolute, what, or what not to do; but in fine, conſidering that delays are dangerous in matters of this nature, he packs up his Baggage, and taking his farewel of *Sebaſtiano*, under pretext of his Health, leaves *Lisbon*, and the Duke his Lord and Maſter, and retires to his own Home at *Elvas* (where his Father dying ſome three years before, had left him ſole Heir to many rich Mannors and Poſſeſſions) purpoſely hereby to be near to *Avero*, that he might give order for all things, and let ſlip no occaſion in the proceſs and proſecution of his affection. The ſecond day after his arrival to *Elvas*, it being well near a Month ſince he ſent his firſt; and till then his laſt Letter to *Berinthia*, he now again diſpatcheth his Page *Diego* with a ſecond Letter to her, by whom he ſends a Chain of rich Pearl, and a pair of Gold Bracelets, richly enamel'd. *Diego*'s arrival is pleaſing to *Anſilva*, but extreamly joyful to *Berinthia*; only it nipt *Catalina*'s hopes, becauſe ſhe could not underſtand by him any certain reſolution or aſſurance of his Maſter's coming thither. *Diego* had no ſooner ſaluted his *Anſilva*, but (as his more important buſineſs) he ſeeks means to ſpeak with *Berinthia*, which ſhe her ſelf proffereth him; he delivers her his Maſter's Tokens, and Letter, which ſhe very joyfully receiveth, and ſo trips away to her Chamber, where opening the Seals, ſhe therein finds theſe words.

ANTO-

ANTONIO *to* BERINTHIA.

IT is impossible for my Pen to express the Joys my Heart receiv'd at the reading of thy Letter: And as I dispraise not thy disobedience to thy Father, so I infinitely both praise and prize thy affection to me. A thousand times I kissed thy lines, and as often bless'd the Hand that wrote them; and altho' they gave me hope for Despair, yet not to dissemble, these hopes have brought me doubt, and doubt fear; not that thou loves't me; for that were to disparage my Judgment, in seeking to prophane thy Affection; but that thou wilt not please to accept of my Promise, nor return me thine: Wherein, if thou weigh the fervency of my Love, I hope thou wilt not tax the incredulity of my Fear; for till I am so happy, not only to hope, but to assure my self that Berinthia *will be* Antonio's; *as* Antonio *is already* Berinthia's, *I must needs fear, and therefore cannot truly rejoice. I have left* Lisbon, *to reside at* Elvas; *therefore fair and dear Lady, I beseech thee destinate me, dispose my Service, and command both. I long to enjoy the felicity of thy Presence; for I take Heaven to witness, thy absence is my Hell upon Earth.*

ANTONIO.

Berinthia having read this Letter, she approves of *Antonio*'s Fear, and attributes it to the fervency and sincerity of his affection; she esteems her self infinitely happy in her good fortune, and choice of so brave a Cavalier for her Servant, who she hopes a little time will make her Husband; to which end she will no longer feed him with delays, but now resolves, by his Page *Diego*, at his return, to signifie him so much; and in a word, to send him her heart, as she hath already received his. But she knows not what the *Interim* of this time will bring forth.

Pass we from *Berinthia* to her Sister *Catalina*, whose affection is likewise such to *Antonio*, as by this time she hath perswaded and induc'd her Father *Vilarezo* to write him a Letter in her behalf by *Diego*, thereby to draw his resolution, whether he intend to seek her for his Wife or no, or at least to invite him to *Avero*. And altho' his affection to her Sister *Berinthia* be kept from her, yet she not only suspects, but fears it. Glad she is of the opportunity of *Diego*'s being there, to convey her Father's Letter to his Master; and yet that Joy of hers is soon dissolved into Grief, because all this time he never vouchsafed to write to her: Her affection to him flattereth her still with hope, and yet her Judgment in her self still suggesteth her despair; for she hath always the Image of this conceit in her Imagination, that *Antonio* loves her Sister *Berinthia*, and not her self: Her Suspicion makes her subtle, and so she deals with *Anselva* to draw the truth thereof from *Diego*, who having learned his Lesson, acteth his part well; and I know not, whether with more fidelity or discretion, flatly denies it; but lo, here betides an accident, which bewrays the whole Mystery and History of their Affections. On a Sunday-Morning, when *Berintha* was descended to the Garden to gather Flowers, against her going to Church with her Father and Mother, her Sister *Catalina* rusheth into her Chamber, to seek the History of *Cervantez*, which the day before she had lent her; and not finding it either on the Table or the Window, seeks in the Pocket of her Gown, that she wore the day before; and there unwittingly, and unexpectedly finds the last Letter that *Antonio* had sent her; whereby she perceived it was in vain to hope to enjoy *Antonio*, which she now apparently saw, that he was her Sister *Berinthia*'s, and she his. *Catalina* is hereat both sorrowful and glad; sorrowful, that she should lose *Antonio*, and glad that she had found this Letter. And now to shew her affection to him, and her malice to her Sister, she will try her Wits, to see whether she can frustrate *Berinthia*, and so obtain *Antonio* for her self. The passions of Men may easily be found out and detected, but the Secrets and Malice of Women difficultly. To which end *Catalina* shews this Letter to her Father, who exceedingly storms hereat, and with checks and frowns curbs *Berinthia* of her Liberty, and he resolves in his first Letter to *Antonio*, to forbid him his House, and her Company, except he will leave *Berinthia*, and take *Catalina*: And suspecting that his Page *Diego*'s courting of *Anselva*, was but only a policy and colour, thereby to convey Letters betwixt his Daughter *Berinthia* and his Master, he once thought to congee him, and prohibit him his house, had not *Catalina* pray'd the contrary, who would no way displease her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Anselva*, because she was us'd to her aid and assistance in a matter of great importance; the unlocking and dilating whereof is thus.

Catalina her affection to *Antonio*, and consequently her malice to her Sister *Berinthia* is so violent, that as her Father hath bereav'd her of a great part of her Liberty, so she is so bloody and cruel, that she vows to deprive her of her Life. A hellish resolution in any woman, but a most unnatural and damnable attempt of one Sister to another: But wanting Faith, which is the foundation and bulwark; and Religion, which is the preservative and antidote of our Souls, she runs so willfully hood-wink'd from God to the Devil, as she will advance and disdains to retire, till her malicious and jealous thirst be quench'd with her Sister's Blood. To which end she perswades

swades and bribes *Anſilva* with a hundred Duckets to poyſon her Siſter *Berinthia*, and promiſeth her ſo much more when ſhe hath effected it: whereunto this wretched and execrable young Waiting-Gentlewoman conſenteth, and in brief promiſeth to perform it: But God hath otherwiſe decreed and ordained. To which end ſhe ſends into the City for ſome ſtrong poyſon by an unknown Meſſenger, which is inſtantly brought her in a ſmall Gally-pot. But let us here both admire and wonder at God's miraculous diſcovery, and prevention thereof: For, that very night, when *Anſilva* had determinately reſolved to have poyſoned the Lady *Berinthia*, *Diego* ſeeks out his Miſtreſs *Anſilva* and finds her ſolitarily alone in one of the cloſeſt over-ſhadowed Bowers of the Garden, whom he ſalutes and entertains with many amorous diſcourſes, and more kiſſes; in the midſt whereof his noſe fell ſuddenly on bleeding, whereat he admired, and ſhe grieved, till at laſt having bloodied all his own handkerchief, *Anſilva* ruſheth haſtily to her pocket for hers for him, which ſuddenly drawing forth, her affection to *Diego* having made her quite forget her poyſon, ſhe with her handkerchief draws out the Gally-pot, which falling on the floor of the Bower (that was paved with ſquare ſtones) it immediately burſt in pieces, when *Diego*'s Spaniel licking up the poyſon, inſtantly ſwell'd, and died before them. Whereat *Diego* grew amazed, but far more *Anſilva*; who bluſhing with ſhame, and then growing pale for fear, could not invent either what to ſay or do, at the ſtrangeneſs or ſuddenneſs of this accident. *Diego* preſſeth her to know for whom this poyſon was provided, and of whom ſhe had it. Her anſwers are variable, and are ſo far from agreeing, as they contradict each other, which breeds in her the more fear, and in him aſtoniſhment. He conjures her by all the bonds of their affection, to diſcover it, with many millions of proteſtations profeſſeth it ſhall die with him; he adds vows to his requeſts, oaths to his vows, and kiſſes to his oaths; ſo as Maids can difficultly conceal any thing from their Lovers; but eſpecially fearing that he might peradventure ſuſpect that this poyſon was meant and intended for him; ſhe at laſt vanquiſhed with his importunacy, and this conſideration, diſcovereth (as we have formerly underſtood) that *Catalina* had won her, therewith to poyſon her Siſter *Berinthia*, becauſe ſhe ſuſpected ſhe was better beloved of his Maſter *Don Antonio* than her ſelf. *Diego* is infinitely aſtoniſhed at the ſtrangeneſs of this news, and like a true and faithful Page to his Maſter, having drawn this worm from *Anſilva*'s noſe, and this news from her tongue, under a colour to ſeek a remedy to ſtop his blood, giving her many kiſſes, and promiſing her his ſpeedy return, he leaves her in the Garden, and ſo very ſpeedily finds out *Berinthia*; to whom (with as much truth as curioſity) he from point to point reveals it: praying her to be careful not to receive any thing, either from *Catalina* or *Anſilva*, and withal to write, for the next morning he will hye to *Elvas* to reveal it to his Maſter. *Berinthia* trembles at the report of this ſtrange and unexpected news; ſo having firſt thanked God for the diſcovery of this poyſon, and her Siſter's malice, ſhe promiſed him a Letter to his Maſter, and heartily thanks him for his fidelity and affection towards her, the which ſhe voweth to requite; and for a pledg and earneſt thereof, draws off a Diamond from her finger, and gives it him for this good office.

No ſooner hath *Aurora* leapt from the watery bed of *Thetis*, and *Phœbus* diſcovered his golden beams in the azured Firmament of Heaven, but *Diego* cauſeth his horſe to be made ready and tells *Anſilva*, that his Father had ſent for him to meet him at *La Secco*, and that he will not fail to be back with her within three days. Being ready to depart.

He, under colour of giving order for his horſe, leaves her, and ſteals into *Berinthia*'s Chamber; whom (poor Lady) fear would not permit to take any reſt or ſleep that night, the which ſhe had partly worn out and employed in writing her mind to her dear *Antonio*, and knowing her ſelf not ſafe in *Avero* with her Father and Siſter, ſhe reſolved to commit her honour, and her life into his protection; yea, ſhe had no ſooner finiſhed and ſealed her Letter to that effect, but *Diego* comes and knocks ſoftly at her Chamber-door. *Berinthia* in her Night-gown and attire is ready for him: ſhe admits him, and commends his care, gives him her Letter to his Maſter, and prays him to uſe all poſſible diligence in his return; and ſo having received all her commands, he ſecretly deſcends the ſtairs; and taking leave of *Vilarezo*, and laſtly kiſſing his Miſtreſs *Anſilva*, he leaps to horſe, rides the firſt Stage, there leaves his Gennet, and takes Poſt.

Leave we *Diego* poſting towards *Elvas*, and come we to *Catalina*, whoſe malice finding no reſt, nor her revenge remedy, ſhe that very morn, as ſoon as *Anſilva* came into her Chamber, demands whether ſhe be prepared to perform her own promiſe, and her hopes? She anſwereth her Lady, that leſs than three days ſhall effect it, and give a period to all her Siſter *Berinthia*'s; whereat ſhe is exceeding glad, but all this while ignorant what *Diego* hath ſeen, and *Berinthia* knows to this effect; *Anſilva* preſuming on *Diego* his fidelity, and building on his ſecrecy; and therefore leſs ſuſpecting his journey to *Elvas*, remains ſtill ſo graceleſs and impious in her bloody reſolution, as ſhe now not only preſumes, but aſſures her ſelf that *Berinthia* is near the ebb of her days, and the ſetting of her life, and therefore like an execrable Agent of the Devil

ſhe

she hath now made ready and provided her self of a second poysoned potion, which she no ways doubts but shall send her to her last sleep. But this female Monster, this bloody *She-Empeperick* may be deceived in her art.

In the interim of which time, *Diego* arrives at *Elvas*, and finds out his Master, to whom he very hastily delivers *Berinthia*'s Letter, the which *Antonio* having kissed, breaks off the seals, and there, contrary to his hopes, but not to his desires, read these lines.

BERINTHIA to ANTONIO.

MY Sister Catalina's *malice is so extream to me sith my affection is such to thee, as she degenerates not only from Grace but Nature, and seeks to breave me of my life. This Bearer, thy Page, whom, I pray, love for my sake, sith he, under God, hath now preserved me for thine, will more fully and particularly acquaint thee with the manner thereof. So sith there is no safety for me in my Father's house, into whose arms and protection shall I throw my self, but only into thine, of whose true and sincere affection I am so constant and confident, as I rest assured thou wilt shew thy self, thy self, in preserving my life with honour, and mine honour with my life? It is no point of disobedience in me to my Father, but of dear respect to mine own life, and therefore to thee, for, and by whom I live, that makes me so earnestly desire both thy assistance and sight, sith the first will lead me from despair, the second to hope and joy, and both to content; till when, fear and love, with much impatiency, make me think hours years, and minutes months.*

BERINTHIA.

Antonio is amazed at this strange and unexpected news, and curiously gathers all the Circumstances thereof from his Page, when love, fear, hope, sorrow, and joy, act their several parts, as well in his heart as countenance; when prizing *Berinthia*'s life and safety a thousand times before his own, he with great expedition dispatcheth away *Diego* the same night to *Avero*, with this ensuing Letter, which he commands him to deliver to his Mistress *Berinthia*, with all possible speed and secresy.

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

AS the Sun, breaking forth of an obscure cloud shines the clearer; so doth thy true affection to me, in that damnable malice of thy Sister Catalina *to thy self for my sake; in such sort, as I know not whether I more rejoyce at the one, than detest the other. Having therefore first thanked God for thy happy, and miraculous preservation, I next commend my Page as the second cause of the discovery thereof, and this fidelity of his shall neither be forgotten or unrequited. Think how tedious time is to me, sith I blame, and envy this short Letter of mine, for taking up and usurping any part thereof, till I enjoy the honour to see thee, and the felicity to assist thee. I return it thee Post by* Diego, *who brought me thine; and my Coach-man tells me, I shall rather fly than run towards thee. Let the precise hour, I beseech thee, be on Munday night at twelve of the Clock, when I will await thy self, and expect thy commands at the Postern of thy Father's Arbour; where, let the light of thy Candle be my signet, and the report of my Pistol shall be thine. I am throwing away my Pen, were it not to signifie to thee, that my Sword shall protect thy life, and mine honour preserve thine; as also that* Antonio *thinks himself the most unfortunate man of the world, till* Berinthia *be impaled in his arms, or he encloystered in hers.*

ANTONIO.

Whiles *Diego* is posting to *Avero*, *Antonio* his Master is preparing to follow him, taking (the next morn) his Coach with six Horses, and three resolute Gentlemen his friends, to assist him, with each his Rapier and case of Pistols. *Diego* first arrives at *Avero*, yea, a day and two nights before him. *Anselva* checks him for his long stay; and *Berinthia* a thousand times thanks him for his speedy return. He delivers her his Masters Letter, and prays her to prepare her self against the prefixed hour. She reads her *Antonio*'s Letter with much joy and comfort, which her looks testifie, and her heart proclaimeth to her thoughts: she will not be slack or backwards in a matter which so deeply imports her welfare and content; and so with all possible secrecy packs up the chiefest of her Apparel & Jewels in a small trunk, or casket, & wisheth the hour to come that she were either in *Antonio*'s arms, or he in hers: & for *Diego*, he casteth so subtil a mist and vail before *Anselva*'s eyes, as it is impossible either for her, or her Lady *Catalina* to perceive any thing. But lo, a second treachery is provided to effect that which the first could not; and indeed, which went near to have performed it, had not God miraculously and indulgently reached forth his hand to prevent it: for *Catalina* still perseveres in her inveterate and deadly malice

not learn the way from Satan; or Grace inſtructed and directed her from the impiety of ſo foul a ſin, as the murthering of her own and only Siſter. For the very night that *Antonio* had promiſed and aſſigned to fetch *Berinthia*, as ſhe had betimes retired her ſelf to her chamber, under colour to go to bed, and ready to put on her night abiliments, in comes *Anſilva*, ſent by her good and kind (or rather wicked and cruel) Siſter, with a ſweet Poſſet, (or rather a deadly poyſon in her hand, in a ſilver covered cup) telling her, that her Lady had drunk one half, and ſent her the other, it being (as ſhe affirmed) very cold and refreſhing for the liver againſt the hotneſs of the weather. But *Berinthia* being forewarned, is armed by her former danger; yet ſhe ſeems joyful thereof, and ſo accepts it, returning her Siſter *Catalina* thanks, ſaying, ſhe will drink it e're ſhe go to bed; only ſhe prays *Anſilva* firſt to fetch her Prayer-book and gloves, which in the morn ſhe had left in her Siſters Chamber. So whiles ſhe is wanting, ſhe privately pours it into a ſilver baſon in her Study, and waſhing the cup three or four ſeveral times, ſhe fills ſome Almond milk therein; and *Anſilva* being returned, takes the ſaid cup, and prays her to tell her Siſter, that ſhe drinks it to her health, and withal gives her the good night: and ſo likewiſe doth *Anſilva* to her. But what a good night thought ſhe in her heart and conſcience, when ſhe knew *Berinthia* ſhould never ſee day more? So away ſhe trips to her Lady *Catalina*, who demands of her if the buſineſs be diſpatched, and her Siſter gone to her reſt? Who replys, ſhe hath drunk her laſt, and is gone to her eternal reſt. But they are both deceived in their malicious Arithmetick. For, although *Catalina* extreamly rejoyce in the confident and aſſured death of her Siſter, yet God ordaineth, that their bloody hopes ſhall deceive them: as mark the ſequel, and you ſhall ſee how.

About an hour after *Anſilva*'s departure, by *Berinthia*'s order and appointment, in wonderful ſecret ſort in comes *Diego* to her Chamber, to await the hour of his Maſters arrival, and to aſſiſt her in her eſcape and departure. *Berinthia* acquaints him with the portion her Siſter *Catalina* had right now ſent her by *Anſilva*: he is aſtoniſhed at this news, as being aſſured it was poyſon, and humbly prays her to make proof hereof on *Catalina*'s Parrot, which that afternoon ſhe had brought with her into her Chamber: and ſo by her conſent *Diego* takes the Parrot, and with a ſpoon forceth ſome down its throat: who poor harmleſs bird, immediately ſwells and dies before them. They both wonder hereat, and *Berinthia* at one inſtant both grieves and rejoyceth, grieves at her Siſter *Catalina*'s malice and cruelty, and rejoyceth for her happy deliverance: firſt praiſing God as the Author, then thanking *Diego* as the inſtrument thereof: and ſo they throw the remainder of the poyſon out at the window, and lay the dead Parrot on the table. And now *Berinthia* attending and waiting the hour of her happineſs, which is that of her *Antonio*'s arrival, and of her own departure, with as much deſire as impatiency: *Diego* often looking on the hour-glaſs, and *Berinthia* a thouſand times on her Watch. So at laſt with a longing, longing deſire, the joyful hour of twelve is come wherein *Antonio* arrives: he ſees the happy light of her candle, and ſhe hears the ſweet muſick of his Piſtol, which reviveth and raviſheth theſe two Lovers, in the heaven of unexpreſſible joy and content; when all things being huſh't up in ſilence, and every perſon of the houſe ſoundly ſleeping, *Diego* ſoftly takes up the ſmall trunk, and *Berinthia* as ſecretly follows him: and ſo they wonderful privately ſlip into the firſt Court, and from thence to the poſtern door of the Garden, where *Antonio* with a thouſand kiſſes receives her in his arms, having no other light but the luſtre of her eyes to light them: for the Moon, that bright *Cynthia*, had conſpired and conſented to *Berinthia*'s eſcape, and therefore purpoſely withdrawn her brightneſs by hiding and inveloping her ſelf in the darkneſs of an obſcure cloud. *Antonio* locking this ſweet prize, this his dear and ſweet *Berinthia* in his arms, he with the three Gentlemen his friends conduct her to the end of the ſtreet; and *Diego* following them with a Casket, where they all privately and ſilently take Coach, and having opened the City gate with a ſilver key, away they ſpeed for *Elvas* with all poſſible celerity; but I write with grief, that as theſe affections of *Antonio* and *Berinthia* begin in joy, ſo (I fear) they will end in as much ſorrow and miſery.

Leave we them now in their journey for *Elvas*, and return we to *Avero* to bloody *Catalina*, and wretched *Anſilva*, who lying remote from *Berinthia*'s Chamber, could not poſſibly hear ſo much as the leaſt of her deſcent and departure; although their malice were ſo extream as to write the truth, they all that night could not ſleep for joy that *Berinthia* was diſpatched: ſo they prepare themſelves againſt the morn, to hear ſome pityful out-crys in the houſe for *Berinthia*'s death: but ſeeing it near ten of the Clock, and no rumour nor ſtir heard, they both (as they were accuſtomed) went into her Chamber, thinking to feaſt their eyes upon the lamentable object of this breathleſs Gentlewoman: but contrary to their bloody hopes, they find the neſt, I mean the bed, empty, and *Berinthia* not dead, but eſcaped and flown away: Only *Catalina*, inſtead of her Siſter finds her own Parrot dead on the table. They are aſtoniſhed at this news, and look fearfully and deſperately each on other. *Anſilva* for her part proteſts and vows, that

she saw *Berinthia* drink the poyson. But finding *Berinthia*'s small trunk wanting, and hearing *Diego* gone, then *Catalina* knows for certain, that she was escaped, and her poysoning plot detected and prevented. So they give the alarm in the house, and she goes directly and acquaints her Father, Mother, and Brother, of her Sister *Berinthia*'s flight, but speaks not a word of the poyson, or of the Parrots death. *Vilarezo* grieves to see himself robbed of his daughter, and *Sebastiano* of his Sister: but when they understand that *Diego* was gone with her, then they are confidently assured, that *Antonio* hath carried her away, which is confirmed them by the Porter of the City; who told them, that 'twixt twelve and one, a Coach with a Lady, and four Cavaliers, and a Page (drawn by six horses) past the gate very speedily. *Vilarezo* and his Son *Sebastiano* storm at this affront and disgrace, they consult what to do herein: so first, they resolve to send one to *Elvas*, to know, yea or no, whether *Berinthia* be there with *Antonio*? The Messenger sent, returns, and assures them thereof, as also, that *Antonio* is retired from *Elvas*, to a Castle of his without the walls of the City, where it is reported he keeps the Lady *Berinthia* with much honour and respect. Had old *Vilarezo* had his health and strength, he would himself in person have undertaken this journey, but being sick of the Gout, he sends his Son *Sebastiano* to *Elvas*, accompanied with six resolute Gentlemen, his near allies, and friends, to draw reason of *Antonio* for this affront and disgrace; and so either by Law, Force, Policy, or Perswasion, to bring back *Berinthia*. *Sebastiano* knowing *Berinthia* to be his Sister, and *Antonio* his former, ancient and intimate friend, with a kind of unwilling willingness accepts of this journey: he comes to *Elvas*, and finds his former intelligence true, he repairs to *Antonio*'s Castle, accompanied with his six associates. *Antonio* admits them all into the first Court, and only two more of them into the second; where he salutes them kindly, and bids them all welcome to his Castle. *Sebastiano* lays before him the foulness of his fact, in stealing away his Sister in that clandestine and base manner, the scandal which he hath laid upon her, and consequently on all their family and blood, tells him that his Father and himself are resolved to have her again at what price soever; and therefore conjures him by the respect of his own honour, and by the consideration and remembrance of all their former friendship, to deliver him his Sister *Berinthia*. *Antonio* answereth *Sebastiano*, that it was an honourable affection, and no base respect, which led him to assist his Sister *Berinthia* to her flight and escape, that he never was nor would be a just scandal either to her, her family, or blood; that his malicious Sister *Catalina* was the author and cause thereof, who by her waiting Gentlewoman *Anfilva* had twice sought to poyson her: and therefore, sith he could not deliver her with her own safety, and his honour and conscience, he was resolved to protect her in his Castle, against any whosoever, that should seek either to enforce or offend her.

Sebastiano is perplexed at the strange news, and wondereth at *Antonio*'s resolution: so do the two Gentlemen with him. He desires *Antonio* that he may see and speak with his Sister *Berinthia*; the which he freely and honourably grants: and so taking him by the hand, they enter the Hall, where *Berinthia* having notice hereof (accompanied with two of *Antonio*'s Sisters) soon comes, and with chearful countance advanceth towards her Brother: he salutes her, and she first him, then the other two Gentlemen her Cousins. *Sebastiano* prays *Antonio*, that he may confer apart with his Sister. *Antonio* replies, that his Sister *Berinthia*'s pleasure shall ever be his. She willingly consents hereunto, when he taking her by the hand, conducts her to the farthest window, and there shews her, her disobedience to her Father, her dishonour to her self, and grief to her friends, for this her unadvised and rash flight, and so perswades her to return: and that if she intend to marry *Antonio*, this is not the way, but rather a course as irregular as shameful. His Sister *Berinthia* delivered him at full the cause of her departure, and very constantly affirms what *Antonio* had formerly told him of her Sister *Catalina*'s two several attempts to poyson her by her waiting Gentlewoman *Anfilva*, though with more ample circumstance and dilation: and to testifie the truth, *Diego* is produced, who vows and protests the same. *Sebastiano* checks her of folly and cruelty, shews her, that in seeking to wrong others, she only wrongs her self; that in inventing and casting a faigned crime on her Sister *Catalina*, she makes her own conspicuous and true; that she hath no safety but in her return: whereunto with many reasons he seeks to perswade and induce her.

His Sister *Berenthia* again answereth him that there is no safety for her in *Avero*, and that she cannot expect greater than she finds in *Elvas*: she prays him to think charitably and honourably of her departure, and if ever her Father will love her, she requests him not to hate, but to love *Antonio*, whose Castle she finds a Sanctuary, both for her honour and life; taking God and his Angels, her conscience and soul to witness, that her Sister *Catalina*'s crime is true, and not feigned. *Sebastiano* seeing *Antonio* resolute, and his Sister wilful and obstinate, begins to take leave, telling her, that he will leave her to her folly, that to her shame, and her shame to her repentance, and so concludes to go into the City, to resolve on what he hath to do, for her good and his own

own honour. *Antonio* prays him to dine in his Caſtle with his Siſter: but he refuſeth it; ſaith, he hath given the firſt breach to their friendſhip, and his own honour, which he ſhall repent, if not repair; and ſo departs. Being come into the City, he conſults his buſineſs with the Gentlemen, his aſſociates, and both himſelf and they are of opinion to ſend one poſt to acquaint his Father herewith, and ſo to crave his pleaſure and reſolution how he ſhall bear himſelf herein. It is ever an excellent point both of Wiſdom and Diſcretion, for a Son to ſteer his actions by the compaſs of his Father's commands. His Couſin *Villandras* undertakes this journey to *Avero*. Old *Vilarezo* is perplexed and grieved at this report, and inſtead of comfort, receives more afflictions: his care, curioſity, paſſion, and grief, ſeverally examineth, firſt *Catalina* then *Anſilva*, who (like Theeves in a Fair, or Murtherers in a Forreſt) he finds equally conſtant in their denial, being ſo devoid of grace, and repleat of impiety, as they confirm and maintain their innocencies with many bitter oaths and aſſeverations: So, he returns *Villandras* to *Elvas* with this Letter to his Son *Sebaſtiano*.

VILAREZO to SEBASTIANO.

I Commend thy wiſdom, as much as I diſpraiſe Antonio's *reſolution, and grieve at thy Siſter* Berinthia's *folly and diſobedience. I have careſully, and curiouſly examined the two parties, whom I find as innocent as conſtant in the true denial of their falſely objected crimes. I have conſulted with Nature and Honour, how herein I might be directed by them, and conſequently, thou by me, ſo they ſuggeſt me this advice, and I adviſe thee this reſolution. Either by the Law of the Kingdom, or by that of thy Sword, with expedition to return me my Daughter, thy Siſter* Berinthia; *and let not the Oratory either of* Antonio's *tongue, or her tears perſwade thee to the contrary; for then as ſhe is guilty of our diſhonours, ſo we ſhall be acceſſary to hers. Let me underſtand thy proceeding herein, and according as occaſion ſhall preſent, if my ſickneſs and weakneſs will not leave me, I notwithſtanding will leave* Avero *to ſee* Elvas, VILAREZO.

Whiles *Sebaſtiano* is conſulting how to free his Siſter *Berinthia* from the power of *Antonio*, ſpeak we a little of *Catalina*, who (as skilful in ſubtilty as malice) ſeeing her treachery and bloody intents revealed, thinks it now high time to make away and poyſon *Anſilva*; grounding her reſolution on this maxim, both of policy and ſtate, that dead folks do neither harm nor tell tales. But behold here the Juſtice and Providence of God! ſhe who laid ſnares for others, muſt now be taken in them her ſelf: a puniſhment which the ſin of this wretched Gentlewoman finds, becauſe deſerved. There is no vice nor malice, but have their pretexts and colours; *Catalina* finds fault with two or three red pimples that *Anſilva* hath in her face, which ſhe will have taken away: She ſends for an Emperick one *Pedro Sermiata*, and proffereth him one hundred Duckets to poyſon her, which, like a limb of the Devil, he undertakes, and infuſing poyſon in ſome potions, he adminiſtreth it her: ſhe the very next day dies: a fit reward and puniſhment for ſo graceleſs and bloody a Gentlewoman, who (as we have formerly ſeen) made no religion nor conſcience, to attempt two ſeveral times to poyſon the fair and vertuous *Berinthia*.

Whiles this Tragedy is acting at *Avero*, *Sebaſtiano* begins to act another in *Elvas*, but a thouſand times leſs impious, and more honourable: For having received his Father's order by *Villandras*, he now ſends him into the Caſtle, to take *Antonio's* and *Berinthia's* laſt reſolution: he is admitted to them: *Villandras* directs his ſpeech firſt to *Berinthia* then to *Antonio*, to whom he relateth his meſſage, and *Sebaſtiano's* pleaſure. *Berinthia* returns him this anſwer; Couzen *Villandras*, recommend me courteouſly to my Brother *Sebaſtiano*, and tell him my firſt anſwer and reſolution is, and ſhall be my laſt. And (quoth *Antonio*) I pray ye likewiſe inform him from me, that *Berinthia's* will is my law, and her reſolution mine, and that I will be as careful as willing and ready to loſe my life, in defence and preſervation of hers. *Villandras* returns and acquaints *Sebaſtiano* with this their laſt reſolutions, from which he alledges it is impoſſible for them to be diſſwaded or diverted. *Sebaſtiano* is beaten with two contrary and irreſolute winds, what to do in a buſineſs of this nature; either to recover his Siſter by Law, or by Arms: by Law, he holds it a courſe both cowardly and prejudicial, by Arms he ſees he muſt kill himſelf or his friend; to undertake the firſt, would be the laughter of *Antonio*; and not to attempt the ſecond, the ſhame of all *Portugal* and *Spain*: he therefore prefers generoſity before reaſon, and paſſion above judgment, and ſo reſolves to fight with *Antonio*; to which end he makes choice of his Couzen *Villandras* for his Second, and the next morn ſends him to the Caſtle with this Challenge.

SEBASTIANO to ANTONIO.

I Muſt either return my Siſter Berinthia *to* Avero, *or loſe my life here at* Elvas, *for I had rather die, than live to ſee her diſhonour, ſith hers is mine: neither do I firſt infringe or violate the bonds of our*

familiarity, rather thy ſelf, ſith thou art both the author and cauſe hereof; wherefore of two things reſolve on one, either before to morrow morning at ſix of the clock render me my Siſter Berinthia, *or elſe at that hour meet me on foot, with thy Second, in the ſquare green meadow under thine own Caſtle, where the choice of two ſingle Rapiers ſhall await or attend thee. If thou art honourable, thou wilt grant my firſt; if generous, not deny the ſecond requeſt.*

SEBASTIANO.

Antonio receives this Challenge, bears it privately from all the World, eſpecially from his ſweet *Berinthia*, who (poor Lady) little imagines or ſuſpects her Brother and Lover are ruſhing forth for her ſake: He returns this anſwer by *Villandras*, that he cannot grant *Sebaſtiano* his firſt requeſt, nor will not deny him his ſecond. So he chooſeth a Couzen-german of his, a valiant young Gentleman, termed *Don Belaſco*, who willingly and freely engageth himſelf in this quarrel: So he and *Villandras* that night (with as much friendſhip as ſecrecy) meet in the City, and reſolve on the Rapiers, and other ceremonies requiſite in Duels. The morn appears, when our Combatants leap from their beds to the field; where a little before ſix (being the appointed hour) all parties appear: the Seconds perform their offices in viſiting the Principals, who caſt off their doublets and draw, and ſo traverſing their ground, they, with judgment and generoſity, fall to their buſineſs; at the firſt cloſe, *Antonio* is wounded in the right arm, and *Sebaſtiano* in the left ſide, which glanced on a rib; at the ſecond, *Sebaſtiano* wounds *Antonio* betwixt the breaſt and ſhoulder, a little above his right pap, and he him clean thorow the body, of a large and dangerous wound, whence iſſued forth abundance of blood: ſo they divide themſelves and take breath: they ag,in fall to it, and at this third cloſe, *Sebaſtiano* repays *Antonio* with a mourniful and fatal intereſt; for he runs him thorow the body on the left ſide a little below the heart; whereof ſtaggering, he falls, and ſo *Sebaſtiano* diſpatcheth him, and nails him to the ground ſtark dead. *Villandras* congratulates with him for his victory, which *Sebaſtiano* with much modeſty aſcribes to the power and providence of God, and not to the weakneſs of his own arm. *Belaſco* is no way daunted with the misfortune and death of his Principal, but rather like a generous Gentleman, and a valiant Second, reſolves to ſell it dearly to *Villandras*. They are not long unſheathing of their Rapiers; for as ſoon as *Belaſco* had covered up *Antonio* with his Cloak, they approach; at their firſt meeting, *Belaſco* ſlightly hurts *Villandras* in the right ſhoulder, and *Villandras* him thorow the body and reins with a fatal wound, wherewith his ſword fell from him, and he to the ground; who fearing and preſaging his death, he with a faint language begs his life of *Villandras*, who, at the ſight and hearing hereof, throws away his own Rapier, and ſtoops to aſſiſt him. But in vain; for it is not in his power to give him his life; for by this time he is dead, and his ſoul departed to another world.

This tragical news is ſoon known and bruited in *Elvas*, whereof the Criminal Judges of that City remit *Sebaſtiano* with as much eaſe as *Villandras* with difficulty (in favour of money and friends) and obtain their pardons. And now the news hereof flyes to *Antonio's* Caſtle, where his dead body and that of *Belaſco* are ſpeedily conveyed and brought, to the grief and ſorrow of all thoſe of the Caſtle, who bitterly weep for the diſaſter of their Lord and Maſter. But all theſe tears are nothing to thoſe of *Antonio's* two Siſters; nor theirs any thing in compariſon of theſe of our ſweet *Berinthia*, who is no ſooner advertiſed hereof, but ſhe falls to the ground with ſorrow, and there wrings her hands, beats her breaſt, and tears off her hair in ſuch mournful and pitiful ſort, that cruelty her ſelf could not refrain from tears, to ſee the numberleſs infinity of hers: counſel, advice, perſwaſion, cannot perſwade her to give a moderation to her mourning, or limits to her ſorrows; for they are ſo violent, as their extremity exceeds all exceſs. She will ſee the dear body of her dead *Antonio*; all thoſe of the Caſtle are not capable to divert her eyes from this woful and pitiful object; at the ſight whereof ſhe falls to the ground on her knees, and gives to his breathleſs body a thouſand kiſſes: yea, ſhe waſheth his ſweet cheeks with a whole deluge and inundation of her ſalt tears; ſhe cannot ſpeak for ſighing, nor utter a word for weeping; only wringing her hands, ſhe at laſt breathed forth theſe mournful and paſſionate ſpeeches: O my dear *Antonio*, my ſweet and dear *Antonio*, *Antonio*, would God my death had ranſomed and prevented thine, O my *Antonio*, my *Antonio*,

Leave we *Berinthia* to her paſſionate ſorrows, and ſorrowful paſſions, from which her Brother *Sebaſtiano* will ſoon awake her; who by this time as victor and conquerour, is come to the Caſtle-gate and demands her, where he ſees himſelf refuſed, and the draw-bridges and approaches drawn up and rampiered with Barricadoes: he craves aid of the Criminal Judges, who ſend the *Provoſt* with an armed company of ſoulders; ſo they force the Caſtle-Gate with a Petard, where ſorrowful *Berinthia* is delivered into the hands of her joyful and rejoycing Brother *Sebaſtiano*, who with ſweet perſwaſions, and advice, ſeeks to exhale and dry up her tears: but her affection is ſo great, as ſhe is not capable of conſolation. In a word, ſhe cannot look on

her

her brother with the eye of affection but of revenge and indignation; yea, she wisheth her self metamorphosed from a Virgin to a Man, that she might be revenged of her Brother for the death of her dear Lover *Antonio*. *Sebastiano* leaving the dead bodies of *Antonio* and *Belasco* to their Graves takes Coach with his incensed and sorrowful Sister *Berinthia*; and so leaves *Elvas* and returns towards *Avero*; where his Father *Vilarezo*, and his Mother *Alphanta* welcome him home with praise, and their Daughter *Berinthia* with checks and frowns, who (the best she may) smothers her discontents; but yet vows to be revenged of her Brother, for killing the life of her joy, and joy of her life, *Antonio*. But all vows of this nature and quality are better broken than kept; which if *Berinthia* had had the grace to have considered, and made good use of, doubtless her end had proved more joyful, and not so fatal and miserable.

Come we now to *Catalina*, who seeing the object of her affection, *Antonio*, dead, and her Sister *Berinthia* returned, who, for his sake, was that of her living malice; she secretly confesseth her fault to her Sister, in seeking formerly twice to have poysoned her by *Ansilva*, craves pardon of her, vowing henceforth to convert her malice into affection, and so reconciles her self to her; whereunto her Sister *Berinthia* willingly condescendeth. *Catalina* hath made her peace with her Sister, but she hath not contracted and concluded it with God for *Ansilva's* death. Earth may forget this Murther, but Heaven will not. God's judgments are as just as secret, and as true as wonderful; for he hath a thousand means to punish us, when we think our selves safest and furthest from punishment: which our wretched *Catalina*, and her execrable Emperick *Sarmiata* shall see verified in themselves. For the smeak of this their bloody crime of Murther, hath pierced the Vaults and Windows of Heaven, and is ascended to the Nostrils of the Lord, who hath now bent his Bow, and made ready his Arrows to revenge and punish them. The manner is thus.

A Sister of *Ansilva's* named *Isabella*, is to be married in *Avero*, who invites the Ladies *Catalina* and *Berinthia* to her Wedding. *Berinthia* is too sorrowful to be so merry, as desirous rather to go to her own Grave, than to any other Nuptials: so she stays at home, only her Sister *Catalina* takes Coach, with an intent to accompany the Bride-woman to Church: but see the Providence and justice of God, how it surprizeth and overtakes this wretched Gentlewoman *Catalina*! for as she was in her way, the Sun is instantly eclipsed, and the Skies overcast, and so a terrible and fearful Thunder-bolt pierceth her thorow the breast, and lays her near dead in her Coach; her Waiting-maids and Coach-man having no hurt, are yet amazed at this strange and dismal accident; so they then think fit to return. *Catalina* is for a time speechless, her Parents are as it were dead with grief and sorrow herear, she is committed to her bed, and searched, and all her Body above her Waste, is found coal-black: the best Physicians and Chirurgions are sent for, they see her death-strucken with that Planet, and therefore adjudge their skill but vain: her strength and senses fall from her, which *Catalina* having the happiness to perceive, and grace to feel, will no longer be seduced with the Devils temptations. The Divines prepare her soul for Heaven, and now she will no longer dissemble with man or God; she will not charge her conscience with so foul a crime as Murther, the which she knows will prove a stop to the fruition of her felicity. She confesseth, she twice procured her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Ansilva* to poyson her Sister *Berinthia*; and since that, she hath given *Sarmiata* one hundred Duckets to poyson the said *Ansilva*, which he performed; and whereof, she humbly begs pardon of all the world, and religiously of God, whom she beseecheth to be merciful to her soul: and so, tho' she live prophanely and impiously, yet she died repentantly and religiously. *Vilarezo* and *Alphanta*, her old Parents, grieve and storm at her death, but more extreamly at the manner thereof, and especially at the confession of her bloody crimes, as well towards living *Berinthia*, as dead *Ansilva*, only their Daughter *Berinthia* is silent hereat; glad that she is freed of an enemy; sorrowful, to have lost a Sister: they are infinitely vexed to publish their Daughter *Catalina's* crimes, yet they are forced to it, that thereby, this *Sarmiata* this Agent of Hell, may receive condign Punishment for his bloody offence here on Earth. So they acquaint the Criminal Judges hereof, who decree, Order, and Prepare for his apprehension. *Sarmiata* is Revelling and Feasting at *Isabella's* Wedding, to which he is appointed and requested to furnish the Sweet meats for the Banquets; but he little thinks what sour sauce there is providing for him. We are never nearer Danger, than when we think our selves furthest from it: and although his sinful security was such, as the Devil had made him forget his Murther of *Ansilva*, yet God will, and doth remember it; and lo, here comes his storm, here his apprehension, and presently his punishment. By this time the news of *Catalina's* sudden Death (but not of her secret confession) is published in *Avero*, and arrived at the Bride-house, which gives both astonishment and grief to all the World, but especially to *Sarmiata*, whose Heart and Conscience now rings him many thundering Peals of Fear, Terrour, and Despair: his Bloody Thoughts pursue him like so many Blood-Hounds, and because he hath forsaken God,

there-

therefore the Devil will not forsake him; he counselleth him to flye, and to provide for his safety: but what safety to unsecure, so dangerous, or miserable for a Christian, as to throw himself into the Devils protection? *Sarmiata* hereon fearing that *Catalina* had revealed his poysoning of *Ansilva*, very secretly steals away his Cloak, and so slips down to a Postern-door of the little Court, hoping to escape, but he is deceived of his hopes; for the eye of God's providence finds him out. The house is beleagured for him by Officers, who apprehend him as he issued forth, and so commit him close Prisoner. In the afternoon the Judges examine him upon the Poysoning of *Ansilva*, and the receit of one hundred Duckets to effect it, from *Catalina*, which she at her Death confessed. He adds sin to sin, and denies with many impious Oaths, and fearful Imprecations; but they avail him nothing: his Judges censure him to the Rack, where, upon the first torment he confesseth it, but with so graceless an impudency, as he rather rejoyceth, than grieves hereat; where we may observe, how strongly the Devil sticks to him, and how closely he is bewitched to the Devil. So for reparation of this foul crime of his, he is condemned to be Hanged, which the next morn is performed right against *Vilarezo* his House, at the Gallows purposely erected; and, which is worse than all the rest, as this lewd Villain *Sarmiata* lived prophanely, so he died as desperately, without repenting his bloody fact, or imploring pardon or mercy of God for the same. O miserable example! O fearful end! O bloody and damnable miscreant! We have seen the Theater of this History gored with great variety of blood, the mournful and lamentable spectacle whereof is capable to make any Christian hereat relent into pity, compassion, and tears. But this is not all, we shall yet see more, not that it any way increaseth our terrours, but rather our consolation, sith thereby we may observe that Murther comes from Satan, and its punishment from God.

Catalina's confession and death is not capable to deface and wash away *Berinthia*'s malice and revenge to her brother *Sebastiano*, for killing of her dear and sweet Love *Antonio*. Other Tragedies are past, but this as yet not acted, but to come: Lo, now at last (though indeed too too soon) it comes on the Stage.

The remembrance of *Antonio* and his affections is still fresh in her youthful thoughts and contemplations; yea, his dead *Idea* is always present and living in heart and breast: 'tis true, *Sebastiano* is her Brother; 'tis as true, she saith, that if he had not killed *Antonio*, *Antonio* had been her Husband. Again, she considereth, that as *Antonio*'s life preserved hers from death, so her life hath been the cause of his: and as he lost his life for her sake, why should not she likewise leave hers for his? or rather, why should she permit him to live, who hath bereaved her of him? But her living Affection to her dead Friend is so violent, and withal so prejudicate and revengeful, as she neither can, nor will see her Brother, who killed him, but with malice and indignation. Instead of consulting with Nature and Grace, she only converseth with choller and passion; yea, she is so miserably transported in her rage, and withal so outragiously wilful in her resolution, that she shuts the door of her heart to the two former virtues, to whom she should open it, and openeth it to the two latter vices, against whom she should shut it. A misery equally ominous and fatal, where Reason is not the chief Mistress of our Passions, and Religion the Queen of our Reason. She sees this bloody attempt of hers, whereinto she is upon entring, is both sinful and impious; and yet her Faith is so weak towards GOD, and the Devil is so strong with her, as she is constant to advance, and resolute not to retire therein. Oh that *Berinthia*'s former Virtues should be disgraced with so foul a Vice! and Oh that a face so sweetly fair, should be accompanied and linked with a heart so cruelly barbarous, so bloodily inhumane! for what can she hope for from this attempt in killing her Brother, but likewise to ruin her self? nay, had she any spark of Wit and Grace left her, she should consider, that for this foul offence her body shall receive punishment in this World, and her soul, without repentance, in that to come: but she cannot erect her eyes to Heaven; she is all set on revenge; so the Devil hath plotted the Murther of her Brother *Sebastiano*, and she, like a most wretched and inhuman Sister, will speedily act it. The manner is thus, (the which I cannot remember without grief, nor pen without tears) she provides her self of a long and sharp Knife, the which, some ten days after the death of her Sister *Catalina*, betwixt four and five of the Clock in the morning, she hides in one of her sleeves, and the better to cover and over veil her villainy, she in the same hand takes her Lute, and so enters her Brothers Chamber, and finds him sleeping, being a pretty way distant from hers, and his Page *Philippo* in a lower Chamber under him, resolving that if she had found him waking, she should play on her Lute, and affirm, she came to give him the good morrow. But *Sebastiano* his fortune, or rather his misfortune was such, that he was then soundly sleeping, without dreaming, or once thinking what should befall him, when this wretched and execrable Sister *Berinthia*, stalkes close to him, and laying her Lute softly on the Window, draws out her Devillish Knife forth her sleeve, and as a She-Devil incarnate, cuts his Throat, to the end that he might neither cry, nor speak; and so, with a Female Hand,

Hand, yet with a Masculine Courage, she (with as much Malice as Haste) gives him seven several wounds thorow the body, and as near the heart as she could; whereof he twice turning himself in his bed, never sprawled more; and then taking up her Lute, and leaving him reaking in his own blood, she after this her most hellish fact, hies her self to her Chamber.

This cruel murther is not so closely perpetrated and acted, but *Philippo, Sebastiano*'s Page, hears extraordinary stirring and strugling in his Master's Chamber, and so leaps out of his Bed, and taking his Cloak on his Shoulder, and his Rapier in his hand, he ascends the stairs; where *Berinthia* hath not made so great speed, but he sees her entring her Chamber and throwing her door after her; whence running to his Masters Chamber, he finds the door open, and his Master, most cruelly murthered in his Bed, of eight several wounds; at which bloody and lamentable spectacle, he makes many bitter and pittiful out-crys, whereat all the House is in Alarm, and the folks and servants repair thither of all sides. By this time *Berinthia* hath shifted her outward Taffata Gown, sprinkled all with blood, and wrapt her bloody Knife close in it, and for the more secrecy throws it into the Closestool, and so waits the coming up of her Father and Mother, whom the mournful eccho, and the sorrowful news of their Son *Sebastiano*'s cruel Murther, had with an Ocean of tears wasted to his Chamber, with whom *Berinthia* likewise, all blubber'd with Tears, enters. They are all amazed at the sight of this bloody and breathless Corps, and wringing their hands, Father, Mother, Daughter, and Servants, look one on another in this calamity, and at this sorrowful disaster. They search every Chamber, Vault, and Door of the House, and find no body, nor print of drops of blood whatsoever; then *Philippo* the Page cries out, that he fears it is the Lady *Berinthia*, who hath murthered her Brother, and his Master *Sebastiano*, for that he saw her flying to her Chamber as he ascended the Stairs. *Vilarezo* and *Alphanta* his Wife are doubly amazed at this report, but graceless *Berinthia* is no way daunted or astonished hereat, but affirms she likewise heard some stirring in her Brothers Chamber, which made her arise and come to the Stair-head, where seeing *Philippo*, she being in her Night Attire, Modesty made her retire to her Chamber. They all believe the Sugar of her words, and the circumstance of her excuse; yet they will not proclaim her innocency till they have searched her Chamber and all her Trunks, where they find no Knife, Stilletto, Dagger, or any offensive Weapon; and so her Father and Mother acquit her; but God will not. Notwithstanding they must advertise the Criminal Judges of this lamentable and bloody Murther of their Son, which they do. So they arrive, visit the dead body, and cause all the house to be searched; but as soon as they heard *Philippo*'s Speeches, and suspicion of *Berinthia*, then considering her affection to *Antonio*, and her Brother *Sebastiano*'s killing of him at *Elvas*, they attribute this to be her fact, as proceeding from passionate revenge; when the sequel and circumstances thereof being apparent in themselves, they not regarding her Father's prayers, her Mother's requests, and her own tears, seize on her; and so send and commit her close Prisoner: where wretched Gentlewoman, she hath a whole night left and given her, to see and consider the foulness of the fact, and to prepare her self to her answer: which whether it will breed in her confession or denyal, obstinacy or repentance, as yet I know not. So from her imprisonment come we to her answer.

Avero rings with the news of this foul and bloody Murther. All bewails, all lament the death of *Sebastiano*, as a Gentleman who was truly noble, truly generous: but his Father *Valarezo*, and Mother *Alphanta* seem to drown themselves in their Tears, at these mournful accidents, strange crosses, and unheard of afflictions of theirs. For though they will not believe, yet they deeply fear, that their Daughter *Berinthia* was the Murtherer of her Brother *Sebastiano*: And as the affection seems to divert them from this oponion, so reason endeavoureth to perswade and confirm them in the contrary. The next morning the Judges sit, and send for *Berinthia*, who comes accompanied with her Parents, and many of her Kinsfolks; they again examine her, and confront her with *Philippo*; she is firm in her denial, and her Judges find circumstances, but no probability nor witness against her, sufficient to convict her of this crime; yet directed by the finger of God, they condemn her to the Rack. One of her Judges pitying her descent, youth, and beauty, as much as he detests this bloody Murther, intreats that her Chamber may be first curiously searched, e're she were exposed to the Rack. This advice and request is heard and followed with approbation. He and two other Officers, accompanied with some of her Friends, repair to *Vilarezo* his House, and *Berinthia* her Chamber; they leave no place, Trunk, Chest, or Box unsearched: yea, their curiosity, or to say truer, their zeal and fidelity to Justice descends so low, as to visit her Closestool, which for want of the Key, they break open; and behold the Providence and Justice of God! here they find *Berinthia*'s bloody Gown, and therein very closely wrapt up that hellish Knife, where-with she perpetrated this inhumane Murther on her only Brother. They

praise

praiſe and glorifie God for the diſcovery hereof, and ſo return to their Tribunal of Juſtice, bringing theſe bloody Evidences with them, which *Berinthia* might all this while have removed, if God, to his glory, and her ſhame, had not all this time purpoſely blinded the eyes of her Judgment to the contrary. At the ſight hereof, ſhe without any Torment, confeſſeth the Murther, and with many Tears repents her ſelf of it, adding withal, that her affection to *Antonio* led her to this revenge on her Brother: and therefore beſeecheth her Judges to have compaſſion on her youth. But the foulneſs of her fact, in thoſe grave and juſt perſonages, wipes off the fairneſs of her requeſt: So they conſult, and pronounce ſentence againſt her, That for expiation of this her cruel Murther on the perſon of her Brother, ſhe the next morn ſhall be hanged in the publick Market-Place.

So, all prailed God for the detection of this lamentable murther, and for the condemnation of this execrable Murthereſs, and thoſe who before looked on her Youth and Beauty with pity, now behold her foul crime with hatred and deteſtation; as they applauded the ſincerity of her former affection to *Antonio*, ſo they far more deteſt and condemn this her inhumane cruelty to her own Brother *Sebaſtiano*. But what grief is there comparable to that of her Father and Mother? Whoſe age, content, and patience, is not only battered, but razed down with the ſeveral aſſaults of affection; ſo as they wiſh themſelves buried, or that their Children had been unborn; for it is rather a torment than a grief to them, that they, whom they hoped would have been props and comforts to their age, ſhould now prove inſtruments and ſubjects to ſhorten their days, and conſequently to draw their age to the miſeries of an untimely and ſorrowful Grave. But although they have taſted a world of grief and anxiety, firſt for the death of their Daughter *Catalina*, and then of their only Son *Sebaſtiano*; yet it pierceth them to the heart and gall, that this their laſt Daughter and Child *Berinthia* ſhould paſs by the paſſage of a Halter, and end her days upon ſo ignominious and ſhameful a Srage as the Gallows, which would add a blemiſh to the luſtre of their blood and poſterity, that time could never have power either to wipe off, or waſh away; which to prevent, *Vilarezo* and his Wife *Alphanta* uſe all their friends and mortal powers, towards the Judges, to convert their Daughters Sentence into a leſs ſhameful, and more honourable death. So although the Gallows be erected, *Berinthia* prepared to die, and a world of people, yea, in a manner, the whole people of *Avero* concurr'd and ſeated to ſee her now take her laſt farewel of the world; yet the importunacy and miſery of her Parents, her own deſcent, youth, and beauty, as alſo her endeared affection and fervent love to her Lover *Antonio*, at laſt obtained compaſſion and favour of her Judges. So they revoke and change their former decree, and ſweeten the rigour thereof with one more honourable and mild, and leſs ſharp, bitter, and ſhameful, and definitively adjudge her to be immured up betwixt two Walls, and there with a ſlender Dyet, to end the remainder of her days. And this Sentence is ſpeedily put in execution; whereat her Parents, Friends, and Acquaintance, yea, all that knew her, very bitterly grieve and lament; and far the more, in reſpect they cannot be permitted to ſee or viſit her, or ſhe them; only the Phyſicians and Divines had admittance and acceſs to her, thoſe to provide earthly Phyſick for her body, and theſe ſpiritual for her ſoul. And in this lamentable eſtate ſhe is very penitent and repentant for all her ſins in general, and for this her vile Murther of her Brother in particular: yea, a little impriſonment, or rather the Spirit of GOD, hath opened the eyes of her Faith, who now defying the Devil, who had ſeduced and drawn her hereunto; ſhe makes alſo her peace with GOD, and aſſures her ſelf, that her true repentance hath made hers with him. So unaccuſtomed to be pent up in ſo ſtraight and dark a Mew, the yellow Jaundies, and a burning Fever ſurprize her: and ſo ſhe ends her miſerable days.

Lo, theſe are the bitter fruits of Revenge and Murther, which the undertakers (by the juſt judgment of God) are inforced to taſte and ſwallow down, when in the heat of their youth, and height of their impiety, they leaſt dream or think thereof; by the ſight of which great Effuſion of blood, yea, by all theſe varieties of mournful and fatal accidents, if we will divorce our thoughts from Hell to Earth, and wed our contemplations and affections from Earth to Heaven; we ſhall then, as true Chriſtians, and ſons of the eternal God, run the race of our mortality in peace in this World, and conſequently be rewarded with a glorious Crown of Immortal Felicity in that to come.

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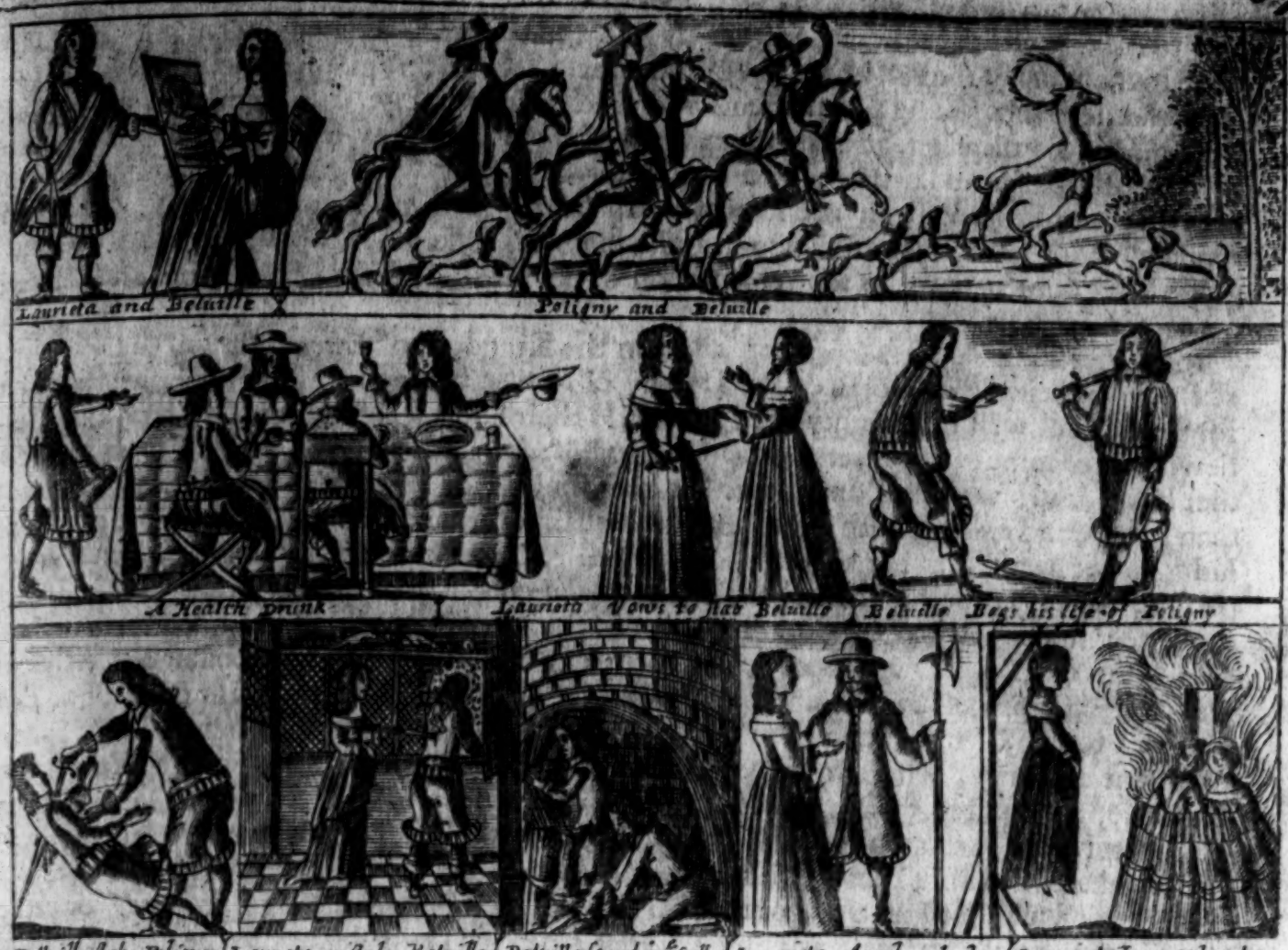

The Triumph of God's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

HISTORY VIII.

Belluile *treacherouſly murthereth* Poligny *in the ſtreet.* Laurieta Poligny's *Miſtreſs betrayeth* Belluile *to her Chamber, and there in revenge ſhoots him therow the body with a Piſtol; when aſſiſted by her waiting-maid* Lucilla, *they likewiſe give him many wounds with a Ponyard, and ſo murther him.* Lucilla *flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake: and* Laurieta *is taken, hanged, and burnt for the ſame.*

IT is an infallible *Maxim*, That if we open our hearts to Sin, we ſhut them to Godlineſs; for as ſoon as we follow Satan, God flies from us, becauſe we firſt fled from him; but that his mercy may ſhine in our ingratitude, he by his Servants, his holy Spirit, and himſelf, ſeeks all means to reclaim us, as well from the vanity of our thoughts, as from the prophaneneſs, and impurity of our actions: But if we become obſtinate and obdurate in our tranſgreſſions, and ſo like Heathens fall from Vice to Vice, whereas we ſhould as Chriſtians, grow up from Virtue to Virtue; then it is not he, but our ſelves that make both ſhipwrack of our ſelves and ſouls; of our ſelves in this life, of our ſouls in that to come; than which no miſery can be ſo great, none ſo unfortunate and miſerable. It is true, the beſt of God's Children are ſubject to ſin; but to delight and perſevere therein, is the true way as well to hell as death. All have not the gift of pure and chaſt thoughts, neither can we ſo conſerve or ſanctifie our bodies, but that concupiſcence may and will ſometimes aſſail us (or rather the devil in it) but to pollute them with fornication, and to transform them from the Temples of the Holy Ghoſt, to the members of a Harlot; this, though corrupt Nature ſeem to allow or tolerate, yet Grace doth not only deny but deteſt. But as one ſin is ſeldom without another, either at its heels or elbow, ſo too too often it falls out, that Murther accompanieth Fornication and Adultery; as if one of theſe ſoul crimes were not enough to make us miſerable, but that inſtead of going, we will needs ride

poſt to hell. A woful Preſident, and lamentable and mournful Example whereof I here produce to the view of the world, in three unfortunate perſonages, in a laſcivious Lady, and two leud and debaucht young Gentlemen, who all very lamentably, caſt themſelves away upon the *Scylla* of Fornication, and the *Charybdis* of Murther; for they found the fruits and end of their beaſtly pleaſures far more bitter than their beginning was ſweet: yea, and becauſe at firſt they would not look on repentance, at laſt ſhame looks on them, and they, when it is too late, both on a miſerable ſhame, and a ſhameful miſery. May we all read it to God's glory, and conſequently to the reformation of our lives, and the conſolation and ſalvation of our own ſouls.

In the beautiful City of *Avignion* (ſeated in the Kingdom of *France*, and in the Province of *Provence*) being the Capital of the Dutchy of *Veniſſa*, belonging to the Pope, and wherein for the term of well near eighty years, they held their Pontifical See, there dwelt a young Gentlewoman of ſome twenty years of age, termed *Madamoyſelle Laurieta*, whoſe Father and Mother being dead, was left alone to her ſelf, their only Child and Heir; being richer in Beauty than Lands, and endued with many excellent qualities and perfections, which gave grace and luſter to her beauty, as her beauty did to them: For, ſhe ſpake the *Latin* and *Italian* Tongues perfect, was very expert and excellent in ſinging, dancing, muſick, painting, and the like, which made her famous in that City. But as there needs but one Vice to eclipſe and drown many Virtues, ſo this fair *Laurieta* was more beautiful than chaſte, and not half ſo modeſt as Laſcivious. It is as great happineſs for Children to enjoy their Parents, as a miſery to want them: For *Laurieta*'s Father and Mother had been infinitely careful and curious to train her up in the School of Virtue and Piety, wherein her youth had (during the term of their lives) made a happy entrance, and, as I may ſay, a fortunate and glorious progreſſion. But when God, the great Moderator, and ſoveraign Judge of the World, had in his eternal Decree and ſacred Providence, taken them out of this World, then *Laurieta* was left to the wide world, and to the vanity thereof, without guide or governour; expoſed to the variety of the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes of the times, as a Ship without a Pilot or Helm, ſubject to the mercy of every mercileſs wind and wave of the Sea: yea, and then it was, that ſhe forgot her former modeſty and chaſtity, and now began to adore the Shrines of *Venus* and *Cupid*, by polluting and proſtituting her body to the beaſtly pleaſures of Luſt and Fornication, wherein (it grieves me to relate) ſhe took a great delight and felicity. But ſhe ſhall pay dear for this bitter ſweet Vice of hers; yea, and though it ſeem to begin in content and pleaſure, yet we ſhall aſſuredly ſee it end in ſhame, repentance, and miſery: For, this ſin of Whoredom betrays when it ſeems to delight us, and ſtrangleth, when it maketh greateſt ſhew to imbrace us: ſo ſweet and pure Virtues are Modeſty and Chaſtity; ſo foul and fatal Vices, are Concupiſcence and Luſt. But he with whom ſhe was moſt familiar, and to whom ſhe imparted the greateſt part of her favours, was to one *Monſieur de Belluile*, a proper young Gentleman, dwelling near the City of *Arles*, by birth and extraction, Noble, but otherwiſe more rich than wiſe; who coming to *Avignion*, no ſooner ſaw *Laurieta*, but he both gloried in the ſight of her ſingular, and triumphed in the contemplation of her exquiſite and incomparable beauty, making that his beſt content, and this his ſweeteſt felicity; that his ſoveraign good, and this his heaven upon earth: ſo as loſing himſelf in the Labyrinth of her beauty, and as it were drowning his thoughts in the Sea of his Concupiſcence and Senſuality, he ſpends not only his whole time, but a great part of his wealth wantonizing and entertaining her: a vicious and foul fault, not only peculiar to *Belluile*, but incident and fatal to too many Gallants as well of moſt parts of Chriſtendom in general, as of *France* in particular; it being indeed a diſaſterous and dangerous Rock, whereon many inconſiderate and wretched Gentlemen have ſuffered Shipwrack, not only of their reputations, healths, and eſtates, but many times of their lives.

In the mean time *Laurieta* (more Jealous of her fame, than careful to preſerve her chaſtity) is advertiſed, that *Belluile* is not content to cull the dainties of her beauty and youth, but he forgets himſelf and his diſcretion ſo far, as to vaunt thereof, by letting fall ſome ſpeeches tending to the blemiſh and diſparagement of her honour: ſo, as vain and laſcivious as ſhe is, yet the touching of this ſtring, affords her harſh and diſtaſteful melody: For, ſhe will ſeek to cover her ſhame by her hyprocriſie, and ſo reſolves to make him know the foulneſs of his offence, in that of his baſeneſs and ingratitude. To which end, at her firſt interview and meeting of him, ſhe not only checks him for it, but forbids, and baniſheth him her company: which indeed had been a juſt cauſe and opportunity for him to have converted his luſt into chaſtity, and his folly into repentance. But he is too diſſolute and vicious, to be ſo happily reclaimed from *Laurieta*; and therefore he is reſolved, not only to juſtifie his innocency, but thereby alſo to perſevere in his ſin. He is acquainted with many Gentlemen, who forgetting themſelves, conceive a felicity and glory, to erect the Trophees of their vanities upon the diſparagement of Ladies honours;

honours: yea, he ſeems ſo far from being guilty of this errour, as he taxeth and condemns others in being guilty or acceſſary thereunto. So, although his Miſtreſs *Laurieta* remain ſtill coy, ſtrange and haggard to him, yet he perſevereth in his affection to her: who at laſt, adjudging of his innocency by his conſtancy, and of that by his many Letters and preſents which he ſtill ſent her; as alſo obſerving, that ſhe had no firm grounds, nor could produce any pregnant or valuable witneſſes of this report, ſhe again exchangeth her frowns into ſmiles, and ſo receives and entertains him again into her favour, only with this promonition and caution, That if ever after ſhe heard of his folly and ingratitude in this kind, ſhe would never look him in the face, except with contempt and deteſtation. So theſe their diſjoynted affections, as well by oaths as proteſtations, are again confirmed and cemented; but ſuch luſtful contracts, and laſcivious familiarities and ſympathies, ſeldom or never make proſperous ends.

Now to give form and life to this Hiſtory; Not long after, a brave young Gentleman of *Mompellier*, named *Monſieur de Poligny*, having ſome occaſion, comes to *Avignion*, who frequenting their publick Balls or Dancings, no ſooner ſaw our fair and beautiful *Laurieta*, but he falls in love with her, and ſalutes, and courts her: and from thenceforth deems her ſo fair, as he uſeth all means to become her ſervant, but not in the way of Honour and Marriage, rather with a purpoſe to make her his Courtezan than his Wife. But he ſees himſelf deceived in the irregular paſſion of his affection: for, *Laurieta* is averſe, and will not be either tractable, or flexible to his deſires, ſo as his ſuit is vain, and ſhe ſo deaf to his requeſts, as neither his prayers, ſighs, letters, nor preſents, are capable to purchaſe her favour. *Poligny* infinitely grieves hereat, which notwithſtanding makes the flame of his Luſt rather increaſe than diminiſh: ſo as after much penſiveneſs, he begins to bear his wits, and to awaken his invention, how he may Crown his deſires by enjoying *Laurieta*, when loe an occaſion preſenteth it ſelf unto him unexpected.

Madamoyſelle la Palaiſiere, a rich young Gentlewoman near *Pont Saint Eſprit*, living in *Avignion*, and ſeeing *Poligny* at the Dancing, doth exceedingly fall in love with him; yea, ſhe ſo admires the ſweetneſs of his favour, and the excellency of his perſonage, as ſhe rejoyceth in nothing ſo much; and to write the truth, in nothing elſe but in his company: ſo as, had not modeſty with-held her, ſhe would have proved her own Advocate, and have informed him thereof her ſelf. *Poligny* receives ſo many ſecret ſigns and teſtimonies of her affection by private glances, and the like, as he cannot be ignorant thereof: but his love or rather his luſt to *Laurieta* hath ſo abſolutely taken up his heart and thoughts, as it hath left no place nor corner for *La Palaiſiere*; ſo as here we may obſerve and remark a different commixture, and diſparity of affections. *Poligny* loves *Laurieta* and not ſhe him, *la Palaiſiere* affects *Poligny*, and not he her: what theſe paſſions and occurrences will produce, we ſhall ſhortly ſee.

La Palaiſiere having her heart pierced thorow with the love of *Poligny*, knowing him to be *Laurieta*'s ſervant, and ſhe the Miſtreſs of *Belluile*; either out of her affection, or jealouſie or both, reſolves at next meeting to acquaint *Poligny* with it, whereby purpoſely to withdraw his affections from her to her ſelf, The occaſion is proffered, and opportunity ſeems to favour and ſecond her deſires Some three days after, the Jeſuits (who as the Mountebanks and Panders of Kingdoms and Eſtates, leave no Invention, nor Ceremony unattempted, to ſeduce and bewitch the affections of the world) cauſe their Scholars to Act a Comedy in their Colledge in this City, whereat all the Nobility and Gentry of the City and adjacent Countrey aſſemble and meet. Thither comes *Poligny*, hoping to ſee *Laurieta*, and *La Palaiſiere* to ſee *Poligny*: but *Laurieta* that day was ſick, and *Belluile* ſtays with her to comfort her. So firſt comes *Poligny*, and ſeeing he could not ſee his *Laurieta*, ſits down penſively: then comes *La Palaiſiere*, and ſeeing *Poligny* afar off, prays her Brother, who conducted her, to place her near him. *Poligny* can do no leſs than ſalute her, and ſhe triumphing in her good Fortune, takes the advantage of this occaſion, and in ſweet and ſugred terms, (after many pauſes, ſighs, and bluſhes,) gives him to underſtand, that ſhe knew his affection to *Laurieta*, and withal that *Belluile* and no other was her ſervant and favourite. This ſpeech of hers ſtrikes *Poligny* to the quick, ſo as thereat he not only bites the lip, but hangs his head: yea, this unexpected news, as alſo *Belluile* and *Laurieta*'s abſence, ſo nettle him, and frame ſuch a *Chymera* of extravagant paſſions in his heart and thoughts, he could not have the patience to ſit out the Comedy, but feigning himſelf ſick, departs to his chamber; where a thouſand jealouſies, ingendred of his affection, perplexed and tormented him; when remembring *La Palaiſiere*'s ſpeeches, and being infinitely deſirous to know the truth of *Belluile* his affection to *Laurieta*, and hers to him, he ſees no means, nor perſon ſo fit to reveal the ſame, as *Lucilla*, *Laurieta*'s Waiting-maid. This *Lucilla*, *Poligny* wins with Gold: in conſideration whereof, ſhe reveals him all, how *Belluile* was her chiefeſt Minion and Favourite; and yet, for ſome words, he the other day, in ignorance

or Wine, let fall to the prejudice of her honour, she was like to cashier and discard him. *Lucilla* having thus forgotten her own fidelity, in bewraying the dishonour of her Mistress; *Poligny* understanding *Belluile* to be a coward of his hands, though not of his tongue; and in a word, not to be so compleat a Gallant as he supposed him, he of a subtil and malicious invention, resolves to work on him; and so contrives a plot, which we shall see presently put in execution and acted: he very politickly puts on a good face on all his discontents and passions, and although *Laurieta* would not see him, yet he fairly intrudes himself into *Belluile's* company, and of purpose becomes familiar with him. So they very often meet; for they fence, dance, ride, vault, and hunt together: So as at last none are so great Consorts and Comerades as they. But *Poligny* thinking every hour a year, before he had plaid his prize, makes a party at Tennis with *Belluile* for a Collation, and beats him; and so taking two Gentlemen *La Fontain* and *Borelles*, his friends with them, away they go all four to a Tavern. *Poligny* as secret as malicious in this plot, in the midst of their mirth speaks thus to *Belluile*, Sir, quoth he, I am sorry for your loss of this Collation, but if it please you to honour me with your company to *Orenge*, a City which I much desire to see, I will pay you the dinner in requital thereof. *Belluile* very readily and willingly consents hereunto, and *La Fontain* and *Borelles* vow they will likewise have their share, both of the Journey and Dinner. So the next morn they all take horse for *Orenge*; but first *Belluile* gives his Mistress *Laurieta* the good morrow, and acquaints her with the Journey. They view this old City, the ancient Patrimony and Principality of the Illustrious Princes of *Orenge*, from whence they derive their name: when *Poligny* having given order for the Dinner, away they go, visit the Castle, and salute the deputed Governour thereof *Monsieur Vosberghe*; they see the part of the Amphitheater yet standing, the Cathedral Church, the double Wall of the City, and the old *Roman* Arch not far off, with all other remarkable objects and monuments; and by this time the Cook and their stomacks tax them of their long stay. So they return to their Inn; fall to their Viands, and like frolick Gentlemen, wash them down with store of Claret; and now *Poligny*, as malicious in heart, as pleasant in countenance and conversation, here casts forth his lure and snare to surprize and intangle *Belluile*. O, quoth he, how happy the Gentlemen of *Italy* are to us of *France*, sith after dinner every one goes freely to his Courtizan without controulment! I know not, quoth *La Fontain*, what *Orenge* is; but I think *Avignion* is not destitute of good fellow-Wenches, who make *Venus* their queen, and *Cupid* their god. Surely no, replies *Belluile*, for I am confident, that for the Jews and Courtizans, for the greatness of it, it may compare with the best City of *Italy*; for, from the Lady to the Kitchin-maid, I dare say, they'l all prove tractable. Nay, quoth *Borelles*, except still our holy Sisters the Nuns. Not I faith, quoth he, nor my Mistress neither. Indeed, replies *Poligny*, If I knew you had a Mistress of that complexion, I would adventure a Glass of Claret to her health. When *Belluile* (out of a Phantastick *French* humour) affirmed he had a Mistress, whose beauty was so excellent, as he knew he could not receive shame to name her; and if you please to honour her self and me with her health, I proclaim, that *Madamoyselle Laurieta* is my Mistress, and my self her servant.

Of wise and Christian Gentlemen, what prophane speeches, and debaucht table-talk are these they use here, as if their glory consisted in their shame, or their best virtues were to be discovered in the worst of vices? For, howsoever the Viands they did eat, may preserve the health of their bodies, yet this dissolute communication of theirs must needs poyson and destroy that of their souls: for, as they should praise God in the receipt of the one, so contrariwise they incense and displease his Sacred Majesty in giving him the other; yea, this is so far from Christianity and Heaven, as it is the high and true way to Atheism and Hell: for, Whores and Healths, in the stead of Prayer and Thanksgiving, are the prodigious and certain fore-runners of a seared conscience, and the dangerous and execrable symptoms of a leprous soul.

Birds are taken by their feet, and Men by their tongues. *Belluile* having so basely and sottishly abused himself in the disparaging of his Mistress *Laurieta*, *Poligny* hath his errand for which he purposely came to *Orenge*. So Dinner ended, they very pleasantly return for *Avignion*. That night *Poligny* cannot sleep for joy, or rather for revenge: For, now he presumes to know how to work himself into *Laurieta's* favour, by unhorsing *Belluile*. It is a dishonest and base part to betray our friend, and under the cloak of friendship and familiarity to harbour and retain malice against them: but this irregular and violent passion of love in young and unstayed judgments, many times bears down all other respects and considerations. For if Religion and Conscience be contemned, what hope is there that either honesty be regarded, or friendship observed, sith it is the only cement and sinews thereof? But *Poligny* is as resolute, as malicious in his purpose; and therefore the next morn by his Lackey, sends the Lady *Laurieta* this Letter.

POLIGNY

POLIGNY to LAURIETA.

IT is out of ſincere affection to thee, and out of premeditated malice to Belluile, *that I preſume to ſignifie thee, how lately in my preſence at* Orenge, *his tongue let fall ſome words that tended to the prejudice and diſparagement of thine honour: whereof I know it is not only the part, but the duty of a true Gentleman, to be rather curious in preſerving, than any way ungrateful in revealing thereof. Neither do I attempt to ſend thee this news, thereby to inſinuate or draw thee to affect me the more, or him the leſs: only ſith it is contrary to my complexion and nature, to permit any Lady to be wronged in my preſence; how much leſs thy ſelf, to whom I owe not my ſervice, but my life? If thou wilt not approve my zeal, yet thou haſt all the reaſon in the world to pardon my preſumption: and, to make my Letter real, What my pen affirms to* Laurieta, *my ſword is ready to confirm to* Belluile.

POLIGNY.

In the extremity and exceſs of thoſe three different paſſions, grief, choler, and aſtoniſhment, *Laurieta* receives and reads this Letter, and like a diſſolue Gentlewoman, being more careful of her reputation to the world, than of her ſoul towards God, ſhe knows not whether ſhe have more cauſe and reaſon either to approve *Poligny's* affection, or to condemn *Belluile's* folly: it grieves her to the heart, to have beſtowed her favours on ſo baſe and ingrateful a Gentleman as *Belluile*; vows ſhe will make him repent it, and is ſo reſolute, that this vanity and folly of his ſhall coſt him dear; yea, ſhe is ſo impatient in theſe her fumes of grief and revenge, that ſhe thought once with all expedition to have ſent for *Belluile*, to make him as well ſee the fruits of his own ingratitude, as to taſte the effects of her revenge and indignation: but ſhe holds it requiſite and fit, and her ſelf in a manner bound to thank *Poligny* for his courteſie, by returning him a Letter in anſwer of his, which ſhe ſpeedily diſpatcheth him by his Lackey, To this effect;

LAURIETA to POLIGNY.

I Know not whether thou haſt ſhewed me a truer teſtimony of thy diſcretion and affection, than Belluile *of his envy and folly. But as I reſt infinitely obliged to thee for thy care of my reputation; ſo I reſolve ſhortly to make him know what he deſerves in attempting to eclipſe and diſparage it. Now as I grieve not, ſo I muſt confeſs I cannot refrain from ſorrowing, at this his undeſerved ſlander; for as mine innocency defends me from the firſt, ſo my ſex cannot exempt me from the ſecond; and look what diſparity there is betwixt thy generoſity and his baſeneſs, ſo much there is betwixt the whiteneſs of my chaſtity and the foulneſs of his aſperſion. I reſt ſo confident of the truth of thy Pen, as I deſire no confirmation of thy Sword: and I flatter not, rather aſſure thy ſelf, that ſith* Belluile *was ſo indiſcreet to wrong me, he will neither have the wit or courage to right himſelf. I return thee many hearty thanks for this kind office and courteſie of thine; the which I cannot requite, yet I will not only endeavour, but ſtrive to deſerve.*

LAURIETA.

Whiles *Poligny* receives *Laurieta's* Letter with much content, and many kiſſes, as triumphing to ſee how he hath baffled *Belluile* by working him out, and conſequently himſelf into her favour: we will for a while leave him, to conſider whether the end of his treachery to *Belluile* will prove as fortunate and pleaſing to him, as the beginning promiſeth. And in the mean time we will a little ſpeak of *Laurieta*, to ſee what courſe and reſolution ſhe means to hold and obſerve with *Belluile*. It is not enough that ſhe hath written *Poligny* a Letter, but her envy and contempt towards *Belluile* is ſo implacable, as ſhe with much haſte and ſecreſie ſends for him: her requeſts to him are commands; yea, he needs no other ſpurs but thoſe of his Luſt, and of her Beauty, to make him rather fly than poſt to her preſence; when not ſo much as once dreaming of his former fooliſh ſpeeches delivered againſt his Miſtreſs *Laurieta*, much leſs of *Poligny's* treaſon conſpired and acted againſt him, he thinks to kiſs her, whom ſo often he hath formerly kiſſed; but his hopes and her diſdain deceive him: for ſhe peremptorily ſleights him; when having fire in her looks, and thunder in her ſpeeches, ſhe chargeth him with this ſcandal delivered by him at *Orenge*, in preſence of *Poligny*, againſt her honour and chaſtity. And is this (quoth ſhe) the reward a Lady ſhall deſerve and receive, by imparting her favours to a Gentleman? and, is this the part of a Gentleman, to erect the Trophees of his glory upon his Miſtreſſes diſgrace? are theſe fruits of thy ſighs and tears, or the effects of thy Requeſts, Oaths, and Letters? Yea, ſuch was then her furious rage, and deviliſh revenge, as ſhe was provided of a Stilletto, to have there ſtab'd him to the heart in her Chamber, had not her Waiting-Maid *Lucilla*, with her beſt oratory and perſwaſion, powerfully

fully diverted her to the contrary, by alledging to her the eminency of the danger, which the foulneſs and hainouſneſs of that fact brought her into. *Belluile* is amazed at this news, when now proving as prophane to God, as before he was baſe and ingrateful to *Laurieta*, he, with many oaths and imprecations, denies theſe ſpeeches, and this ſlander; and with much paſſion proteſteth his innocency. But this will not ſatisfie *Laurieta*; for to make his ſhame the more notorious in his guiltineſs, ſhe produceth him *Poligny*'s Letter; whereat *Belluile* hangs the head, and ſeems to let fall the plumes; not only of his pride, but of his courage and juſtification, yet he bitterly and vehemently perſevereth in his denial: but all this is not capable to appeaſe or content *Laurieta*; and which is worſt of all, nothing can poſſibly do it, except he make good her honour, and his own innocency, by a Combat or Duel againſt *Poligny*. So *Belluile* ſees himſelf driven to a narrow and ſhrewd puſh: He hath wronged *Laurieta*; and knows not how to right her; *Poligny* hath wronged him, and there is no way left for him to right himſelf, but by challenging and fighting with *Poligny*. But he loves *Laurieta* dearly, and therefore muſt reſolve to fight, or loſe her. As for his own part, to give him his true character and deſcription, he is rather a City-Swaggerer, than a Field-Souldier, loves rather to have a fair Sword, than a good one, and to wear it only for ſhew, not for uſe; he is ambitious of nothing more, than to be reputed rather than found valiant; In a word, for a Tavern quarrel, or a Stews-brawl, he is excellent; but to meet his enemy in the Field with a naked Sword, that doth not only daunt, but terrifie him. The greateſt comfort and conſolation he finds in this his perplexity, is, that he knows he hath many fellows, and companions, who are as white-liver'd and as very Cowards as himſelf: of which number, he flattereth himſelf with this poor baſe hope, that it is not impoſſible for *Poligny* to be one. But what is this to give ſatisfaction to *Laurieta*, except it may ſhew himſelf to be *Belluile*, but not a Gentleman? But all theſe conſiderations notwithſtanding, he loves *Laurieta* ſo tenderly and dearly, as not daring to ſee her, till he had met *Poligny*, he plucks up his ſpirits, and infuſing more mettal and courage into his reſolutions than accuſtomed, reſolves to fight with him: to which end, having at length fitted himſelf of an excellent Rapier, whoſe temper (with as much truth as laughter) I confeſs was far better than that of his heart, he by his Lackey, ſome three days after, ſends *Poligny* this Challenge.

BELLUILE to POLIGNY.

THY malice and treachery to me is as odious as remarkable; for whiles I ſought to cheriſh thy friendſhip, it hath purpoſely been thy delight and ambition to betray mine, in throwing the apple of diſcord betwixt the Lady thou waiteſt of, and my ſelf, upon the point of her honour; for whoſe defence and preſervation I owe not only my ſervice, but my life: which error, or rather crime of thine, though thy affection to her may ſeem to allow, yet my reputation to the world cannot, and my Rapier will not. Therefore, ſith I have been the undeſerved object of thy malice, think it not ſtrange, that I juſtly repute and hold thee the cauſe of my envy; which can receive no other ſatisfaction or reconcilement, but that to morrow at five in the morn thou meet me without Seconds, on the Bridge by the Iron Stump (the limits betwixt the King and the Pope) with thy ſingle Rapier, where I will attend thee with another; of which two take thou the choice, and give me the refuſal. Sleep not too much this night, for in the morn I doubt not but to ſend thee to thine eternal reſt.

BELLUILE.

Poligny receives this Challenge, and admires to ſee *Belluile*'s reſolution, from which all former reports could never draw aſſurance. It is not fear that caſts his head into theſe doubts, or theſe doubts into his head, for he is too generous to be a Daſtard, and too Eagle bred to turn Craven; for rejoycing in having made *Belluile* ſwallow a Gudgin, and triumphing in preſuming himſelf ſeated in the throne of *Laurieta*'s favour, makes him as reſolute to receive his Challenge as willing and ready to perform it; only the remembrance that *Belluile* ſent it him by a Lackey, and not by a Gentleman, throws him into as much diſdain as choller: but he, reſembling himſelf, paſſeth over this diſreſpect without reſpect, and ſo bids the Lackey tell his Maſter, that he will not fail to meet him at the hour and place appointed.

The Night doth, or ſhould, bring counſel: *Belluile* wiſheth his Challenge unſent; but it being out of his hands, it is out of his power to revoke or recall. *Poligny* is of contrary temper, and glad in his acceptance thereof, deſires that his Sword were in action, as well as his courage in contemplation. So out-paſſing the Night, which *Belluile* paſſeth over with as much fear as *Poligny* with generoſity, the Curtains of the Night being withdrawn, and the Day appearing, e're five have ſtrucken, *Balluile* notwithſtanding is firſt on the Bridge, and *Poligny* immediatly after him: they are without Seconds, and therefore they briefly unbrace, but not uncaſe their

their Doublets. *Belluile* will he valorous in words; and ſo according to his challenge, and the right of Duels, offereth *Poligny* the fight and choice of his Rapier. *Poligny* is too brave to dye in his debt, upon the point of honour and magnanimity, and therefore gives him his, as contented with the refuſal. So (courteſie for a while contending with valour) they both aſſume and accept of their own Rapiers; when dividing themſelves, they joyn with reſolution and fury. At firſt coming up, *Poligny* gives *Belluile* the firſt wound in his right ſhoulder, without receiving any, whereat he is more affrighted than *Poligny* rejoyced; at the ſecond, he receives another wound in the left ſide, but is not yet ſo happy to ſee, or aſſure himſelf, that his Rapier hath once touched *Poligny*'s Body, or which is leſs, his Cloaths: whereupon, conſidering *Poligny*'s generoſity, and comparing the bad grounds of his quarrel with the faintneſs and baſeneſs of his courage, he throws away his Sword, prays *Poilgny* to deſiſt; for he holds himſelf ſatisfied. When *Poligny*, diſdaining to taint his honour with the leaſt ſhadow of diſhonour, in receiving *Belluile*'s ſhame, gives him the happineſs and fruition of his life, and ſo they part. Lo, here the firſt fruits of their fooliſh and laſcivious affection to *Laurieta*: but I fear the ſecond will prove more bitter and bloody. *Belluile* going home with his ſhame and repentance, and *Poligny* with his Honour and Glory, they huſh themſelves up in ſilence, *Poligny* at his Chamber, and *Belluile* at his Chyrurgions houſe, to dreſs his wounds, hoping, that as they in their fight ſaw no body, ſo that none had ſeen them; but they are deceived: for two Souldiers from the Caſtle-walls not only eſpy them fighting, but know them. So they divulge it into the City, whereof *Laurieta* being advertiſed, ſhe ſends a confident Gentleman, a Couzen-German of hers, to find out *Belluile*, and to know the truth and iſſue of his Combate, but indeed his Cowardiſe hath purchaſed him ſo much ſhame, as he will not be ſeen, much leſs ſpoken withal: which *Laurieta* underſtanding, begins to conceive that the two ſouldiers report was true, and that undoubtedly he and *Poligny* had met and fought in her behalf: whereupon gueſſing at the truth, that *Poligny* had given *Belluile* the Foyle, ſhe was once of opinion to have written to *Poligny*, to be informed of the particulars and ſucceſs of their Combate, which ſo much imported as well her Honour as her Content. But *Poligny*'s affection prevents her curioſity: for as ſhe was calling for pen and paper, he in perſon aſcends the ſtairs to her Chamber; where, after a complemental and courteous Salute, he informs her (as we have formerly underſtood) that he hath given *Belluile* two wounds for her ſake, and his life for his own. She demands if he himſelf were not hurt; he anſwers, No. At both which good news ſhe infinitely rejoyceth, and in token of her thankfulneſs permits him to gather many kiſſes, as well from the Roſes of her Cheeks, as the Cherries of her Lips: and ſo from thenceforth he vows to be her profeſſed ſervant; and ſhe promiſeth him to be, though not his Miſtreſs, yet at leaſt his Friend. And here they unite and combine their affections; but that contract, and this familiarity, written only in vice, and ſealed in luſt, we ſhall ſhortly ſee cancelled and annihilated, with as much pity, as infamy and miſery, as the ſequel of this Hiſtory will ſhew and demonſtrate.

While thus *Laurieta* and *Poligny* are triumphing in *Belluile*'s foyl, and their own familiarity and affection, how is it poſſible but he muſt infinitely grieve for his loſs of *Laurieta*, and *La Palaiſiere* as much ſorrow to ſee her ſelf deprived and out of hope of her *Poligny*? But they brook their afflictions and paſſions with variable reſolutions: for whiles *La Palaiſiere* is imbathing her ſelf in tears and diſcontents, *Belluile* is reſolute to quench his revenge in *Poligny*'s blood. For, forgetting as well his God as Soul, his honour as himſelf, he intends to do it by the By, and not by the Main, by execrable Treachery, not by magnanimous Generoſity; yea, the Devil is to ſtrong in his Faith, becauſe that is ſo weak with his Saviour and Redeemer, as ſhutting the Doors of his Humanity and Charity, he opens them to Choller, Revenge, and Murther; yea, and henceforth he is ſo inraged, and his looks are ſo gaſtly and diſtracted, as if his Thoughts were conducting and incouraging his Hands to perpetrate ſome bloody Stratagem and Deſign: which is obſerved and doubted by his chiefeſt Familiars and intimate Friends, as alſo by *La Palaiſiere*, whoſe company he ſometimes frequents, not ſo much out of affection to her, as for conſolation from her to himſelf, ſith we are ſubject both to hope and believe, that our afflictions are partly eaſed and diminiſhed by the ſight and relation of that of others, as ſympathizing and participating with them; firſt in their Flames of Love, then of Grief and Sorrow, in being diſdained of thoſe we love. Neither could *Belluile* ſo cunningly or cloſely take up the fiery ſparks of his malice and revenge, under the Embers of ſilence and ſecrecy, but her affection to *Poligny*, and jealouſie of his good, made her ſo tender-ear'd, and ſharp-ſighted, as ſhe overheard ſome words that either in jeſt or in earneſt fell from *Belluile*'s Tongue, whereby it was apparent to her, that he intended no good, but pretended a ſecret fatal Malice to him, which a little time might too too ſoon and unexpectedly diſcover: whereupon her Love to *Poligny* was ſo dear and honourable, although he were ſo firmly entangled in the Beauty of *Laurieta*, as he would not vouchſafe, rather diſdained to love her

ſelf,

ſelf; that ſhe thought the diſcovery of *Belluile*'s malice to *Poligny*, ſo much imported *Poligny*'s good as ſhe her ſelf bound, as well in duty as affection, to reveal and relate it him; which ſhe doth in this Letter.

LA PALAISIERE to POLIGNY.

TO teſtifie to thee now the conſtancy of my affection with Ink, as I have formerly done the fervency thereof with tears, know, Thou haſt ſome cauſe to fear, and I to doubt, that Belluile *hath ſome dangerous project, or bloody deſign to put in execution, againſt his honour, and thy life; and as I reveal it thee out of care, ſo look thou prevent it out of thy own diſcretion, leſt he bereave thee of thy life, as thou haſt done him of his* Laurieta. *If thou ſleight this my advice, as thou haſt already my affection, yet as I remain witneſs of the purity of the laſt, ſo will theſe lines bare teſtimony to the world of the candour and ſincerity of the firſt. Neither do I preſume to ſend them thee out of any irregular ambition, to purchaſe the honour of thy favour, but only to let thee know that my affection is both powerful and capable to ſhine thorow the Clouds of thy diſdain; and that the obſcurity of that, neither hath defaced the luſtre, nor can eclipſe the reſplendency of this. Regard therefore thine own ſafety, albeit thou wilt not reſpect my content, and although thou pleaſe not to give me the honour to be thy Miſtreſs, yet I will take the ambition and reſolution to live and dye thine hand maid.*

LA PALASIERE.

Poligny breaking up the ſeals of this Letter, laughs to ſee *La Palaiſiere*'s affection, and to underſtand *Belluile*'s malice; and being beſotted with *Laurieta*, he loſt both his wit and judgment in the ſight and contemplation of her Beauty; yea, he is grown ſo fond in his affection and reſpect towards her, as he is arrived to the Meridian of this ſimplicity, to deem it a kind of treaſon to conceal any ſecret from her: to which end, he ſhews her *La Palaiſiere*'s Letter, which he makes his paſtime, and ſhe her May-game; yea, ſo vain is her folly, and ſo fooliſh her vanity, to ſee the paſſages and events of theſe their paſſions, as ſhe not only exceeds the *decorum* of diſcretion, but of modeſty in her laughter: and which is more, when ſhe again conſidereth how *Belluile* loves her ſelf, and not ſhe him; *La Palaiſiere Poligny*, and not he her, it makes her redouble her mirth and exhileration in ſuch ſort, as ſhe ſeems to burſt with the violence and exceſs thereof: but this mirth of hers ſhall be ſhortly waited and attended on with miſery and mouruing. But *Poligny* notwithſtanding ſees himſelf doubly obliged to *La Palaiſiere*, as well for her affection to him, as her care of him, and ſo holds himſelf obliged in either of theſe reſpects and conſideration, to requite her with a Letter: the which now, unknown to *Laurieta*, he writes, and ſends her to this effect:

POLIGNY to LA PALAISIERE.

IT is not the leaſt of my joys, that Belluile *cannot bear me ſo much malice, as thou doſt affection. 'Tis true, I have not deſerved thy love, 'tis more true, I have not merited his hatred, for that proceeds from Heaven, as a divine influence, this from Hell, as an infernal frenzy. I will not feed thee with hope, neither can he give me deſpair: (for not to diſſemble) it is as likely I may love thee, as impoſſible I ſhall fear him: he may have the will to do me hurt, I wiſh it were in my power to do thee good; neither can he be more malicious to perform me that, than I will be ambitious to confirm thee this: his malice I entertain with much contempt, thy kind advice and ſincere affection with infinite thanks: for when I conſider thy Letter, I cannot rightly expreſs or define, whether he begin to hate me, or I to love thee more. I doubt not but to make his deeds prove words to me, and I beſeech thee fear not but my words ſhall prove deeds to thee: for I am as confident ſhortly to ſalute fair* La Palaiſiere, *as careleſs when I meet fooliſh* Belluile.

POLIGNY.

Having thus diſpeeded her Letter, the vanity of his thoughts and the beaſtlineſs of his concupiſcence and ſenſuality, not only ſurprizeth his reaſon, but captivates his judgment; ſo as *Laurieta*'s ſight defacing *Belluile*'s memory, he thinks ſo much on her affection, as he reſpects not his malice: but this Vice and that Error ſhall coſt him dear. For whiles he is feaſting his eyes on the dainties and rarities of *Laurieta*'s beauty, *Belluile*'s heart hath agreed with the Devil to prepare him a bloody Banquet: Grace cannot contain him within her limits; therefore Impiety dallies ſo long with him, and he with Impiety, that at laſt this bloody ſentence is paſt in the Court of his helliſh reſolutions, that *Poligny* muſt die. The Devils aſſiſtance is never wanting in ſuch infernal ſtratagems: for this is an infallible Maxim, as remarkable as ruinous, That he always makes us fertile, not barren to do evil, never to do good. At firſt, *Belluile* thinks

thinks on Poyſon or Piſtol to diſpatch *Poligny*: but he finds the firſt, too difficult to attempt; the ſecond, too publick to perform. Sometimes he is of opinion to aſcend his Chamber, and murther him in his Bed; then to ſhoot him out at a Window as he paſſeth the Street: but, to conclude, underſtanding that he often comes very late in the night from *Laurieta*, he thinks it beſt to run him thorow with his Rapier, as he iſſueth forth her Houſe. And to make ſhort, hereon he reſolves.

Now to put the better colour on his villany, he retires himſelf from *Avignion*, and lives privately ſome ſix days in *Orenge*, giving it out, that he was gone to the City of *Aix*, in *Provence*; where, at that famous Court of Parliament, he had a Proceſs for a Title of Land, ſhortly to be adjudged; and ſo in a Dark Night, taking none but his Lackey with him, he being diſguiſed, by favour of Money, paſſeth the Gate of *Avignion*, and giving his Horſe to his Lackey, being ſecretly informed that *Poligny* was with *Laurieta*, he goes directly to her door, and there at the Corner of a little Street ſtands with his Rapier drawn under his Cloak, with a revenging and greedy deſire of Blood to await *Poligny*'s coming forth. The Clock ſtriking one, the Door is opened, and *Poligny* ſecretly iſſueth forth, without Candle, having purpoſely ſent away his Lackey, who had then unwittingly carried away his Maſter's Rapier with him. He is no ſooner in the Street, but *Belluile*, as a murtherous Villain, ruſheth forth, and ſo like a Limb of the Devil, ſheaths his Rapier in his Breaſt; when *Poligny* more hurt than amazed, and wanting his Sword, but not courage, endeavoureth by ſtrugling to cloſe with his aſſaſſinate; and ſo crys out for aſſiſtance: but the Dead of the Night favoureth his butcherly attempt, when withdrawing his Sword, he redoubleth his Cruelty, and ſo again runs him in at the ſmall of the Belly, thorow the Reins, whereat he preſently falls down dead at his Feet, having the power to Groan and Cry, but not to utter a Word. Which *Belluile* eſpying, and knowing him diſpatcht, runs to his Horſe, which his Lackey held ready at the corner of the next Street, and ſo rides to the ſame Gate he entred, which was kept ready for him; which paſſing, he with all expedition drives away for *Orenge*: from whence, the next morn before day, he takes poſt for *Aix*, the better to conceal and o're-vail this damnable Murther of his. But this policy of his ſhall deceive his hopes, and return him a fatal reward and intereſt. For although he can blear the eyes of men, yet he neither can, nor ſhall, thoſe of God, who in his due time, will out of his ſacred juſtice, repay and puniſh him with confuſion.

By this time the Street and Neighbours have taken the alarm of this Tragical accident: ſo Candles and Torches come from every where, only *Laurieta* having played the Whore before, will ſeem now (though falſely) to play the Honeſt Woman; for ſhe, to cover her ſhame, will not diſcover that her ſelf, or any of her Houſe are ſtirring: and ſo, although ſhe underſtood this News, and privately and bitterly wept thereat, yet ſhe keeps faſt her Doors, and like an ungrateful Strumpet, will permit none of her Servants for a long time to deſcend. The Criminal Judge and Preſident of the City is advertiſed of this Murther. The dead Gentleman is known to be *Monſieur Poligny*, and, being beloved, he is exceedingly bewailed of all who knew him, and inquiry and ſearch is made of all ſides, and the Lieutenant Criminal ſhews himſelf wiſe, becauſe honeſt and curious, becauſe wiſe in the perquiſition of this bloody Murther: but as yet time will not, or rather God, who is the Creator and Giver of time, is not as yet pleaſed to bring it to light; only *Laurieta* knew, and *La Palaiſiere* ſuſpected, and all thoſe who were the counſel of the one, or the acquaintance of the other, do likewiſe both fear and ſuſpect, that only *Belluile* was the bloody and execrable Author thereof; but to report or divulge ſo much, although they dare, they will not.

As for *La Palaiſiere*, her thoughts are taken up and pre-occupated with two ſeveral Paſſions; for as ſhe grieves at *Poligny*'s Death, ſo ſhe rejoyceth that ſhe hath no hand, nor was any way acceſſary to his murther; rather, that if he had failed by the Compaſs of her Advice, he had undoubtedly avoided the ſhipwrack of his life, and prevented the Misfortune of his Death; what to think of *Belluile* ſhe knows not, if he were her Friend before, he hath now made and proclaimed himſelf her Enemy, by killing her dear and only Friend *Poligny*; and therefore is reſolved, that as ſhe could never perfectly brook his company, ſo now this bloody fact ſhall make her deteſt both it and him. But let us a little leave her, and deſcend to ſpeak of *Laurieta*, to ſee how ſhe brooks the murther of her intimate Friend *Poligny*; for, ſith ſhe aſſuredly knows and believes that this cruel murther was performed by no other, but by her profeſſed Enemy *Belluile*, or by ſome of his bloody Agents; Love and Revenge conſpire to act two different Scenes upon the Theater of her Heart; for in memory and deep affection to her *Poligny*, her pearled tears and mournful ſighs infinitely deplore and bewail his diſaſterous end, ſo, as ſorrow withering the Roſes of her Cheeks, and Griet making her caſt off her Glittering, to take on mournful attire, ſhe could not refrain from giving all *Avignion* notice how pleaſing *Poligny*'s life was to her, by the exceſs of her lamentations and afflictions demonſtrated for his Death; or if her ſighs

found any conſolation, or her tears receſs or truce, it was adminiſtred her by her revenge, which ſhe conceived and intended towards *Belluile*, for this his bloody fact. So as conſulting with Choller not with Reaſon, with Nature not with Grace, with Satan not with God, ſhe vows to be ſharply revenged of him, and to make him pay dear for this his baſe and treacherous murther; yea, the fumes and fury of her revenge are ſo implacable, and tranſport her reſolutions to ſo bloody an impetuoſity, that reſembling her ſex and ſelf, ſhe inhumanely, and ſacrilegiouſly darts forth an oath, which her heart ſends to her ſoul, and her ſoul from Earth to Hell, that if the means find not her, ſhe will infallibly find out the means to quench and dry up her tears for *Poligny*'s death in the blood of *Belluile*: which, ſith ſhe is ſo devoid of Reaſon, Religion, and Grace, I fear we ſhall ſhortly ſee her attempt and perform. But leaving her in *Avignion*, let us find out *Belluile* in *Aix*, who is a Gentleman ſo prophane in his life, and debaucht in his actions and converſations, as inſtead of repenting, he triumphs at this his Murther: yea, he is become ſo impious and impudent, as he grieves not thereat, but only that he had no ſooner diſpatched his Rival *Poligny*: but the better to delude the world, that neither his hand or ſword were guilty in ſending *Poligny* from this world in a bloody winding-ſheet, his thoughts like ſo many hounds purſuing his conſcience, and his conſcience his ſoul, he thinks himſelf not ſafe in *Aix*, where the ſharp-ſighted Preſidents, and Counſellors of that illuſtrious Senate of Parliament might at laſt accuſe and find him out for the author of this bloody murther; and therefore leaves both it and *Provence*, and ſo rides to the City of *Lyons*, accompanied with none but his two Lackeys, who, to write the truth, acted no part in *Poligny*'s mournful Tragedy: neither doth he yet think himſelf ſafe there; but within a month after the murther, thinking directly and ſecurely to fly from the eyes and hands of Juſtice, thereby to avoid the ſtorm of his puniſhment, he again takes horſe for that great City and Forreſt, *Paris*, where he hoped the infinite number of People, Streets, Coaches, and Horſes, would not only ſecure his fear, but prevent his danger, and that here, as in a ſecure ſanctuary and ſafe harbour he might quietly ride at Anchor in all peace and tranquillity: but (as before) the time is not yet come of his puniſhment; for it may be, God, out of his inſcrutable will and divine Providence, will, when he beſt pleaſeth, return him from whence he came, and by ſome extraordinary accident make him there feel the foulneſs of his fact in the ſharpneſs and ſuddenneſs of his puniſhment; which as a fierce guſt and bitter ſtorm, ſhall then ſurprize him, when he leaſt ſuſpects or dreams thereof. But in this interim of his reſidence, he forgets his new fact of Murther, to remember his old ſins of Concupiſcence and Whoredom; and ſo, rather like a laſcivious Courtier, than a civil moral Chriſtian, he cannot ſee the Church for the Stews, nor the Preachers or Prieſts for Panders and Strumpets. But this vanity of his ſhall coſt him dear, and he ſhall be ſo miſerable to feel the puniſhment, ſith he will not be ſo happy to ſeek the means to avoid it: for now ſix months having exhauſted and diſſipated the greateſt part of his gold, and his credit coming ſhort of his hopes, it ſeems the air of *Paris* is diſpleaſing to him, ſith he cannot be agreeable to it, and therefore (neceſſity giving a law to the vanity of his deſires) he begins to loath the Iſle of *France*, to love the Province of *Provence*, and to leave *Paris* to ſee *Avignion*. And now it is, the devil, that ſubtil and fatal ſeducer, ſteps in, and at one time bewitching both his reaſon and judgment, preſents him afreſh with the freſhneſs and delicacy of *Laurieta*'s beauty, which ſo revives the ſparks of his affection, that lay raked up in the aſhes of ſilence, as he vows there is no beauty to hers; and if he chance to eſpy any fair Ladies, either at Court, or in the City, he preſently affirmeth, and infinitely proteſteth, they come far ſhort of his *Laurieta*'s delicacy, perfection, and grace; ſo, as his purſe tyrannizing o'er his ambition, and his concupiſcence o'er his judgment, he not ſo much as once dreaming of the implacable hatred ſhe formerly bore him, and thinking it impoſſible for her to conceive, much leſs to know that he murthered *Poligny*, he is conſtant and reſolute to re-ſeek the felicity to live in her favour and affection, or to die in the purſuit thereof: but that will prove as impoſſible, as this apparent and feaſiable. So as abſence adding fire to his luſt, and excellency to her beauty, he is reſolute to ſend one of his Lackeys to *Avignion*; partly to return with money, and ſo to meet him at *Lyons*, *Moulins*, or *Nerves*; but more eſpecially in great ſecrecy to deliver a Letter to his fair and ſweet *Laurieta*, and to bring him back her Anſwer, as if he were ſtill at *Paris*, and not in his Journey downwards. When meaning as yet to conceal his murther of *Poligny*, he calling for pen an paper, traceth her thereon theſe lines.

BELLUILE to LAURIETA.

IF Poligny *had but the thouſandth part as truly reſpected me, as I dearly loved thee, thou hadſt not ſo ſoon caſt me out of thy favour, nor God ſo ſuddenly him out of this world: but I know not whether more to bewail my unfortunacy occaſioned by thy cruelty, or his miſery ingendered through his*

own

own treachery. And indeed, as I grieve at that, ſo I ſorrow at this; for, although he died mine enemy, yet in deſpight of his malice and death, I will live his friend, and if thou lovedſt him, as I think thou didſt, I wiſh I might fight with his Murtherer for his own ſake, and kill him for thine. I may ſay, thy affection and beauty deſerveth his better, though dare not affirm, I am reſerved to be made happy in enjoying of either, much leſs of both, and leaſt of all of thy ſelf; and yet I muſt confeſs, that if our births and qualities were known, I ſhould go as near to be thy equal, as he infinitely came ſhort of being mine. What, or what not, I have performed for thy ſake, is beſt known to my ſelf, ſith thou diſdaineſt to know it: but if thou wilt pleaſe to abandon thy diſdain, then my affection and the truth will inform thee, that I have ever conſtantly reſolved to die thy ſervant, though thou have ſworn never to live my Miſtreſs. So that could I but as happily regain thy affection and favour, as I have unjuſtly and unfortunately loſt it, Belluile *would quickly forſake* Paris *to ſee* Avignion, *and abandon all the beauties of the World, to continue his homage and ſervice to that of his only fair and ſweet* Laurieta.

BELLUILE.

With this Letter he ſends a Diamond-Ring from his finger, and ſo diſpatcheth his Lackey, who is not long before he arrive at *Avignion*, where very ſecretly he delivers *Laurieta* his Maſters Token and Letter, and (treacherous Fury as ſhe is) ſhe kiſſeth both, and breaking off the Seals, reads the contents, whereat ſhe infinitely ſeems to rejoyce, and ſo queſtioneth the Lackey about his Maſters return; who being taught his leſſon, told her, that that depended on her pleaſure, ſith hers was his; and withal prays her for an anſwer; for, that two days hence he was again to return to his Maſter for *Paris*: the which ſhe promiſeth. The Lackey gone, ſhe cannot refrain from laughing, yea, ſhe leaps for joy, to ſee how *Belluile* is again ſo beſotted, to throw himſelf into her favour and mercy, and to obſerve how willing and forward he was to run hood-wink'd to his untimely death and deſtruction: for the Devil hath fortified her in her former bloody reſolution; ſo that hap what will, ſhe vows ſhe will not fail to kill *Belluile*, becauſe he had ſlain her *Poligny*, and already ſhe wiſheth him in *Avignion* that ſhe might ſee an end of this her wiſhed and deſired Tragedy. In the mean time ſhe prepares her hypocritical and treacherous Letter, and a rich watchet Scarf embroydered with flames of ſilver. So his Lackey repaireth to her, to whom ſhe delivereth both, with remembrance of her beſt love to his Maſter, and that ſhe hoped ſhortly to ſee him in *Avignion*. The Lackey being provided of his Maſter's Gold, and this Scarf and Letter, trips away ſpeedily for *Lions*, where he finds his Maſter privately huſht up in a friends houſe, expecting his return: he is glad of his own Gold, but more of *Laurieta*'s Letter, when thinking every minute a year before he had read it, he haſtily breaking off the ſeals, finds theſe lines therein contained.

LAURIETA to BELLUILE.

AS I acknowledge I loved Poligny, *ſo I confeſs I never hated thee; and if his treacherous inſinuation were too prevalent with my credulity, I beſeech thee attribute it to my indiſcretion, as being a Woman, and not to my inconſtancy, as being thy friend; for if he died thine enemy, let it ſuffice that I live thine hand-maid; and that as he was not reſerved for me, ſo I hope I am wholly for thy ſelf. How far he was my inferiour, I will not inquire, only it is both my content and honour, that thou pleaſe to vouchſafe to repute me thy equal. I am ſo far from diſdaining, as I infinitely deſire to know what thou haſt done for my ſake, that I may requite thy love with kiſſes, and make my thanks wipe off the conceit of my ingratitude. As for my affection, it was never loſt to thee, nor ſhall ever be found but of thee. To conclude, I wiſh that our little* Avignion *were thy great* Paris; *and if thy love be as unfeigned as mine is firm, let my* Belluile *make haſt to ſee his* Laurieta, *who hath vowed to rejoyce a thouſand times more at his return, than ever ſhe grieved at* Poligny's *death.*

LAURIETA.

At the reading of this Letter he is beyond himſelf, yea, beyond the Moon for joy, ſo as he wiſheth nothing ſo much, as himſelf in her arms, or ſhe in his. So he fits himſelf with a couple of good horſes, puts his Lackeys into new ſuits, and knowing that time and his abſence had waſhed away the remembrance of *Poligny*'s Murther, he ſpeeds away for *Avignion*; where the firſt night of his arrival there, he privately viſiteth *Laurieta*, 'twixt whom there is nothing but kiſſes and embracings; yea, ſhe ſo treacherouſly and ſweetly lulls him aſleep with the *Syren* melody of her deceitful ſpeeches, as ſhe prays him to viſit her often, and that a little time ſhall crown him with the fruits of his deſire: ſo, for that night they part. The next day he repairs to her again, when amidſt the confluence of many millions of kiſſes, ſhe prays and conjures him to diſcover her what he hath done for her ſake; when he tying her by oath to ſecre-

cy, and ſhe ſweating it, he relates to her, that it was himſelf that in affection to her had ſlain *Poligny*, as he iſſued forth of her lodging; when having wreſted and extorted this miſtery from him, it confirms her malice, and haſteneth on her reſolution of his death, which his laſcivious thoughts have neither the grace to foreſee, nor the reaſon to prevent. She eſpies he hath ſtill a piſtol with him, and deſires to know why he bears it? who anſwereth her, it is to defend himſelf from his enemies, and that he will never go without it. So again they fall to their kiſſes, and he to his requeſts of further and ſweeter favour of her; which ſhe for that time again denies him; adding withal, that if he will come to her after Dinner to morrow, ſhe will ſo diſpoſe of matters, as his pleaſure ſhall be hers; and ſhe will not be her own, but his. So being ſurpriſed and raviſhed with the extaſie of a thouſand ſweet approaching pleaſures, he returns to his Chamber, and ſhe to her malice: where whiles he gluts himſelf with his hope of delight, ſhe doth no leſs with her deſire of revenge. And now ruminating on the manner of his death, ſhe thinks nothing ſo fit or eaſie to diſpatch him, as his own Piſtol, and ſo thinking ſhe ſhould need her Waiting-maid *Lucilla*'s aſſiſtance (of whom this our hiſtory hath formerly made mention) ſhe acquaints her with her purpoſe, the next day to murther *Belluile* in her Chamber; and ſo with the lure of Gold, and many fair promiſes, draws her to conſent hereunto, and enjoyns her to be provided of a good Ponyard under her Gown for the ſame purpoſe, if need ſhould require; which *Lucilla* promiſeth. Now this night, as *Belluile* could not ſleep for joy, ſo could not *Laurieta* for revenge, who is ſo weighed down malice and murther, as ſhe wiſheth the hour come for her to reduce her deviliſh contemplation into bloody action. But this hour ſhall come too ſoon for them both; for as Lovers are impatient of delays, ſo *Belluile* hath no ſooner dined, but taking his Horſe and two Lackeys, he ſays he will take the air of the fields that afternoon, but will firſt call in and ſee his Miſtreſs *Laurieta*. So he alights at her door, and without the leaſt fear of danger, or apprehenſion of death, very joyfully aſcends *Laurieta*'s Chamber; who diſſembling wretch as ſhe is, very kindly meets and receives him, and the better to ſmother and diſſemble her murtherous intent, is not only prodigal in taking but in giving him kiſſes. *Belluile*, like a diſſolute and laſcivious Gentleman, whiſpers *Laurieta* in her ear, that he is come to receive the fruits of his hopes, and of her promiſe and courteſie: when conſidering that his Horſe and two Lackeys were at door, ſhe returns him this in his ear, that ſhe is wholly his, and that it is out of her power to deny or refuſe him any thing, only ſhe prays him to ſend away his Lackeys, becauſe their familiarity needed no witneſs. Thus whiles he calls them up, to bid them carry away his Horſe to the Gate that leads to *Marſeilles*, and there to wait his coming, *Laurieta* ſteps to her Waiting-maid *Lucilla*, and bids her make ready her Ponyard, and ſtand cloſe to her: for now (quoth ſhe) the hour is come that I will be revenged of *Belluile* for my *Poligny*'s death: the which ſhe had no ſooner ſpoken, but *Belluile* returns to her; when redoubling his kiſſes, he little or rather not at all fearing he was ſo near death, or death him, being ready to retire himſelf to a withdrawing Chamber, which *Laurieta* treacherouſly informed him ſhe had purpoſely provided for him, he takes his Piſtol, and lays it on the Table of the outer Chamber, wherein they then were; which ſhe eſpying, as the inſtrument ſhe infinitely deſired to finger, takes it in her hand, and prays him to ſhew her how to ſhoot it off: ſo taking it from her, he told her, if ſhe pleaſed, he would diſcharge it before her, for her ſake. Why (quoth ſhe) is it charged? Yea replies *Belluile*, with a ſingle Bullet. Nay then (quoth *Laurieta*) put in one Bullet more, and if you can eſpy any Crow out at the Window, either on the houſe or Church-top, if it pleaſe you I will play the man and ſhoot it for your ſake: When poor *Belluile*, deſirous to pleaſe her in any thing, looks out at the Window, and eſpyes two Crows on the Croſs of the *Auguſtines* Fryers Church, which he very joyfully relates to *Laurieta*; and ſo at her requeſt claps in a ſecond Bullet more; for (quoth ſhe) if I ſtrike not both, I will be ſure to pay one; and prays him to lean out at Window, to ſee how near ſhe could feather them; which (miſerable Gentleman) he performing, the Piſtol being bent, ſhe behind him diſchargeth it directly in his own Reins; whereat he amazedly ſtaggering, *Lucilla* ſeconding her bloody Miſtreſs, ſteps to him, and with her Ponyard gives him five or ſix wounds thorow the body; ſo as without ſpeaking or groaning, he falls dead at their feet: Whereat *Laurieta* Triumphing and leaping for joy, uttereth theſe bloody and prophane ſpeeches; O *Poligny*, whiles thou art in Heaven, this have I done in Earth for thy ſake, and in revenge of thy cruel death! Which having performed, they more cruelly than Cruelty herſelf, drag his breathleſs carkaſs, reeking in his blood, down the ſtairs, into a low obſcure Cellar, where making a ſhallow Grave, they there bury him in his Clothes, and ſo pile up a great quantity of Billets on him, as if that Wooden monument had power to conceal their Murther, and his body from the eyes and ſuſpicion of all the world. Good God! What Devils incarnate, and infernal Furies are theſe, thus to imbrue their hands in the Blood of this Gentleman?

But

But as cloſe as they act and contrive this their bloody and inhumane murther on earth, yet Heaven will both detect and revenge it; for when they leaſt dream thereof, God's wrath and vengeance will ſurprize them, to their utter confuſion and deſtruction, and it may be ſooner than they are aware of.

For the two Lackeys having ſtayed at the City Gate with their Maſters horſe till night, they return and ſeek him at *Laurieta*'s Houſe, where they left him; *Laurieta* informs them he ſtayed not an hour after them, and ſince ſhe ſaw him not; which news doth infinitely afflict and vex them. But they return to his Lodging, and like dutiful and faithful Servants, betwixt hope and fear await his return that Night, and all the next Day, but in vain. And now they begin to be amazed at his long and unaccuſtomed abſence, and ſo conſult this important buſineſs to ſome Gentlemen, their Maſter's confident and intimate Friends; who together with them repair to *Laurieta*'s Houſe, and again and again demand her for *Monſieur de Belluile*: but they find her conſtant in her firſt anſwer; and yet, guided by the Finger and Providence of God, they bewray a kind of perturbation in her looks, and diſcover ſome diſtraction and extravagancy in her ſpeeches: whereupon calling to their minds her former diſcourteſie to him for *Poligny*'s ſake, and his fighting with him on the Bridge for hers, as alſo this ſudden and violent ſuſpected murther of him, they ſuſpect and fear, there is more in the Wind than as yet they know; and ſo acquaint the Criminal Judges herewith, who as wiſe Senators, having ſeverally examined both her and her Maid *Lucilla*, and *Belluile*'s Lackeys, they conclude to impriſon *Laurieta*, which is inſtantly performed: whereat ſhe is extreamly amazed and terrified; but howſoever, ſhe is reſolute to deny all, and conſtant to ſtand upon her Juſtification and Innocency. So her Judges adjudge her to the Torments of the Rack, which (with a Maſculine, yea, with a Helliſh Fortitude) ſhe indureth, without revealing the leaſt ſhadow, either of Fear or Guiltineſs; but they detain her ſtill Priſoner, and hope that GOD will make time diſcover the Murther of *Belluile*; for eight days being now paſt, they are become confident that he is not in this World, but in another. In the mean time, her bloody Waiting-maid *Lucilla* hath continual recourſe to her Lady *Laurieta* in Priſon, where like impious and prophane wretches, they enterchangeably ſwear ſecreſie each to other, ſith on eithers diſcovery depends no leſs than both their deaths.

Whiles this news is generally divulged in *Avignion*, *Daulphine*, *Province*, and *Languedock*, and no news at all to be had or gathered of *Bellaile*; *La Palaiſiere*, who ſhined with as many Virtues as *Laurieta* was obſcured with Vices, out of compaſſion and Chriſtian charity, ſome three weeks after, viſiteth *Laurieta* in Priſon, although ſhe partly believed and knew, that ſhe never affected or loved her; when aiming to add conſolation to her afflictions, as God would have it, *Laurieta* out of her ignorance or folly, returns *La Palaiſiere* this unlooked for anſwer: That her ſelf was as innocent of *Belluile*'s death, as ſhe was of *Poligny*'s. Which words being overheard by ſome curious head of the Company, were inſtantly carried and reported to the Criminal Judges, who inſtantly cauſe *La Palaiſiere* to be apprehended and brought before them, whom they examine upon *Poligny*'s death, which doth no way affright or afflict her, becauſe her conſcience was untainted, and her ſelf as innocent as innocency her ſelf thereof. They deal further with her, to underſtand the paſſages of former buſineſſes betwixt her ſelf, *Poligny*, and *Belluile*. She gives them a true and faithful account thereof, yea, and relates them as much and no more than this Hiſtory hath formerly related; and to verifie and confirm her ſpeeches, like a diſcreet young Gentlewoman, ſhe gives them the Keys of a Trunk of hers wherein ſhe ſaith is her copy of a Letter ſhe wrote to *Poligny*, and his anſwer again to her, which ſhe prays them to ſend for, for her better clearing and diſcharge. The Judges ſend ſpeedily away for theſe Letters, which are found, produced, and read, directly concurring with the true circumſtance of her former depoſition: whereupon with much applauſe and commendation they acquit and diſcharge her. But if *La Palaiſiere*'s Virtues have cleared her; *Laurieta*'s Vices (which the Judges begin to ſmell out by *Poligny*'s Letter) do the more narrowly and ſtraightly impriſon her; and yet knowing that *La Palaiſiere* neither had, nor could any way accuſe her, for either of theſe two Murthers; ſhe ſets a good face on her bad heart, and ſo very bravely frollicks it in priſon, and to ſpeak truth, with far more joy, and leſs fear than heretofore: but to check and overthrow theſe vain triumphs of hers in their birth, and to nip them in their buds, news is brought her that her Waiting-maid *Lucilla* is ſecretly fled: which her Judges underſtanding, they now more vehemently than ever heretofore ſuſpect, (that without doubt) *Laurieta* was the author, and her Maid *Lucilla* the acceſſary of *Belluile*'s Murther; and ſo they ſet all the City and Country for her apprehenſion. And this news indeed makes *Laurieta* fear that ſhe will infallibly be taken, which doth amaze and afflict her, and indeed hereat ſhe cannot refrain from biting her lip, and hanging down her head: but ſee the miraculous and juſt judgment of the Lord upon this wretched and bloody *Lucilla*! for ſhe,

for

for fear flying, as it is ſuppoſed, that night from *Avignion* to *Orenge*, to her Parents, was there drowned, and the next morn found and taken up dead in one of the Fenny Lakes betwixt the two Cities. Which news, being reported to *Laurieta*, ſhe again converts her fear into hope, and ſorrows into joys, as knowing well that dead bodies can tell no tales. But the Wiſdom and Integrity of the Judges, by the apparency of *Laurieta*'s crime in that of her Waiting-Maids flight, again command her to be racked: but the devil is yet ſo ſtrong with her, and ſhe with the devil, that ſhe again indures the cruelty of theſe torments with a wonderful patience, with an admirable conſtancy and reſolution, and ſo couragiouſly and ſtoutly denying her crime, peremptorily maintaining her innocency and juſtification, her Judges led by the conſideration of the ſharpneſs and bitterneſs of her torments, as alſo that they could find no direct proof or ſubſtantial evidence againſt her, begin to conceive and imagine that it might be the Waiting-Maid, and not the Miſtreſs, that had ſent *Belluile* into another World; and ſo reſolve, the Week following, if they heard nothing in the mean time to accuſe *Laurieta*, to releaſe and acquit her: which *Laurieta* underſtanding, the torments which her limbs and body feel are nothing in reſpect of thoſe contentments and joys her heart and thoughts conceive; and already building Caſtles and Triumphs in her heart and contemplations, for the hope and joy of her ſpeedy inlargement; ſhe, in her apparel and behaviour, flaunts it out far braver than before. But ſhe hath not yet made her peace with her Judges, neither have they pronounced her *Quieta eſt*. And alas, how fooliſhly and ignorantly doth the vanity of her hopes deceive and betray her, when as the foulneſs of her ſoul, and contamination of her conſcience, every hour and minute prompt her, that God, the Judge of Judges, who hath ſeen, will in his good time and pleaſure both detect and puniſh as well her Whoredom as her Murther, in her Death! And lo, here comes both the cauſe and the manner thereof, wherein God's providence and juſtice does miraculouſly reſplend and ſhine.

For *Laurieta* being indebted to her Land-Lord *Monſieur de Richcourt*, as well for a whole years rent, as for three hundred Livers in money, which he had lent her, being impatient of her delays, but more of her diſgrace, lets out that part of his Houſe, which ſhe held of him, to the Dean of *Carpentras*, who for his health ſake came to ſojourn that Winter in *Avignion*; and deſpairing of her inlargement, and to ſatisfie himſelf, begins to ſell away her Houſhold-ſtuff, yea, to the very Billets which ſhe had in her Cellar, which he retains for himſelf; whereof when his ſervants came to clear the Cellar, they removing the laſt Billets, find the earth newly removed and opened in the length and proportion of a Grave: whereat wondring, they preſently inform their Maſter, who viewing the ſame, as God would have it, he inſtantly apprehended and believed, that *Laurieta* had undoubtedly killed *Belluile*, and there buried him: when not permitting his ſervants to remove the leaſt jot of earth, he as a diſcreet and honeſt Citizen, with all poſſible celerity trips away to the Criminal Judges, and acquaints them herewith; who concurring with *Richcourt* in his opinion and belief, they diſpeed themſelves to the Houſe and Cellar, where cauſing the new opened earth to be removed, behold, they find the miſerable dead body of *Belluile* there inhumanely thrown in, and buried in his Cloaths, which cauſing to be taken off, thereby to ſearch his body; they find him ſhot into the reins with two Piſtol-Bullets, and his body ſtab'd and pierced with ſix ſeveral wounds of a Rapier or Ponyard: they are amazed at this pitiful and lamentable ſpectacle; and reſting confident it could be no other but *Laurieta* and her Maid *Lucilla*, that had committed this cruel Murther, they privately and ſecretly cauſe *Belluile*'s dead body to be conveyed to the Priſon, and there, when *Laurieta* leaſt dreamt thereof, expoſe it to her ſight, and in rough terms charge and cry out upon her for this Murther; but this monſter of nature, and ſhe-devil of her ſex, hath yet her heart obdurated with revenge, and her ſoul ſo o're-clouded and benumm'd with impiety, as ſhe is nothing daunted or terrified with the ſight hereof; but with many fearful imprecations and aſſeverations ſtands peremptorily in her innocency, and out of the heat of her malice and choller, terms them Devils or Witches, that are her accuſers. But her Judges who can no longer be deluded with her Vows, nor will no more give ear to her perfidious Oaths, command to have her Paps ſeared off with hot burning Pinchers, thereby to vindicate the truth of her cruel murther, from the falſehood of her impious and impudent denial thereof. Whereat amazed and aſtoniſhed, and ſeeing this cruel torment ready to be inflicted and preſented her, God was ſo indulgent to her ſins, and ſo merciful to her ſoul, as, the Devil flying from her, and ſhe from his temptations, ſhe raining down many rivolets and ſhowers of tears from her eyes, and evaporating many volleys of ſighs from her heart, throwing her ſelf down on her knees to the earth, and lifting up her eyes and hands to Heaven, with much bewailing and bitterneſs, ſhe at laſt confeſſeth to her Judges, that ſhe and her Waiting-maid *Lucilla* were the murtherers of *Belluile*; and for the which ſhe ſaid, that through her humble contrition and hearty repentance, ſhe hoped that God would pardon her ſoul in

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the life to come, though ſhe knew they would not her body in this. Whereupon the Judges, in horror and execration of her inhumane and bloody Crime, pronounce ſentence of death upon her, and condemn her, the next day after dinner, firſt to be hanged, then burnt in the ſame ſtreet, right againſt her lodging, *Monſieur de Richcourt*'s houſe; and likewiſe, ſith *Lucilla* was both an acceſſary and actor in this bloody Tragedy, that her body ſhould be taken up of the Grave, and likewiſe burnt with hers in the ſame fire: which accordingly was executed in the preſence of an infinite number of people both of the Citizens, and adjacent Neighbours of *Avignion*; *Laurieta* uttering upon the Ladder a ſhort, but a moſt Chriſtian and penitent ſpeech to the people, tending firſt to diſſwade them all by her example from thoſe foul and crying ſins of Whoredom, Revenge, and Murther; and then to requeſt and perſwade them, that they would aſſiſt her with their Religious and devout Prayers in her Soul's paſſage and flight towards Heaven; yet adding withal, that as her Crime, ſo her Grief was redoubled, becauſe, as ſhe had killed *Belluile* for *Poligny*'s ſake; ſo ſhe was ſure that *Belluile* had killed *Poligny*, for hers.

And thus, Chriſtian Reader, were the diſſolute lives and mournful deaths of theſe two unfortunate Gentlemen, *Poligny* and *Belluile*, and of this laſcivious and bloody Curtizan *Laurieta*, and her Waiting-Maid *Lucilla*, A Tragical-Hiſtory, worthy both of our obſervation and deteſtation; and indeed, theſe are the bitter fruits of Luſt, Whoredom, and Revenge, and the inſeparable companions which infallibly await and attend them; the very ſight and conſideration whereof are capable, not only to adminiſter conſolation to the righteous, but to ſtrike terrour to the ungodly. O therefore, that we may beware by theſe their fatal and dangerous ſins; for this is the only perfect and true way to repent and avoid their puniſhments.

GOD'S

GOD'S Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY IX.

Jacamo de Caſtelnovo *luſtfully falls in love with his Daughter in Law* Perina, *his own Son* Franciſco de Caſtelnovo's *Wife*; *whom to enjoy, he cauſeth* Jerantha *firſt to poyſon his own Lady* Fidelia, *and then his ſaid Son* Franciſco de Caſtelnovo: *in revenge whereof,* Perina *treacherouſly murthereth him in his bed.* Jerantha *ready to die in Travel of Child confeſſeth her two murthers, for the which ſhe is hanged and burnt.* Perina *hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetual impriſonment, where ſhe ſorrowfully dies.*

WE need not ſend our curioſity (or our curioſity us) to ſeek Tygers and Monſters in *Africa*; for *Europe* hath but too many: who are ſo cruel and inhumane, not only to imbrue, but to imbathe themſelves in the innocent blood of their Chriſtian Brethren. And as Religion prohibits us to kill, and commands us to love our enemies; with what audacious and prophane impiety dare we then murther our Friends, nay thoſe of our own blood, and who are the greateſt part of our ſelves? And although *Italy* hath lately afforded many Tragical Preſidents, and fearful examples of this nature (whereof I have given ſome to my former, and reſerved others to my future Books) yet, in my Conceit, it hath produced none more bloody and inhumane than this, whether we reſpect the Murthers or the Perſons. For here we ſhall ſee a wretched and execrable Old Man ſo beſotted in Luſt, and Flaming in Malice and Revenge, as, being both a Husband and Father, he by a Helliſh young Gentlewoman (his Strumpet) poyſoneth both his own Wife and his own Son: It was his Vanity which firſt inkindled the fire of his Luſt; it is then his Impiety which gives way to the Devil to blow the Coals thereto, and ſo to convert it into Murther. O that Sin

ſhould

ſhould ſo triumph o'er Grace, and not Grace o'er Sin! O that Age and Nature ſhould not teach us to be leſs bloody, and more compaſſionate and charitable! And alas, alas, by poyſon, that drug of the Devil, who firſt brought the damnable invention thereof from Hell, to be practiſed here on earth only by his Agents and Members, we ſhall likewiſe ſee him killed by his Daughter-in-Law, for formerly poyſoning of her Husband: Luſt ſeduced him to perpetrate thoſe; Affection, or rather bloody Revenge, drew her on to perform this, and conſequently to her puniſhment due for the ſame. Had they had more Grace and Religion, they would not have been ſo inhumane, but falling from that, no marvel if they fell to be ſo wretched and miſerable: for if we die well, we ſeldom live ill; if we live ill, we uſually never die well; for it is the end that crowns the beginning, not the beginning the end. Therefore if we will be happy in our lives, and bleſſed in our deaths, we muſt follow Vertue, and fly from Vice, love Chaſtity and Charity, and hate Luſt and Envy, prefer Heaven before Earth, our Souls before our Bodies, and defie with a holy reſolution both to fear and love God.

Savoy is the Country, and *Nice* the City (ſeated upon the *Mediterranean* Sea, being the ſtrongeſt Bulwark againſt *France*, and the beſt Fortreſs and Key of *Italy*) where the Scene of this inſuing Tragical Hiſtory is laid, the which to refetch from the Head-ſpring, and fountain of its original, it muſt carry our curioſity and underſtanding over thoſe famous Mountains, the *Alps*, and from thence to the City of *Saint John de Mauriene*, where of late and freſh memory dwelt an aged Gentleman, of rich revenues and great wealth, named *Seignior Antonio de Arconeto*, who had newly by his deceaſed Wife, the Lady *Eleanora de Bibanti*, two Children, to wit, a Son and Daughter; that, named *Seignior Alexandro*; and this, the Lady *Perina*; a little different in years, for he was eighteen, and ſhe but fifteen; but more in qualities and conditions, for he was by Nature perverſe and cholerick, but ſhe, mild, courteous, and gracious. Again, they differed much in the lineaments and proportion of their bodies; for *Alexandro*, like his Father, was ſhort, crook'd-back'd, and hard-favour'd: and *Perina*, reſembling her Mother, tall, ſtraight-waſted, and fair: ſo as it being a Principle and Maxim in Nature, that Parents (for the moſt part) love thoſe Children beſt, who beſt reſemble them; as the Mother *Eleanora* preferr'd *Perina* in her affection before *Alexandro*; ſo contrariwiſe their Father *Arconeto* did *Alexandro* before *Perina*. But as God had called *Eleanora* out of this life, and left her Husband *Arconeto* to ſurvive her; ſo *Alexandro*'s joy proved his Siſter *Perina*'s miſery and affliction: for he was ſo happy to ſee himſelf tenderly cheriſhed and affected, and ſhe ſo unfortunate to perceive her ſelf ſlighted and diſ-reſpected of her Father; wherein, as I praiſe *Arconeto*'s intimate love to his Son, ſo I cannot but diſcommend, and withal, pity his immerited and unnatural neglect to his Daughter; wherein, as *Alexandro* triumphing in the one, judge judicious Reader, if *Perina* had not cauſe enough to grieve and lament at the other. But as the drift and ſcope of this Hiſtory looks another way, ſo for my part, who have undertaken to pen it, it is the leaſt of my intent or purpoſe to give inſtruction and direction, how Parents ſhould bear themſelves in their affections towards their Children: for loving one, and hating another, the joy of the one proves oftentimes the others ſorrow; and in giving that too much hope, we many times adminiſter this too much cauſe of deſpair, or if the inclinations and affections of Parents be more narrowly tyed, and ſtrictly linked to prefer and love one Child above the other, yet ſith they are the equal iſſue of our loyns, and we the only Parents of their youth, we ſhould be as well cautious in the diſtribution of our favours, as in the demonſtration of our diſ-reſpects towards them. But enough of this digreſſion; and now again to our Hiſtory.

As *Alexandro* grows up in years, ſo he doth in ambition and oſtentation: for if he play the Bravado abroad among Gentlemen and Ladies, ſo authorized by his fathers hatred to his Siſter, he at home becomes a pretty Tyrant to her; yea, his carriage is ſo ſtern and imperious towards her, as if ſhe were rather his Slave than his Siſter, or his laundreſs and his hand-maid than any part of himſelf, which notwithſtanding it was both a daily grief to her heart, and a continual torment to her thoughts; yet *Perina*'s ſweet perfections, and gracious virtues and behaviour, make her digeſt and brook all with wonderful conſtancy, and an admirable patience, for well ſhe knows, that if ſhe ſhould complain to her Father, of her Brother's unkindneſs towards her, ſhe ſhould thereby reap no other remedy and redreſs but this, That the one would laugh, and the other triumph thereat; and that the iſſue thereof would prove her complaints to be the Maygame of the one, and mocking-ſtock of the other. But God hath ordained briefly to eaſe her of a great part of her undeſerved diſcontents and afflictions: for lo, her Brother *Alexandro*, debauching and ſurfeiting at a Banquet at *Suſa*, returns home,

surprised by a hot pestilent Fever, which notwithstanding the care of his Father, or the Art of his experteſt Physicians, he, in three days, is taken out of this life.

And now guided by the light of nature, and the instinct of common sense and reason, who would not surmise or think, but that *Arconeto*, having buried his Son *Alexandro*, should now love his only Daughter and Child *Perina* far dearer and tenderer than before! But alas, nothing less; for he is not so kind, and therefore she cannot be so happy; yea, which is worse, although his words be her commands, and his pleasure her law, yet he contemns both her and her obedience, and never looks on her with love and affection, but still with disdain and envy: yea, in a word, his distaste is so extream and bitter against her, as he is never better pleased, than when she is furtheſt from him, so as her absence may delight and content him, but her presence cannot. Which unnatural dis-respect, and unjust cruelty of her Father towards her, doth so nip the joys of her youth, and the blossoms of her health and beauty, as, poor young Gentlewoman, she becomes infinite melancholy, and extream weak and sickly; which being observed and pitied of all her kinsfolks and friends, as being her Father's only Child, and Heir to all his Lands and Riches, an Aunt of hers, being her Mother's Sister, and likewise her God-mother, termed the Lady *Dominica*, a Widow-woman of the same City, works so with her Brother-in-Law *Arconeto*, that he is content to permit his Daughter *Perina* to reside and dwell with her: whereat as the Aunt is not a little glad, so the Neece beyond measure infinitely rejoyceth, and triumphs thereat, both hoping that her absence may, and will procure her Father's affection, which her presence could not; and that having more liberty and less bondage, she might again in a short time recover her former health and content; or else that God, out of his divine providence, and pleasure in Heaven, might call and allot her out some gallant Husband here on earth, with whom, in the contents and pleasures of Marriage, she might end her future days in as much tranquillity and felicity, as she had formerly lived in discontent and affliction: and indeed the event, though not in the first, yet in the two last points, answereth their expectations.

The Lady *Dominica* hath formerly contracted a Daughter of hers, named *Dona Bertha*, to a Cavalier of the City of *Nice*, termed *Seignior Bartholomeo Spelaſſi*, by descent noble, and of good revenues and wealth. And now the appointed time is come for their Marriage: to which end, up come's *Spelaſſi* from *Nice* to *Saint John de Mauriene*, assisted and followed by many Gallant young Gentlemen of his Kinsfolks and Friends; and, in a word, with a Train well befitting his rank and quality, where these Nuptials are solemnized with great variety of pomp and pleasure; as Feasting, Dancing, Masks, Running at the Ring, and the like; for in these amorous and Court-like Revels, the *Savoyards* (as participating both of the *French* and *Italian* humours) take a singular delight and felicity: But, as many times one Wedding occasioneth and produceth another, so Fortune, or, to speak more properly and truly, God ordained, that the Lady *Dominica* appointed her Neece *Perina*, to conduct the Bride-groom her Son-in-Law *Spelaſſi*, to the Church; and he had allotted one of the nobleſt and eminent Cavaliers that came with him, named *Seignior Franciſco de Caſtelnovo*, to perform the same Ceremony to his Bride the *Dona Bertha*, being a Knight of *Malta*, native of the City of *Nice*, and Son and Heir to *Seignior Jacomo de Caſtelnovo*, a very ancient and rich Baron of *Savoy*. Now as *Perina* was a most beautiful and fair young Lady, so was our young *Caſtelnovo* a very proper Gallant Cavalier; and sith the occasion of this Marriage, and the fortunacy and opportunity of their united office, by a kind of destinated and happy priviledge, authorized each to be familiar in the others company and presence: so, as Lovers begin to court first in jest, then in earest, the hearts and breasts of this young couple are in the end equally surprised with the flame of affection; yea, his personage and Dancing, and her beauty and singing, mutualy inkindle this fire of love in their thoughts and contemplations; which either imagineth, and both perceive and understand, by the dumb Oratory and silent Rhetorick of their eyes: Which *Caſtelnovo* knowing her descent and quality answerable to his, he intends to seek her in Marriage. When, not any longer to suppress or conceal their affections, they after dinner, dancing in company of divers others in the Garden, he singleth out the Lady *Perina*, his new Mistress apart in a Bower, closely over-veil'd with Vines, Sycamores, and Cyprus trees, and there 'twixt sighs and words, reveals his deep affection to her. But to avoid the prolix relation of this their Garden interview and conference, although at first *Perina*'s modesty (the sweeteſt ornament and vertue of a Lady) was such, as she not only kept her self, but likewise her affection to her self, yet her courteous and thankful answers, waited and seconded by many delicious blushes, and amorous sighs, although not publickly, yet privately inform'd her Lover *Caſtelnovo*, that she likewise loved him: so as during the term of fifteen days, which *Spelaſſi* and he remained in *Saint John de Mauriene*, he never left courting her, till he had obtained her

her affection, and conſent to be his Wife; drawn thereunto by theſe two attractive and ſeducing reaſons: Firſt, that *Caſtelnovo* was a gallant and proper Cavalier, as alſo her equal in deſcent and means; and then, that ſhe ſhould live in *Nice* with a Husband who dearly loved her, and no longer in *Saint John de Mauriene*, with a Father who extreamly hated her: Neither can theſe our young Lovers bear their affections ſo ſecret, but the whole company, eſpecially the Lady *Dominica* her Aunt perceives it, and deeming it a fit match for her Neece, rejoyceth thereat. *Caſtelnovo* ſecretly acquaints her therewith, and intreats her beſt aſſiſtance therein, towards her Brother *Arconeto*; which ſhe promiſeth, and forthwith attempteth: when *Caſtelnovo*, taking time at advantage, ſeconds her in his ſuit for his Daughter, to her old Father.

Now her Father *Arconeto* (degenerating from the natural affection of a Father towards his Daughter) is ſo willing to part with her to any Husband, that he may no more ſee her, nor be troubled with her preſence; as thinking a far worſe Match good enough, he thinks this infinitely too good for her; and ſo at the leaſt ſhadow of the very firſt motion conſents thereunto; which not only baniſheth *Perina*'s old Grief, but confirmeth *Caſtelnovo*'s new joys; yea, they like two ſweet and vertuous Lovers, ſo extreamly rejoyce and triumph thereat, as he riding home Poſt to *Nice*, to acquaint his own Father *Signior Jacomo de Caſtelnovo* therewith; and ſwiftly returning again to *Saint John de Mauriene*, with his conſent and approbation; this marriage of *Caſtelnovo* and *Perina*, is almoſt as ſoon ſolemnized, as that of *Spelaſſi* and *Bertha*, though indeed more obſcure, and with far leſs Pomp and Bravery, in reſpect of the perverſeneſs and diſtaſte of her froward old Father *Arconeto*. So, fifteen days being expired ſince *Spelaſſi* and *Caſtelnovo* their firſt departure from *Nice*, they leave *Saint John de Mauriene*, to return and conduct their Brides home to *Nice*, robbing that to inrich this City with two ſuch Beautiful and Gallant Ladies, as were *Bertha* and *Perina*.

Now the better to add Life and Form to this Hiſtory, or rather to approach the more material and eſſential parts thereof, we muſt here leave to ſpeak of *Spelaſſi* and *Bertha*, and wholly tie our thoughts and curioſity to *Caſtelnovo* and *Perina*, two principal and unfortunate Perſons, who both have mournful parts to act upon the Stage and Theatre of *Nice*; for this Marriage of theirs is not begun with the tenth part of ſo many joys, as we ſhall ſhortly ſee it waited and attended on, yea, diſſolved and finiſhed both with tears and blood.

Caſtelnovo having brought Home his fair and dear *Perina* to *Nice*, ſhe is very honourably welcomed, and courteouſly received and entertained of his old Father *Seignior Jacomo de Caſtelnovo*, and of the Lady *Fidelia* his Mother, and ſo are all her Kinſfolks and Friends, who accompany her; yea, there wants no feaſting nor revelling in *Nice*, to teſtifie how much they congratulate and rejoyce at their Son's good Fortune and Happineſs; and for *Caſtelnovo* and *Perina* themſelves, they are ſo greatly raviſhed with content, and drowned in the joys and delights of Marriage, as though they have two Bodies, yet but one Hearts Deſire, and affection; yea, they are ſo extreamly in Love each with other, as they believe there is no Heaven upon Earth, to that of each others Preſence. But they ſhall be deceived herein; for there are Tragical Storms ariſing, to trouble the Serenity of this Marriage, and the felicity and tranquillity of theſe affections.

For it is both with Grief and Shame that I muſt be ſo immodeſt, and therefore unfortunate, to relate, that the old Baron *Jacomo de Caſtelnovo*, aged of ſome threeſcore and eight years, hath ſo far forgotten his God and himſelf, his conſcience and his ſoul, grace, and nature, and humanity, as gazing on the freſh and delicious Beauty of our ſweet Lady *Perina* his own Son's Wife, he gives the Reins both of his obſcene deſires, and inordinate affections, to Luſt after her. O how my heart trembles to think how he who is white with the Snow of a venerable Age, ſhould now laſciviouſly idolatrize to Beauty! how he that hath (as it were) one foot in his Grave, ſhould luſtfully deſire to have the other in his Son's Bed! how he that hath his Veins dryed up and withered, and nothing living in him but deſire, ſhould yet of all the Beauties of the world, deſire only to enjoy that of his Son's Wife! how he, that hath ſcarce any time left him to be repentant and ſorrowful for his old Sins, will now anew make himſelf guilty of theſe foul Sins of Adultery, and I may in a manner ſay of Inceſt! how he that hath not given the Flower of his Youth, will yet ſtill laſciviouſly and willfully refuſe to beſtow the Bran of his Age on his God! alas miſerable *Caſtelnovo*, wretched old man, or rather lubricious and beaſtly Letcher, thus to drown thy Thoughts in the hell of Concupiſcence and Adultery, when it were far fitter thou ſhouldſt lift them up to Heaven, in the ſacrifice of Prayer, and other pious and religious contemplations! But all this will not prevail to ſtop the current of his voluptuouſneſs, and the progreſſion of his ſenſuality: for without reſpect of his God, or regard of his Soul, he is reſolute in his deſires, to make a Strumpet of his Daughter-in-Law, and to make his Son's Wife his Whore: but God will deceive his hopes, and prevent his Villany.

Now the better and ſooner to draw her to his laſcivious Deſires, he is wonderful courteous and affable to her, ſtill walking and talking with her, yea, and many times kiſſing her; whereof, both her Husband and ſelf are infinitely joyful, but eſpecially *Perina*, becauſe ſhe finds a great alteration in her fortune, in that her Father in Law *Caſtelnovo* proves as courteous to her, as her own Father *Arconeto* is cruel. But poor innocent Soul, and ſweet and chaſt Lady, little doſt thou either dream, or think on his laſcivious intent againſt thy Honour and Chaſtity. Old *Caſtelnovo* wallowing in the filthineſs, and burning in the fire of his new Luſt, and loſing himſelf and his thoughts in the Labyrinth of his Daughter in Law *Perina*'s Beauty, he thinks on nothing ſo much, nay, on nothing elſe, but how to obtain her to his laſcivious Will: but not daring, or rather fearing to acquaint her with his inordinate and beaſtly purpoſe, whiles his Son, her Husband, is at home preſent with her, he forgeth and frames a plot, both unnatural and treacherous, to make him embrace and follow the Wars in waiting on the Duke *Charles Emanuel*, or the Prince *Amadee Victor* his Son and Heir, who with their Warlike Troops were reſolute to expel the Duke of *Feria Viceroy* of *Millain*, with the Spaniſh Regiments, out of *Vercele*, *Caſſal*, and the other Towns of *Piedmont*: to which end his luſtful affection to *Perina*, made him eloquent in perſwading, and powerful in drawing her Husband to this Martial action, ſo full of Honour and Glory; adding, that his Honour, and the ſervice of his Prince and Countrey, called him to the Field, and that he ſhould not wholly drown himſelf in the Beauty of his young Wife, and the pleaſures of Marriage. His Son *Caſtelnovo*, not at all ſuſpecting or dreaming what a dangerous Snake lay lirking under the green Leaves of his Father's Sugred Speeches and perſwaſions, like a noble and generous Knight as he was, needs no other advocate but his own Honour and Martial Diſpoſition to imbark him in theſe Wars; and although the Beauty, Requeſts, and Tears of his young Lady were vehement ſolicitors to divert him, yet he is reſolute to leave her for three or four Months. And ſo making ready his Arms, Trains, Horſes and preparatives, he giving her many kiſſes, and ſhe returning a world of ſighs and tears, leaves *Nice*, and ſo finds out the Duke and his Army in *Piedmont*; where for a little time we will leave him.

It is a queſtion very diſputable, and which by my weak capacity and judgment cannot well be decided, Whether this departure of young *Caſtelnovo* to the Wars, made his Father more glad, or his Wife ſorrowful: for as ſhe was all in tears, ſo was he in mirth and jollity, being ſo vain in Luſt and ſo luſtful in his Vanity, as he trims up his Beard, and goes neater and withal more youthful in his Apparel than accuſtomed; yea, his Luſt had ſo metaphorphoſed him, as if it had a prophane influence, and ſecret power to renew old age in him. But alas, alas, what perfection of Chaſtity can we expect or hope for in youth, when we ſee no better ſigns and fruits in one of threeſcore and eight years! But I will follow the ſtream of our Hiſtory, though indeed the Relation of this old laſcivious Letcher's Luſt and Vanity to his Daughter-in-Law *Perina*, equally afflict me with grief and pity to publiſh it.

I am then conſtrained to write and aver, that although meer ſhame and unnaturalneſs do as yet with hold this wretched Father's tongue, from vomiting forth his adulterated Luſt to his fair and chaſt Daughter-in-Law *Perina*, yet his Luſt is ſo immodeſtly laſcivious, as he cannot keep himſelf out of her company, nor, being in it, refrain from kiſſing her; but to ſee the innocency, and obſerve the purity of her Thoughts, ſhe nevertheleſs not ſo much as any way ſuſpects or dreams of his laſcivious intent, although indeed ſhe thinks this courteſie of his, ſomewhat exceeds the priviledge of a Father, and the Duty of a Daughter: but meaſuring this by the cruelty of her own Father, ſhe poor ſilly Soul, thinks her ſelf in this reſpect now as happy, as heretofore ſhe was miſerable. Only the abſence of her dear Husband *Caſtelnovo*, doth both torture and torment her; and the more, for that he is in the field at Wars; when God knoweth, ſhe deſireth and wiſheth he ſhould be at home with her in peace.

But whiles *Perina* looks from *Savoy* to *Piedmont*, from *Nice* to *Vercelli*, and from her ſelf to her Lord and Husband, her other ſelf, we muſt not forget, becauſe our Hiſtory will remember, her Mother-in-Law *Fidelia*, which now we muſt admit and re-conduct to act her part upon the Theatre hereof; who, obſerving her Husbands immodeſt and unwiſe Familiarity demonſtrated to the young Lady *Perina* her Son's Wife, as alſo his alteration in Humours and apparel, but chiefly in his accuſtomed Diſtractions and Sighs in his reſt and repoſe; ſhe more out of Vertuous Wiſdom, than fooliſh Jealouſie, aims at his vain Luſt towards this young Lady her Daughter-in-Law; whereat ſhe both admires with Grief, and wonders with anxiety of Affliction and Sorrow, to ſee her old Husband, in the Winter of his Age, ſo fottiſh and beaſtly to Luſt after his own Son's young Wife; to ſee that no reſpect of Heaven, no regard of Conſcience, nor apprehenſion of Damnation and Hell, had the Grace or Power, either to kill theſe laſcivious Thoughts in their Conception, or to ſtrangle them in their Birth, to ſee that

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he who was ready to go to his Bed of Death, ſhould now (like the *Salamander* in the fire) be burning with deſire, to go to that of Luſt and Adultery; and to ſee him ſo devoid of Piety, as he muſt needs joyn Inceſt with Adultery, as if one of theſe beaſtly ſins alone, were not enough enormous and prodigious to make his life miſerable, and his death wretched. And although ſhe hath cauſe enough of ſorrow in her ſelf, yet when ſhe thinks of her Husbands Age, and Daughter's Youth, of his luſt and her chaſtity, and, which is more, of the moſt degenerate and unnatural part of a Father to ſeek to pollute and defile his own Son's Bed, and conſequently his own honour; This indeed goes near her, and this, and only this, makes her look on him, both with envy and pity: but her age having taught her to love Diſcreetly, and to hate and diſdain Jealouſie, ſhe bears this as patiently as ſhe may, till at laſt ſeeking and finding out a fit opportunity, ſhe, both with tears in her eyes, and grief in her ſpeeches, very ſecretly checks him for theſe his inordinate and laſcivious deſires towards the young Lady *Perina*, their Daughter-in-Law.

But as it is the nature of Sin ſo to betray and inveigle our Judgments, that we flatter our ſelves with a falſe conceit, none can perceive it in us; ſo this old Letcher, her Husband thinking that he had danced in a Net, from the Jealouſie and ſuſpicion of all the World, in thus affecting his Son's Wife, he, like a lewd and wretched old Varlet, is ſo far from reliſhing theſe his old Wive's Speeches and Exhortations, or from being reclaimed thereby, as he diſdaineth both them, and her; and from henceforth is ſo imperious, and withal bitter to her, as he never looks on her with Affection, but Envy; which nevertheleſs ſhe (as a Modeſt Wife, and Grave Matron) holds it a part not only of her Love, but of her Duty, by ſweet Speeches, and ſoft means of perſwaſion, to divert him from this Fond and Laſcivious Humour of his. But obſerve the Vanity of his Laſciviouſneſs, and the Impiety of his Thoughts and Reſolutions; for all her Prayers and Perſwaſions ſerve only rather to ſet, than rebate the Edge of his Luſt, and rather bring Oyl to increaſe, than Water to quench the Flame of his Immodeſt and Irregular Affection, ſo as ſeeing that ſhe ſtood in the way of obtaining his Beaſtly Pleaſures; he, like a prophane and barbarous Husband, terms her no more his Wife, but his *Medea*; and, which is worſe, he, out of the heat both of his Luſt and Choler, vows he will ſoon remove her from this World to another.

And here the Devil, ambitious and deſirous of nothing ſo much, as to fill up the empty rooms of his vaſt and infernal Kingdom, by miſerable and execrable degrees, takes poſſeſſion firſt of his thoughts, then of his heart, and laſtly of his ſoul; ſo as being conſtant in his indignation and choler, and reſolute in this his impious and bloody revenge, he means to diſpatch and murther her, who, for the term of forty two years had been his moſt loving Wife, and faithful Bed-fellow; but withal he will act it ſo privately, as not having as yet diſcovered his affection to his Daughter *Perina* he will therefore conceal both from her and all the World the Murther of his Wife *Fidelia*, except only to thoſe graceleſs and execrable Agents he meant to imploy in this mournful and bloody buſineſs.

To which end, (with a helliſh Ratiocination) ruminating and revolving on the manner thereof, he having run over the Circumſtances of many Violent and Tragical Deaths, at laſt reſolves to poyſon her, and deems none ſo fit to undertake it, as her own Waiting-Gentlewoman *Jerantha*; the which authorized by his former laſcivious dalliance with her, as alſo in favour of five hundred Duckets that he will give her, he is confident ſhe will undertake and finiſh; neither doth he fail in his bloody hopes; for what with the Honey of his flattering Speeches, and the Sugar of his Gold, ſhe, like an infernal Fury, and a Monſter of her Sex, moſt ingratefully and inhumanly conſents thereunto; ſo as putting poyſon into white-broath, which ſome mornings ſhe was accuſtomed to make and give her Lady, it ſpreading into her Veins, and exhaling the radical Humour of her Life and Strength, within eight days carries this Aged and vertuous Matron to her Grave, and her Soul to Heaven. But her Murtherers ſhall pay dear for this her untimely end.

The Lady *Perina*, and all the Lady *Fidelia*'s Kinſfolks and Friends infinitely lament and bewail her Death; and indeed ſo doth the whole City of *Nice*, where for her Deſcent and Vertues ſhe is infinitey beloved and affected; but all theſe tears of theirs are nothing in compariſon of thoſe of her wicked and execrable Husband *Caſtelnovo*, who, although he inwardly rejoyce, yet he outwardly ſeems to be exceedingly afflicted and dejected. But as he hath heretofore acted part the of a Murtherer, and now of an Hypocrite, yet, have we but a little patience, and we ſhall ſee that detected, this unmasked; and both puniſhed.

Whiles this mournful Tragedy is acted in *Nice*, the Mediation of the *French* King and Pope reconcile the differences, give end to the Wars, and conclude Peace betwixt *Spain* and *Savoy*.

So

So home returns the Duke of *Feria* to *Millain*; the noble Duke of *Savoy*, and the generous Princes his Sons, to *Turin*; the Marshal *De Desdiguieres*, and the Baron of *Termes*, into *France*; and consequently home comes our Knight *Castelnovo* to *Nice*: where thinking to rejoyce with his young Wife, he is so unfortunate to mourn for the Death of his old Mother; but GOD knows, that neither of them know the least spark or shadow of her cruel and untimely Murther, and less, the cause thereof. Now for his lascivious and bloody Father, albeit, to cast a vail before his thoughts, and his intents and actions, he publickly mourns for his Wive's Death, and rejoyceth for his Sons Return; yet contrariwise he privately mourns for this, and rejoyceth for that. But to leave the remembrance of *Fidelia*, to assume that of our *Perina*; I know not whether she grieved more at her Husband's absence, or rejoyce at his presence, sith her affections to him was so tender and fervent, as in her heart and soul she esteemed that as much her Hell, as this her Heaven upon Earth: but these joys of hers are but fires of straw, or flattering Sun-shine, which are suddenly washed either away with a shower, or eclipsed and banished by a tempest; for whiles her hopes flatter her belief of her Husbands continual stay and residence with her, her Father-in-Law's Lust to her, foreseeing and considering that it was impossible to think to obtain her at home, e're her Husband his Son were again imployed and sent abroad, makes all his thoughts, aim, care and industry tend that way, as if time had no power to make him repent the former Murther of his Wife, or Grace influence to renounce the future defiling and dishonouring of his Daughter-in-Law.

But he is as constant in his Lust to her, as resolute in his dispatching and sending away of him; only he must find out some pregnant, vertuous, and honourable pretext and colour for the effecting of his design and resolution, because he well knows his Son *Castelnovo* is as wise and generous in himself, as amorous of his beautiful young Lady *Perina*: but his Lust, which is the cause of his Resolution, or rather his vanity, which is the Author of his Lust, at one time suggests him these two several imployments for his Son; either to send him into *France* with the Prince *Major*, who was lately contracted, and shortly to espouse *Madam Christiene* the Kings second Sister, or else under the insinuation of some great Pensions and Offices that were shortly to be disposed of in *Malta*, again to send him back thither: and his harping on these two strings, was the only musick and melody which he now gave his Son; who after he had, a month or two at most, recreated himself in the sweet company of his dear and sweet Wife *Perina*, he least of all aiming whereat his Father aimed, by his absence, again gives way, and consents to his desire of his departure: only the choice of these two different imployments is yet questionable and unresolved of betwixt the Father and his Son: For as the Son's curiosity desireth for to see the Court of *France*, which as yet he hath not seen; so his Father's Lust and Malice is to have him return honourably to *Malta*, from whence he hath formerly received his honour of Knighthood, and there to obtain a Pension during the term of his life.

The Son embraceth the pleasures of the Journey of *France*, before the Profit and Honour of the Voyage of *Malta*. But the Father aiming at other ends, prefers this of *Malta* before that of *France*; so as time working an impression in his thoughts, and his Father's desire a kind of natural Command in his will, and of filial Obedience in his Resolution, he at last resolves on *Malta*.

But as neither of these two enterprizes of young *Castelnovo* is pleasing but distastful to his young and fair Lady *Perina*; so if her affliction and misery be such, as of the two her Husband must needs attempt and prosecute one, then sith he may go into *France* by Land, and cannot to *Malta* but by Sea; she at last, with an inforced willingness (sympathizing with his first inclination) likewise desires that the Object of his Journey, and the Period of his Voyage be *France*, not *Malta*: as relying rather in hearing from him to stand at the speed and fidelity of a Post, than at the unconstancy of the Winds, and the mercy of Seas.

So all things prepared and ready for his Voyage, *Perina* importunately begging, and her Husband *Castelnovo* confidently promising his speedy return, she conducting him over the Hill to *Villafranca*, in her Coach: they there, with many reciprocal kisses, sighs and tears, take leave each of other; he imbarking himself upon a *French* Gally bound from *Marseilles* to *Malta*, (which stopt there accidentally) and she committing him to the auspicious favour of the Wind and Sea, very sorrowfully returns for *Nice*.

Thus leaving the Son floting and wafting on the Seas, let us again return to his unnatural and beastly Father, who seeing his Wife gone to Heaven, and his Son to *Malta*, and all things hitherto to succeed according to his lascivious Desires, doth now assure himself, that either by fair or foul Means he will reap his Pleasure of his Beautiful Daughter-in-Law *Perina*.

To

To which end he gives her the ſole Government and ſuperintendence of his houſe, with intent and hope the ſooner to govern, and ſurer to command her: and ſo forgetting modeſty, and his luſt giving a Law to his conſcience, fifteen days are ſcarce paſt, till finding her in her Chamber playing on her Lute, he after ſome pauſes, coughs, and kiſſes, bewrays and vometh her forth his fervent affection and deſire.

But for mine own part, I highly diſdain to pollute and vilifie this Hiſtory with the obſcene and laſcivious ſpeeches, wherewith this old Letcher *Caſtelnovo* courts this young Lady *Perina* his Daughter in-Law, as holding them as unworthy of my relation, as of my Readers knowledge; of my modeſt pen, as of their chaſt ears, only judging of their nature and quality by their effects. The beaſtlineſs and unexpectedneſs thereof, firſt made *Perina* extreamly bluſh for ſhame and choler, and then immediately again look pale with grief and diſdain, when not able to brook, or hearken to his lewd ſpeeches, much leſs his hateful preſence, ſhe, in the defence and preſervation of her chaſtity, which ſhe preferred before her life, giving him a ſharp anſwer, and a bitter denyal; and grieving to ſee a Father ſo graceleſs and impious, to ſeek to defile his own Son's bed in her diſhonour, ſhe throws away her Lute, and ſo very haſtily and cholerickly abandoneth his preſence, and her own Chamber. At which he bites his lip for rage, and hangs down his head for indignation. But at laſt, ſin and the devil reigning in him, makes him that he will not take this firſt repulſe for his laſt anſwer and denial: but, reſolute to perſevere in his lubricity, he in every walk, garden, and room, frequents and haunts her as her Ghoſt, as thinking to obtain that from her through his importunity, which he could not by his perſwaſion; but this his impudency ſhall not prevail.

Now as his ſinful motion infinitely grieved her, ſo his perſeverance and importunity therein doth doubly afflict and torment her: how to appeaſe this ſtorm, to quench the fire of his Luſt, and deface the remembrance and feeling of her grief, ſhe knows not. For alas, alas, ſhe is ſo unhappy, as her own Father *Areoneto*, and her Aunt *Dominica* are at St. *John de Mauriene*, her ſweet and dear Husband's in *Malta*, and her Mother-in-Law, the Lady *Fidelia* in Heaven; ſo as ſhe hath no intimate nor ſecret familiars, nor any boſome-friend to reveal theſe her ſorrows and afflictions. Once ſhe thought to ſteal away from *Nice*, ſo to paſs the Mountains, and to fly back to *Saint John de Mauriene*: but again conſidering the diſhonour, and withal, the danger to undertake this journey, as alſo the cold reception and entertainment ſhe ſhould there find of her own hard-hearted Father, who would rather deride than pity her afflictions; ſhe altereth this her reſolution, and ſo reſolves a little longer to ſtay in *Nice*, hoping and praying, that God would rectifie her Father-in-Law *Caſtelnovo*'s judgment, and reform the errours of his laſcivious thoughts and deſires. And ſo for her part, hating the Father as much as ſhe loved the Son her Husband; he could not be more Prodigal of his lewd ſpeeches and tentations to her, than ſhe was of her ſighs and tears to underſtand and repel them. A thouſand times ſhe wiſheth her ſelf in *Malta*, with the Knight her Husband, or he in *Nice* with her: and could her body ſo ſoon have flown or ſailed thither as her thoughts, he had long ſince enjoyed the happineſs of her preſence and ſhe the felicity of his Fathers abſence. But ſith ſhe is too miſerable to be ſo fortunate, ſhe hath yet this conſolation left her to ſweeten the bitterneſs of her afflictions, and this hope to revive and comfort her againſt her deſpair, that her Letter may procure his ſpeedy return from *Malta* to *Nice*. Whereon reſolving, although the occaſion and grounds thereof were as ſtrange as ſhameful, ſhe ſecretly ſteals to her Chamber, and locking the door to her, takes her pen and paper, and rather with tears than Ink, writes him theſe few lines.

PERINA to CASTELNOVO.

ALthough mine eyes and heart can better weep and ſigh for mine afflictions, than my pen depaint them; yet I ſhould infinitely wrong thee in my ſelf, and my ſelf in thee, if I inform thee not by this Letter (the ſecret Ambaſſador of my heart) that my affection deſerves, and mine honour requires thy ſpeedy return to me; I would unlock thee this myſtery, and make it more obvious and apparent to the eye of thine underſtanding, but that mine own modeſty, and anothers ſhame commands my Pen to ſilence herein. And again, my tears ſo confuſedly and mournfully interrupt my ſighs, they my tears, and both my pen, as although I have the will, yet I want the power to enlarge thee. Only my dear Caſtelnovo, *if ever thy* Perina *were dear to thee, make her happy with thy ſight, who deems her ſelf not only miſerable, but accurſed in thy abſence. For till* Nice *be thy* Malta, *Heaven may, Earth cannot rejoyce me.*

PERINA.

Having

Having written this her Letter, ſhe finds a confident and intimate friend of her Husbands, a Gentleman named *Seignior Beneditto Sabia*, who undertakes the ſafe conveyance, and ſecret delivery thereof into *Malta* to *Caſtelnovo*: ſo, giving it him with ſtore of Gold, to defray the charge of his journey, as alſo a pair of Gold Bracelets for a token to her Knight and Husband, he imbarks for *Genoua*, ſo to *Naples*, and from thence in a *Neapolitan* Galley, arrives in ſhort time, to the renowned and famous Iſle of *Malta*, the inexpugnable Bulwark of Chriſtendom, and the curb and bridle of audacious inſulting *Turkey*, where finding out the Knight *Seignior Franciſco de Caſtelnovo*, he effectually and fairly delivers him his Ladies Letter, Bracelets, and Meſſage, who withdrawing himſelf to a Window, hath no ſooner broken up the ſeals and read the Letter, but he is at firſt much perplexed at the unexpected news thereof; he reads it o'er again and again, and finds it ſo obſcure, as he cannot gather or conceive her meaning therein, but at laſt conſtruing it only to be a wile and fetch of her affection, to re-fetch and call him home to *Nice* to her; he loth as yet to loſe and abandon his hopes of preferment in that Iſland, which now the great Maſter hath promiſed him, diſpatcheth *Sabia* back for *Nice*, and plucking off a rich Emerald from his finger, delivers it him for his Lady *Perina* as a token of his dear and fervent affection, and with it a Letter in anſwer of hers.

In the interim of *Sabia* his abſence to *Malta*, our old laſcivious Baron, *Caſtelnovo* is not idle in *Nice*, in ſtill ſeeking to draw our Lady *Perina* to his Adulterous deſire, and will; yea, he is become ſo obſcene in his requeſts and ſpeeches, as they not only exceed chaſtity, but civility, ſo as ſhe (poor Lady) can find no truce, nor obtain any intermiſſion from theſe his beaſtly ſolicitations; but reſolving ſtill to preſerve her honour with her life; her pure chaſtity ſhines clearer in the midſt of theſe his impure temptations, than the Sun doth, being environed and incompaſſed with many obſcure clouds: but ſhe thinks every hour a year, before ſhe ſees her Knight *Caſtelnovo*, ſafe returned from *Malta*; when lo, *Sabia*, arriving at *Villafranca*, trips over to *Nice*, and underſtanding *Perina* privately bolted up in her Chamber, he repairs to her, and there delivers her, her Knight *Caſtelnovo*'s Ring and Letter, although not himſelf; when tearing off the ſeals, ſhe therein finds theſe words:

CASTELNOVO to PERINA.

MY Fair and Dear Perina, *the knowledge of thy ſighs and tears the more afflict and grieve me, in reſpect I am ignorant whence they proceed, or what occaſioned them: 'tis true, thy affliction deſerves my return; and the preſervation of thine honour, not only to requeſt, but to require and command it: but I am ſo aſſured of that, and ſo confident of this, as I know thou wilt carry the firſt to thy grave, and the ſecond to Heaven. So, if any one ſince my departure have faln in Love with thy beauty, thou muſt not find it ſtrange, much leſs grieve thereat, ſith the excellency thereof hath power, not only to captivate one but many; yea, the conſideration thereof ſhould rather rejoyce, than afflict thee, ſith whatſoever he be, the ſhame in the end will remain his, and the glory thine. But dear and ſweet Lady, I think thine honour is only the pretext, and thy affliction the cauſe, ſo earneſtly to deſire my return: whereunto I would willingly conſent, but that the daily expectance of my preferment, muſt a little longer detain me here: only this is my reſolution, and I pray, let it be thy aſſurance, I will diſpatch my affairs here with all poſſible expedition, and ſhall never think my ſelf happy, till I re-imbark from* Malta, *and land at* Nice.

CASTELNOVO.

Having o're-read her Letter, ſhe, the better to diſſemble her ſecret paſſions and griefs, very courteouſly confers with *Sabia:* of whom having for that time thankfully taken her leave; ſhe for meer ſorrow and affliction throws her ſelf on her bed, from thence on the floor, to ſee her hopes deceived of her Husbands return; and now ſhe knows neither what to ſay or do in this her miſery and perplexity; for ſhe ſees that her Father-in-Law's obſtinacy, and conſequently her ſorrow grows from bad to worſe, that he is ſo far from reclaiming, as he is reſolute in his laſcivious and beaſtly ſollicitations: So that ſeeing his fair ſpeeches and entreaties cannot prevail with her, he exchangeth his reſolution and former language, and ſo adds threats to his requeſts, and frowns to his ſmiles, as if force ſhould extort and obtain that, which fair means could not; yea, and ſometimes he intermingleth and adminiſtreth her ſuch heart-killing menaces as ſhe hath now reaſon not only to doubt of his luſt, but alſo to fear his revenge: which conſidering, ſhe, as well to preſerve her honour, as to provide for the ſafety of her life, will once

again

again prove the kindneſs of her own unkind Father *Arconeto*, and ſo determineth to leave *Nice*, and to fly unto *Saint John de Mauriene*: now to aſſiſt and accompany her in this her ſecret eſcape, ſhe thinks none ſo fit as *Sabia*; who for her Husband's affection, and her own virtues, willingly conſenteth to her: ſo ſhe preparing her apparel, and he her train, they in a dark night (when pale-fac'd *Cynthia* inveloped her ſelf in a multitude of black and obſcure clouds, purpoſely to aſſiſt and favour her in this her laudable and honourable flight) take horſe, and ſo with great expedition paſs the Mountains, and recover *Saint John de Mauriene*; where, though ſhe be not truly welcome to her own Father *Arconeto*, yet her honour and her life are truly ſecured from the luſt and revenge of her laſcivious Father-in-Law *Caſtelnovo*: nevertheleſs, the cauſe and manner of her eſcape, but chiefly the conſideration of her Husband's abſence in the paſſage of this buſineſs, doth ſtill ſo bitterly afflict her, as ſhe is become pale and ſickly; whereupon ſhe is reſolute, once again, to ſend back *Sabia* to *Malta*, to her Knight and Husband, with a ſecond Letter, in hope it may effect and procure his return, which her firſt could not: and ſo calling for Pen and Paper, ſhe traceth thereon theſe few lines.

PERINA to CASTELNOVO.

SITH thou wilt not leave Malta, *to ſee* Nice *for my ſake; I have left* Nice *to live, or rather to die, in* Saint John de Mauriene *for thine: 'tis true, my affection hath deſired thy return, which thou haſt not granted me: 'tis as true, that one, to whom Nature hath given a prime and ſingular intereſt in thee, and thee in him, hath ſought the defloration of mine Honour, which my heart and duty have denied him. Thou art confident of my affection to thee; if thine had been ſo faithful and fervent to my ſelf, Neither Sea nor Land had had power to ſeparate us. If any Preferment be dearer to thee, than my Life, ſtay in* Malta: *or if my Life be dearer than it, then return to* Saint John de Mauriene, *where thou mayſt find me; for in* Nice *I will not be found of thee. Hadſt thou not purpoſely miſtaken the Cauſe for the Pretext, in my importunity of thy return, I would have digeſted it with far more content, and leſs affliction: but ſith neither my Affection or Honour hath power to effect it, at leaſt let the regard of my life; ſith that will not accompany me, if thou any longer abſent thy ſelf from me: make therefore haſte to ſee thy* Perina, *if ever thou think to ſee her again; and let her bear this one content to her grave, That ſhe may diſcloſe thee a ſecret; which, but to thy ſelf, ſhe will conceal from all the world.*

PERINA.

Whiles *Sabia* is again ſpeeding towards *Malta*, with *Perina*'s ſecond Letter to her Husband *Caſtelnovo*, we will a little ſpeak of old *Caſtelnovo* the Father; who ſeeing his Daughter-in-Law *Perina* fled, and conſequently his hopes with her, he is extreamly perplexed and afflicted hereat. All the Houſe and City is ſought for her, and he himſelf breaks off the lock of her Chamber door, where he finds the Neſt, but the Bird flown away; her Bed, but not her ſelf: ſo as his thoughts doubly torment and aſtoniſh him, firſt to be fruſtrated of his hopes and deſires to enjoy her; then, becauſe ſhe will bewray his laſcivious ſuit and affection, to her Husband, his Son; which of all ſides will procure him not only ſhame, but infamy: yea, now it is, although before he would not, that he ſees his error and vanity in attempting to make ſhipwrack of her Honour and Chaſtity, which is the glory, and ſhould be the *Paladium* of Ladies: but it is too late to recover her again: and therefore, although he know how to repent, yet he is ignorant how to remedy or redeem it, ſith his attempt and enterpriſe was not only odious to God, but infamous to men, oppoſite to Grace, and repugnant and contradictory to Nature. Beſides, this his luſtful folly proceeding from himſelf, looks two ways, and hath a double reflexion, firſt on *Perina* the Wife, then on *Caſtelnovo* her Husband, and his own Son; who, he is aſſured, will be all fire hereat: yea, this crime of his is of ſo high and ſo beaſtly a nature, as he knows not what to ſay to him, or how to look him in the face, when he ſhall arrive from *Malta*, which his guilty Conſcience tells him will be ſhortly: neither doth the Calculation or Arithmetick of his fear, deceive him; for by this time is *Sabia* again arrived at *Malta*, where he delivers *Caſtelnovo* his Wife's ſecond Letter, the which doth ſo nettle and ſting his heart to the quick, at the bitter and unexpected news it relates, as he eſteems himſelf no longer himſelf, becauſe he is not with his dear Wife, who is the one half, yea the greateſt part of himſelf. Wherefore, admiring who in *Nice*, yea his Father's houſe, ſhould be ſo impudently laſcivious, to ſeek to blemiſh his Honour, in that of his Lady's; he making her ſighs and tears his, with all ex-

pedition and haſte, provides for her departure from *Malta*; and yet his love, his fear, or both, conducing and concurring in one, makes him inſtantly reſolve to diſpatch and return *Sabia*, as the Harbinger, to proclaim his coming; the which he doth, and chargeth him with this Letter to his fair Wife and dear Lady *Perina*.

CASTELNOVO to PERINA.

THY ſudden departure from Nice *to* John de Mauriene, *doth equally afflict and amaze me: I burn with deſire, to know as well the Author, as the Cauſe thereof, that I may likewiſe know how to right thee, in revenging my ſelf of him. I have thought it fit to return* Seignior Sabia *again to thee, as ſoon as he arrived to me, being ready within two days to imbark as timely as himſelf; ſo that if Wind and Sea hate me not too much, in more loving and favouring him, I am confident to bring and deliver thee my ſelf, as ſoon as he ſhall thee this my Letter; and judge whether I ſpeak it from my heart and ſoul, ſith the eſtimation of thy love, and the preſervation of thy honour, make me already deem minutes, months; and hours, years; till my preſence be made happy with thine. I come, fair* Perina, *ſweet Wife, and dear Lady, I come; and if Heaven prove propitious to my moſt religious prayers and deſires here on Earth, our meeting ſhall be ſhortly as ſweet and happy, as our parting was bitter and ſorrowful.*

CASTELNOVO.

So, according to this Letter, as firſt *Sabia* embarks from *Malta* to *Nice*, before him; ſo he likewiſe arrives at *Genoua*, the day after he did at *Nice*; from whence poſting over the Mountains, he arrives at *Saint John de Mauriene*; where, at his Father-in-Law *Arconeto's* Houſe, he finds his dear and ſweet Lady *Perina*, who every minute of time, with much impatient longing and deſire, expected his arrival; (as having the night before received his ſecond and laſt Letter by *Sabia*, which advertiſed her hereof) ſo like true and faithful Turtle Doves, eſteeming each others preſence their moſt ſovereign felicity, they fall to their billing and kiſſes, to inform themſelves how ſweet this their happy meeting was each to other. And here our Knight, *Caſtelnovo*, cannot be ſo curious or haſty to enquire, as his Lady *Perina* was to relate the cauſe of her ſudden departure from *Nice*, to *Saint John de Mauriene*, occaſioned by the unnatural luſt and laſciviouſneſs of his Father, (as we have formerly underſtood); the which, with many ſighs and tears, ſhe depaints forth to him in all its circumſtances and colours. He is amazed at this ſtrange and unexpected news; and far the more, to think that his own Father ſhould (in the Winter of his age) attempt or ſeek to defile his honour and bed, in the perſon of this his fair and chaſt Lady *Perina*: he wondereth to ſee ſo little grace in ſo many years; and that if Nature had not, yet Religion ſhould have had power to baniſh theſe laſcivious thoughts from his heart and memory: ſo with out-ſpread arms he tenderly embraceth and kiſſeth her, highly extolling her chaſtity, and applauding the diſcreet carriage of her eſcape; being himſelf reſolute to ſtay in *Saint John de Mauriene*, with her Father *Aconeto*, and not to return to *Nice* to his own Father *Caſtelnovo*. But he ſhall as ſoon infringe as make this his reſolution; for by this time his Father underſtanding of his Son's return from *Malta* to *Saint John de Mauriene*, and knowing that his Lady *Perina* hath not fail'd to bewray him his laſcivious ſuit and deſire, attempted againſt her honour; as alſo grieving at the remembrance of his former folly, and future ſhame, in knowing what a foul ſcandal both it and his Son's abſence would procure and ingender him, he reſolves to confeſs his crime, and ſo by the mediation of a perſwaſive and ſatisfying Letter, to endeavour to reclaim them again from *Saint John de Mauriene*, to *Nice*; when calling for pen and paper, he writes theſe few enſuing Lines, and ſends them his Son by a Gentlewoman of his.

CASTELNOVO to his Son CASTELNOVO.

I Am as glad of thy arrival from Malta, *as ſorrowful for thy abſence from* Nice; *and ſith to deny, is to redouble our errors and imperfections, I will not go further than my ſelf to find the cauſe thereof, ſith I know that my laſcivious and graceleſs attempt againſt the honour of thy chaſt Lady, hath drawn thee to this reſolution: but now I write it to my future comfort, as much as I conceived it to my former ſhame, That Grace hath vanquiſhed Nature; and Religion, Luſt, in me; ſo as I am at preſent not only ſorrowful, but repentant for that crime of mine, which I no more remember, but with horror; nor think of, but with deteſtation. My ſoul hath made my peace with God, and my heart deſires to recontract it both with my ſelf and her: and as I hope He will forget it, ſo I beſeech you both to forgive*

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it me, being ready to confirm this my reconciliation, as well with my tongue as pen: Wherefore ſith thou art the ſole prop of my age, and comfort of my life, make me not ſo unfortunate or miſerable, to be tax'd with the ſcandal of my ſhame, and thy abſence; but bring back thy Lady with thee; for here I profeſs before Heaven and Earth, That I will henceforth as much honour her for her Chaſtity, as heretofore I laſciviouſly ſought to betray and violate it.

CASTELNOVO.

This virtuous and religious Letter of the Father, prevails with the Son, and his fair and chaſt Lady; ſo as their ſecrecies and diſcretions, huſh up this buſineſs in ſilence; and within eight days they both return from *Saint John de Mauriene*, to *Nice*; where they are courteouſly welcomed, and reſpectively received and entertained of their Father, whoſe contrition for his former folly, is outwardly ſo great, as he hath tears in his eyes at the remembrance thereof: ſo as making good the promiſe of his Letter, he very patiently and ſorrowfully implores their pardon and remiſſion; which they inſtantly grant him, with as much willingneſs as alacrity. So the report and thought hereof is obſcured and vaniſhed, as if it had never been; and all things and parties ſo reconciled, as, to common ſenſe, nothing in the world is capable to trouble the tranquillity of this reconciliation and atonement. But alas! alas! we ſhall very briefly ſee the contrary: For old *Caſtelnovo*, the Father, notwithſtanding all theſe Religious promiſes, and ſincere ſhews of repentance and teats, is ſo far from being the man he ſeems to be, as although he have made his peace with his Son and Daughter, yet, ay me, (I write it with grief!) he hath not with his Conſcience, nor his Conſcience with God: for, although he have a chaſt and religious tongue, yet he ſtill retaineth a laſcivious and adulterate heart: yea, he is ſo far from converſion and reformation, as the new ſight and review of the Lady *Perina*'s freſh and delicate beauty, doth revive thoſe ſparks, and refreſh thoſe flames of his luſt, which ſeemed to be raked up in the embers of her abſence. And what is this, but to be a Chriſtian in ſhew, and a Miſcreant in effect? To hide a foul Soul under a fair face? and to make Religion and Hyprocriſie, a fatal and miſerable cloak for his villany? But though he diſſembles with God, yet we ſhall ſee, and he find, that God will not diſſemble with him; and in thinking to betray God, Satan in the end will betray him. The manner is thus.

As he reſumes his old ſuit, and newly burns in love and luſtful deſire, to erect the Trophies of his laſcivious and inceſtuous pleaſures upon the ruins of his Daughter-in Law's chaſtity and honour; ſo he likewiſe ſees it impoſſible to think to perform, or hope to accompliſh it, as long as his Son, her Husband, lives; and therefore, loſing his judgment either in the Labyrinth of her beauty, or in the turbulent Ocean of his own concupiſcence and luſt; he, contrary to the rules of Grace, and the Laws and Principles of Nature, ſwaps a bargain with the Devil to poyſon him. To which end, to ſhew himſelf the Monſter of men, and the bloodieſt Preſident of a moſt degenerate Father, which this, or many precedent Ages ever produced or afforded; he hath again recourſe to his Helliſh Agent *Jerantha*; in favour of five hundred Ducats, to ſend the Son into Heaven after the Mother, and to make him equal with her, as in nature, ſo in (the diſſolution thereof) death. A bloody deſign, and mournful project, which we ſhall preſently be informed to ſee acted upon the Theater of this Hiſtory.

But *Jerantha* is at firſt ſo repentant for the death of the Mother, as ſhe will not conſent to that of the Son. And had ſhe continued in this Religious reſolution, ſhe had lived more fortunately, and not died ſo miſerably and ſhamefully, as we ſhall briefly ſee. For our old Letcher *Caſtelnovo* her Maſter, ſeeing his Gold could not this ſecond time prevail with *Jerantha*; being equally enflamed as well with luſt to *Perina*, as with malice and revenge to his Son *Caſtelnovo* her Husband, he is ſo implacable therein, as he promiſeth to marry her, if ſhe will attempt and perform it. So, although his firſt battery failed, yet his ſecond doth not: for the Devil hath made her ſo ambitious of greatneſs and honour, that of a ſimple Waiting-Gentlewoman, to become a great Lady, ſhe conſents thereunto: and, which is a thouſand pities to report, within leſs than ſix days performs it, when (God knows) the innocency of this harmleſs young Gentleman, his Son, never dreamt or ſuſpected it.

At the ſight of this his ſudden death, his Lady *Perina* is ready to die for grief, yea to drown her ſelf in the Ocean and Deluge of her tears; tearing her hair, and ſtriving to deface the excellency of her beauty, with a kind of careleſs neglect, as if ſhe were reſolute not to ſurvive him. And if the Lady *Perina* bewrayed many deplorable demonſtrations of ſorrow for the death of her Husband; no leſs doth his Father *Caſtelnovo* for that of his Son; only their griefs (conformable to their paſſions) are diametrically different and oppoſite: for hers were fervent and true, as proceeding from the ſincerity of her affection; and his hypocritical and feigned, as derived from the profundity of his Malice and Revenge towards

him. And not to transgress from the *Decorum* and truth of our History, old *Castelnovo* could not so artificially bear and over-vail his sorrows for his Sons death, but (the premises considered) our young afflicted Widow and Lady, vehemently suspecteth he had a hand therein; and likewise partly believes, that *Ferantha* is likewise accessary and engaged therein, in respect she looks more aloft, and is grown more familiar with her Lord and Master, than before. And indeed, as her sorrows encrease her jealousie, so her jealousie throws her into a passionate and violent resolution of Revenge, both against him and her, if she can be futurely assured that they had murthered and poysoned the Knight her Husband.

Now to be assured hereof, she thus reasoneth with her self; That if her Father-in-Law were the Murtherer of his Son her Husband, his malice and hatred to him, proceeded from his beastly lust to her self; and that he now dispatched, he would again shortly revive and renew his old lascivious suit to her: which if he did, she vows to take a sharp and cruel Revenge of him, which she will limit with no less than his death. And indeed we shall not go far to see the event and truth answer her suspition. For within a month or two after her Husband was laid in his untimely Grave, his old lustful and lascivious Father doth again burst and vomit forth his beastly solicitations against her Chastity and Honour: which observing, she somewhat disdainfully and coyly puts him off, but yet not so passionately nor cholerickly as before, only of purpose to make him the more eager in his pursuit, thereby the better to draw him to her lure, that she might perpetrate her malice, and act her revenge on him, and so make his death the object of her rage and indignation, as his lust and malice were the cause of the sorrows of her life. But unfortunate and miserable Lady, What a bloody and hellish Enterprize dost thou engage thy self in? And why hath thy affection so blinded thy Conscience and Soul, to make thy self the Author and Actor of so mournful and bloody a Tragedy? For alas! alas! sweet *Perina*! I know not whether more to commend thy affection to thy Husband, or condemn thy cruel malice intended to his Father. For, O Grief! O pity! where are thy Virtues, where is thy Religion, where thy Conscience, thy Soul, thy God, thus to give thy self over to the hellish tentations of Satan? Thou, which heretofore fled'st from Adultery, wilt thou now follow Murther? or because thy heart would not be accessary to that, shall thy Soul be now so irreligious and impious, to be guilty of this? But as her Father-in-Law is resolute in his Lust towards her, so is she likewise in her Revenge towards him; and so far the more, in that she perceives *Ferantha's* great belly sufficiently proclaims that she hath plaid the Strumpet: and which is worse, she fears, with her execrable and wretched Father-in-Law: as now no longer able to stop the furious and impetuous current of her revenge, she is so graceless and bloody, as she vows first to dispatch the Lord and Master, then the Waiting-Gentlewoman; as her thoughts and Soul suggest her they had done first the Mother, then the Son: so impious are her thoughts, so inhumane and bloody her resolutions.

Now in the interim of this time, the old Letcher her Father is again become impudent and importunate in his Suit. So our wretched Lady *Perina* degenerating from her former Virtues, and indeed from her self; she, after many requests and solicitations, very feignedly seems to yield and strike sail to his desire; but indeed with a bloody intent to dispatch him out of this World. So having concluded this sinful fatal Match, there wants nothing but the finishing and accomplishing thereof; only they differ in the manner and circumstances: the Father is desirous to go to the Daughter-in-Law's bed, the Daughter to the Father-in-Law's; but both conclude that the night, and not the day, shall give end to this lascivious and beastly business; his reason is, to avoid the Jealousie and Rage of *Ferantha*, whom now although she be near her time of deliverance, he refuseth to marry her: but the Lady *Perina's* is, that she may pollute and stain his own bed with his blood, and not hers; but especially, because she may have the fitter means to stab and murther him: and hereon they conclude. To which end, not only the night, but the hour is appointed betwixt them: which being come, and *Castelnovo* in bed, burning with impatience and desire for her arrival, he thinking on nothing but his beastly pleasures, nor she, but on her cruel malice and revenge: she softly enters his Chamber, but not in her night, but her day-attire, having a *Pisa* Ponyard close in her sleeve; when having bolted his Chamber-door, because none should divert her from this her bloody design; she approaching his bed, and he lifting himself up purposely to welcome and kiss her, she seeing his breast open and naked, like an incensed Fury, draws out her Ponyard, and uttering these words, *Thou wretched Whore-master and Murtherer of this life of mine own Honour, and the death of my dear Knight and Husband, thy Son.* And so stabbing him at the heart with many blows, she kills him stark dead, and leaves him reeking in his hot blood, without giving him time to speak a word; only he fetcht a screek and a groan or

two,

two, as his Soul took her laſt farewel of his body, which being over-heard by the ſervants of the houſe, they aſcend his Chamber, and find our inhumane *Perina* iſſuing forth, all gored with effuſion of his blood, having the bloody Ponyard, which was the fatal inſtrument of this cruel Murther, in her hand. They are amazed at this bloody and mournful ſpectacle: ſo they ſeize on her, and the report hereof flying through the City, the Criminal Judges that night cauſe her to be impriſoned for the fact, which ſhe is reſolved no way to deny, but to acknowledge, or rather glorying than grieving thereat.

Ferantha, at the very firſt underſtanding hereof, vehemently ſuſpects that two poyſoning Murthers will now come to light, and ſo as great as her belly is, ſhe, to provide for her ſafety, very ſecretly ſteals away to a dear friend's houſe of hers in the City, which now from all parts ratleth and reſoundeth of this cruel and unnatural Murther: yea, it likewiſe paſſeth the *Alpes*, and is ſpeedily bruited and known in *Saint John de Mauriene*, where although her Father *Arconcio* would never heretofore affect her, yet he now exceedingly grieves at this her bloody attempt, and imminent danger: but her irregular affection, and inhumane revenge, will not as yet permit her Conſcience to inform and ſhew her the hainouſneſs of her cruel and bloody Fact. But God will be more merciful to her and her Soul.

Some two days after, ſhe is arraigned for the ſame, where ſhe freely confeſſeth it, having nothing to alledge for her excuſe, but that ſhe perfectly knew, that her Father-in-Law *Caſtelnovo*, and his Strumpet *Ferantha*, had at leaſt poyſoned the Knight her Husband, if not likewiſe the Lady *Fidelia* his Mother: the which, although they had ſome reaſon and ground to ſuſpect, becauſe of *Ferantha*'s ſudden flight; yet ſith this could no way diminiſh or extenuate her Murther of her Father-in-Law, they condemn our unfortunate Lady *Perina* to be hanged, and ſo re ſend her to Priſon to prepare her ſelf to dye. But the advice of ſome, and the friendſhip and compaſſion of others, as pitying her youth and beauty, and commending her chaſtity and affection to her Knight and Husband; counſel and perſwade her to appeal from the ſentence of the Court of *Nice* to the Senate of *Chambery*, (which is the Sovereign and Capital of *Savoy*) whither we ſhall ſhortly ſee her conducted and brought.

In which mean time, let us obſerve the wonderful Juſtice and Providence of God ſhewed likewiſe upon this execrable Waiting-Gentlewoman *Ferantha*, for ſo cruelly poyſoning the Lady *Fidelia* and the Knight *Caſtelnovo* her Son: who although ſearch were every where made for her; yet ſhe having huſht her ſelf up privately, albeit her bloody thoughts and guilty conſcience, for the ſame continually torture and torment her; yet ſhe is ſo impious and graceleſs, as ſhe no way fears the danger of the Law, and much leſs the ſevere tempeſt of God's indignation and revenge, which now notwithſtanding in the midſt of her ſecurity, will according to her bloody deſerts and crimes, ſuddenly ſurprize and overtake her: for now this accident of her Lord *Caſtelnovo*'s Murther, and of the Lady *Perina*'s Impriſonment; or to ſpeak more properly and truly, of God's ſacred Decree, and divine Judgment, throws her into the ſharp and bitter pains of travel for child; with whoſe heart-killing gripes and convulſions, ſhe is ſo miſerably tortured and tormented, as ſhe her ſelf, her Mid-wife, and all the Women near her, judge and think it impoſſible for her to eſcape death: when ſeeing no hope of life, and that already her pains and torments had made her but as it were the very Image and Anatomy of death, ſhe begins to look from Sin to Repentance, from Earth to Heaven, and from Satan to God; and ſo taking on and aſſuming a Chriſtian reſolution, ſhe will not charge her Soul with concealing of this ſingle Adultery, much leſs of her double Murthers; but very penitently confeſſeth all, as well it, as them; and ſo commits her ſelf to the unparallel'd and mercileſs mercies of her pains and torments; hoping they will ſpeedily ſend her from this World, to a better. But her Adultery and Murthers are ſuch odious and execrable crimes in God's ſight, as he will free her from theſe dangers of Child-birth; and becauſe worthy, will reſerve her for a ſhameful and infamous death. So ſhe is ſafely delivered of a young Son, who is more fair than happy, as being the off-ſpring of laſcivious Parents, and the iſſue of an adulterous bed; and by Gods providence, and her own confeſſion, ſhe, for theſe her beaſtly and bloody crimes, is the ſecond day committed to priſon, and the third day hang'd and burnt in *Nice*, and her aſhes thrown into the air. A juſt reward and puniſhment for ſo helliſh and inhumane a Gentlewoman; who though otherwiſe ſhe ſhewed many Teſtimonies and Signs of Repentance at her end, yet her crimes were ſo foul and odious to the World, as at her death ſhe was ſo miſerable, as ſhe found not one Spectator, either to weep for her, or to lament or condole with her.

And now, to ſhut up this Hiſtory, let us carry our curioſities and expectations from *Nice* to *Chambery*, and from dead *Ferantha* to our living *Perina*, where that grave and illuſtrious Senate, in conſideration of her famous chaſtity, and ſingular affection to the Knight her Husband

band, as also her noble Parentage and tender years, they moderate the sentence of *Nice*, for murthering her Father-in-Law *Castelnovo*; and so instead of hanging, adjudge her there to have her right hand cut off, and her self to perpetual imprisonment in *Nice*; where God's secret Justice for this her bloody Murther; and the remembrance of her dead Husband, and living Sorrows, so sharply torment and afflict her, as she lived not long in Prison, but exceedingly pined away of a languishing Consumption, and so very sorrowfully and repentantly ended her days, being exceedingly lamented of her Kinsfolks, and pitied of all her acquaintance; and, had not her affection been blinded, and her rage and revenge too much triumphed o're her thoughts and resolutions, she had lived as happy, as she died miserable; and have served for as great a grace and ornament to her Countrey, as *Jeronthe* and old *Castelnovo* her Father-in-Law, were a scandal and shame.

Thus we see how God's revenging Justice still meets with Murther. O that we may read this History with fear, and profit thereby in reformation; that dying to sin, and living to righteousness, we may peaceably die in this World, and gloriously live and reign in that to come.

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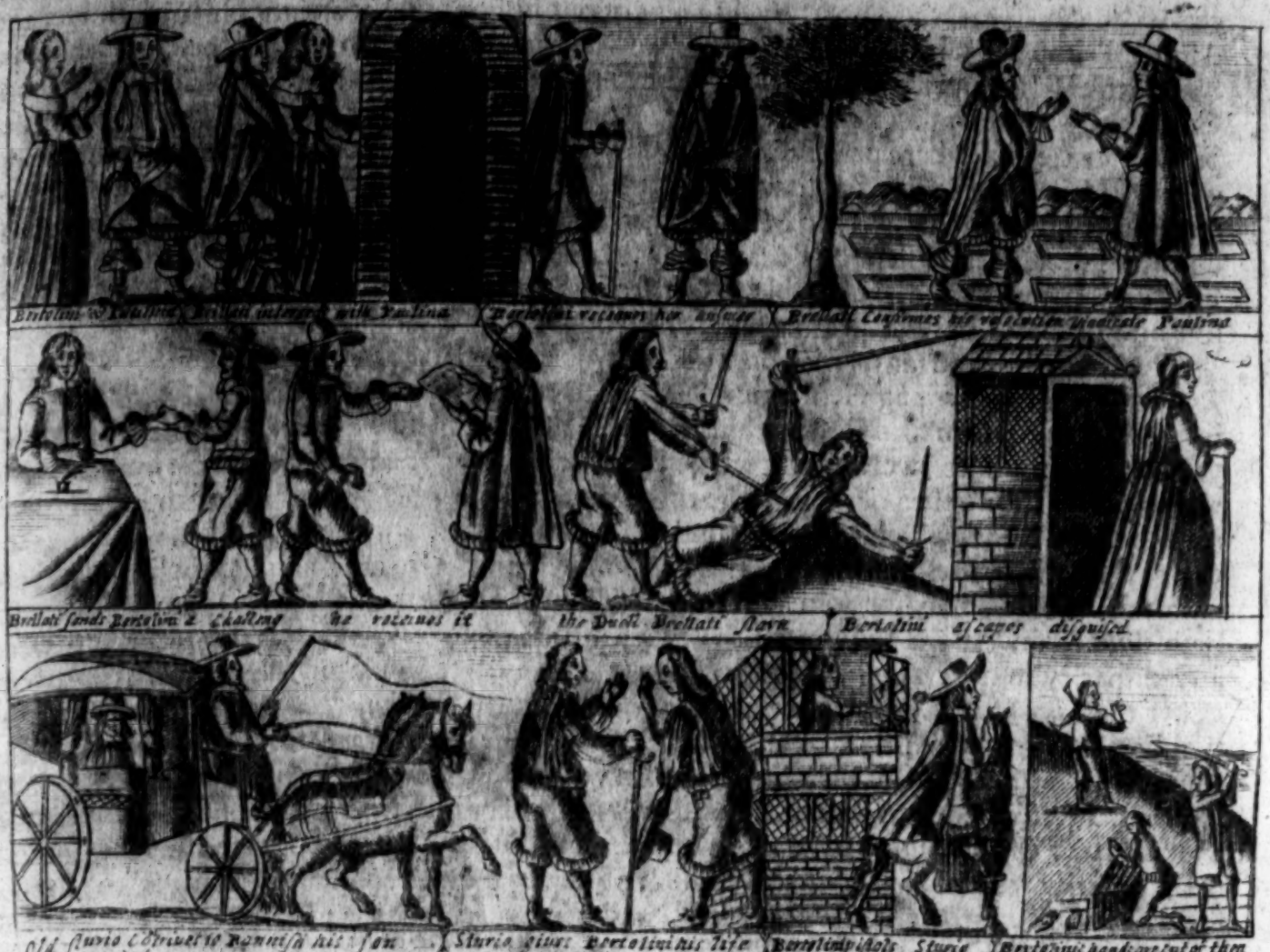

The Triumph of God's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY X.

Bertolini *ſeeks* Paulina *in marriage; but ſhe loves* Sturio, *and not himſelf: he prays her Brother* Brellati, *his dear Friend, to ſollicite her for him; which he doth, but cannot prevail: whereupon* Bertolini *lets fall ſome diſgraceful ſpeeches, both againſt her Honour, and his Reputation: for which,* Brellati *challengeth the Field of him; where* Bertolini *kills him, and he flies for the ſame:* Sturio *ſeeks to marry her, but his Father will not conſent thereunto, and ſo conveighs him away ſecretly: for which two diſaſters,* Paulina *dies for ſorrow.* Sturio *finds out* Bertolini, *and ſends him a Challenge; and having him at his mercy, gives him his life at his requeſt: he afterwards very treacherouſly kills* Sturio *with a Petronel, in the Street, from a Window: he is taken for this ſecond Murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body thrown into the River.*

ALbeit that Valour be requiſite in a Gentleman, (and one of his moſt eſſential Virtues and proper Ornaments) yet ſith Charity is the true mark and character of a Chriſtian, we ſhould not raſhly reſolve to hazard the loſs of our Lives for the preſervation of the meer title and vain point of our Honour; but rather religiouſly endeavour to ſave our ſouls in that of our own lives, as alſo thoſe of our Chriſtian brethren: for in Duels and Single-Combats, (which though the heat of youth and revenge ſeem to allow, yet Reaſon will not, and Religion cannot) did we only hazard our bodies, and not our ſouls, then our warrant to fight, were in earth as juſt, as now the hazarding of our ſouls and bodies, is odious and diſtaſtful to Heaven, ſith in ſeeking to deface Man, the Creature, we aſſuredly attempt to ſtrike and ſtab at the Majeſty of God the Creator: but if there be any colour or ſhadow of honour to kill our adverſary

verſary for the preſervation of the vain point of our honour; what an ignoble ingratitude, and damnable impiety is it, for a Gentleman likewiſe treacherouſly to kill another, of whom he hath formerly received his life; yea, as Grace fights againſt this former ſort of fighting, ſo both Grace and Nature impugn and deteſt this ſecond ſort of Murther. A woful and mournful preſident whereof, I here preſent in the perſon of a baſe and wretched Gentleman, whoſe irregular affection to a Lady, firſt ſlew her brother in the field, an execrable revenge to her Lover, next drew him treacherouſly to Murther him in the ſtreet; and conſequently, to his own condign puniſhment, and ſhameful death for the ſame. May all ſuch Murtherers ſtill meet with ſuch ends; and may his miſerable and infamous death, premoniſh all other Gentlemen to live and become more charitable and leſs bloody by his example.

The friendſhip and familiarity betwixt *Seignior John Baptiſta Bertolini* and *Seignior Leonardo Brellati*, two noble young Gentlemen, native and reſident of the City of *Rome*, was (without intermiſſion) ſo intire and intimate, for the ſpace of ſix whole years, which led them from their years of fourteen, to twenty, as it ſeemed they had but one heart in two bodies, and that it was impoſſible for either of them to be truly merry, if the other were abſent: and ſurely, many were the reaſons which laid the foundations of this friendſhip: for as they were equal in years, ſo their ſtatures and complections reſembled, and their humours and inclinations ſympathized: likewiſe they were ancient School-fellows, and near neighbours; for their Parents both dwelt betwixt the Palaces of the two Cardinals, *Farneſi*, and *Caponius*: if there were any diſparity in their dignities and worths, it conſiſted only in this, *Bertolini*'s Parents were richer than *Brellati*'s, but *Brellati* was more nobly deſcended than *Bertolini*; which notwithſtanding could no way impeach or hinder the progreſs of their friendſhip, but rather it flouriſhed with the time; ſo as they increaſing in years they likewiſe did in affection, as if they were ambitious of nothing ſo much in this world, as not only to imitate, but to ſurpaſs the friendſhip of *Oreſtes* and *Pilades*, and of *Damon* and *Pithias*; whereof, all who knew them and their Parents, yea all that part and diviſion of *Rome*, took deep and ſingular notice: but to ſhew that they were Men, and not Angels, and conſequently ſubject to frailty, not inherent to perfection; that Earth was not Heaven, nor *Rome* the ſhadow thereof: have we but a little patience, we ſhall ſhortly ſee the thred of this friendſhip cut off, the props and fortifications thereof razed, battered, and laid level with the ground; yea, we ſhall ſee time change with time, friendſhip turned into enmity, fellows to foes, love to loathing, courteſie to cruelty, and in a word, life to death; as obſerve the ſequel of this Hiſtory, and it will briefly inform you how

Bertolini ſees that *Brellati* hath a fair and delicate Siſter, termed *Donna Paulina*, ſomewhat younger than himſelf; and yet not ſo young, but that the Clock of her age had ſtrucken eighteen; and therefore proclaimed her at leaſt capable, if not deſirous of marriage: and although he be a Novice in the Art of Love, yet Nature hath made him ſo good a Scholar in the Principles and Rudiments thereof, as he ſees her fair, and therefore muſt love her; rich in the excellency and delicacy of beauty, and therefore is reſolute to love her, and only her: for gazing on the influence and ſplendor of her piercing eyes, he cannot behold them without wonder; and then prying and contemplating on the Roſeat and Lilly tincture of her cheeks, he cannot ſee theſe without admiration, nor refrain from admiring them without affection: but again, remarking the ſlenderneſs of her body, and the ſweetneſs of her vertues, and ſeeing her as gracious as fair, and that her inward perfections added as much luſtre to her exteriour beauty, as this reflected ornament and decoration to thoſe; he, as young as he was, vows himſelf her ſervant; and withal ſwore, That either ſhe or his grave, muſt be his Wife and Miſtreſs.

Bertolini thus ſurpriſed and netled with the beauty of his dearly Sweet, and ſweetly Fair *Paulina*, he is inforced to neglect a great part of his accompanying the Brother, thereby to court the Siſter: ſo he many times purpoſely forſakes *Brellati*, to follow *Paulina*; and delights in nothing ſo much as in her preſence, and (in that regard) in his abſence: not that it was poſſibly in his conceit and imagination, for him any way to hate him, in loving her; rather, that in general terms he muſt love *Brellati* for *Paulina*'s ſake: and in particular, only affect her for his own. And as his Wealth and Ambition made him confident he ſhould obtain her for his Wife, ſo he in fair, amorous, and honourable terms, as well by his own ſolicitations, letters, promiſes, and preſents, as by thoſe of his Parents, ſeeks her in Marriage; yea, and when theſe could not ſuffice, he, to ſhew himſelf as true as fervent a Lover, he adds ſighs, tears, prayers, and oaths. But all theſe Solicitors ſerve only to betray and deceive his hope; for if *Bertolini* were extreamly deſirous to marry *Paulina*, ſhe is alſo reſolute not to match him: which diſcords in affection, ſeldom or never make any true harmony in minds.

His

His wealth deceiving him, he hath recourſe to her only Brother, and his beſt and deareſt Friend *Brellati*, to whom he relates the proſundity and fervency of his affection to his Siſter *Paulina*, acquaints him with his ſuit, and her denial; his attempt, and her repulſe therein; and by the power and bonds of all their former friendſhip and familiarity, entreats and conjures him to become his Orator and Advocate towards her, in his behalf: whoſe ſmiles, he alledgeth, are his life, and frowns, his death. *Brellati* having his generoſity and judgment blinded with the reſpect of *Bertolini* his Wealth, as alſo of the affection he bore him, all other conſiderations laid apart, like a better Friend to him, than a Brother to his Siſter *Paulina*, promiſeth him his beſt furtherance and aſſiſtance in the proceſs of this his affection: and ſo with the trueſt Oratory, beſt Eloquence, and ſweeteſt perſwaſion, begins to deal effectually with her herein: but, as our hopes are ſubject and incident to deceive us; ſo *Bertolini* and *Brellati* come far too ſhort of theirs: for *Paulina*, in abſolute and down-right terms, prays her Brother to inform and reſolve *Bertolini*, That ſhe hath otherways ſetled and engaged her affection: and therefore prays him to ſeek another Miſtreſs, ſith ſhe hath found another Lover and Servant, with whom ſhe means to live and die. Her Brother (for his Friend's ſake) is extreamly ſorrowful hereat, and prays his Siſter to name to him her Servant. She binds him by Oath to ſecreſie. So he ſwearing, ſhe informs him, it is *Seignior Paulus Sturio*, a very ancient Noble man of the City. He tells her, he is a Gentleman more noble than rich; and ſhe replies, That *Bertolini* is more rich than noble, and therefore ſhe will refuſe him, and marry *Sturio*. He is obſtinate in his requeſts, as ſhe reſolute in her denial. So having performed the part of a Friend, for his Friend and commending the Nobility and Virtues of *Sturio*, as much as he pitied the weakneſs of his eſtate and wealth, he leaves his Siſter to her affection and deſigns, and ſo with an unwilling willingneſs (without any extenuation) delivers his friend *Bertolini* her definitive anſwer: yet performs his promiſe to his Siſter, in concealing *Sturio* his name.

Bertolini is all in fire and choler at this news, and begins no longer to look on his Friend *Brellati*, with the eyes of affection, but of contempt and indignation; and ſo conſulting with his paſſion, not with his Judgment; with Rage, and not with Reaſon; as immoderate anger ſeldom looks right, commonly ſquint-eyed; he in the heat of his wrath, and height of his revenge, very much neglects and ſleights him; yea, and moſt uncivilly and abruptly departs from him, as if he were no longer worthy of the bare complement of Farewel. Which *Brellati* well obſerves; and in obſerving, remembers; and in remembring, grieves at, ſith *Bertolini* was his moſt intimate and deareſt friend; and in whoſe behalf, did occaſion preſent, he was ready, not only to ſacrifice his beſt ſervice, but his beſt life. Lo here the firſt breach and violation, which *Bertolini* gives to their friendſhip: but the ſecond is not far behind: For, in the next company he meets, which was ſome two days after walking in Cardinal *Farneſi* his Galleries, in preſence of ſome four or five Gentlemen, both of his and of *Brellati*'s acquaintance; he forgot himſelf ſo much, as ſome demanding for his Conſort *Brellati*, he cholerickly replied, That he was a baſe and beggarly Gentleman, and therefore henceforth diſdained his company, and that his Siſter *Paulina* was a laſcivious and diſſembling Strumpet. But although the fire of his choler had fooliſhly banded forth theſe ſpeeches in the air; yet they fell not to the ground: but ſome of the company then preſent, that very night report them to *Brellati*. It is impoſſible for my Pen to relate how paſſionately and tenderly he takes it; yea, his affliction and grief herein is far more redoubled, in that (contrary to his deſires and wiſhes) he is aſſured his Siſter *Paulina* is likewiſe acquainted with the vanity and injuſtice of theſe ſpeeches; the conceit and remembrance whereof, make her enraged and ſorrowful eyes, pour forth many Rivolets and Rivers of tears, upon the Roſes and Lillies of her beauty. But as ſhe is too impatient to relliſh this ſcandalous affront and diſparagement; ſo her Brother *Brellati* is too generous and noble to digeſt it; whereof burning to know the truth; and reſolving, if he found it true, ſharply to revenge it on *Bertolini*; he paſſeth away the night in reſtleſs and diſtracted ſlumbers. And ſo the very next morn, taking his Sword and Lackey with him, he goes to *Bertolini* his Father's houſe, and meeting firſt with him, demands of him for his Son *Seignior John Battiſta Bertolini*. His Father informs him, he is in the Garden very ſolitarily walking, and prays *Brellati* to go to him; who needing not many requeſts, entreth, and with his Hat in his hand approacheth him. *Bertolini* doth the like, and meets him half way; when he being pale for anger, and *Bertolini* bluſhing for ſhame, he prays him to exempt the Garden of his Servants, becauſe he hath ſomething to reveal and impart him in ſecret, which needeth no witneſſes: when *Bertolini* commanding his Servants to depart, *Brellati* chargeth him with theſe diſgraceful ſpeeches, vomited forth two days ſince, againſt his Honour; as alſo that of his only dear Siſter *Paulina*, in Cardinal *Farneſi* his Palace, in preſence of Seignior

Aleſſandro Fontani, Seignior *Rhanutio Pluvinio*, and Seiguior *Antonio Voltomari*, (which words we have formerly underſtood.)

Bertolini is no way diſmayed or daunted hereat, either in courage or complexion; and ſo loſing his honour in his indiſcretion, or rather burying his diſcretion in his diſhonour, he, with fire in his looks, and thunder in his ſpeeches, tells *Brellati*, that he confeſſeth theſe ſpeeches his: adding withal, That what his Tongue hath affirmed, his Sword ſhall be ready to make good and juſtifie: whereon they cover. When *Brellati* demanding of him, if this were his laſt reſolution; he told him, yea. Then (quoth he) I pray expect mine ſhortly: and ſo without giving each other the Good-morrow, they part; *Brellati* ſtill leaving *Bertolini* in his Father's Garden. His Siſter *Paulina* having notice of her Brother's ſpeaking with *Bertolini*, very curiouſly and careſully awaits his return; when ruſhing into his Chamber, ſhe with tears and ſighs demands of him the iſſue of his conference with *Bertolini*, and whether he were ſo impudent to deliver theſe diſhonourable and baſe ſpeeches both of her ſelf and him. But her Brother, like a true noble *Roman*, is too generous and brave to acquaint her with his deſign and reſolution; and ſo, in general terms, prays her not to afflict her ſelf at theſe ſpeeches, and that this difference will be very ſhortly decided and ended, to her honour, and his own content. Brother (quoth ſhe) if you will not right mine honour, and vindicate the unſpotted purity of my reputation, I am ſure that my true Lover, Seignior *Paulus Sturio* will, though with the hazard and loſs of his own life, had he but the leaſt notice thereof. He ſhall not need Siſter, quoth he, for a day or two will reconcile and finiſh this buſineſs: and ſo for that time he leaves his Siſter *Paulina*, and ſhuts himſelf up in his Chamber; where, not long able to contain himſelf againſt the inſolency and baſeneſs of *Bertolini*, he calls for Pen and Paper, and more reſpecting his Honour than his Life, writes him this Challenge; the which, immediately after Dinner, he ſends him by Seignior *Valerio*, a confident Gentleman, his Follower.

BRELLATI to BERTOLINI.

THY ſcandalous reports, like thy ſelf, are ſo baſe, and I and my Siſter ſo honourably deſcended and bred, as I doubt not, but the diſgrace and diſparagement which thou haſt unjuſtly offered us, will as juſtly retort and fall on my ſelf. And to the end thou mayſt find, that my Sword is purpoſely reſerved to correct and chaſtize thy tongue; as thou art a Roman, *and a Gentleman, meet me ſingle, to morow at five in the morn, without* Port Populi, *in the next field behind Cardinal* Barromeo's *Palace, and there I will give thee the choice of two good Rapiers and Ponyards, and gladly accept of the refuſal, to draw reaſon of thee for thoſe wrongs wherewith thou haſt injuriouſly and maliciouſly traduced us: and to write the truth, as I deſire, ſo I can receive no other ſatisfaction, but this, whereunto thy Malice invites, and my Honour obligeth me.*

BRELLATI.

Valerio performs his part well and fairly; working and ſcrewing himſelf into *Bertolini's* preſence, very ſecretly delivers him his Maſter's Challenge. *Bertolini* not ignorant, but conjecturing what it means, breaks off the Seals, and at the peruſal thereof, though his Cauſe be unjuſt and diſhonourable, yet in his countenance and ſpeeches, he ſhews much conſtancy, fortitude, and reſolution; when conſidering they were to fight ſingle, and that therefore *Valerio* could be no ſecond, he deeming his Maſter had concealed this ſecret buſineſs from him, contents himſelf to give him only this Anſwer: Tell your Maſter, Seignior *Brellati*, from me, that I will not fail to meet him according to his deſire and appointment. And ſo *Valerio* takes his leave, and departs; when finding out his Maſter, he reports him *Bertolini's* Anſwer: whereat he is ſo far from being any way appal'd or daunted, as he infinitely rejoyceth thereat. In the mean time, he is curious in preparing two ſingular good Rapiers, and Ponyards, of equal Length, Hilts, and Temper. And thus with much impatient patience, (as Revenge is an enemy to Sleep) they not out-ſleep, but out-watch the night. So the morn and day ſtealing and breaking into their windows, they are no ſooner out of their beds, but into the field; their Chirurgeons awaiting their arrivals by the Pyramids, in the place of *Port Populi*, by which of neceſſity they were to paſs; when, tying up their Horſes to the Hedges, like reſolute Gentlemen, they throw off their Doublets, commanding their Chirurgeons not to ſtir from their ſtations; when diſdaining words, they both draw, and fall to deeds, thus:

Brellati preſenteth the firſt thruſt, and *Bertolini* gives him the firſt wound in his left ſhoulder, whereat he is enflamed, and ſo returns *Bertolini* the intereſt of a moſt dangerous one on his right

right-ſide, but it touch'd neither his bowels, nor quoif. They try again, ſo *Brellati* again wounds *Bertolini* in his leſt hand, when his Rapier running thorow his Sinews and Arteries, he is no longer able to hold his Ponyard; but deſpight his reſolution and courage, it falls out of his hand; which unlook'd for diſaſter, doth much perplex and afflict him. But *Brellati* is too generous and noble, to blemiſh or taint his honour, by taking any advantage of this his adverſaries misfortune: and ſo to clear his doubts and ſcruples, very valiantly and bravely throws away his own Ponyard to the hedge, that they might be as equal in Weapons, as Courage. But *Bertolini* will baſely requite this courteſie. They retire and take breath; and ſo traverſing their grounds, thereby to take the benefit of the Sun, they again joyn; at the firſt cloſe of this ſecond meeting, *Brellati* runs *Bertolini* into the right flank; when withdrawing his Rapier, and leaping back to himſelf upon his defenſive-guard and poſture, his foot ſlipping, he could not prevent falling to the ground; when *Bertolini* following him cloſe, and being eager in his perſuit, and blood-thirſty in his revenge, he forgetting *Brellati*'s former courteſie, and working upon the fortune of his misfortune, right then and there nailed him to the ground; and ſo redoubling his thruſt, acted a perpetual divorce betwixt his body and ſoul: when *Brellati*'s Chirurgeon ſhedding tears on his dead Maſter, and beginning to take order for his decent conveyance into the City, *Bertolini* takes up his Chirurgeon behind him; and ſo with all poſſible ſpeed and celerity (the better to avoid the danger of the Law) poſts o're the fields, and comes into Mount *Cavallo* Gate, and huſheth himſelf up privately in a friends houſe of his, near his Fathers.

All *Rome* begins to eccho forth and reſound this Murther; and far the more, becauſe *Bertolini* and *Brellati* were ſo dear and intimate friends, but, as good news comes always lame and bad rides poſt; ſo within one hour of *Brellati*'s Murther, the news thereof is brought firſt to his Father, then to his Siſter *Paulina*; whereat he grieves, and ſhe ſtorms; he ſorroweth, and ſhe weeps and laments; in a word, the Father would, but cannot; and the Daughter can, but will not be comforted at this ſad and mourful Tragedy. Neither muſt we forget, but remember Seignior *Paulus Sturio*; who loving *Paulina* a thouſand times dearer than his own life, is no ſooner acquainted, but afflicted with this news of *Brellati* his death, as being his dear friend, and, which is more, the only Brother of his deareſt and only Miſtreſs *Paulina*; ſo as Lovers and Friends being beſt known and diſcerned in calamities and afflictions, he repairs to her, condoles with her, and uſeth his chiefeſt art and zeal, not only to participate, but wholly to deprive her of her ſorrows; yea, to prove himſelf a conſtant friend, and a faithful Lover to her, he proffereth her not only his ſervice, but his life, as well to right her honour, as to revenge her Brother's death on *Bertolini*: but this affection and perſwaſion of *Sturio*, is not capable to wipe off, or exhale his Lady *Paulina*'s tears.

But again to *Bertolini*, who is ſo far from contrition and repentance of this his bloody fact, as like a prophane Miſcreant, and debaucht and diſſolute Gentleman, he triumphs and glories therein: yea, his impudency is become ſo ignorant, and his ignorance ſo ſottiſh, as he began to enter into a reſolution again to court and ſeek *Paulina* for his Wife, without reſpecting or regarding either the publick danger of the Law, or that of *Paulina*'s private revenge: for ſure her Brother's death had thrown her into ſuch violent paſſions of grief and extremities of ſorrow, as if his folly had made her ſo happy, doubtleſs her revenge would have made him more miſerable: but God had taught her rage more reaſon, and her malice and cruelty not ſo much impiety; yea, it pleaſed his Divine Majeſty not ſo ſoon to call him to an account, and puniſh him for this his bloody fact; but reſerving him for a future ſhame and puniſhment, being affrighted with a tumultuous rumour and alarm of a general ſearch to be made that night for his apprehenſion, he very ſubtilly, in a *Capuchin*'s habit paſſeth St. *John de Lateran*'s Gate, and there, having Poſt-horſes laid for him, he, as ſwift as the wind, gallops away for *Naples*, and imbarking himſelf for *Cicily*, paſſeth the *Pharre* of *Meſſina*, lands at that City, and ſo rides up to *Palermo*, where he thinks himſelf ſafe.

But having not made his peace with God, where ever he flies, God will in due time find him out, when he leaſt dreams or thinks thereof. But although the power and influence of time be ſo predominate, as to deface the Actions and the Accidents of time: yet *Paulina* can give no truce to her tears; nor will ſhe adminiſter any comfort or conſolation to her ſorrows for her Brother's death: and if ever, now it is, that *Sturio* reſembling himſelf, doth begin to make her ſorrows his: for having deeply rooted and ſetled his affection on *Paulina*, and naturally engraven her Beauty and Picture, in the very center of his heart and thoughts, he begins to make his private love and affection to her, publick; and ſo, having already won her heart from her ſelf, he now endeavoureth to win her from her Friends,

and then to marry her. But old Seignior *Sturio* his Father, is no ſooner advertiſed of *Brellati* his death, of *Bertolini*'s flight, and of his Son's affection and intent to take *Paulina* to Wife; but diſdaining he ſhould match ſo low, and withal ſo poor, as alſo fearing that this might likewiſe engage his Son in ſome quarrel betwixt him and *Bertolini*, he reſolves privately to convey him away out of *Rome*, into ſome retired or obſcure place, from whence he ſhould not return, till his abſence had cooled and extenuated the heat of his affection to *Paulina*, and of his malice and revenge to *Bertolini*: to which end, three weeks are ſcarce paſt, but taking his Son with him in the Coach, under colour to take the air in the fields of *Rome*, beyond St. *Paul*'s Church, he having given the Coach-man his leſſon, commands him to drive away, and having two *Braves* or *Ruffins* with him, they diſpoſe, or rather inforce the humour of his Son *Sturio*, patience and deſpight himſelf, they carry him to *Naples*, where a Brigantine being purpoſely prepared, he ſhippeth over his Son for the Iſland of *Capri*, or *Caprea*, where, long ſince, *Sejanus* his ambition cauſed *Tiberius* to ſojourn, (whiles he played the petty king, and domineer'd as Emperor at *Rome* in his abſence) and gives him to the keeping and guard of Seignior *Alphonſus Driſſa*, Captain of that Iſland, with requeſt and charge, not to permit him to return, for the main, for the term of one whole year, without his expreſs order to the contrary.

It is for none but for Lovers to judge, how tenderly *Sturio* and his ſweet Lady *Paulina* grieve at the news of this their ſudden and unexpected ſeparation: yea, their ſighs and tears are ſo infinite for this their diſaſter, as all the words of the world are not capable to expreſs them. As for *Paulina*, ſhe had ſo long and ſo bitterly wept for her Brother's death, as it was a meer cruelty of ſorrow to enforce her to play any further part in ſorrow, for the departure and captivity of her Lover *Sturio*; but her afflictions falling in, each on the neck of other, (in imitation of the Waves of the Sea, occaſioned by the breath and blaſt of *Boreas*) threaten her not only with preſent ſickneſs, but with approaching death. Again ſhe underſtands of *Bertolini*'s ſafety and proſperity in *Cicilia*, where he triumphs in his victory, for killing her Brother *Brellati*; and, like a baſe Gentleman, continually erects his Trophees of detraction upon the ruins and tomb of her honour: and theſe conſiderations (like reſerved afflictions) again newly afflict and torment her, ſo as having loſt her Jewel and her Joy, her Brother and her Lover, *Brellati* and *Sturio*, ſhe begins to be extream ſick, weak, and faint; yea, the Roſes of her cheeks, are transformed to Lillies; the relucent luſtre of her eyes, to dimneſs and obſcurity; and, to uſe but a word, not only her heart, but her tongue begins to fail, and to ſtrike ſail to immoderate ſorrow and diſconſolation. Her Parents and Friends grieve hereat, and far the more, in reſpect they know not how to remedy it: and for her ſelf, if ſhe enjoy any comfort in this life, it is only in hope that ſhe ſhall ſhortly leave it, to enjoy that of a better. Thus, while ſorrow, vexation, and ſickneſs make haſte to ſpin out the thred and web of her life, if her griefs are extream and inſupportable in *Rome*, no leſs are thoſe of her Lover, *Sturio*, in *Caprea*: for it frets him to the heart and gall, to ſee how his Father hath bereaved and betrayed him of his Miſtreſs *Paulina*'s preſence, the only content and felicity which this life on earth could afford him; a thouſand times he wiſheth himſelf with her, and as often kiſſeth her remembrance and Idea; and then, as their affections, ſo their malice concurring and ſympathizing, he again wiſheth that he may be ſo happy to fight with *Bertolini* for the diſgrace of his Lady *Paulina*; and ſhe, for the death of her Brother *Brellati*; and in that affection, and this revenge, he with much affliction, and no comfort, paſſeth away many bitter days and torments in the miſery of this his enforced exile and baniſhment: and although his curioſity, and affection, or ſubtilty, could never crown him with the happineſs or felicity to free himſelf of his guards and captivity, and ſo to ſteal away from that Iſland in ſome Foiſt or Gally for the main; yet underſtanding that two days after, there was one bound for the Port of *Civita Vetcha*, he, to teſtifie his affection, conſtancy, and torments, to his dear and fair *Paulina*, takes occaſion to write her a Letter to *Rome*; the which, that it might come the ſafer to her own hands, he incloſeth in another to an intimate and dear friend of his. The tenor of his Letter was thus.

STURIO to PAULINA.

I Know not whether I more grieve at my abſence from thee, than at the manner thereof; yet ſure I am, that both conjoyn'd to make me, in this Iſland of Caprea, *feel the torment, not of a feigned Purgatory, but of a true Hell. It was my purpoſe to condole with thee for the untimely death of thy Brother, it is now not only my reſolution, but my practice, to mourn with my ſelf for thy baniſhment,*

nishment, or rather with thee for mine; and when my sorrows have most need of consolation, then again that consolation finds most cause of sorrow: for thinking of Bertolini, *methinks I see thy false disparagement on his malicious tongue; and thy Brother* Brellati *his true death on his bloody Sword; and yet have neither the honour or happiness to revenge either; and, which is worse, not to be permitted to know where he is, that I may revenge them. But I wish I were only incident and obliged to support this affliction, conditinually thou were exempt thereof, or that I might know the limits and period of our absence, thereby to hope for an end and remedy thereof; which now I can find no motives to know, nor cause to hope. O how have I often envied* Leander's *happiness! And if* Love *could make any impossibilities possible, the* Mediterranean *Sea should long since have been my* Hellespont, *my Body my Bark, my Arms my Oars, to have wafted me from my* Abidos, *to thy* Sestos; *from my* Caprea, *to thy* Rome, *to thee sweet* Paulina, *my only fair and dear* Hero; *And although the constancy and fervency of my love to thee suggested me many inventions to escape the misery of exile; yet the* Argus *eyes of my Father's malice, in that of my Guardians jealousie, cannot be inchanted or lulled asleep with the melody of so unfortunate a* Mercury, *as my self. But Time shall shortly act and finish, what impatience cannot: till when, dear and sweet* Paulina, *retain me in thy thoughts, as I do thee in heart and memory; and doubt not but a few weeks will make us happy, as we are now miserable.*

STURIO.

Paulina, in the midst of her sorrows and sickness, receives this Letter from her best and dearest friend, *Sturio*; and although she rejoyce to hear of his health and welfare in *Caprea*, yet she is more glad, that the extremity of her sickness and weakness inform her, she shall shortly die in *Rome*: for vanquished with afflictions, and overcome with variety of grief and discontents, she in conceit already hath left this world, and is by this time half way in her progres and pilgrimage towards Heaven, yet in love to her dear *Sturio*, who wrote her this kind Letter, she will not be so unkind, but will kiss it for his sake that sent it her: and peradventure if she had been so happy, that he might have been the bearer and deliverer thereof himself, or that he had born and delivered himself to her instead of his Letter, he might then have given some comfort to her sorrows, and some consolation to her discontents and afflictions; whereas now seeing him exiled and mewed up in *Caprea*, without any appearance of return, she sees she hath more reason to fly to her old despair, than to any new hope; and so wisheth the desired hour were at last come, wherein she might give her last farewel to this world: but again perusing and over-reading his Letter, she finds it full fraught with love and affection towards her, and therefore disdaining to prove ingrateful to any, especially to *Sturio*, who is so kind and courteous to her; calls for Pen and Paper, and by his own conveyance returns him this Answer.

PAULINA to STURIO.

I Cannot rightly define, whether the receit of the Letter made me more glad; or the Contents, sorrowful: for as I infinitely rejoyced to understand thou wert living; so I extreamly grieved to hear there was no certainty of thy releasment and return. Whether or no Caprea *be thy Purgatory, I know not; but sure I am,* Rome *is my Hell, sith I cannot be there with thee, nor thou here with me: and as I lamented with sighs, I could not die with my Brother; so I grieve with tears, that I cannot live with thee; but why write I of living, when this mournful Tragedy, and thy disasterous* Exile, *hath made me more ready to die, than live: or rather, not fit to live, but die: For, despairing of thy return, how can I hope for comfort, sith it only lived in thy presence, as my heart and joy did in thee? As for* Bertolini's *folly to me, and crime to my Brother, if thy Sword punish him not, God's just Revenge will; and wishing this as a Woman, as a Christian, I pardon and forgive him, and so (I pray) do thou for my sake, if thou wilt not that of my dead Brother's: Could prayers or wishes have affected thy return to me, my tears had long since been thy* Hellespont *and* Mediterranean *Sea, and my sighs hath fill'd the Sails of thy desires and resolutions, to have passed* Oltra, *floated up* Tiber, *and landed at* Rippa *to me. But alas! alas! here in remembring* Hero's *felicity and joy, I cannot forget my sorrows and afflictions: for as* Leander *lived in her arms, so I cannot be so fortunate, either to live or die in my* Sturio's: *and if now, as a skilful* Mercury, *thou couldst inveagle the eyes both of thy Father's malice, and Guardian jealousie, yet that happiness would come too late, and out of season for me; for before thou shalt have plotted thy flight and escape from* Caprea *to* Rome, *I shall have acted and finished mine from* Rome *to* Heaven. *I would send thee more lines, but that my weak hand and feeble fingers have not the power, though*

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the will, any longer to retain my Pen. Heaven will make us happy, though Earth cannot; therefore my dear Sturio, *let this be our last and best consolation, As these Joys are temporary and transitory; so those will be permanent and eternal.*

PAULINA.

This Letter of *Paulina* to *Sturio*, meets with a speedy passage from *Rome* to *Caprea*; who receiving it, and thinking to have found her in her true and perfect health, with much joy and affection breaks up the seals thereof; when, contrary to his hope and expectation, understanding of her sickness and approach to death, he tenderly and bitterly weeps at his own misfortune, in her discontent and disaster; yea, he passionately and sorrowfully bewails his Father's cruelty, in thus banishing him from her sight and presence, from the contemplation of whose beauty, and from his innate affection to her, the Fates and Destinies cannot banish him. But alas, unfortunate *Sturio*! the news of thy *Paulina*'s sickness, is but the Prologue to the ensuing sorrows and afflictions that are ready to befall and surprize thee: for the news of her death, shall shortly follow her Letter; and if that drew tears from thine eyes, this shall drown thine eyes in the Ocean of thy Tears; neither shall he stay long to feel the miserable impetuosity of this mournful storm. For scarce twenty days are past, after the writing of her Letter to *Sturio*, but *Paulina* languishing with grief, despair, sorrow, and sickness, as a Female Love-Martyr, takes her last leave and farewel of this World, in *Rome*; it being not in the power or affection of her Parents, any longer to divert her from paying this her last due and tribute unto Nature, sith we all have our lives lent, not given us: and therefore as we receive, so must we repay them to our Creator and Redeemer, of whom we have first received them.

Old *Sturio* is as glad in *Rome* for the death of *Paulina*, as her Parents grieve thereat; and now it is that he intends to be as happy and joyful in his Son's presence, as he hath formerly made himself sorrowful in occasioning his absence: whereupon, with all expedition, he dispatcheth a Servant of his to *Caprea*, with a Letter to signifie his Son thereof, and consequently, to recal him. This news of *Paulina*'s death, infinitely afflicts and torments our *Sturio*: for she being the Queen of his affections, and the sovereign Goddess of his delights and desires, he resembleth himself, and so like a true Lover, as he is, acteth a wonderful mournful part of sorrow for her unwished and unexpected death; he is no longer himself: nay, such was his living affection to *Paulina*, and such is his immoderate sorrow for her death, as he will not be himself, because she is gone, who was the greatest and chiefest part of himself. But as wounds cannot be cured e're searched; so passion transporting his thoughts beyond reason; and revenge, beyond passion; he, for the time present, forsakes the effect, to follow the cause; and so hath no other object before his eyes and thoughts, but that of *Bertolini*'s killing of her Brother *Brellati*; and this of his Father's unkind banishing of him from *Rome* to *Caprea*: wherefore, that he may out-live his sorrows, and apply a Lenitive to his Corrosive, he vows to revenge both. The manner is thus.

That, as his Father deceived his hopes in carrying him from *Rome* to *Caprea*: so he will deceive those of his sad Father, in carrying himself from *Caprea* to *Cicily*, there to find out *Bertolini*, and to fight with him. It is not the point of Honour, much less Judgment, and least of all, Religion, that precipitates and throws him on this bloody, and therefore uncharitable resolution: but it is the vanity of his thoughts, and his living affection to his dead Mistress, *Paulina*, which gives life and birth to it: for he (trampling on all dissuasions and opposition) finding a Galley of *Naples*, bound from *Caprea* to *Cicily*, very secretly embarks himself in her, and contemning the impetuosity of the Winds, and the mercilesse mercy of the Seas, lands at *Palermo*; where hushing himself up the first night privately in his Inn, and informing himself that *Bertolini* was in that City, he, the next morn, by his Lackey, sends him this Challenge.

STURIO to BERTOLINI.

HAving killed my dear Paulina, *in the scandal of her honour, and the death of her Brother* Brellati, *my afflictions and sorrows to survive her, make me contemn mine own life, to seek home: to which purpose I have left* Caprea *to find* Cicily, *and in it, thy self. Wherefore, as thou art* Bertolini, *fail not to meet me this Evening 'twixt five and six of Clock, in the next Meadow behind the* Carthusian's *Monastery; where my self, assisted only with a Chirurgion, and the choice of two single Rapiers, will expect and attend thee. Thy Generosity invites thee, and my Affection and Honour obligeth me to be the only Guests of this Bloody Banquet.*

STURIO.

Bertolini

Bertolini receives and reads this Challenge, which, to write the truth, is not so pleasing to him, as was that of *Brellati*: he sees himself and his honour engaged to fight, and knows not how to exempt and free himself thereof. For, first, he considereth that the ground of his Defence and Quarrel is not good, sith he knew in his soul and conscience, that *Paulina* was as chast as fair, and that he had wronged himself, in seeking to wrong and scandalize her; then, that he perfectly understood, *Sturio* was valiant and generous, yea, and very expert and constant in unconstancy: so that he began not only to doubt, but fear, that as he had killed *Brellati*, so *Sturio* was reserved to kill him; but again, considering that his birth and blood was noble, it contrariwise so incited and animated his courage, and inflamed and set an edge on his Generosity, as with a kind of unwilling willingness, he accepts of *Sturio*'s Challenge; and so bad his Lackey tell his Master from him, That he would not fail to meet him, to give him his welcome to *Palermo*. The Clock strikes five, and long before six, our two young Gentlemen came riding into the field, where giving their Horses to their Chirurgeons, with command not to stir till their duty and office call them, they both draw, and so approach each other: but although this fury of theirs begin in blood, yet it shall not here end in death. At the first coming up, *Sturio* wards *Bertolini*'s thrust, and runs him into the right flank, of a deep wound; at the second, he wounds him again in the neck, which draws much blood from him: neither is the third meeting more propitious, or less fatal, to him: for *Sturio*, without receiving any touch or fear, gives him a third wound betwixt his small ribs; whereat his courage feareth, and his strength fainteth; when, willing to save his life, though with the loss of his Honour, he throws away his Rapier, and, with his Hat in hand, begs his life of *Sturio*, and with as much truth as integrity, confesseth and avoweth, that he is infinitely sorrowful and repentant for the scandal delivered against the Honour of his most fair and chast Lady, *Paulina*; for the which he craves pardon and remission. *Sturio* is astonished at this unexpected and cowardly act of *Bertolini*, whereat he bites his lip, but I know not whether more with disdain than anger; only at first, the remembrance of *Brellati* and *Paulina*'s deaths, for the present, make him inexorable to his request and submission: but at last, making Reason give law to Choler, and Religion to Revenge; and considering that he was more than a man, sith a Christian; as also, that the luster of his Blood and Extraction, had distinguished him from the Vulgar, and so made him honourable and noble; he, not as a cruel Tyger, but as a generous Lyon, disdaineth to blemish his Reputation and Valour, in killing a disarmed man: and so his Honour out-braving his Valour and Revenge, he, as a truly noble Gentleman, gives *Bertolini* his life, as holding himself satisfied, by having righted the Honour of his dead Mistress, *Paulina*, in *Bertolini*'s confession and contrition. So they sheath up their swords, and, like loving friends, return together into the City, where *Sturio* prepareth for his departure, and *Bertolini* betakes himself to have his wounds dressed and cured.

This Combat, or Duel, is not so secretly carried betwixt them and their Chirurgeons, but all *Palermo* resounds and prattles thereof; and, which is more, this news speedily sails from *Cicily* to *Naples*, and from thence rides post to *Rome*, where *Sturio* and *Bertolini* likewise in short space arrive: but first comes *Sturio*, then *Bertolini*, whose Father by this time hath obtained his pardon for killing of *Brellati*. The Nobility and Gentry of *Rome* speak diversly and differently of our two late returned Gallants: some, out of reason, highly applaud *Sturio*'s fighting with *Bertolini*, occasioned through his affection to his dead Mistress, *Paulina*; and then his humanity and courtesie shewed and extended him, in giving him his life: Others, out of the errors of youth and vanity, tax and condemn him for not dispatching and killing him. Again, many extol *Bertolini*'s Valour in killing *Brellati*; but all taunt and tax him for his Cowardize, in not fighting it out with *Sturio*; and, which is worse, for disgracefully begging and receiving his life of him.

Bertolini finds the scandal thrown and retorted on him, to be very distastful and dishonourable; insomuch as he cannot relish it, but with discontent; nor digest it, but with extream indignation and choler; which throws him so violently on the execrable humour of revenge, as he vows to make *Sturio* pay dear for giving too much liberty to his tongue, to the prejudice of his honour and reputation.

Puft up thus with these three execrable humours and vices, disdain, envy, and revenge; whereof the least is great and capable enough to ruin both a fortune and a life; he, out of a wretched resolution (unworthy the generosity of a Gentleman) not only forgets *Sturio* his singular courtesie in giving him his life, when it lay in his power and pleasure to take it from him, but also remembreth, and in remembrance, resolveth to repay him with the ungrateful requital, and mournful interest of depriving him of his. O extream ingratitude! O uncharitable and base resolution! Yea, he is so devoid of reason, and the purity of his soul and conscience so contaminated and vilified with the contemplation and object of blood, as he

gives

gives way thereto, and resolves thereon; yea, permits it to forsake God, of purpose wilfully to follow the Devil. Yea, his thoughts are so surprized and taken up with this execrable and hellish resolution of Murther, as he thinks of nothing else but of the means and manner how to dispatch *Sturio*, and so to send him in a bloody Winding-sheet, from this life to another. To fight with him again in the field, he dares not; to assassinate and murther him in his bed, he cannot, sith he must pass five or six several Chambers, ere he can come at his; and to pistol him in the open street, though it be less difficult, yet he finds it most dangerous; sith he sees *Sturio* still went better followed and accompanied, than himself, as indeed being far more eminent of Birth, and more noble of Extraction, than himself. But he shall want no invention to accomplish and bring this his bloody resolution to pass, for if he fail thereof, the Devil is still at his elbow to prompt and instruct him therein; yea, his impiety is grown so strong with the Devil, and his Faith so weak with God, as now having turned over the Records of his Revenge, he at last resolves to shoot *Sturio* from a Window, with a Petronel, as he passeth the street; and upon the attempt and finishing of this his hellish stratagem, and bloody Tragedy, the Devil and he strike hands, and conclude it; the contriving and perpetrating whereof, shall in the end strangle him, because he was so prophane and graceless, as he would not strangle the first conceits thereof, in their births and conceptions.

But leave we here *Bertolini*, ruminating on his intended bloody crime of Murther, and come we a little to speak of poor unfortunate *Sturio*, who not dreaming of this malice, much less of his ungrateful and bloody revenge intended against him, like a mournful and disconsolate constant Lover, is thinking on nothing so much, as on the living beauty and Idea of his dead *Paulina*. And although he knew it as palpable folly to bewray his immoderate sorrows, as discretion to conceal them; yet their impetuosity and fervency, give such a predominating law to his resolutions, as he cannot refrain from often stealing into *Santta Maria de Rotundo's* Church, where she was buried, and there secretly bedews her Tomb, and washes her Sepulcher with his tears: an act and ceremony of Lovers, which though affection authorize, yet Religion doth neither justifie, nor can approve. All the care of his Father and Friends, is to seek how to purge his pensiveness, and to wipe off his melancholy sorrows, and sorrowful melancholiness: to which end, they proffer him great variety of noble and beautiful Ladies in marriage, hoping that the sight and presence of a new Beauty, would deface the memory and absence of an old: but their policy proves vain, for noble *Sturio* will be as constant in his sorrows for his sweet *Paulina's* death, as he was in his affection to her whilst that she lived: and therefore, although that their power enforce him for to see divers; yet his will can never by any means be drawn or enforced for to love any, as having inviolably contracted himself to this definitive resolution, That sith he could not be *Paulina's* Husband, he will never wed himself to any other Wife than his Grave.

And here I begin to write rather with tears than ink, when I apprehend and consider how soon our poor and innocent *Sturio* shall be, by the bloody hand of *Bertolini*, laid in his unfortunate and untimely Grave. Ah *Sturio*, *Sturio*! hadst thou been more vindictive, and less generous and compassionate, thou hadst prevented thy death by killing *Bertolini*, when thy valour in *Caprea* formerly reduced and exposed him to the mercy of thy Sword; or if thou hadst believed this Maxim, That dead men can never offend or hurt, thou need'st not have relied and trusted upon the false promises of an incensed and irreconcilable enemy: but what shall I say? It was not thy honour, but *Bertolini's* infamy, which hasteneth and procureth thy death. O that thou shouldst be so true a Friend to thine Enemy, and he prove so deadly an enemy to thee his true Friend! *Sturio* gave *Bertolini* his life; and *Bertolini*, in requital, will give *Sturio* his death: but such monstrous and bloody ingratitude, will never go unpunished of God: for as it is odious to Earth, so it is execrable to Heaven: but I must be so unfortunate, to bring this deplorable Tragedy upon the Theater of this History. A misery of miseries, that we are many times neatest our ends, when we think our selves farthest from them! and (not to rush into the sacred and secret Closet of God's inscrutable Providence) I can find no other pregnant reason thereof, either in Divinity or Nature, but that at all times, and in all places, we should be still prepared and ready for death, ere death for us; and not protracting or procrastinating the hour thereof, but that whensoever it shall please God for to call us to him, or himself to us, that (like good and pious Christians) death may still find us always armed for to meet, never unprovided for to encounter it.

But *Bertolini* is so obstinate in his malice, and so wretchedly implacable in his revenge, as understanding that *Sturio* is accustomed to go to his Morning's-Mass at the English Colledge, he provides both himself, and his Petronel charged with a brace of Bullets; or rather, the Devil provides both the Bullets, the Petronel, and himself; and so, watching the advantage of

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his hour and time on a Monday morning, a little after the Cardinals, *Farneſi* and *Caponius*, were ridden with their Trains to the Conſiſtory, putting himſelf into an unknown houſe betwixt the ſaid *Engliſh* Colledg, and the Palace of *Farneſi*, he having his cock bent, and ſeeing *Sturio* coming in the Street, upon his prancing *Barbary*-horſe, and Foot-cloth, like a graceleſs and bloody Villain (having neither the fear of God, nor the ſalvation or damnation of his Soul before his eyes, nor once imagining that he ſhoots at the Majeſty of God the Creator, in killing and defacing Man, his Image and Creature) lets flie at him, and the Devil had made him ſo curious and expert a Marks-man, as both the Bullets pierce the trunk of his breaſt; with which mortal wounds, our innocent *Sturio* no longer able to ſit his Horſe, tumbles down dead to the ground, without having the power to utter a word, but only to breath forth two or three lamentable and deadly groans. And this was the unfortunate and mournful end of this noble Gentleman, *Sturio*, which I cannot relate, without ſighs; nor remember, without tears.

This bloody Tragedy, acted on ſo brave a Gallant, in the very bowels and heart of *Rome*, doth extreamly amaze and draw all the Spectators to lamentation and mourning; and his two Servants, who walked by his Horſe-ſide, are ſo buſie in lifting him up, and rubbing the temples of their dead Maſter, as they forget to re-ſearch and enquire for his Murtherer: but the aſſiſtants and the ſtanders by, hearing the report of the Piece, and not only ſeeing the ſmoke in the window and air, but this noble Gentleman dead in the ſtreet, they aſcend the houſe, and find the Petronel on the Table, but the ſhooter fled away upon a ſwift *Spaniſh* Gennet, by the back-door; they of the houſe affirming with tears in their eyes, that they knew not the Gentleman that did it, neither was it in their powers to ſtop or prevent his eſcape.

This fatal and mournful news, diſperſed and ſpread o're the City of *Rome*; the Serjeants and Captains Guard are buſie to find out the Murtherer, who by this time they know to be *Seignior Bertolini*, but being gallantly mounted, he ſpeeds away thorow the ſtreets amain; and is ſo far from deſpair, as he makes no doubt but to recover the *Lateran* Gate; and to eſcape this his ſecond danger, as fortunately as he did his firſt, by flying into the Kingdom of *Naples*: but his hopes ſhall deceive him; for if he bought *Brellati*'s Murther at an eaſie rate, God hath now ordained and decreed, that he ſhall pay dear for this his ſecond, of *Sturio*: and lo here the impetuous ſtorm of God's juſt revenge and indignation now befalls him when he leaſt fears or thinks thereof. The manner thus.

As he was ſwiftly galloping thorow *Campo de Fiogo* (the publick place where the Pope (that Antichriſt of *Rome*) burns the children of God for the profeſſion of his glorious Goſpel) and being at the farther end thereof, with an intent to draw towards the backſide of the Capitol, behold, two Bricklayers, building of a Houſe, upon a Scaffold two Stories high in the ſtreet, as *Bertolini* paſſed, both the Scaffold and the two Brick-layers fell down upon him and his horſe, and ſo beat them both to the ground: but as yet the news of *Sturio*'s Murther was not arrived thither; ſo as danger and fear making *Bertolini* forget the hurt of his fall, he again riſeth up, and calls for his horſe, which was ſpeedily brought him; ſo leaping into the Saddle, he ſpurs away with as much celerity as his Gennet could poſſibly drive under him. But if he have eſcaped this firſt Judgment of God, he ſhall not the ſecond; for having paſt the Capitol, and the *Amphitheater*, his Gennet, 'twixt that and the *Latteran*, fell under him; which putting his ſhoulder out of joynt, the poor afflicted Beaſt could not riſe with his Maſter, who by this time is more afflicted and grieved than the harmleſs Gennet he rides upon. Whereupon being amazed, and fearing that the ſearch would inſtantly follow and ſurpriſe him, he leaving his Horſe, betakes himſelf to his own heels, and ſo with much terror both of mind and conſcience, he knows not whither to go, or where to hide himſelf: but at laſt conſidering, that the greateſt dangers have need of the leaſt diſtraction, and moſt diſcretion, he thinks to flie on his right hand to *Horto Farneſi*, or the Gardens and Orchards which belong to that Illuſtrious Family: but then again, fearing to meet with a wooden face, inſtead of finding an open door, he leaves that reſolution, and (as faſt as his legs and feet can bear him) flies on his left hand up towards *Nero*'s Tower (ſo famous for that Emperor's infamy, in ſtanding thereon when he delighted to ſee all *Rome* on fire) and here in the ruins and demolitions of an infinite number of Palaces, Churches, and other ſtupendious Buildings, our murtherous *Bertolini* hides and huſheth up himſelf, hoping if the day were paſt, to eſcape, and recover ſome ſecret Friends houſe, by night.

But God is too juſt to let this his cruel fact paſs unrevenged, and this bloody Murther unpuniſhed; for he hath ſcarce been there half an hour, but he is known there, found out, and hemm'd in of all ſides by the Captains Guard, arm'd with Partiſans and Piſtols. Here *Bertolini* conſidering himſelf a *Roman* Gentleman, would fain have made ſome reſiſtance with his Rapier: but ſeeing their numbers to increaſe, and himſelf alone; as alſo, that it would farther,

augment his crime, and exalperate his Judges againſt him; he at their firſt ſummons delivereth up his Rapier, and yeilds, and rendereth himſelf into their hands, who preſently conveyed him to priſon, where he ſhall have but little time to think of his hainous and bloody Murthers, ere we ſhall ſee him brought forth and arraigned before his Judges: but, in the interim, all *Rome* is poſſeſſed and informed hereof.

So the ſecond morning of *Bertolini* his impriſonment, he is fetcht before his Judges, where at firſt the Devil is ſo ſtrong with him, as he once thought to have denied this Murther of *Sturio*: but God proving more merciful to his Soul, he, upon his Judges grave and Religious Remonſtrances, with many ſighs and tears freely confeſſeth it, humbly beſeeching them to take pity of his young years, and that it was only the heat of youth, and the vanity of his ambitious honour, which had thus betrayed and ſeduced his Soul to perpetrate this cruel and impious Murther: and for the which he extreamly and bitterly repented himſelf.

But the arrow of God's wrath and revenge, is now fully bent againſt *Bertolini*, as his bullets were againſt *Sturio*: ſo as his Sacred Majeſty, cauſing his Judges to reſemble themſelves, they are deaf to his requeſts, and tell him, It is not his youth, or his ambition, but the Devil that hath ſeduced and drawn him to perform this bloody Murther: and ſo, for expiation thereof, they, in conſideration he is a *Roman* Gentleman, nobly deſcended, will not hang him, but adjudg his two hands to be cut off before the houſe where he ſhot at *Sturio*, and then afterwards to be beheaded at the common place of Execution, at the foot of S. *Angelo*'s Bridge; his Head to be ſet upon a Pole over St. *John de Lateran*'s Gate, and his body to be thrown into *Tyber*: which the next day was accordingly executed in the preſence of many thouſand people of both Sexes, and of all Ranks, notwithſtanding the importunate ſolicitations which his Father made to Cardinal *Borgheſe*, (the Pope *Paulinus Quintus* Nephew) to the contrary; who was too noble and generous to aſſiſt him in ſo baſe and ignoble a Murther.

And theſe were the lives and deaths of theſe three unfortunate *Roman* Gentlemen, *Brellati*, *Sturio*, and *Bertolini*; and of that beautiful, chaſt and ſorrowful Lady, *Paulina*. And here to conclude and ſhut up this their mournful Hiſtory, I have been informed, That the curious Wits of *Rome* made many exquiſite Epitaphs upon the deaths of *Sturio* and *Paulina*; as alſo, that *Bertolini* made a Religious and moſt Chriſtian Speech at his end, of which I muſt confeſs I was not ſo happy to recover the ſight or copies of either; for if I had, I would not have failed to have inſerted and placed them at the end of this Hiſtory, to have ſerved as a grace and ornament thereunto, in interlacing my Proſe with other Verſes, for the better delight and recreation of my *Reader*. But I muſt (juſtly) crave excuſe herein: for my curioſity ſought them, though my unfortunacy found them not. And becauſe I wholly aim rather to profit than to pleaſe my Reader, let us forget the ſhadows, to remember the ſubſtance; and ſo look from the Map to the Moral of this Hiſtory; that the foul example of *Bertolini*'s crime of Murther, and the juſtneſs of his puniſhment, may make us leſs bloody, and more compaſſionate and charitable to our Chriſtian Brethren, and conſequently more pious towards God, of whom we all bear the living Image, and true and lively Character.

FINIS.

THE TRIUMPHS OF GOD'S REVENGE Againſt the Crying and Execrable SIN OF MURTHER.

EXPRESSED

In Thirty ſeveral Tragical Hiſtories (digeſted into Six Books) which contain great variety of mournful and memorable Accidents, Amorous, Moral, and Divine.

BOOK III.

Written by *JOHN REYNOLDS*

LONDON,

Printed for *Ben. Griffin* and *Sam. Keble*. 1702.

BOOK III

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

And truly worthy of all Honour,

WILLIAM

EARL OF

PEMBROKE,

Lord Chamberlain to His Majesty, Knight of the Thrice Noble Order of the Garter, and one of the Lords of His most Honourable Privy Council.

Right Honourable,

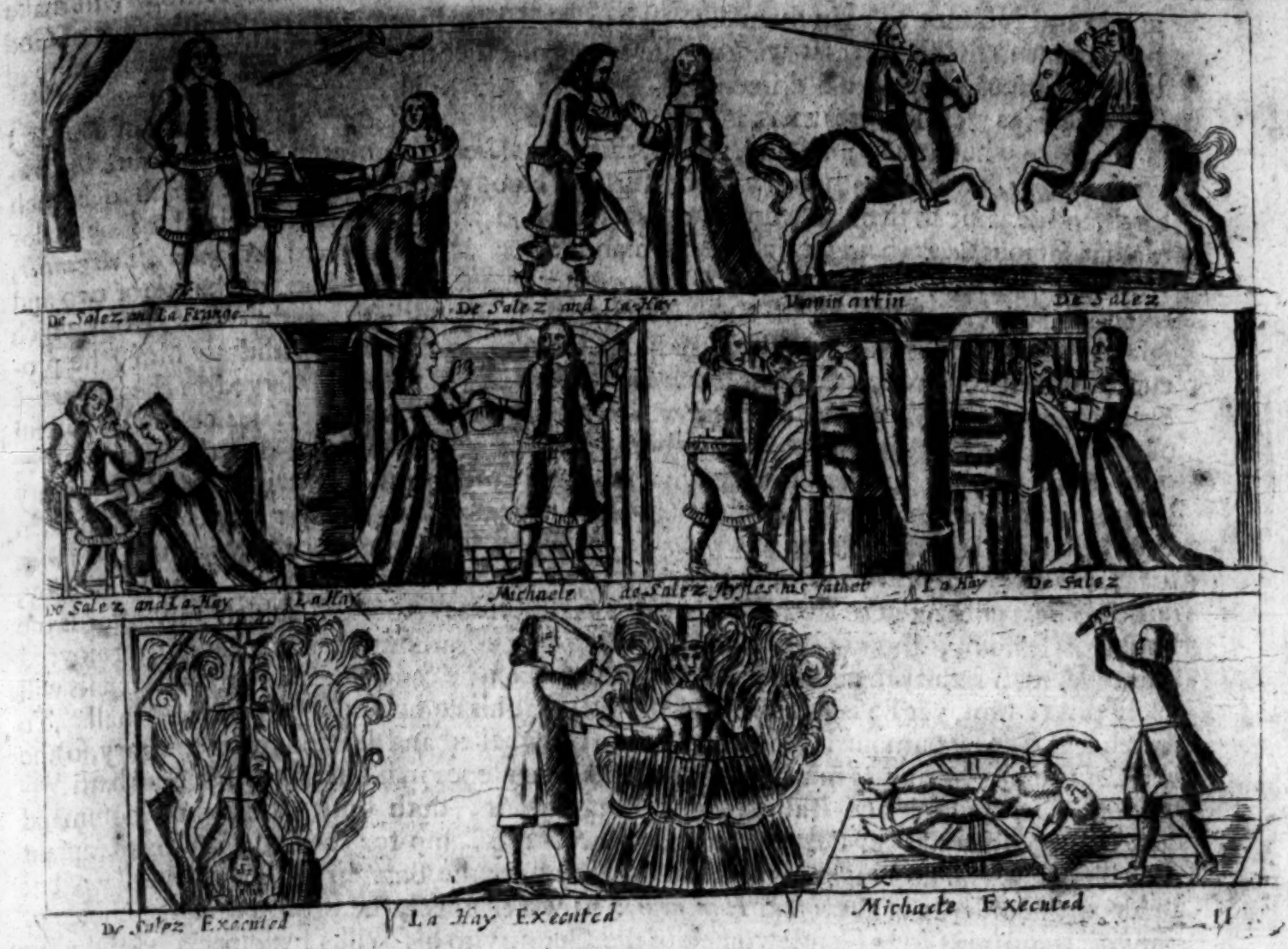
IT *is not your* Dignity, *but your* Virtues; *not your* Greatness, *but your* Goodness, *which first conjured my affection, then commanded my resolution to direct these (foreign)* Tragical Histories *to your* Honour's *Protection and Patronage: For whilst others (sailing with the corrupt Tide and Current of the Times) not only admire, but adore the exterior parts of men, their* Fortunes; *I, for my part, both honour and reverence their interior qualities and ornaments,* Piety, Fidelity, Generosity, (*three Daughters of* Heaven, *embling and personating the three Heavenly Graces on Earth,* Faith, Hope, Charity) *who transport and convey our* Memories *as far as the limits of* Time, *and a degree beyond it; and (on the wings of* Truth) *mount our* Fames *from* Earth *to* Heaven, *from* Envy *to* Glory, *and from* Mortality *to* Eternity. *Not but that I every way respect and honour that Blood which is* Noble: *but, that I yet more dearly honour, and deeply affect those* Virtues *which have a secret, and as I may justly say) a sacred power in them to ennoble* Nobility; *both which transcendent* Priviledges, *finding hand in hand cheerfully to march, and really to sympathize in your* Honour, (*with upon the resplended lustre of your actions,* Envy *is not capable to insinuate a blemish, nor* Detraction *of power to introduce or inforce a disparagement*) *was the sole prevailing-motive of this my* Zeal *and* Ambition. *And when I consider that the Morality,*

Ends, and Puniſhments, of theſe foul and crying Sins of Murther, which my two former Books (of this nature) have already related and divulged to the World, have not only been approved, but applauded, of our moſt Excellent *and* Sacred King, *(as only aiming at God's glory, and our own reformation and preſervation) ; I rather hope than deſpair, that this* Third *(wherein the juſt revenge of* God, *the Great and Supreme* King of Kings, *is no leſs apparent and conſpicuous) will be accepted of your* Honour. *Again, it fights againſt Murther, which not only ſeeks to ſlay* Humanity, *but therein to murther* Religion, *which is the* Life *and* Soul *thereof. It denounceth War againſt* Nature *and* Grace, *againſt the Divine Ordinances of* Heaven, *and the Coactive and Penal Laws of* Earth, *whereby they are eſtabliſhed and maintained, as being the* Cement *and* Sinews, *the* Veins *and* Arteries *of* Monarchies *and* Commonweals; *as alſo, againſt the Majeſty of God, and the Crowns and Dignities of* Soveraign Kings *and* Princes, *his Royal* Deputies *and* Vice-gerents *here on Earth, ſith thereby he loſeth Souls, and theſe ſubjects ; yea, ſo general and prodigious a progreſſion doth this Scarlet Sin of premeditated and wilful Murther make in the univerſal World, and with ſo bloody a deluge and inundation, it not only waſhes, but (as it were) drowns the face of* Chriſtian, *that we have now far truer cauſe to cry out, and juſter reaſon to exclaim, than did* Quintus Catulus, *(ſo many Centuries of years ſince)* O with whom, or where ſhall we live in ſafety, ſith in Wars we kill thoſe who are armed ; and in Peace, who are unarmed ? Yea *your* Honour, *who (with a happy Conſtancy, and conſtant Happineſs,) is ſtill a profeſſed Champion for* Charity *againſt* Envy, *and a* Tutelary *Protector for* Virtue *againſt* Vice, *(whiles divers Great ones in the World, make it not only their practice, but their glory, to perform the contrary) will, I hope, run over theſe mournful* Hiſtories *(and the ſeveral accidents they relate) with your eye of pity, and ſpirit of compaſſion ; and therein with a religious joy, and pious inſultation, not only admire the* Providence, *but applaud and magnifie the* Juſtice *of* God, *in ſo timely cuting off theſe Monſters of* Nature, *and bloody Butchers of* Mankind, *with theſe their condign puniſhments, and deſerv'd deaths : In which Hope and Confidence, this Book is no more mine, but your* Honours, *and no leſs is he who collected and penned it. And that my name may futurely oblige me to make this preſent Promiſe of my Pen real ; whiles many others (in a virtuous emulation) contend to deſerve the* Honour *of your* Favour, *and ſtrive to purchaſe the felicity of your* Commands, *none ſhall do it with more Integrity, and leſs Vanity than*

Yours Honours truly devoted

JOHN REYNOLDS.

The



The Triumph of God's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

HISTORY XI.

De Salez *killeth* Vaumartin *in a Duel.* La Hay *cauſeth* Michaelle *to poyſon* La Frange. De Salez *loves* La Hay; *and, becauſe his Father* Argentier *will not conſent that he marry her, ſtifleth him in his bed, and then takes her to his Wife: ſhe turns Strumpet, and cuts his throat: as he is dying, he accuſeth her of this bloody fact, and himſelf for murthering his Father* Argentier: *ſo his dead body is hang'd to the Gallows, then burnt:* La Hay *confeſſeth this Murther, and likewiſe that ſhe cauſed* Michaelle *to poyſon* La Frange: *ſhe hath her right hand cut off, and is then burnt alive:* Michaelle *is broken on the Wheel, and his dead body thrown into the River.*

ALthough our perverſe Nature, and rebellious Thoughts may for a while make us eſteem Envy to be no Vice, and Murther a Virtue, yet if we will erect the eyes of our Faith, and ſo look from our ſelves to our Souls, from Earth to Heaven, and from Satan to God, we ſhall then aſſuredly find, that hating our Chriſtian Brother, we hate Chriſt who made us Brothers; and murthering him, that we maliciouſly and preſumptuouſly attempt to crucifie Chriſt; by whom we muſt, without whom we cannot be ſaved. But if we will turn Atheiſts, and believe there is a Heaven, but no God; or Devils, and ſay, there is a God but no Heaven, then that uncharitable Tenet of Envy may be held lawful, and this bloody poſition of Murther practiſed, becauſe priviledged; elſe not. Wherefore let us who are Chriſtians, reſend this Diviliſh Doctrine, and Doctrine of Devils, to Hell from whence it came, and to the Devil himſelf, who firſt broached and invented it; ſith we cannot profeſs it, without making our ſelves Agents; nor perpetrate it, without becoming his very limbs and members, in regard they will infallibly prove woful fore-runners of our miſery, and the wretched Heralds

ralds of our perdition: as the bloody Actors of this enſuing mournful Hiſtory will make good, and inſtance to us in themſelves, when the ſevere Judgments and Puniſhments of God befel them ſo ſuddenly, as it was too late for them either to revoke or bewail the enormity of theſe their foul and infernal crimes.

Tholouſe (as well for greatneſs as ſtate, the third City and Court of Parliament of *France*) is the place wherein we ſhall underſtand, there was lately committed and perpetrated a *Tragical Hiſtory*, which hath many mournful and bloody dependances; the which to branch forth, and depaint in their naked colours, we muſt underſtand, that therein lived a Counſellor of that famous *Court* (being a rich Gentleman, well deſcended) termed *Mounſieur de Argentier*, whoſe Wife, being deceaſed, left him Father only to one hopeful Son, of the age of two and twenty years, termed *Mounſier de Salez*, who being wholly addicted to the Wars (from which Martial Profeſſion it was impoſſible for his old Father to divert or withdraw him) he procured him an Enſign's place under *Mounſiur de Roquelaure*, whom he ſerved in the *Adriatick* Sea, under the noble and generous *Venetians*, who then ſtood rather jealous than fearful of the power and greatneſs of *Spain*: but the *Chimera* of that War (after the term of three or four years) being vaniſhed and blown away, and conſequently betwixt thoſe two mighty Eſtates, a new Peace contracted and concluded, although the old had not been actually broken and decelerated) home returns *Mounſieur de Roquelaure*, for *Gaſcogny*, and with him *De Salez* for *Languedoc* and *Tholouſe*, where he is received of his Father with much content and joy, not that he is contented to ſee his Son profeſs theſe military courſes (which only affords the ſmoke of Honour, and not the ſolidity of Profit) but rather that it exceedingly rejoyced him to ſee him return there from; and from whence, if he cannot hope that his requeſts will ſolely divert him, yet he is reſolved and aſſured, that his commands both will and ſhall. To which end (as any humour is ſooneſt ſubject to be expelled and defaced by its contrary, ſo) the old Councellor, having as much Judgment and Providence in his head, as his Son hath Vanity in his thoughts, and Raſhneſs in his reſolutions, doth both requeſt and command him to leave the War for Peace, Arms for Love, the Camp for the City, and his Captain for a Wife, and ſo no longer to march and fight under the Banners of *Mars* and *Bellona*, but under the Standards of *Venus* and *Himeneus*: to which effect, he profers him the choice of many rich and fair young Gentlewomen of the Country, to his Wife; but eſpecially (and with far more earneſtneſs than any other) to an exceeding rich Match in the City, which was a young Gentlewoman termed *La Frange*, being the only Child of *Mounſieur de Clugny*, one of the moſt famous and richeſt Preſidents of that Court, young of years, as being but ſixteen or ſeventeen, but withal deformed both in favour and body: for ſhe was of a brown and ſowr Complection; and not only a Dwarf in ſtature, but alſo exceeding crook-back'd, and yet beyond meaſure very amorous and deſirous of a Husband: only the Endowments of her mind moſt richly recompenced, and made ſatisfaction for the defects of her body: for ſhe had an active and nimble wit, a ſweet and ſugared tongue, a rich memory, and a powerful and happy judgment; and was indeed an excellent Dancer and Singer, and withal a moſt perfect and exquiſite Muſician. But as yet *De Salez* Warlike and Generous reſolution, could not ſo ſoon be made flexible, to imbrace the motion of a Wife, and ſo returns his denial inſtead of his conſent: but his wiſe old Father *Argentier*, being therefore the more curious of his Son *De Salez* his proſperity and welfare, becauſe he apparently ſaw he no way regarded, but every way neglected it himſelf (his Son's exorbitant reſolution notwithſtanding) although he knew that *Madamoiſelle La Frange* had many noble Suitors, who ſought her in Marriage: yet relying upon his ancient acquaintance and familiarity with the Preſident, *De Clugny*, and alſo that that Daughter of his, and this his Son, were of both parties their only children; he taking time at advantage, breaks with him about the Match: whereunto *De Clugny* hearkens rather with delight, than diſtaſte: for if there were any diſparity in the dignity of their Offices, he well knows that *Argentier*'s Blood and Wealth did at leaſt equalize, if not exceed his: or if he conceited any ſcruple in his thoughts which impugned or oppoſed it, it was only becauſe *De Salez* was a Souldier, and not a Lawyer, and conſequently delighted to uſe a Sword, before his pen; and to wear and prefer a Scarlet Cloak, before a Black. But then again, theſe repugnant and averſe reaſons were as ſoon buried, as born; and defaced, as conceived and engraven in him; when he conſidered that he himſelf in his adoleſcency, was of the ſame humour and inclination, and therefore that Experience had made him a *Preſident* to himſelf, that Time was both the reformer and refiner of manners, and that (in all well-born and well-bred ſpirits) the Precepts of a Father, and the ſweet converſation and counſel of a Wife, had power to metamorphoſe the conditions of a young Husband: whereupon the old Fathers often meet and conſult hereon, and ſo being fully agreed on all

conditions

conditions, they likewiſe appoint a ſolemn meeting for their Children; but the effect and iſſue of this their interview, will not correſpond and anſwer their deſires.

La Frange (as we have formerly ſaid) being deformed and crook-back't, was no way agreeable but diſpleaſing to *De Salez*; but he being a tall and neat-timber'd Gentleman, of a fair and feminine complexion, ſhe inſtantly moſt tenderly affected, and dearly loved him. In a word, I muſt requeſt the curioſity of the *Reader* briefly to be informed and advertiſed; that as ſhe beheld him with the eyes of love and deſire, ſo did he her with thoſe of contempt and diſdain: ſhe building Caſtles of content, in the air of her thoughts and hopes, that Heaven would make him her Husband; and he razing both her and her memory out of that of his contemplations, vowing that Earth ſhould never make her his Wife. Thus, though the Parents have already ſhut up the Contract, yet their Children ſhall never live to celebrate the Nuptials; for we ſhall ſee diverſity of Tragical Accidents which are providing, and almoſt ready to oppoſe and impugn it. Parents think to be the Cauſes, but God will ſtill be the Author of Marriages: for if his Sacred and Divine Majeſty make them not firſt in Heaven, they ſhall never ſee them ſolemnized nor conſummated on Earth.

And here, to make an orderly progreſſion in this Hiſtory, the *Reader* muſt likewiſe underſtand, that of all other of *La Frange*'s Suitors, none ſought her with ſo much importunity and impatiency, as the Baron of *Vaumartin*, whoſe chiefeſt Houſe and Lands, lay betwixt *Aiguemortes* and *Narbone*, (a Noble-man of ſome thirty years old) who (like many others of his ſtamp and rank) had ſpent the greateſt part of his Youth and Means in *Paris*, in laſciviouſly debauching and revelling with the *Pariſian* Ladies and Dames: ſo that the vanity of his pleaſures and expences, making his Lands flie away piece-meal, and the devaſting and fall of his Trees and Woods, making the reſt of his Mannors ſhake (an example and preſident for all other debauched Gallants to obſerve and beware of): he leaves *Paris* with curſes, and his bitter-ſweet ſins with repentance; and ſo (to repair his errors, and to redeem his loſt time and decayed Eſtate) he comes home to *Languedoc*; where hearing in *Tholouſe* of the Preſident *De Clugny*'s great Wealth, which he muſt ſolely leave to his only Child and Daughter *La Frange*, who was now marriageable, he reſolves to ſet all his other buſineſs and deſigns apart, and ſo to lay ſiege, and ſeek her of her Father, and Self, in Marriage. Now to take the better direction and obſervation of this Hiſtory, we muſt likewiſe underſtand, that this Baron of *Vaumartin* was of a ſwart complexion, a Dwarf of ſtature, and every way as crook-back't as *La Frange*; which the more flattered him in his hopes, and egged him on in his purſuit, hoping indeed (though with as much vanity as ignorance) that this their corporal reſemblance, would the ſooner induce and draw her to affect him: but his *Arithmetick*, or rather his *Judgment*, will deceive him: for, it is conformity of Humours and Inclinations, and not of Faces and Bodies, which breeds and enflames a ſympathy in affections. But he is reſolute in his re-ſearch, and ſo better loving the Father's *Wealth* than the Daughter's *Beauty*; he well aſſiſted and followed, (with a Train and Equipage worthy of his Birth, and her Merits) firſt ſeeks the Daughter of her Father, then her ſelf of her ſelf. As for the old Preſident *De Clugny*, he hath heard of his debauched pranks and riots in *Paris*, and therefore vow'd, that his Wealth gotten with wiſdom and purchaſed with providence, ſtudy, and care, in his Age ſhall never pay for the obſcene pleaſures and vicious prodigalities of his Youth: and ſo with many verbal Complements, (reſolving that he ſhall never triumph in the conqueſt of his Daughter) he in general terms puts him off.

As for *La Frange* her ſelf; the ſweetneſs of *De Salez* Complexion and Perſonage is ſo deeply imprinted in her heart and thought, that it is impoſſible for *Vaumartin* to find any admittance or entrance; for, ſhe ſpeaks of none but *De Salez*, thinks of none but *De Salez*; nor wiſheth her ſelf with any but with *De Salez*. Again ſhe wonders at *Vaumartin*'s ſimplicity, in ſeeking her for his Wife; for if ſhe hate deformity in her ſelf, how is it either likely or poſſible, that ſhe can love it in her Husband? no, no; though *De Salez* will not love *La Frange*, yet *La Frange* muſt and will love *De Salez*, and none but him: and therefore ſith *De Salez* his ſweet feature is a Pearl in her eye, needs muſt *Vaumartin* be an eye-ſore to her; yea, and if Modeſty will permit me to ſpeak or write an immodeſt truth, her heart doth ſo burn and flame in love to *De Salez*, that both day and night ſhe many times with ſighs, ſometimes with tears, wiſheth her ſelf either impaled in his arms, or he encloiſtered in hers.

Now, by this time, *Vaumartin* hath full notice and advertiſement of her dear affection devoted to none but to *De Salez*; as likewiſe, his ſlighting and diſdaining her: whereupon, encouraged by this, and diſheartned by that, he leaves no coſt nor curioſity (either in Gifts, Dancing, Muſick, or Banquets) unattempted, to crown his wants, rather than his

desires and pleasures, with this, though deformed, yet rich Heir, *La Frange*: so leaving him to his vain suit in courting her, speak we a little of *De Salez*, that sith he will not affect *La Frange*; we may yet observe and discover which way he intends to shape the course of his affections and resolutions.

For albeit he had formerly addicted himself and resolutions to be a professed Soldier; yet *Peace* calling him home now to *Pleasure*, and that to *Effeminacy*, a fatal and dangerous Vice, which in the iniquity of these our times, and depraved manners, not only most insensibly creeps into common Souldiers and Commanders, but also into all Armies, and into many Estates and Kingdoms, still to the disparagement of their glory, and sometimes to the price of their ruin, and peril of their subversion; he began to let his Colours hang dusty, and his Pike and his Partizan rusty by the walls, and to frequent the company of Ladies; which the old Counsellor, his Father, observes with joy; hoping that in the end he shall draw him to affect and marry *La Frange*: but these hopes of his will prove vain, and this joy will soon be exchanged into sorrow, and metamorphosed into affliction and misery; for that his Son is partly resolved to marry, 'tis true; but as true it is, he is fully resolved never to love, much less to marry *La Frange*.

Now we must understand, that in *Tholouse* there dwelt a Merchant of Silks, or as we in *England* say a *Silk-man* termed *Mounsieur de Soulange*; rather reputed rich of others, than known so of himself: and yet, being an old Widower, to the end the sooner to get him a new Wife, he puts a good face on his Estate, and maintains himself, Family, and House, with great pomp and expences, having no Son, but three fair Daughters, all marriageable: and yet (out of ambition, and in emulation of the Gentry) severally known and stiled by their titles, not by their names, as *Mesdamoyselles de Marsy*, *La Preverte*, and *La Hay*, all famous for their beauties, and indeed for their pureness and excellency thereof, justly reputed and held the prime Birds of the City, and yet the youngest of them, *La Hay*, was the *Phœnix* of all the Three: for she was so sweetly fair, and fairly sweet of complexion, as she drew all eyes to do homage to hers; so as it was almost impossible for any man to look on her without loving her, or to gaze on her, without desiring her: for her body was so straight and slender, and the Roses of her Cheeks so deliciously gracing the Lillies, and the Lillies the Roses, that the greatest Gallant either of the City or Country, held himself not only happy, but honoured with the felicity of her presence and company. But, in one word, to give these three Sisters their true Characters, *De Marsy* and *La Perverte*, were far more virtuous than *La Hay*, though *La Hay* were far fairer than they; for as *Religion* and *Piety* was their cheif delight and exercise, as more desirous to imbellish their Souls, than their bodies; so wanton pleasure, and vain lascivious-ness, was hers, as rather delighting to please and adorn her body, than her Soul; they being more virtuous than fair; she more fair than virtuous; different inclinations and resolutions: these as happy and blessed, as hers wretched and impious, their actions might have been a precedent, yea a Pilot to have conducted her Fame as well to the Temple of Honour, as to the Harbour of Immortal Glory, and of glorious Immortality; but she vows she will prove a Precedent to her self, and her pleasure shall be a Pilot to her Will, although she miss the Temple of Honour, to find out that of beastly concupiscence; and the Harbour of Immortal Glory, to suffer shipwrack upon the Shelves of inglorious Infamy, and the Rock of Infamous Perdition.

To this *Mounsieur de Saulange's* House, the Beauties of his three Daughters, but especially that of *La Hay*, and withal her pleasing and tractable affability, invites many young Gentlemen, and the eminentest Citizens, who there pass their time in courting and conversing, in dancing, singing, and the like, whereunto the Youth of *France*, more than any other people of the World, are most licentiously addicted: and as things are best discerned and distinguished by their contraries; so the Virtues of *De Marsy*, and *La Perverte*, were made more apparent by *La Hay's* Vices; and her Lust and Whoredoms, were more palpably notorious in their Chastity. O that so sweet a Creature should be subject to so foul a sin! and that Beauty, the best gift (and as I may say, the Gold) of Nature, should be thus villified and polluted with the beastly pleasures of carnal concupiscence, and obscene sensuality! For ay me! I write it with as much grief to my self, as shame to her; She was too prodigal of her Favours: for she imparted them liberally unto some for Love; but unto most, for Money; not caring to whom she prostituted her Body, so they filled her Purse; thereby to support her Pride, and maintain the excess and vanity of her Bravery: and yet she was so subtle and cautious therein, that although she were a professed *Courtesan*, she would nevertheless Publickly seem a pure and unspotted Virgin; and the better to fortifie her Fame, and to make the reputation of her Chastity pass current with the world, she would swear all those to conceal her favours, on whom-

soever

ſoever ſhe imparted and beſtowed them: but if this laſcivious ſubtilty of hers have power to blear the eyes of the world, how can this her beaſtly ſin of Fornication be unſeen of God, when the Windows, Walls, and Beams of her Chamber, yea, her very Bed whereon ſhe hath acted her Whoredoms, ſhall one day give in evidence, and ſerve as witneſſes againſt her; yea, and be Petitioners on earth, that God will requite and reward them with vengeance and confuſion from Heaven.

Now, among the reſt of thoſe debauched Gentlemen, who devoted their laſcivious ſervice, and ſacrificed their fond affection to *La Hay*'s beauty, in comes our *De Salez* to enrol himſelf one; who, feaſting and ſurfeiting his eyes on the delicacies of her freſh and ſweet complexion, leaves his own Father's houſe, to frequent her's; yea, his deſires are ſo luſtfully enflamed with her beauty, as with his beſt art and policy he lays cloſe ſiege to her Chaſtity, and with many gifts, requeſts, and oaths, ſeeks to endear her to his deſires and pleaſure. But ſee the ſubtilty of this laſcivious young *Courteſan*; for, knowing *De Salez* deeply in love with her, and to be the only Child of his Father, and he one of the richeſt Counſellors of *Tholouſe*, ſhe conceives a plot in her head, to go a fiſhing to make him her Husband, and ſo bears her ſelf wonderful modeſt and coy, caſting a cloak and veil of Chaſtity over her unchaſt deſires and actions, as if ſhe were now a Virgin, yea, a Saint to him, though heretofore ſhe had many times played the Strumpet with others. But her denial doth rather enflame, than quench the fire of his luſt; ſo as making many aſſaults to raze down the defences of her refuſal, that he may enter and take poſſeſſion of her heart and favour, his beſt Art and Oratory proves vain: for ſhe outwardly retires her affection, thereby the better inwardly to advance and finiſh her purpoſes: ſo this repulſe of hers, makes him hang his head, and become penſive and melancholy; the true ſigns and ſymptoms of a fooliſh and fantaſtical Lover, as in effect we ſhall ſhortly ſee *De Salez* will prove himſelf. For the colder ſhe is in affection to him, the hotter is he in luſt with her; forgetting the wars, yea, his diſcretion, himſelf, and all, to crown his deſires in enjoying her: the which ſhe well obſerving, begins to triumph in her good fortune, as thinking him already fairly come to the hook; and ſo hopes, that if the line of his folly, and her good fortune and wit hold, ſhe will ſoon make him her Husband, and her ſelf his Wife: for, having formerly met with many Knaves in others, ſhe now begins to reſt confident, either to find or to make a fool of him, thereby to ſerve as a veil to over-veil her Whoredoms. He pleads hard to her for love; ſhe replies, it is impoſſible to find love in luſt. He vows he will die her ſervant; ſhe ſwears, ſhe will never live his Strumpet. He proteſteth, that ſhe ſhall ſhare of his eſtate; ſhe tells him plainly, that ſhe had rather live a poor *Wife*, than die a rich *Courteſan*. He replies, that he adores her beauty; ſhe anſwers, that ſhe knows no other, but that he only ſeeks to profane and defile it. And here, with more facility to make him ſwallow either a Gull, a Gudgin, or both; ſhe, by ſtealth, permits him to cul ſome kiſſes, as well from the Cherries of her lips, as the Roſes of her Cheeks; and in the interim, like and hypocritical diſſembling Quean, reads him many Lectures on the pureneſs of *Chaſtity*, and the foulneſs of *Luſt*, on the bleſſedneſs of *Marriage*, and the wretched eſtate of *Fornication*. Profane and impious Giglet! whoſe ſpeeches are perfumed with vertue, and yet her actions ſtink, and are polluted and infected with Vice: diſſembling *Syren*, who caſts forth bitter-ſweet inchanting tunes and charms, to pleaſe the ſenſe, and yet purpoſely to poyſon the Soul: Pills of Wormwood, candy'd in Sugar; Honey to the palate, but gall to the ſtomack: a fatal Rock, whereon many inconſiderate and debauched young Gentlemen have unfortunately ſuffered Shipwrack; a wretched Gulph and Labyrinth, which contains all variety of endleſs miſeries and calamities, whereunto whoſoever enters with pleaſure, is ſure to retire with tears, curſes and repentance. A Plague ſent us from Heaven in our age, for a juſt guerdon and recompence of the ſins and folly of our youth. And into this intricate Labyrinth, and bottomleſs Gulph of miſery and calamity, is our raſh and luſtful young Gallant, cheerfully entring and ſteering his courſe, without either the Star of hope, or Compaſs of felicity and ſafety, bearing out top and top-gallant; yea, (as I may ſay) with all the Sails of his folly bearing, and with the Flag, Enſign, and Pendants of his obſcene and laſcivious deſires, playing and dallying in the Air of *La Hay*'s fatal and infectious beauty; which hath ſo cloſely ſurpriſed his Judgment, captivated his Thoughts, and eclipſed his Diſcretion, as in her abſence and preſence he extols as well her Vertues, as her Beauty, to the Skies, vowing that ſhe is ſo fair a Nymph, and ſo pure a Virgin, as ſhe deſerves rather to be his Wife, than his Strumpet; or rather, not his Strumpet, but his Wife. And ſo two months being paſt ſince he firſt frequented her, and ſought to ſeduce and obtain her to his laſcivious deſires; and ſeeing (diſſembling Quean as ſhe is) that therein ſhe bore her ſelf infinitely chaſt and modeſt, and that it was impoſſible for him to obſerve or mark any other inclination or teſtimony, either in her word or carriage, his wits are ſo beſotted and entangled

in the fetters of her beauty, that he prefers her ſweat feature and complexion, a thouſand times before *La Frange*'s deformed; and vows, that he had rather die *La Hay*'s ſlave, than ever live to be *La Frange*'s Husband. But this folly of his in the end ſhall coſt him dear, and ſo lead him to another, far more unnatural, and, as I may juſtly ſay, damnable: But we muſt proceed orderly in this Hiſtory, and do therefore reſerve that part till anon.

By this time the ſly ſubtilty, and ſeeming-chaſt behaviour of *La Hay*, hath acted wonders in *De Salez* heart; ſo as ſhe now hopes confidently and ſhortly to play her prize in ſurprizing him: for he is extreamly amorous, beſotted, and (as I may ſay) drunk with the love of her Self and Beauty: ſo, on a Sunday, as ſhe returned from *Veſpers*, he repairs to her Fathers houſe to ſee her; whom he finds in her Chamber alone, waiting and attending him, having purpoſely delighted her ſelf in a rich new Gown and Petticoat, and trimmed and adorned her ſelf in her gayeſt and moſt curious Attire, thereby with more eaſe and facility to draw him to her lure: So as her beauty being both ſeconded and graced by her Apparel, ſhe ſo raviſhed his heart, and delighted his ſenſes, as he cannot refrain from kiſſing her: but this Hony of her lips, will, in the end, prove poyſon to his heart. And here again he lays cloſe ſiege to her Chaſtity; but ſtill ſhe gives him the repulſe and refuſal, as if ſhe were a *Diana*, and not a *Venus*: He vows he doth affect, and will ever honour her: and ſhe, That if he honour her, ſhe will ſtill affect him. In the way of Love, quoth he, I am wholly yours: and, quoth ſhe, in that of Honour I will not be mine own, but yours. I will, quoth he, in all affection both live and dye your ſervant: and, replies ſhe, in all Chaſtity I will live to die your Handmaid. He affirms, He cannot be more hers in heart, than he is: nor I, quoth ſhe, leſs yours in luſt, than I am. It is quoth he, my *Love* which makes me report ſo much: and, quoth ſhe, it is my *Fear* which makes me affirm no leſs. Why, quoth he, ſhould my *Love* procure your *Fear*? My *Fear*, quoth ſhe, is wholly engendred and derived from your *Luſt*, but not from your *Love*. I pray expreſs your ſelf, quoth he: ſhe replies, My Bluſhes may, but my Tongue dare not. Quoth he, Did your affection equalize mine, *La Hay* would accept of *De Salez*, and not refuſe him. Nay, quoth ſhe, did *De Salez* know how infinitely mine exceeds his, he would not refuſe *La Hay*, but accept of her. Why, quoth he, *De Salez* deſires none but *La Hay*: Nor, quoth ſhe, *La Hay* any in the World but *De Salez*. Whereupon *De Salez* being provoked with his own luſt, and animated and encouraged by her ſweet ſpeeches, he very joyfully (yet falſly) flattering himſelf with the conqueſt of favour and conſent, ſhuts the door, and (like a moſt laſcivious and diſſolute Gentleman) takes her in his Arms, and ſtrives to convey her to the Bed, reſolving there to enrich himſelf with more than kiſſes; yea, to reap the fruit of his beaſtly pleaſures, and obſcene and brutiſh deſires; but his hopes ſhall deceive him: For, although *La Hay* be a *Courteſan* in heart, yet ſhe will not be ſo in tongue, eſpecially now, where to get her ſelf a rich Husband, it behoves her to play her prize in *Chaſtity*, as if ſhe were as vertuous as fair, and as chaſt as lovely. Wherefore exclaiming, and ſtorming at this his laſcivious attempt and enterprize, levelled at the deploration and ſhipwrack of her *Honour*, ſhe with a violent power, and enraged violence, unskrews her ſelf forth his Arms, and with a world of hypocritical ſighs and tears, flies to his Ponyard, which he had thrown on the Table; and, unſheathing it, vows that ſhe will be a ſecond *Lucretia*; and, that if ſhe cannot kill him before he have defiled and defloured her, yet, that ſhe will aſſuredly murther her ſelf after; becauſe ſhe is fully reſolved, That her Chaſtity ſhall out-live her, not ſhe her Chaſtity. A religious and honourable reſolution of hers, if it had proceeded from a chaſt and ſanctified heart: but alas! nothing leſs; for ſhe ſpeaks it out of Subtilty, not out of Vertue; out of Policy, no way out of Piety. *De Salez* by this time having wholly loſt his judgment in the ſweet and roſeat Garden of her delicious Complexion, vows that he is now as deeply in love with her Chaſtity as formerly with her Beauty. When ſeeking to appeaſe her Choler, and to pacifie her Indignation, as alſo to give truce to his own thoughts, and content to his deſires: he ſwears he is ſo far from intending her any diſhonour, as he is reſolved to do her all the honour of the world; yea, ſo far, as, if ſhe pleaſe, he is ready to accept her for his Wife; proteſting, that of all the Maidens of the world, he is deſirous to be Husband to none but her ſelf; and that the fault ſhall be hers, if he make not his words, deeds. *La Hay* having her thoughts tickled with delight, to hear the pleaſant melody of theſe his ſugred ſpeeches, doth thereat preſently bury her ſighs, and dry up her tears; when, throwing away the Ponyard, and making him a moſt reſpectful courteſie, and grateful reverence, ſhe with extended arms runs to him, and hangs about his neck, vowing that ſhe loves no man in the

World

World but himself; and in consenting to be her Husband, she will till death yeild not only to be his faithful Wife, in attending his pleasure; but his observant Handmaid, to receive and obey his Commands: and so they interchangeably greet each other with thanks and kisses. But yet, she knowing that his Father *Argentier* was both rich and eminent, and her own poor, and of a far inferiour rank; she is so politick and subtil in the managing of this her affection, as she is resolved to make sure work, and to do nothing by halfs; so as knowing that words are but wind, and what *De Salez* promiseth her now, he may either forget or deny to morrow; she intends to catch at opportunitie's fore-lock; and so with a sweet and ingenuous insinuation, draws him to give her a Diamond-Ring in token of marriage; and she, in exchange, returns him a smal Gold Bracelet, which she wore upon her arm next her heart. And yet again, considering that his Father would very difficultly (or never) be drawn to consent to this Match, she can give no true content to her desires, nor satisfaction to her fear, before she have united and linked him to her, in a more stricter and firmer bond of assurance; when not only feasting, but (as it were) surfeiting him with variety of kisses, she bethinks her self of a policy as worthy of her wit for attempting, as of his folly for performing: for directing him her speech (which she accompanied with many amorous, yet dissembling smiles) she told him she would futurely exceed him in constancy, and now out-brave him in affection; when taking Pen and Paper, she writes him a fair promise and firm assurance of her self unto him (in the manner of a Contract); and to make it the more powerful and authentical, subscribes her name and sign to it, and betwixt sighs and blushing, she delivers it to him; no way doubting, but rather assuring her self, that he would requite her with the like courtesie and obligation, as indeed the event answered her desires and wishes. For *De Salez* having now no power left him to see by his own eyes; I mean, by those of his Judgment, but only by these of his intemperate passion, and passionate affection; he is so far from descrying, much less from suspecting her policy, as very simply and fottishly he attributes it to the fervency of her affection; the which he interprets and entertains, I know not whether with more joy, or delectation; and so vowing not to dye her debtor for Courtesie, he very rashly and inconsiderately writes another to the same effect, and flies so far from wit or discretion, as to shew himself her Superiour in affection, as as well as in sex; he purposely cuts his finger, and so fixes his name thereunto in his own blood, and then with a million of kisses delivers it her, vowing that her pleasure shall be his law in the accomplishing thereof: only he prays her for a time to be secret and silent herein, for that he fears he shall hardly draw his Father to consent hereunto: the which she very courteously grants him. And so he triumphing in her Beauty, and she in his Wealth; he in her Youth, and she in his simplicity, they for that time part, not doubting but they shall shortly reap the fruits of their Matrimonial desires and wishes: for till then, she swears (though with an equivocating reservation to forswear her self) she will live a most pure and unspotted Virgin; and that as the least of her affection and courtesie towards him shall be smiles, so the most shall be kisses.

But this affection (or rather folly) of *De Salez*, in contracting himself to *La Hay*, is not so secretly born, but as her former unchastity was a general argument of talk to the whole City of *Tholouse*; so now this of her subtilty and good fortune, is that of its universal prattling and admiration, occasioned and redoubled by the opposite considerations of *Argentier*'s known Wealth, and *De Soulange*'s supposed poverty: and again, of *De Salez* supposed Chastity, and of *De La Hay*'s notoriously known Whoredoms. And as *Fame* is still so tatling a goddess, that events and accidents of this nature can hardly be concealed, and difficultly suppressed and smothered; so by this time, contrary to the expectations and hopes of our two young Lovers, the old Councellor *Argentier* hath notice of this unlooked-for news, and of this unwished-for familiarity betwixt his Son, and that Strumpet *La Hay*; when considering the great opposition betwixt *De Clugny*'s Nobility and Wealth, and *De Soulange*'s mean Extraction and Poverty; as also, by a true and uncontrollable *Antithesis*, comparing the foul and enormous Vices of *La Hay*, with the sweet and resplended virtues of *La Frange*, he (as much disdaining that Match, as desiring this for his Son) very hastily sends for him into the Arbor, where purposely attending him, he with lightning in his looks, and thunder in his speeches, lays before him the simplicity and fottishness of his resolution, in preferring *La Hay* before *La Frange*, a Strumpet before a Virgin, and a Pedler's Brat before a rich Gentleman's only Daughter and Heir: shews him the infamy of the first, and the glory of the last Match; there his unavoidable misery, here his assured happiness: in the first, his utter ruin and shipwrack; and in the last his infallible prosperity and felicity: and so intermixing threats with tears, with a passionate paternal affection, he endeavoureth to perswade him to leave *La Hay*, and to marry *La Frange*; or if not, he vows and swears, wholly to dis-inherit him, and from thenceforth never repute or esteem him his Son.

But

But *De Salez* his fooliſh vanity and vain affection in himſelf towards his new-contracted Love, *La Hay*, is ſo great; and conſequently his filial obedience to his Father, ſo ſmall, as notwithſtanding this his wholeſome advice and counſel, he is ſtill reſolute and conſtant to prefer *La Hay* before *La Frange*; the beauty of the one, before the deformity of the other; his own content, before his Father's; and *Soulanges* eſtate and birth, before the great, wealth and noble extraction of *De Clugny*: But this raſhneſs, indiſcretion, and ingratitude of his, will coſt him dear.

Now if *Argentier* have perfect intelligence and curious notice of his Son's familiarity with that fair yet lewd Courteſan *La Hay*; no leſs hath *La Frange*, who, poor ſoul, is ſo deeply enamored of *De Salez*, as at the very firſt news and conceit, that another ſhould enjoy him, and not her ſelf, for very grief and ſorrow ſhe ſeems to drown her ſelf in the deluge of her tears. His Father is cholerick thereat, ſhe mournful; he incenſed, ſhe afflicted; he enraged, and ſhe perplexed and tormented: his paſſions and anger proceed from ſuſpition, that he ſhall ſo ſoon find a Daughter-in-law in *La Hay*; her ſighs and tears, from fear, that ſhe ſhall ſo ſoon loſe her Love, though not her Lover, his Son *De Salez*. Again, the argument of his choler, is *La Hay*'s unchaſtity and poverty; and the cauſe of her diſconſolation, *De Salez* his wealth and virtues: likewiſe ſhe ſees, that *Argentier* hath no reaſon to hope, that his Son will marry her ſelf, ſuch is her deformity; and again, that he hath all the reaſon in the world, as well to doubt, as fear, that he will wed *La Hay*, ſuch is her beauty. But ſith *De Salez* will bear no more reſpect to his Father, nor affection to *La Frange*, leave we therefore his Father *Argentier*'s paſſions, and *La Frange*'s perplexities, to be appeaſed and qualified by Time, or rather by God the Author and Giver of Time; who out of his All-ſeeing Providence, and Sacred Pleaſure, only knows in Heaven how beſt to diſpoſe and manage the actions of earth; and ſo come we to other unexpected occurrents and events, which like ſo many interjecting and intervening points, are contained within the circumference of this Hiſtory.

I have ſo long inſiſted on the affections of *De Salez* and *La Hay*, as (but to the judicious and temperate Reader) it would ſeem to appear, that the Baron of *Vaumartin* hath wholly forgotten to remember his to his Lady *La Frange*: But to put that doubt out of queſtion, and this queſtion out of doubt, we ſhall ſee him return too too ſoon, to act a part not ſo religious and honourable, as bloody upon the Theater of this Hiſtory: For by this time both his Creditors and his Debts are grown ſo clamorous, and his Reputation and Land ſo near forfeited, for want of dis-ingaging, as, to ſecure the one, and to provide for the other, he knows no other invention nor means but to gain *La Frange* to his Wife: when, as it were provoked and precipitated on by neceſſity of this exigent, his thoughts leave Heaven, to fly to Hell; and conſequently fly from God to Satan, to conſult, how either by the by, or the main, he may obtain her; yea, though with the peril and hazard of his own life, to cut of theirs who ſeek therein to prevent his deſires and deſigns. In which Helliſh ratiocination, he, as devoid of Reaſon, as that is exempt either of Grace or Piety, thus reaſoneth with himſelf: *De Clugny* hates me, for ſeeking to marry his Daughter; and that, time may remedy for me: but, which is worſt of all, ſhe loves *De Salez*, and ſeeks and deſires to marry him; and this I muſt remedy in time, if I ever expect to obtain or enjoy her; and ſo reſolves to make him away; but is, as yet, irreſolute how to perpetrate, and in what manner to finiſh ſo execrable a buſineſs. But this is not only the voice of his malice, but the ſentence of his revenge, that *De Salez* muſt die. Wretched *Vaumartin*, unworthy to bear the name of a man, much leſs of a Baron, but leaſt of all of a Chriſtian; in that, becauſe *De Salez* hates *La Frange*, and ſhe loves him, that therefore thou wilt not love but hate him; or becauſe ſhe loves him, and not thy ſelf, that therefore thou wilt kill him, that ſhe may love thee: See, ſee, raſh and inconſiderate Noble-man, how treacherouſly the Devil hath hood-wink'd, yea, inveigled thy judgment, and beſotted thy ſenſes, to kill one that loves thee; to kill, I ſay, a Gentleman who hath not offended thee, but is every way thy friend, no way thine enemy: or if thou think it wiſdom, that covetouſneſs muſt redeem thy former prodigality; alas, alas! canſt thou yet be ſo cruel to think it either lawful or religious, that future Murther ſhould either occaſion or authorize it? But the Devil hath ſo far prevailed with his impious reſolutions, that again he reſolves *De Salez* muſt dye: and yet thou thinkeſt poyſon as unworthy of him, as he is worthy of thy Sword: ſo, had thy laſt reſolution been anſwerable to the firſt, aſſure thy ſelf thou hadſt made thy ſelf more happy, and not ſo miſerable: for, as poyſoning was the invention of the Devil, and is practiſed by none but his Agents; ſo this diſhonourable point of honour, to fight Duels, was never inſtituted by God, nor profeſſed by thoſe who really profeſs his Goſpel; yea, it is not only, truly to diſhonour God, in ſeeking falſly to preſerve our own Honour and Reputation, but we aſſuredly ſtab at the Majeſty of the Creator, in ſeeking to deface man his Creature; and to

uſe

uſe but a word, as it is repugnant both to Nature and Grace; ſo though it begin in the heat of paſſion and pleaſure, it many times terminates in Repentance, but ſtill in true infamy and Miſery.

But *Vaumartin*'s Faith being ſo ſtrong with Satan, and ſo weak with his Saviour, he will not take a Law from Religion, to give to his Envy; but rather takes one from his Envy, to give to his Religion; and ſo very profanely and raſhly, by his Lackey, *La Roſe*, ſends *De Salez* this Challenge.

VAUMARTIN to DE SALEZ.

IF thou ſeek the cauſe of my malice, thou mayeſt find it in the Lady La Frange's *affection to thee, and hatred to my ſelf: wherefore hold it not ſtrange, that I now command my Pen to invite thee, and thy Sword, to meet me to morrow on horſe-back, without Seconds, 'twixt five and ſix in the morning, behind the* Jacobin's *Garden.* Love *and* Valour, *thou knoweſt, are never capable of much expoſtulation, as deſirous rather to be tried in action, than ſeen in words. Could that ſweet* Lady (*who will not be mine, becauſe thou art hers*) *have affected me more, or thee leſs, we might have proved as true Friends, as now our Reputations conjure us, either to live or die Honourable Enemies.*

VAUMARTIN.

De Salez having received and read this Challenge, doth not a little wonder at the Baron of *Vaumartin*'s ſtrange paſſion and reſolution, in ſending it him; eſpecially, ſith he knows that the motives and grounds of his malice, were ſo unjuſt and frivolous: ſo, how to anſwer him, as yet he knows not: for, as his generoſity one way invites him to fight; ſo his diſcretion another way, perſwades him from it. But conſidering the poor eſteem he makes either of the Lady *La Frangé*, or her affection; thinking it folly to fight without cauſe, and to hazard his life without reaſon, he calls for Pen and Paper, and as a wiſe, yet valiant Gentleman, by his own Lackey returns the Baron of *Vaumartin* this Anſwer.

DE SALEZ to VAUMARTIN.

I Have ſeen many Challenges, *but none of the nature of thine now ſent me: for, to write thee the truth, the grounds and foundations thereof are unjuſt, falſe, or both: for, bring but the eyes of thy judgment, and not of thy paſſion, to be Judge and Umpire betwixt us, and thou ſhalt both ſee and find, that I not only diſclaim the Lady* La Frange's *affection, but her ſelf; ſith I appertain to another, and ſhe ſhall never to me. I here ſhew thee my love, through this true proſpective of my heart; and, which if it will not ſatisfie thy malice, then know, that my weak Valour is neither capable nor deſirous of further expoſtulation, than that my* Sword *is as willing to bring thee deeds, as thy* Pen *was to ſend me words: for either ſingle, or with Seconds; either on foot, or on horſe-back, I will ſtill be ready to give reaſon to thoſe who will not reliſh nor receive any but their own: and in this reſolution of mine, I know I ſhall either live with* Reputation, *or die with* Honour.

DE SALEZ.

Vaumartin having received and peruſed this Letter of refuſal from *De Salez*, he out of the heat of his paſſion, and height of his folly, reputes it rather to cowardize, than diſcretion, in him: and ſo his courage and revenge the more inſulting and enflam'd thereat, he bending his brows (as if *Contempt* and *Envy* ſate wreath'd in the furrows thereof) very ſpeedily again returns him his Lackey with this raſh Anſwer:

VAUMARTIN to DE SALEZ.

THy Anſwer gives me no ſatisfaction, ſith I know, that to deny thy affection to the Lady La Frange, *is to deny the light of the Sun in his brighteſt and hotteſt Meridian: neither are the grounds or foundation of my* Challenge, *either unjuſt, or falſe, as thou in thy falſe Proſpective endeavoureſt to make me ſee or believe: for, being ignorant who is thy Miſtris, I know thou reſolveſt to make no Lady of the world thy Wife, but* La Frange; *ſo as I cannot rightly define, whether thy proceeding with me be more ſubtil, or malicious; or to what end thou ſhouldeſt attempt the one or practice the other towards me, unleſs out of a premeditated reſolution and purpoſe, thereby to make thy glory the more apparent and conſpicuous in my ſhame. Wherefore, ſith thy friendſhip is falſe to me, I muſt, nay I will ſee if thy valour will prove true to thy ſelf; and whether the effects of thy Sword, be as great in ſubſtance, as the vanity of thy Pen depaints them, in ſhew and oſtentation: ſo my* Challenge *is ſtill my reſolution; and*

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the performance thereof must be thine, except thou resolve to live with as much Infamy, *as the conclusion of thy Letter promiseth, thou art ready to die with* Reputation *and* Honour.

VAUMARTIN.

De Salez having received and run over this Letter, and seeing that *Vaumartin* was still wilful and resolute to fight, thinks that he should degenerate from Himself, his Blood, and Profession, if he did not now accept and answer this his Challenge: wherefore, calling for *Vaumartin*'s Lackey, he rounds him thus in the ear; *Tell thy Master, that if I live, I will not fail to breakfast with him timely in the morning, according to his expectation.* Thus we see two inconsiderate Gentlemen agreed, their Match concluded, and nothing but the night to hinder them from fighting; as if their glory consisted in their shame; and as if Nature had never taught them how to preserve their lives; nor Grace their Souls.

So the Morn peeping forth through the Windows of Heaven, as soon as the Sun with his glistring beams began to salute the Woods and Mountains, our two resolute Champions bravely mounted, with each his Chirurgeon, are in the field at the assign'd Rendevous; and first comes *Vaumartin*, and then immediately *De Salez*; when their Chirurgions performing the duty and office of Seconds, being some hundred paces distant, they give Spurs to their Steeds, and so drawing their Swords swiftly part, like two flashes of Lightning each toward other. At their first meeting, *De Salez* gives *Vaumartin* the first hurt in the right shoulder; and he, *De Salez* another in requital, in the right side of the neck; when, being both good Cavaliers (and well near at equal in years, as courages) they turn short, and then fall to it again with bravery and resolution; when again *Vaumartin* runs *De Salez* through his left Arm, of a deep and wide wound, and he only slightly cuts his Shirt upon his Ribs, giving him only a raze or scar; but as yet, both free from any danger of death; so they mutually consent to breath: but their ambitions and courage of both sides are so exasperated and inflamed, as although they are all bloody, yet this will not suffice; so they fall to it again; and in this close, *De Salez* his horse stumbles with him; whereat *Vaumartin* (though a Dwarf in stature, yet not in Valour and Policy) taking the advantage of this accident, gives him first a lick o're his pate, and then runs him at the short Ribs; but *De Salez* reining up his Horse, proved favourable to him; for by that means, *Vaumartin*'s Sword met and glanced on a Rib, without doing him any farther hurt. *De Salez* seeing the redoubling of his wounds, begins to redouble his courage; and disdaining thus to be outbraved and beaten by a *Pigmy*, he lays home at *Vaumartin*, and at their very next close, runs him thorow the body of a deep and mortal wound, a little above the Navel; whereat his Sword presently falls out of his hand to the ground, and he immediately likewise from his Horse stark dead, without having the grace or happiness, either to call on, or name God. O what pity, what misery is it, that a *Christian* should die like a Beast, having neither power to pray, nor felicity to repent. Thus we see the Challenger killed; and he who would have murthered a stranger, murthered himself by a stranger; a Lesson to teach others to beware, by the Tragical and mournful end of this rash Noble-man. *De Salez* seeing *Vaumartin* dead, praiseth God for his victory; and so leaving his breathless Corps to his sorrowful Chirurgeon, he gallops away to the next Village, where he causeth his wounds to be dressed; and from thence provides for his safety.

All *Tholouse* rings and resounds of this disasterous and Tragical accident. *De Clugny* is glad that *De Salez* hath escaped death; yet sorrowful that *Vaumartin* is killed, in respect he fears he undertook this quarrel for his Daughter *La Frange*'s sake; who hearing that *De Salez* wounds are no way mortal, infinitely rejoyceth and triumpheth thereat, flattering her self (though with this false hope) that he affected her far more dearer than he made shew of, or else that he would never have fought with *Vaumartin* for her sake; nor have killed him, but for his own. And thus, though humanity made her grieve for *Vaumartin*'s death, yet that grief of hers was as suddenly converted into joy, when she saw he received it by the hand of *De Salez*, whom she respected and affected more dearly than all the Gentlemen of the world. Now, as for his Father *Argentier*, the life of his Son likewise wiped off the remembrance of *Vaumartin*'s death; and yet it grieved him inwardly, that he to whom he gave life, should give death to another; and far the more, in that this unfortunate accident must now enforce him to beg pardon from that grave *Court of Parliament*, for this Murther perpetrated by his Son, sith he had formerly so often pleaded for Justice against others, for the like crime and offence: but all these joys of *Argentier*, *De Clugny*, and his Daughter *La Frange* are nothing to those of *La Hay* for the life and victory of her dear *De Salez*; leaping, as it were, for meer content and pleasure, that she should shortly see and injoy him for her Husband; and that God

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hath both reſerved and preſerved him, to crown her with the ſweetneſs of this deſired felicity.

Thus while *La Frange* and *La Hay* triumph and congratulate the return of *De Salez*, ſo *Argentier* publickly and *De Clugny* privately, imploy their cheifeſt power, friends, and authority, to procure his pardon, firſt from the King, then from the *Parliament*, whereof they are two famous Members: Which at laſt, (by the means and favour of the *Duke* of *Ventadour*) they obtain. So this murther of his is remitted in Earth, but I fear me, will not be forgotten in Heaven: for though men be inconſtant in their decrees, yet God will be firm and upright, as well in the diſtribution, as execution of his judgment. Men as they are men may err, but as they are Chriſtians they ſhould not; but God (either to pleaſe or diſpleaſe them) neither can nor will.

De Salez no ſooner hath eſcaped this danger, but, forgetting his former follies, and his Father's advice and houſe, he again, in a manner, voluntary impriſoneth himſelf with his Miſtris *La Hay*, in hers; whereat as his Father ſtorms, ſo *De Clugny* and *La Frange* bite the lip; hoping that his good office in procuring him his pardon, would more ſtrictly have united him to her ſelf, and conſequently ſequeſtred him from *La Hay*; but nothing leſs, for he ſings his old tune, and will rather run the hazard of his old Father's diſpleaſure, than leave *La Hay* to take *La Frange*: whereat his Father *Argentier* reneweth his choler, and revives his indignation againſt him, as deſiring nothing ſo much in this life, as to ſee him married to *La Frange*, but he ſhall never live to ſee it; for there are many diſaſtrous accidents preparing, to croſs and prevent it.

Whiles theſe things happen in *Tholouſe*, there betides an unexpected and unwiſhed buſineſs, which muſt call away *Argentier* to *Paris*: for the Lords of the Privy Council of *France*, having received ſome informations and grievances againſt the body of the Court of Parliament of *Tholouſe*, command them ſpeedily to ſend up ſome Deputies, to anſwer ſuch matters as ſhall be objected againſt them; whereupon the gravity and wiſdom of that Court, in obedience to their Superiours, elect two Preſidents and four Counſellors, to undertake that Journey and buſineſs, among whom *De Clugny* is choſen for one of the Preſidents, and *Argentier* for one of the Counſellors; as indeed their Integrity and profound Wiſdom and Experience had made them eminent in that Court. As for *De Clugny*, at his importunate requeſt (made to the Court) he was diſpenced with from that Journey; by alledging that his Age and Sickneſs made him altogether unfit to undertake it: but all the evaſions and excuſes which *Argentier* could make, could not exempt him, but he muſt needs ſee *Paris*. But firſt, before his departure, he had a long and ſerious Conference with *De Clugny*, how to effect the ſo long deſired match of his Son and Daughter, the finiſhing whereof was referred till his return from *Paris*, which ſweet news infinitely rejoyced and delighted the young Lady *La Frange*: and the immediate night before he was to take Coach, he calls his Son *De Salez* to him, and with a perſwaſive and powerful ſpeech, requeſted him in his abſence to love *La Frange*, which he, in plain terms, proteſted and vowed to his Father, he could not; then he conjures him, never to marry *La Hay*, which likewiſe he would not grant; and to conclude, ſith his Father could not prevail in the two former, he commanded him upon his bleſſing, that he would never marry any wife whatſoever without his conſent, the which indeed *De Salez* could not deny; but faithfully promiſed his Father; yea, and bound it with an oath; yet ſtill hoping, that it was as poſſible for him to draw his Father to conſent he ſhould marry *La Hay*, as it was impoſſible for his Father ever to perſwade him to marry *La Frange*: and ſo that night the Father takes leave of the Son, and he the next morning of his Father, wiſhing him a proſperous Journey, and a ſpeedy return: who ſuſpecting and fearing, that in his abſence, contrary to his requeſts and prayers, his Son would only abandon *La Frange* to frequent *La Hay*; he being arrived in the City of *Tours*, thought himſelf bound in *Nature*, as well for his own content, as his Son's tranquillity and proſperity, again to ſignifie him his mind in ſome few lines of advice and counſel, and to ſend it him by the ordinary Carrier of *Tholouſe*, which was then in that City, bound thither from *Paris*: His Letter ſpake thus.

ARGENTIER to DE SALEZ.

IT is out of a Fatherly, and (as I may ſay) a religious care of thy good, that I now ſend thee theſe few enſuing lines: for thy Youth *cannot ſee that which my* Age *knows, How many miſeries are ſubject to wait and attend on* Vice, *and how many bleſſings on* Virtue; *if* La Frange *be not fair, yet ſhe is comely, not contemptible: but ſith her defects of* Nature *are ſo richly recompenced with the Ornaments of* Fortune, *and the excellencies of* Grace; *why ſhould thy affection prefer* La Hay *before her, who hath nothing but a painted face to overveil the deformity of her other vices? If thou will leave a* Saint *to*

marry a Strumpet, *then take* La Hay, *and forsake* La Frange; *but if thou wilt forsake a* Strumpet, *to take a* Saint, *then marry* La Frange *and leave* La Hay; *for look what differences there is between their births, thou shalt find ten times more between the chastity of the one, and the levity of the other: if thou espouse the first, thou shalt find Content and Honour; if the second, Shame and Repentance: for I know not whether* La Frange *will bring thee more happiness, or* La Hay *misery. This Letter shall serve as a witness betwixt God, my self, and thee; that if thou perform me not thy promise and oath, I will deny thee my blessing, and deprive thee of my lands.*

ARGENTIER.

De Salez having received this his Father's Letter in *Tholouse*, exceedingly grieves to see him disgrace his Mistress, by the scandalous name of a Strumpet, which he knows she is not, and therefore will never believe it; yea, he vows, that if it were any other in the world, who had offered him that intolerable affront, he would revenge it, though with the price and peril of his life. *La Hay* perceiveth this discontent and alteration of Mirth in him, but from what point of the Compass this wind proceeds, she neither knows, nor as yet can conceive: but withal, determineth to make the discovery thereof her greatest Ambition, and not her least Care; which she now well knows it behoves her to do, sith she finds *De Salez* less free, and more reserved and pensive in his speeches, than accustomed. But when in vain she had hereunto used many smiles and fetches; lo, here falls out an unlook'd for accident, which betrays her the very Pith and Quintessence of the mystery: For on a time, when he lay Slumbring on the table, she as accustomed, diveing into his Pockets for sweet-meats, or rather for Gold (of both which, he many times went well furnished) she finds his Father's (aforesaid) Letter, which she knew by the direction; and so flying into another Chamber, and bolting the door after her, she there reads it both with grief and choler; when, stung to the quick, and bitten to the heart and gall, to see her reputation and honour thus traduced and scandalized by the Father of her pretended Husband; she, with tears and interjected sighs and groans, flies back to *De Salez*, and holding the Letter in her hand, like a dissembling and impious Strumpet, as she was, there shews it him; takes Heaven and Earth to bear witness of her innocency, and of the irreparable and extream wrong his Father had offered her, in seeking to eclipse the glory of her chastity, which she swears she will bear pure and unspotted, not only to his bed, but to her own Grave. But *alas, alas*, these are the effects and passions of dissimulation, not of truth; of her prophanness, not of her piety, which time will make apparent to *De Salez*; though now her beauty and tears be predominate with his judgment and folly, as he cannot, because he will not see it: So being still as constant in his fottishness, as she in her hypocrisie; he gives her many sweet kisses, and with a Catalogue of sugered words, seeks to appease and comfort her, whom he hath far more reason to execrate and curse. But for her part, her heart is not so afflicted: for, remembring her self, still her wits are her own: and so remembring the conclusion of the Letter, and fearing that *De Salez* his promise and oath to his Father, might infringe and contradict his to her; she tells him, that her love is so fervent and infinite towards him, as she can give no intermission, nor truce to her tears, before he reveal her his oath and promise, which his Father's Letter informed her he had formerly made him.

De Salez seeing himself put to so strict an accident and push, doth both blush for shame, and again look pale for anger, when for a small time, irresolute how to bear himself in a matter of this different Nature, wherein he must either violate his obedience to his Father, or infringe his fidelity and honour to his Mistress; he at last (consulting with folly, not with discretion, and with Vanity, not with Judgment) doth so adore her beauty, and commiserate her tears, as he fottishly reveals her his oath given his Father (*Verbatim* as we have formerly understood it;) adding withal, that she hath far more reason to rejoyce, than grieve hereat; That a little time shall cancel his said late promise and oath to his Father, and confirm his former to her: For, sweet *La Hay* (quoth he) come what will, two months shall never pass, ere I marry thee; when sealing his speeches with many kisses, our hypocritical afflicted Gentlewoman is presently again come to her self, and in all outward appearance, her discontents are removed, her choler pacified, her tears exhaled, and her sighs evaporated and blown away:

But all this is false, like her self, and treacherous like her beauty: For this Letter of *Argentier* to his Son, and his promise and oath to his Father, hath acted such wonders in her heart, and imprinted such extravagancies in her thoughts, as she cannot easily remove or supplant it, nor difficultly forget or deface it, whatsoever she speak or make shew of to the contrary; for thus she reasoneth with her self: That her whoredoms are already revealed to *Argentier*, and for any thing she knows, may likewise be discovered to his Son, how closely soever she either act or conceal them. That *La Frange*'s descent, wealth and virtues, will, in the end over-prise and

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weigh down her mean extraction, poverty, and beauty; and in the end, that the wisdom of the Father, will infallibly triumph over the folly of the Son, except her policy interpose, and her vigilancy prevent it; which to prevent and effect, she sees no other obstacle to her content, nor bar to her preferment, but only *La Frange*: for, quoth she, if *La Frange* shine in the firmament of *De Salez* affection, *La Hay* must set; or if *La Hay* will shine, *La Frange* must set: again, if she fall not, I cannot stand; and if she stand, I must needs fall; and as the Sky is not capable of two Suns, so both of us cannot shine in the Horizen of his heart and thoughts at once: except thus, that *La Hay* may live to see *La Frange* his Wife, and her self his Strumpet; when burning with false zeal to *De Salez*, and true inveterate malice to *La Frange*, she forgetting God, swaps a bargain with the Devil, that *La Frange* must first go to her grave ere *La Hay* come to his bed, and so resolves to sacrifice her as a *Victim* to her malice and jealousie, and to send her out of this world, in an untimely and bloody Coffin. Hellish *Aphoristo's*, infernal, *Positions*, odious to Earth and execrable to Heaven!

For wretched and impious Strumpet, wilt thou needs not only gallop but fly to Hell, and so redouble thy crimes purposely to redouble thy torments; as first of Whoredom, then of Murther? Wretched, yea, thrice wretched woman! how darest thou see Earth, to think of Heaven; when thy acted crimes are so odious, and thy pretended ones so monstrous, as thou deservest to be shut forth of the one, and spued out of the other? For alas, consider what this poor Gentlewoman hath done to thee, that thou shouldest do this to her; She bears the Image of God, and wilt thou therefore bear that of the Devil to destroy her? Ah me, where is thy Religion, thy Conscience, thy Soul; that thou wilt thus hellishly imbathe thy hands in her blood, and imbrue thy heart in her murther? If it be not that her virtues cry fie on thy vices, thou hast no reason in Nature, and less in Grace, to attempt a deed so Tragical, an act so inhuman and execrable: But rest assured, that if thou proceed and finish this infernal and bloody stratagem of thine, although thou chance to go unpunished of men, yet the Lord (in his due time) will find thee out, and both severely scourge and sharply revenge and chastise thee.

The effects of malice and revenge in men are finite, in women infinite; theirs may have bounds and ends, but these none, or at least seldom and difficultly; for having once conceived these two monsters in their fantasies and brains, they long till they are deliverd and disburthened of them; and so to bring their abortive issue to perfection, they (for the most part) are sharp and severe in their designs, and sudden and malicious in their execution, hating all delays, so it be not to do evil: So this our bloody and vicious Strumpet *La Hay*, is resolute to advance, and not to retire in this diabolical business of hers. Of all kind of violent deaths, she thinks none either so sure and secret as poyson, whether she consider the manner, or the matter; If the Devil himself had not invented this unparalleld cruelty, his agents and members had never known how to have administred and practised it. But having resolved on the drug and ingredient, she now bethinks her self of some Hellish Emperick or Factor of Hell, to apply and give it her; and her inveterate and implacable hatred making her curious in the research and enquiry thereof, she is at last advertised that there is an old *Italian Emperick* in *Mompellier*, termed, St. *Bernardo Michaele*, who is his Arts-Master in that internal profession; when wholly concealing this mistery and business from *DeSalez*, she by a second means (with promise of store of Gold) sends away for *Michaele* from *Mompellier*, who in hope thereof, packs up his drugs and trinkets, and within three days arrives at *Tholouse*; where she thinks no where so fit and secret as the Church to consult and resolve on this bloody business, the hour is eight the next morning, and the place the *Cordeliers*, (or *Grey Friers*) Church, appointed and agreed on betwixt them, where they both meet; but she (the better to disguise her self and to blear the eyes of the world) wraps her self about in a great furred Cloak, and muffles her self up with a large Coyf of Velvet, and a rich Taffata Scarf over it, as if she were some grave and reverend old Matron; so being brought to each others presence, they being both on their knees, he to his Book, and she to her Beads, she proposeth him the poysoning of *La Frange*, daughter to the President *De Clugny*, for the which she promiseth to give him three hundred Crowns of the Sun to perform it; whereof he shall now have one in hand, and the other two when he hath dispatched her. *Michaele* like a limb of the Devil, being deeply in love, and allured with this Gold, undertakes it; when swearing secresie, and withal to perform it within ten days, she gives him the hundred Crowns tyed up in her Handkercheif, and so for that time they part.

Good God! what prophane Christians, what monsters of nature and devils incarnate by profession are these, thus to pollute and defile the Church ordained for Prayer, with the price and sale of innocent blood? a most prodigious and hellish impiety, since there is no sin so odious or execrable to God, as that which is masked with piety, and overveiled with the Cloak of

ianctity. And what a damnable young Strumpet, and old Villain are they, in ſo holy a place to treat and concludeſo helliſh a buſineſs? but beware, for the Sword and arrow of Gods juſt revenge, and revenging juſtice, threatens yea with no leſs than utter confuſion and deſtruction.

La Hay infinitely glad of this agreement, returns from the Church, and *Michaelle* as glad of her Gold, (being informed of *La Frange*'s deformity, and to loſe no time) trips away towards Preſident *DeClugny*'s houſe, taking that for a fit occaſion to aſſay to make his Daughter become his Patient, and he her *Emperick*: who ſpeedily inſinuating, and skrewing himſelf into his knowledg and acquaintance, (in which profeſſion the *Empericks* and *Mountebanks* of *Italy*, come no way ſhort, but rather exceed all other Nations of the World) he profers him his beſt ſervice and skill, to redreſs and reform the body of the young Lady his Daughter, adding withal (thereby to add the more belief and credit to his ſpeeches) that he is ſo far from deſpairing or doubting, as he is very confident thereof: and, in the phraſes and myſteries of his profeſſion gives him in outward appearance many inward and plauſible reaſons to induce him to believe it. The good old Preſident, who preferring the cure of his Daughter before any other earthly reſpect, having heard of *Michaele*'s Fame, begins to reliſh his reaſons, and yet not ignorant that the *Mountebanks* and *Charletans* of *Italy*, are Couſin-germans to the *Alcumiſts* of *France*, who promiſe to make Gold of Droſs, and yet only bring forth Droſs for Gold: he holds it fit to take a conſultation of the learneditt Phyſicians, and expert Chirurgions of the City, whereunto *Michaele* willingly conſents; ſo they ſit being ſix in number, *Michaele* delivers him his reaſons to redreſs the deformity of this young Ladie's body (the *Preſident* her Father being preſent) whoſe reaſons are heard, and controverted of all ſides betwixt them; the concluſion is, four are of opinion that this cure is repugnant to the grounds of Phyſick and the principles of Chirurgery, and therefore impoſſible to be effected, the other two are of a contrary judgment, and hold it ſeaſonable, and that many times God bleſſeth the art and labour of a man not only beyond expectation, but alſo beyond hope and reaſon; ſo *De Clugny* ſeeing that theſe two with *Michaele* were three againſt four; he in reſpect of the tender care and affection he bore his Daughter, reſolves to employ him, and gives him a hundred double Piſtolets in hand to attempt it; with promiſe of as much more, when he had performed it; whereof this miſcreant and helliſh *Emperick Michaele* being exceedingly glad, he betakes himſelf to his buſineſs, viſits the young Lady, who promiſeth him to redouble her Fathers ſum, if he make her body ſtraight: when to reduce his impious contemplation into infernal action, he outwardly applieth Plaiſters and Sear-cloths to her body, and inwardly adminiſtreth her Pills and Potions; and (O grief to write it!) therein infuſeth deadly Poyſon, which he knows at the end of ten days, will aſſuredly make a divorce between her body and ſoul, and ſo ſend that to the death of this world, and this the life of that to come. So this ſweet and innocent Lady (wiſhing good to her ſelf, and hurt to none in the world) firſt finds a giddineſs and ſwimming in her head, and within ſome ſix days after (in which time the Poyſon had diſperſed it ſelf throughout all the veins and pores of her body) many ſharp gripes, and bitter throws and convulſions, whereat her Father grieves and ſhe weeps; only that graceleſs villain her *Emperick* bids them be of good comfort, and that the more pain and grief ſhe ſuffered, the better and ſpeedier hope there was of her cure, but yet inwardly in his deviliſh heart, knew that the poyſon effectually operated and wrought with her as he deſired and expected, and that by theſe infallible ſigns and ſymptoms, his Patient drew near the period of her end. Whereupon he repairs ſecretly to *La Hay*, and bids her provide the reſt of his mony, for that *La Frange* could not poſſibly live two days to an end; whereat ſhe triumphing and rejoycing with much alacrity, again promiſeth it him: and indeed the helliſh art of this execrable *Emperick* doth not now deceive him, though in the end, the malice of the Devil his Doctor will; for juſt as the tenth day was expired, this harmleſs ſweet young Lady dies, to the incomparable and unſpeakable grief of the good old Preſident her Father; for that ſhe was the ſtaff of his age, and the chief and only comfort of his life, who diſconſolately and mournfully ſeemed to drown himſelf in tears hereat, curſing the hour that he firſt ſaw this accurſed *Emperick Michaele*, who had robbed him of his only joy and delight, of his dear and ſweet daughter *La Frange*. But this murtherous *Michaele*, having learnt of the Devil to fear no colours, means not to ſtep a foot from *Tholouſe*, and ſo ſends away for *La Hay*, of whom he craves the performance of her promiſe, for that (quoth he) he had performed his. Why (quoth *La Hay*) is that crook backt dwarf *La Frange* dead? She is gone (quoth *Michaele*) to her eternal reſt: when *La Hay* not able to retain her ſelf for exceſs of joy, runs to him, gives him the other hundred Crowns, together with many kiſſes, which take (quoth ſhe) as a pledg of my continual good will towards thee; when again ſwearing ſecreſie, they both take leave each of other, and part.

The news of *La Frange*'s death, ratleth and reſoundeth all over *Tholouſe*, her Kinſfolk grieve

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at it, her friends lament it, and all who either knew her, or her Fame, bewail it; only *De Salez*, and execrable *La Hay* accepted, who knowing her to have been the only ſtop and hinderance of their marriage, they are ſo raviſhed with joy hereat, as they ſeem to conteſt and envy each other, who ſhall firſt bring the news hereof each to other: yea, the exceſs of *De Salez*'s joy is as boundleſs as that of *La Hay*'s delight, ſo that he ſeems to fly to her Father's houſe; where ſhe, with out-ſpread arms receives and entertains him; and there they mutually congratulate each other for this her death; he affirming, and ſhe believing, that *La Frange* being gone to Heaven, it ſhall not be long ere the Church make them man and wife on earth. In the mean time he being wholly ignorant of her poyſoning, and yet the old Preſident her Father, and the reſt of her friends ſuſpecting it, they cauſe her body to be opened: and although they find no direct poyſon, yet remarking a little kind of yellow tincture on her heart and liver, as alſo ſome ſhew thereof through her frozen veins; They cauſe *Michaele* to be apprehended and impriſoned, and ſo procure a Decree from the Parliament to have him rack'd: At the news whereof *La Hay* is extreamly tormented and perplexed, as well foreſeeing and knowing, that her life lay at the mercy of his tongue: wherefore to fortifie his ſecreſie, and thereby to ſecure her own fear and danger ſhe by a confident Friend of his, ſends him a hundred French Crowns more, and promiſeth him to give him a rich Diamond, worth as much again; who (as before) being extreamly covetous, and the Devil (reſembling himſelf) ſtill harping to him on that ſtring which moſt delights him, his heart is ſo deviliſhly obdurated, and his fortitude ſo armed and prepared, as his patience and conſtancy not only indures, but out-braves the cruelty of his torments, and ſo he is acquitted of this his pretended crime: but he hath not as yet made his peace with God.

And now is *De Salez* reſolved to make a journey to *Paris*, to draw his Fathers conſent that he may marry *La Hay*; but the wiſdom of the Father ſhall anticipate the folly of the Son, for he having heard in *Paris* of *La Frange*'s death, and ſtill fearing, that becauſe of his frequent familiarity with that Strumpet *La Hay*, he will in the end marry her. He in *Paris* buys a Captains place for him in the Regiment of the Kings Guard, and likewiſe deals with a very rich Counſellor of that Court of Parliament, named *Monſieur de Brianſon*, that his Son may marry his eldeſt Daughter *Madamoyſelle de Pleſſis*, a very ſweet and fair young Gentlewoman; and the old folks are already agreed on all conditions, only it reſts, that the young ſee and love: To which end, *Argentier* writes away with all ſpeed to *Tholouſe* for his Son *De Salez* to come up to him, who before he had received his Father's Letter, (as we have formerly underſtood) was ready to undertake that journey: *La Hay* infinitely fearful and jealous to loſe her prey, with *Crocodile* tears in her eyes, and *Hyena* aſpects in her looks, informs *De Salez*, that ſhe feareth that his Father hath provided a Wife for him in *Paris*; but he vows and ſwears to her, that neither his Father, nor the whole world, ſhall make him marry any other than her ſelf; and after many embraces and kiſſes, he takes horſe and leaves *Tholouſe*.

Being arrived at *Paris*, his Father very joyfully bids him welcome, and refers to confer with him till the next morning; but ſuch is *De Salez*'s raſhneſs and folly, as he hath no ſooner ſupped in company of his Father, but he prays to ſpeak with him. When the ſervants voyding the Chamber, he earneſtly and humbly beſeecheth him, ſith that *La Frange* is dead, he will now be pleaſed that he may marry *La Hay*, whom quoth he, I only affect and love before all the Maids of the world: His Father exceedingly incenſed hereat, vows that he had rather ſee him fairly buried in his Grave, and that of all the females of the world he ſhall not marry *La Hay*; and ſo for that night, they betake themſelves to their beds; the Father grieves at his Son's folly, the Son at his Fathers averſneſs. The next morning *Argentier* calls for his Son; When the doors ſhut, he bids him ſhut his eyes to his fooliſh familiarity with *La Hay*, and now to open them to the preferment he hath purchaſed him, and ſo relates him how he hath procured him the honour of a Captains-place, in the Regiment of the Kings Guard; as alſo a very fair young Gentlewoman for his wife, termed *Madamoyſelle de Pleſſis*, the eldeſt Daughter of *Monſieur de Brianſon*, one of the richeſt Counſellors of *Paris*: But *De Salez* having his eyes and thoughts wholly fixed on *La Hay*, with a diſcontented look, returns his Father this perverſe and diſobedient Reply:

That he will not accept of the Captains place, nor once ſee *De Pleſſis*, but that he is conſtantly reſolved, either to wed *La Hay*, or his Grave; whereat his Father is ſo extreamly incenſed, as with as much paſſion and choler, he commands him henceforth, not to dare ſo much as to name him *La Hay*, ſwearing by his Saviour, that if he do, for his obſtinacy and diſobedience, he will diſinherit him; as indeed he might, having himſelf purchaſed three parts of his lands and revenews, through his care and induſtry in his profeſſion: and ſo in much diſcontent and choler leaves him, going to his Colleagues of *Tholouſe*, who are already attending his coming.

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De Salez is all on fire at this his Fathers bitter resolution against him, and storms and fumes, not only beyond the bounds of Reason, Religion, and Humanity, but also beyond himself. For sith *La Hay* is his sole delight and joy, and that his Father hath vowed he should never marry her, his affection to her makes him resolves to dispatch his Father, yea his head conceives such murtherous thoughts, and his heart atracts, and assumes such degenerate and devillish blood against him, that like an execrable wretch, and a hellish Son, disdaining to take counsel from God, and therefore taking it from the Devil his bloody Tutor and abettor, he vows he will forthwith rid his hands of his Father; and he will therefore send him into another world, because he would give him no content in this.

Oh wretched Monster of Nature, limb of the Devil, nay, a very Devil thy self, thus to resolve to take his life from him that gave thee thine! Foul stain of mankind! bloody Paricidious Miscreant! can no way respect either of thy natural and filial obedience to thy kind and dear Father, or of his white hairs, and venerable old age restrain thee? or no consideration of thy conscience or thy soul, of Heaven or Hell deter thee from this bloody, inhuman and damnable design of thine, in laying violent hands on him? O me, where are thy thoughts, where thy senses, where thy heart, thy Soul, to act so execrable and infernal a Tragedy, on him without whom thou hadst not been! On thy Father, whom, by the Laws of Heaven and Earth, thou oughtest both to love, honour, reverence and obey.

But *De Salez* being resolute in this inhuman rage, and implacable malice and fury, watcheth how he may take time at advantage, to effect and finish this his bloody business, and one night after Supper, hearing his old Father complain that he found himself not well, and commanding his Clark *De Buisse*, very early the next morning to carry his water to Dr. *Salepin*, a famous Physician, whose Chamber was far off, in the place *Maubert*, he himself lying in *Grennelles* street; *De Salez* thinks this a fit opportunity to dispatch his Father, the which, O a thousand griefs and pities to speak of, he accordingly performeth. For the morn appearing, his Father having sent away his Clark with his water, and betaking himself to sleep till he return: His watchful and murtherous Son, having purposely made himself ready, and through the Key-hole and cranies of the Chamber door, espying his Father sleeping, he intends that this shall be his last sleep: When softly stealing into his Chamber, he, (encouraged and animated by the Devil) and approaching his bed, as exempt of fear or grace, without any more delay or circumstance, stifles his Father betwixt two Pillows; when leaving him breathless in his bed, his face exposed to the air, and the door shut, goes down, gives the Master of the house the good morrow, and so trips away as fast as he can, to the sign of the Swan within St. *Honoryes* Gate; and from thence rides away to St. *Clow*, (two leagues distant from *Paris*) to see *Gondies* Gardens, Fountains, and House, wherein that execrable and damnable *Jacobin* Fryer *Jaques Clement*, murthered *Henry the Third, King of France*, but with an intent to return to his Father's Lodging immediately after dinner, and to plead ignorance of the fact; and withal, if occasion serve, to stand upon his innocency and justification, as indeed he did. Now his Fathers Clark *De Buisse* returning in the morning from Dr. *Salepin*, entring his Maste's Chamber, finds him stark dead, and almost cold in his bed: whereat he makes many out-crys, and grievous exclamations; the man of the house hereat ascends the Chamber, infinitely laments and grieves at this sorrowful accident and spectacle, vows to *De Buisse*, that he saw none whosoever in his house, much less in his Masters Chamber, and that his Son *Mounsieur DeSalez* departed as soon as he himself; they search his body, and find it no way wounded, so they believe and resolve that some Ague hath carried him away; yet they hold it rather wisdom than folly, to acquaint the Lieutenant Criminal therewith, fearing lest he might after suspect either violence or poyson; So he comes, confers with his Son *De Salez*, with his Clark *De Buisse*, and with the man of the house, he visits the dead body, finds only his head somewhat swollen, which his Physician affirms, may be his striving and strugling with death. When the *Lieutenant*, out of his zeal and integrity to Justice, having informed himself of Dr. *Salepin*, of *De Buisse*'s being with him, as also from St. *Clow* of his Son *De Salez*, being there timely in the morning, and withal that his Trunks were all safe, and nothing wanting, they banish all suspition, and without farther inquiry or doubt, commend the dead Corps to the Grave; whose Funeral, with exterior shew of extream grief, and sorrow, *De Salez* performs in *Paris*, with all decency and decorum, answerable in all respects to his Fathers rank and quality. But we shall shortly see this mask of his devillish hypocrisie pull'd off, and this inhuman Paricide of his, both shamefully and sharply revenged, by the just judgment and finger of God: The manner is thus.

This harmless and innocent old Father *Argentier*, is no sooner laid in his untimely Grave, but his bloody and execrable Son *De Salez*, within eight days after leaves *Paris*, and returns to *Tholouse*;

Thoulouſe; where already this ſorrowful news is diſperſed and divulged, being for his virtues and integrity of life, generally bewailed of the whole City; only graceleſs and impudent *La Hay* triumphs herear, and her very heart and thoughts dance for joy hereof; ſhe welcomes home her *De Salez* with a world of ſweet and ſugred kiſſes, who, as glad of her preſence, returns her them with a plentiful and prodigal intereſt; but his luſtful love to her is ſo fervent, and his folly in himſelf ſo perverſe and obſtinate, as he hath ſcarce the patience, much leſs the reſpect and modeſty to wear blacks for his Father ſix weeks, but caſt them off, takes on gaudy and Scarlet Apparel, and very ſolemnly marries *La Hay*. Whereby in reſpect of the inequality of their deſcents and means; but eſpecially, of her whoriſh conditions, he makes himſelf the Laughter and May-game of all *Thoulouſe*.

But, Good God! what a prodigious and helliſh match is this, ſith man and wife, and both are murtherers? O execrable and miſerable Wretches! O bloody and impious Miſcreants! for ſure if this marriage of yours prove happy, I may boldly and truly ſay, there will never any prove unfortunate or miſerable. For, alas, alas, what do theſe impious and damnable crimes of theirs deſerve and portend, but miſery, ruin, and confuſion of all ſides? neither ſhall the curioſity of our enquiry carry us far, before we ſee it ſurpriſed and befal them.

For before they had been fully married three months, *De Salez* reaping his deſires, and feaſting himſelf with the pleaſures of her youth, he directly contrary to his hopes and expectation, is inforced to ſee and know, that which before he would have thought never to have known or ſeen: for, thinking his Wife to be a modeſt and chaſt *Diana*, he now ſees ſhe is a debauched *Lais*; yea, his miſery is ſo great, as he needs no ſpectacles to ſee, that ſhe daily makes him a Knight of the Forked Order; and almoſt every hour, deſpight of his care and jealouſie, claps a Cuckow's Feather in his Hat; which to prevent and remedy, he firſt adminiſtreth requeſts and perſwaſions, and then complains to her Father: But theſe are too weak reaſons, and too gentle motives, to prevail with ſo inſatiable a Strumper; ſo as he is conſtrained to add threats to his requeſts, and in the end blows to his threats. But as it is impoſſible for the *Leopard* to change his skin, and the *Æthiopian* his hew; ſo *De Salez* ſees it labour loſt to think to reclaim his wife from her beaſtly ſin of Adultery, wherein (notwithſtanding all that poſſibly he can do) ſhe takes ſuch delight and habit, as by this time ſhe is grown ſo extreamly impudent, as when her Husband is at home, ſhe is abroad ranging; and he is no ſooner abroad, but ſhe is inſtantly at home, revelling with her Ruffians: Yea, ſhe is grown to that height of obſcenity, as ſhe contemns and ſlights her Husband, that whether he be abroad or at home, ſhe will play the whore before his face with open doors; which although it be too late for him to remedy, yet it bites him to the heart, and grieves him to the Gall; and now it is that he a thouſand times thinks of his Father's advice and counſel in forſaking her; and as often wiſhed he had followed it. Now it is, that his unnatural murthering of his Father, thunders forth horror, terror, and repentance to his foul and guilty conſcience; and now it is that he wiſheth from his heart, that he had been blind when he firſt ſaw her, and fairly laid in his Grave, before he lay with her in bed. But theſe his complaints and griefs, bring him only vexation and miſeries inſtead of comfort; for now he utterly deſpairs, and ſees no hope of his Wive's reformation: Whereupon he reſolves to divorce himſelf from her, and to that end takes counſel thereon: but it is not ſo ſecretly managed by him, but the Strumpet his Wife hath preſent notice and inkling thereof, whereupon ſeeing her Husband exceeding rich, both in Lands, Coyn, Plate, and other rich houſhold-ſtuff, ſhe vows not to quit her great Joynture, ſhare and intereſt hereof thus. But before he had enrolled his Sute in the Spiritual-Court, or any way vented his own ſhame, and his Wive's infamy in publick, ſhe, like a true Courtiſan, and debauched Strumpet as ſhe was, vows to prevent him that would prevent her, and to ſend him to his death, that would ſeek to divorce her; and in reſpect of his jealouſie and malice, that as ſhe had formerly poyſoned *La Frange* for her Husbands ſake, ſo ſhe would now murther him for her own.

But miſerable and execrable wretch! Oh, to what a monſtrous height and huge ſum will all theſe thy beaſtly ſins, and bloody enormities ariſe and amount unto? But *Luſt*, *Malice*, and *Revenge*, like three infernal Furies, ſo poſſeſs and pre-occupate her ſenſes, as ſhe will not retire till ſhe hath ſent her Husband unto another word, in a bloody winding-ſheet. To which end, watching the time when moſt of her ſervants were gone abroad to gather in the Vintage, ſhe ſofty opening her Husbands Chamber-door, ſteals in, and finding him ſoundly ſleeping, approacheth his bed, when drawing ſuch a Razor from her ſleeve, which ſhe had purpoſely provided, ſhe with a implacable and damnable malice ſteps to him, and cuts his throat, ſpeaking only theſe words to her ſelf, *Lo, here the reward of thy Jealouſie!* when throwing the Knife, and her outward Taffata Gown into the houſe of Office, ſhe leaving him weltring in his

his blood, very ſecretly conveys her ſelf thorow the Gallery to the Garden, where her Waiting-gentlewoman attends her, and ſo hies away to the Church, thinking with a wretched impiety to cloak this her ſecond murther, as her former, under the veil of Religion and Piety; but her hopes, and the Devil that gave them her, will now deceive her.

De Salez her Husband ſtriving and ſtrugling for life againſt the pangs of death; fear and haſte (contrary to her intent and mind) had ſo made his murtherous wife's hand ſhake and tremble, as ſhe did not fully cut his throat-bole, but he could yet both cry and groan, which he did very mournfully; and, which indeed was ſoon over-heard by a man and a maid ſervant of his, who only remained in the houſe, who hearing their Maſter's voice, and haſtily running up, at theſe his pitiful and lamentable out-crys; ſtepping to his aſſiſtance, they hear him (with his beſt power) utter theſe fearful ſpeeches; *That Strumpet my Wife hath kill'd me: O that ſhe-Devil my Wife hath murthered me.* Whereat they cry out at the Windows to the Neighbours for help, alledging that their Maſter is murthered. The Neighbours aſſemble and hear him report ſo much; ſo they ſend away for his Confeſſor, and the Lieutenant Criminal; to both whom he again confeſſeth, *That it is the Strumpet his Wife, who hath murthered him.* And then raiſing himſelf up in his bed, (with as much ſtrength as his dying wound would permit him) he taking them both by the hands, with infinite ſighs and tears reveals to them, that he it was who at the ſeducing of the Devil, had ſtifled his Father *Argentier* to death in *Paris*; that he did it only to marry this Whore his murtherous Wife *La Hay*; that the killing of his Father, yea, the very remembrance thereof, infinitely grieves his Heart and Soul, and for the which he infinitely repenteth himſelf, and beſeecheth the Lord of mercy, in mercy to forgive it him; and likewiſe prayed all that were preſent to pray unto God for him; and theſe were his laſt words, for now his fleeting and fading breath would permit him to ſay no more.

All that were preſent are amazed at this lamentable confeſſion of his, to ſee that he ſhould murther his Father, and his execrable wife, well near himſelf; ſo they all glorifie God for the detection and diſcovery hereof: But the Lieutenant Criminal, and the Counſellors his aſſociates ſtep to the Window, and conſult to have him hanged, whiles he is yet living, for the murthering of his Father. But *De Salez* ſaves them that labour; for there and then he ſinks into his bed, and dies away before them; ſo they inſtantly ſearch the Houſe and City for this wretched Murthereſs *La Hay*, whom impious and bloody Strumpet, they at laſt find in the *Dominican Frier's Church* at a Sermon, from whence with much obloquy and indignity they drag her to priſon, where they charge her with the murther of her Husband *De Salez*, which the Devil as yet will not permit her to confeſs; but being adjudged by them to the Rack, ſhe at the very firſt torment confeſſeth it.

Upon which ſeveral murthers, the *Criminal Judges* of the *Tournells* proceeded to ſentence: So firſt, they adjudged the dead body of *De Salez*, for ſo inhumanly murthering his Father *Argentier*, to be half a day hang'd by the heels to the common Gallows, and then to be burnt to Aſhes, which was accordingly executed: Then they adjudge his Wife *La Hay*, for murthering him, the next day to be ſtrangled, then burnt: ſo that night ſome Divines deal with her in Priſon about the State of her Soul, whom they find infinitely obdurated through the vanity of her youth, and the temptation of the Devil; but they work effectually with her, and ſo at laſt, (by the mercies of God) draw her to contrition and repentance; when willing her not to charge her Soul with the concealing of any other crime; and ſhewing her the dangers thereof, ſhe very freely, yet ſorrowfully confeſſeth, how ſhe it was, that for three hundred Crowns, had cauſed the *Emperick Michaele* to poyſon *La Frange*, for the which ſhe told them, ſhe was now exceeding repentant and ſorrowful: Whereof the Divines (ſith it was not delivered them under the ſeal of Confeſſion) advertiſed the Judges, they all wonder at Gods providence, to ſee how all theſe murthers are diſcovered and burſt forth, one in the neck of the other; ſo they alter her ſentence, and for theſe double murthers, they condemn her, to have her right hand cut off, and then to be burnt alive: and ſo they make curious inquiry and reſearch to apprehend this old bloody Varlet *Michaele*.

In the mean time, that very afternoon, this miſerable and murtherous Curteſan *La Hay* though to the grief of her ſorrowful Father and Siſters, yet to the joy of all *Tholouſe*, is brought and faſtned to the ſtake, where her hand being firſt ſtruck off, ſhe with many ſighs and tears, delivereth theſe words: That her crimes were ſo foul and odious, as ſhe was aſhamed to look either God or Man in the face: That ſhe was very ſorrowful for cauſing *La Frange* to be poyſoned, as alſo for murthering of her Husband *De Salez*, whoſe wealth ſhe only affirmed ſhe loved, but not himſelf, the which ſhe wholly attributed to the luſt and vanity of her youth, to her neglect of Prayer, and forſaking of God: which made the Devil ſo ſtrong with her, and ſhe with the Devil; and which was the ſole cauſe and ground of this her miſe-

rable

rable ruin and deſtruction; ſhe with tears and Prayers beſought the Lord to be good unto her ſoul; and (and lifting up her eyes and hands to Heaven) likewiſe beſeeches the whole Aſſembly to pray heartily unto God for her: when, recomending her Soul into the hands of her Redeemer, the fire being lighted, her body was ſoon conſumed to aſhes; whoſe lamentable, yet juſt end and puniſhment, cauſed a number of ſpectators to weep, as yet pitying her youth and beauty, as much as they deteſted the enormity of her crimes.

And now for this divelliſh and murtherous Emperick, *Michaele*, although as ſoon as he heard of *La Hay*'s impriſonment, he (to ſave himſelf) left *Tholouſe*, and fled towards *Caſtres*, diſguiſed in a Fryer's habit, with his Beard ſhaven, yet by the care of the Court of *Parliament*, or rather by the immediate finger and providence of God, he is found out, and brought back to *Tholouſe*; where, for poyſoning of *La Frange*, (the which he now without the Rack confeſſeth) he is adjudged to be broken on the Wheel, there to remain till he be dead, and then his body to be thrown into the River of *Garrone*; the which the ſame day is accordingly executed and performed, to the infinite joy of all the ſpectators: but as he lived an *Atheiſt*, ſo he deſperately dyed a *Devil*, without any ſhew at all, either of contrition or repentance; only he vomited forth this wretched ſpeech: That becauſe the *World* had ſo much to ſay to him, he would ſay nothing to the *World*, but bad the *Executioner* diſpatch him.

Now by the ſight of this mournful and bloody Hiſtory, the *Chriſtian Reader* may obſerve and ſee how Gods Revenge doth ſtill triumph againſt *Murther*, and how he in his due time and providence doth aſſuredly ſtill detect and puniſh it. It is a Hiſtory which may ſerve to deter and fore-warn all young Gentlemen, not to frequent the company of Whores and Strumpets, and all Sons not to tranſgreſs the will of their Parents, much leſs not to dare to lay violent hands on them. It is a Glaſs, wherein young Gentlewomen and Wives may to the life ſee what bitter fruits and ſharp ends ever attend upon Whoredom and Murther: It is a lively Example for all kind of *Empericks* and *Drugſters* whatſoever, to conſider how ſeverely God doth infallibly revenge and puniſh the Poyſoning of his Saints and Children. In a word, it is a Leſſon and Caveat for all people, and for all degrees of people, but eſpecially of Chriſtians, (who profeſs the Goſpel of Chriſt, (not only to deteſt theſe foul ſins of Revenge and Murther in others, but to hate and abhor them in themſelves: which that all may endeavour to practice and perform, grant good God, who indeed art the only Giver of all Goodneſs.

The Triumph of God's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A SPANISH HISTORY.

HISTORY XII.

Albemare *cauſeth* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther* Baretano; *and he after marrieth* Clara, *whom* Baretano *firſt ſought to marry, he cauſeth his man* Valerio *to poyſon* Pedro *in Priſon; and by a Letter which* Leonardo *ſent him,* Clara *perceives that her Husband* Albemare *had hired and cauſeth* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther her firſt* Baretano; *which Letter ſhe reveals to the Judge; ſo he is hanged, and likewiſe* Valerio *and* Leonardo, *for theſe their bloody crimes.*

WIth what face can we preſume to tread on the face of the Earth, or dare lift up our eyes to that of Heaven, when our thoughts are ſo rebellious to conſpire, and our hearts and reſolutions ſo cruel, to embrue our hands in the innocent blood of our harmleſs and Chriſtian Brethren? Thoughts they are, which in ſeeming to pleaſe our ſenſes, poyſon our hearts, (and do therefore truly poyſon our Souls, becauſe they ſo falſely pleaſe our ſenſes.) Reſolutions they are, which we cannot conceive or attempt with more inhumanity, than finiſh with miſery; ſith in thinking to ſend them to their untimely Graves, we aſſuredly ſend our ſelves to our miſerable and infamous ends: whereof in this enſuing Hiſtory, we ſhall find many woful Precedents, and mournful Examples, in divers unfortunate and wretched perſons, who were born to happineſs, not to infamy; to proſperity, not to miſery; if they had had ſo much Grace to ſecure their Lives, as Vanity and Impiety to ruin them. It is a Hiſtory purpoſely produced and penned for our deteſtation, not for our imitation; ſith it is a point of (true and happy) wiſdom in all men, to beware by other mens harms. Read it then with a full intent to profit thy ſelf thereby, and ſo thou mayeſt boldy and ſafely reſt aſſured, that the ſight of their ſin and puniſhment, will prove the reformation of thine own.

Fruitful

Fruitful and fair *Lombardy* is the Country; and the great, populous, and rich City of *Millan*, (the Captiral of that Dutchy) the place where the Scene of this mournful and Tragical Hiſtory is lain, where perpetrated: the which to re-fetch from its firſt ſpring and original, thereby the more truly to inform our curioſity, and inſtruct our knowledge. We muſt then underſtand, that long ſince the Duke of *Feria* ſucceeded the *Count de Fuentes*, as *Vice-roy* of that potent and flouriſhing Dutchy, for king *Philip* the third of *Spain*, his Maſter. There was Native and reſident in that City, an ancient Noble-man, termed *Seignior Leonardo Capello*, who in his younger years had married a *Spaniſh* Lady, and brought her from *Spain* to *Millan*, termed *Dona Maria de Caſtiana*: he exceeding rich and noble: and ſhe as noble and fair: he by his Father's ſide allyed to Cardinal *Charles Borromeo*, ſince Sainted by Pope *Paul* V.) ſhe by her Mother, to the preſent Duke of *Albucurque*: he infinitely honoured for his extraction and wealth; ſhe no leſs beloved and reſpected for her beauty and virtues: and although there were but few Marriages contracted between the *Millaneſes* and *Spaniards*, and thoſe very ſeldom prove ſucceſsful and proſperous, in reſpect of the antipathy which for the moſt part is hereditary, betwixt the commands of the *Spaniards*, and the ſubjection of the *Millaneſes*; yet it ſeemed that this of *Capello* and *Caſtiano*, was firſt inſtituted in Heaven, ere conſummated on Earth: for ſo ſweetly did their years, humours and affections, conjoyn and ſympathize, as although they were two perſons, yet I may truly affirm and ſay, they had but one heart, affection, and deſire, which was mutually to pleaſe, and reciprocally to affect and love each other. And as Marriages cannot be reputed truly happy and fortunate, if they be not bleſſed and crowned with the bleſſings of Children, (which indeed is not only the ſweeteſt life of human content but alſo the beſt and ſweeteſt content of our human life) ſo they had not been long married, ere God honoured them and their Nuptial Bed, with a beautiful and delicate young Daughter, termed *Dona Clara*, the only Child of their loyns, and Heir of their Lands and Virtues; being indeed the true picture of themſelves, and the joyful pledg and ſeal of their intire and invaluable affections; who having over-paſt her infancy, and obtained the eighteenth year of her age, ſhe was ſo exquiſitely adorned with beauty, and ſo excellently endued and enricked with virtues, as diſtinctly for either, or joyntly for both, ſhe was, and was truly reputed, the *Parragon* of *Nature*, the *Pride* of *Beauty*, the *Wonder* of *Millan*, the *Glory* of her *Sex*, and the *Phœnix* of her *Time*. And becauſe the purity and perfection of her Beauty deſerves to be ſeen through this dim *Perſpective*, and the dignity of her Virtues known of the *Reader* in this my impoliſhed Relation. For the firſt ſhe was of ſtature indifferently tall, but exceeding ſtraight and ſlender; her Hair either of a deep Cheſnut-colour, or rather of a light black: but to which moſt adhereing and inclining, fancy might, but curioſity could difficultly diſtinguiſh: her complexion and tincture, rather of an amorous and lovely brown, than of a Roſeat and Lilly die; but yet ſo ſweetly pure, and purely ſweet, (and withal, rather fat than lean) that no earthly object could more delight and pleaſe the eye, or raviſh the ſenſe. And for her eyes, thoſe two relucent Lamps and Stars of Love, they were ſo black and piercing, that they had a ſecret and imperious influence to draw all other eyes to gaze and do homage to hers, as if all were bound to love her; and ſhe ſo modeſt, as if purpoſely framed to love none but her ſelf. Neither did her Front, Lips, Neck, or Paps, any way detract, but every way add to the perfection of her other excellencies of nature: for, the firſt ſeemed to be the *Promontory* of the *Graces*. The ſecond, the *Reſidence* of *Delight* and *Pleaſure*. The third, the *Piramids* of *State* and *Majeſty*. And the fourth, the *Hills* and *Valley* of *Love*. But leave we the dainties of her body, now, to ſpeak of the rarities and excellencies of her Mind, which I cannot rightly define, whether the curioſity and care of her Parents in her education, or her own ingenious and apt inclination to Virtue and Honour, were more predominant in her: for in either, or rather in both, ſhe was ſo exquiſite and excellent, that in *Languages*, *Singing*, *Muſick*, *Dancing*, *Wiſdom*, *Temperance* and *Modeſty*, ſhe was ſo fully compleat and rare, that to give her her due, and no more, ſhe could not be parallel'd by any young Lady of *Lombardy*, or *Italy*, nor equaliz'd but by her ſelf.

Thus if her noble extraction, and Father's wealth, made her ſurmount others, and her delicious ſweet beauty and virtues excel her ſelf, no marvel if thoſe *Adamants*, and theſe excellencies draw divers of the beſt *Cavaliers* and cheifeſt *Gallants*, both of *Millan* and *Lombardy*, to affect and ſeek her in marriage: and indeed, although ſhe be ſought by divers of them with much reſpect and honour, anſwerable in all regards to her rank and quality; yet neither her Parents, or ſelf, are ſo much importuned by any, as by *Seignior Giovani Albemare*, a young noble Gentleman of the City, who was adorned and fortified with theſe human priviledges, to be well deſcended, rich, and of ſome twenty five years old; a match in the eye and cenſure of the World,

yea, and in all outward appearance correſpondent and equivalent; if his generous perfections and virtues had paralleld hers, or if the candor and ſincerity of her affection had not juſtly tranſported her thoughts and heart from him, becauſe ſhe had formerly fixed and ſetled them on another Gentleman, younger of years than *Albemare*, but in all other reſpects, as well of *Nature*, as *Fortune*, every way his Superiour, named *Seignior Alphonſus Baretano*, a young Gentleman of one of the nobleſt Families of *Millan*, of ſome eighteen years old, whoſe Father was lately deceaſed, and had left him ſole heir to many rich Lands and Poſſeſſions; but (withal) exceedingly entangled in Law, and engaged in many Debts and Mortgages, whereunto the vanity and prodigality of his youth had deeply precipitated and ingulphed him; which conſequently reflecting and falling on his Son, we ſhall ſee will prove a hinderance to his marriage, and an obſtacle to his content and preferment. But to obſerve ſome order and *decorum* in the conduction and relation of this Hiſtory, we muſt briefly be informed, That as of all the beauties of *Lombardy*, *Albemare* only chiefly affected and loved *Clara*; ſo, of all the *Cavaliers* of the world, *Clara* affected and loved no other but *Baretano*: for, as conformity of years, manners, and inclinations, breed a ſympathy in affections; ſo they in their tender youth, often frequented one the other's company, ſometimes at the Dancing and Muſick-Maſters, but many times at Weddings, Feaſts, and noble Aſſemblies; being well near as equal in age, as in complexion and ſtature. Again, the vicinity of their reſidence, added much to the combining and enflaming of their affections; for they were oppoſite in nothing but in their Manſion-houſes, from whoſe Galleries and Windows, many times publickly, but more often by ſtealth, their eyes could not refrain to tilt at each other with the inviſible Launces of Love and Affection; which bred ſuch a habit, and that habit (ſo powerful) a ſecond nature, that it was now become impoſſible for them not to gaze each on other: ſo as if the innocency of their puerility made them delight in each other's ſight and company with deſire; ſo now their more ripe years inforce them to deſire it with delectation: for when as yet they were ſo young, as they knew not the inſtinct and influence of Nature (which cannot be taught by a more powerful or ingenious *Tutrix* than her ſelf), yet they never met, but kiſſed; nor kiſſed, but as if their hearts and thoughts checked their lips for taking ſuch ſhort farewels each of other. But now when their years had proclaimed them both very capable to march under the Standard of *Hymenæus*, this *Venus*, and that *Adonis*, (for ſo her freſh beauty, and his flouriſhing youth (with as much right as fame in *Millan*) generally entituled them) they felt ſome pleaſure wanting, which as yet they could not find; and therefore no marvel if they deſired to find that which they wanted: ſo as burning in affection each to other, *Clara* hearing ſpoken of a Husband, infinitely wiſhed that *Baretano* were hers; and when he heard of a Wife, he ardently longed, and fervently deſired, that *Clara* were his. Neither can I rightly ſay, whether he were more affectionate in his conſtancy to her, or ſhe conſtant and reſolute in her affection to him; ſo that as heretofore they hardly knew the way to kiſs, now time (running on her ſwift career) had taught them to deſire to marry; and that whereas formerly *Baretano* only termed *Clara* his ſweet Maid, and ſhe him her dear Friend; now Love had ſuggeſted and given them new deſires, and therefore new Epithets: for ſometimes, as well in earneſt as in jeſt, he could not refrain to term her his ſweet Wife; nor ſhe him, her dear Husband: and herein their tongues were only but the outward Herald of their inward hearts, as their hearts were of their more ſecret and retired deſires. And as fervent love and true diſcretion very ſeldom concur and meet; ſo although affection made them rich in inventing new inventions to meet and kiſs; yet they were ſo poor, or rather ſo blind in diſcretion, as they could not bear their affections in ſecreſie and ſilence, but by this time they are bewrayed to their Parents, and divulged to their acquaintance: but if any grieve and ſtorm at this unexpected news, it is firſt *Albemare*, then *Capello* and *Caſtiana*, betwixt whom there was a ſecret promiſe, and verbal contract, That he, and no other, ſhould marry their Daughter.

Thus we ſee, that *Albemare* and *Baretano* are become Competitors and Rivals in their affections; for either of them affect *Clara* as the Miſtreſs of their thoughts, and both adore her as the Qeen-Regent of their deſires. But, as they ſympathize in their hopes, to purchaſe her to their Wife; ſo they differ in the means and progreſs of their reſolutions, how to obtain her. For whiles *Baretano* ſues the Daughter before her Parents, ſo doth *Albemare* the Parents before their Daughter: but what effects and ends theſe beginnings will produce, ye ſhall ſhortly ſee, and they themſelves very ſoon both feel and find.

Capello and *Caſtiana* (as we have formerly ſaid) with much affliction and grief underſtanding of their Daughter's affection to *Baretano*, and reciprocally of his to her, they with much impatience and paſſion) relate it to *Albemare*, whoſe affection to *Clara* hath made him ſo ſubtil towards them, as although his heart knows this news, yet he makes his tongue deny the knowledg

knowledg thereof; when proteſting of his intire and fervent affection to her, and that he muſt either wed her or his Grave, they conſult on this important buſineſs, how they may dethronize *Baretano*, and inthronize *Albemare* in the chair and choice of *Clara*'s affection: as for *Capello* and *Caſtiana*, they ſo highly affect *Albemare*'s great and free Eſtate, and ſo diſdainfully hate the intricate incumbrances of *Baretano*'s, as they vow their reſolutions ſhall ſail by the Compaſs of his deſires; and he in exchange, that his affections and deſires ſhall ſtill ſteer their courſe by that of their reſolutions. So from the matter of their agreement, they proceed to the manner how to effect it; to which end her Father and Mother ſingle their Daughter apart, and in mild and fair terms, demand of her what hath paſt betwixt her and *Baretano*; and whether ſhe be ſo ſimple and inconſiderate, to take ſo poor a Gentleman for her Husband, whoſe Eſtate is ſo weak and ſmall, as it cannot well maintain himſelf, much leſs her. *Clara* already prepared and armed by her affection to receive theſe or the like ſpeeches from her Parents, having twice or thrice metamorphoſed the Lilies of her Cheeks into Roſes, very temperately and modeſtly returns them this diſcreet and reſpective anſwer.

That as ſhe muſt needs affirm, ſhe is confident of *Baretano*'s affection to her; ſo ſhe muſt as truly deny, that as yet he had ever motioned her for marriage; which if he had, conſidering that his Birth, Means, and Virtues, were ſuch as every way deſerved not only her equal, but her ſuperior, ſhe is enforced to reveal to them, that ſhe loves him ſo tenderly and dearly, as, if her will and pleaſure be not contradicted by theirs, it will be not only her joy, but her felicity to accept and take him for her Husband, before all others of the world.

But this modeſt anſwer of hers, they hold too peremptory for a Child to give, and Parents to receive; as if it ſavoured more of irregular zeal to *Baretano*, than of due reſpect and obedience to themſelves: yet the ſooner to divert her from her own deſires and reſolutions, to make her flexible to theirs, they as yet hold it fit, rather to continue mild than imperious towards her; and ſo by depraving the deſerts, and debaſing the merits of *Baretano*, to ſeek to extol and magnifie thoſe of *Albemare*, as if the firſt were only a Foyl, and the ſecond a rich Diamond, worthy of her affection and wearing: and indeed ſo exquiſite and excellent a *Cavalier* they depaint him to her in the richeſt frame and pomp of all his praiſes, as well of the endowments of mind, as of thoſe of Fortune, that they leave no inſinuating *Oratory* unaſſayed, nor perſwaſive attempt unattempted, to make her ſhake hands with *Baretano*, and conſequently to extend her arms and heart to receive and retain *Albemare*: but although ſhe were young in years and experience, yet love in this fragrant and flouriſhing ſpring of her youth, had ſo refined her judgment, and indoctrinated and prompted her tongue, that her thoughts, commanded and marſhalled by her heart, and both by her deſires and affections to *Baretano*, ſhe confuſedly intermixing and interrupting her words with many far-fetch'd broken ſighs, again returns her Parents this reply.

If your Age will not, yet my Youth, or rather my heart informs me, That *Baretano* as far exceeds *Albemare* in the priviledges of the mind and body, as *Albemare* doth him in thoſe of Fortune: but that my reſolutions and anſwers may anſwer and correſpond with my obedience, although I love *Baretano*, yet I will never hate, rather honour *Albemare*; but to make him my Husband, or my ſelf his Wife, if Earth have, I hope Heaven hath not decreed it; and I humbly beſeech you, that this may reſt your reſolution, as I aſſuredly think it ſhall and will remain mine.

Capello and *Caſtiana*, (like diſcreet Parents) ſeeing their Daughter *Clara* wholly wedded (in a manner) to the ſingularity of her own will, they yet conceive it to be far more requiſite to revert her reaſons by fair means, than refute and refel them by force, ſith love and diſcretion hath ſtill reference to that, and this relation ſtill to choler, many times to repentance; whereupon, minding her of the bleſſings which infallibly attend filial obedience, and the miſeries and curſes which individually wait on contempt and diſobedience, hoping that time will effect that which importunity cannot; they as then leave her to her thoughts, and ſhe them to their care, caring for nothing ſo much, nay I may well ſay for nothing elſe, than to ſee her affection divorced from *Baretano*, and contracted and wedded to *Albemare*, who having curious correſpondence and intelligence with them, he is ever and anon aſcertained, not only what hath, but what doth paſs betwixt them and their Daughter; and withal, is adviſed by them, to delay no time, but to frequent and haunt her as her Ghoſt and ſhadow; yea, and no more to conceal his affection and ſuit from her, but to acquaint *Millan* therewith, ſith it was no diſparagement, but rather an equal honour for him to match with *Clara*, and *Clara* with him. Which concluded betwixt *Capello* and *Caſtiana*, *Albemare* is ſo far from rejecting this advice and counſel, as he embraceth it with much joy and delection, and vows (though with the peril of his life) to perſevere and purſue her in marriage. To which end, authorized as well by his own affection, as their authority, *Clara* is neither abroad, nor at home, but

but he meets her, gives away all time from himſelf, to give himſelf to her; ſo as it ſeems to the eye of the world that *Capello*'s houſe is now become his, and that his Daughter *Clara* likewiſe ſhortly ſhall be; yea, he adds ſuch curioſity to his care, and ſuch care to his affection in courting her, as ſhe cannot be either at *Maſs* or *Veſpers*, but he is either with her, or near her; and when in ſolemn pomp or zeal ſhe viſits the *Domo* (or Cathedral Church) of that City, and in it the Shrine of the new St. *Charles*, then he waits and attends on her at the Porch-ſtairs, ſometimes with his Coach, but many times (as the cuſtom of *Millan* is) on his Foot-cloath, and prancing *Barbary*-horſe, to conduct her home; yea, and not to fail in any complement of an accompliſhed Lover (beſides the harmony of his own inſinuation and ſolicitation) he greets her with rich Preſents, and ſalutes her with all variety of Melodious Muſick, and mellifluous Voices: but all this notwithſtanding, although he every way uſe his beſt art and induſtry, and her Father and Mother their beſt skill to make her flexible to his deſires, and their pleaſure; yet ſhe, as having her thoughts fully bent and fixed on her dear and ſweat *Baretano*, looks haggard and averſe on *Albemare*, giving him ſuch general anſwers, and cold entertainment, as he ſeeth he hath far more reaſon to deſpair, than hope to obtain her. Whereupon, doubting of her affection, he hath again recourſe to her Parents love, who to confirm and ſeal it him, ſeeing fair means will not prevail with their Daughter, they reſolve to uſe force, and ſo to add threats to their requeſts, and choler to their perſwaſions, to make her abandon *Baretano*, and embrace *Albemare*. But if the firſt prevail not with her, the ſecond cannot; for ſhe now tells them plainly, that ſhe neither can nor will affect any man for her Husband, but *Baretano*: and yet ſhe is ſo far from any determinate reſolution to marry him, as ſhe affirms, That their Will ſhall be her Law, and their Pleaſure her Reſolution.

Whiles thus *Albemare* in the way of marriage ſeeks out fair and ſweet *Clara* publickly, no leſs doth *Baretano* privately; and although with leſs vanity and oſtentation, yet he hopes with far more fortunacy and ſucceſs, as grounding his hopes upon theſe reaſons: That in heart and ſoul *Clara* is only his, as both in ſoul and heart he is hers: ſo he entertains her many times with his Letters; and yet not to ſhew himſelf a Novice in diſcretion, nor a Coward in affection, he making her content, his commands; as ſhe did his deſires, her felicity; he, in remote Churches and Chappels, (for whoſe number *Millan* exceeds *Rome*) hath both the happineſs and honour privately to meet her, where if they violate the ſanctity of the place in conſecring and cheriſhing their affections; yet they ſanctifie their affections, in deſiring that ſome Church or Chappel might inveſt and crown them with the religious honour and holy dignity of Marriage. For having jeſted of love heretofore, now like true Lovers they henceforth reſolve to love, not in jeſt, but in earneſt: and as of their two hearts they have already made one; ſo now they mean and intend to diſpoſe of their bodies, thereby to make one of two. And this is their ſole deſire; and this, and only this, is their chief delight, and moſt pleaſing deſires and wiſhes.

But as it is the natnre of Love, for Lovers to deſire to ſee none but themſelves, and yet are ſeen of many; ſo this their familiarity and frequent meeting, is again reported to her Father and Mother, whereat they murmur with grief, and grieve with diſcontent and affliction: and now not to ſubſtract, but to add to their vexation, it is reſolved between our two young amorous Turtle-Doves, *Baretano*, and his fair *Clara*, that he ſhould publickly motion them for her in Marriage; which he in wonderful fair terms, and orderly *decorum* (as well by his Friends, as himſelf) performeth. When, contrary to his wiſhes, but not his expectation, they give him ſo cold entertainment, and his ſuit ſuch poor and ſharp acceptance, as they (in affection and zeal to *Albemare*) not only deny him their Daughter, but their Houſe: an anſwer ſo uncivil, and therefore ſo unjuſt, as might give a teſtimony ſome way of their care, yet no way of their diſcretion to themſelves, or affection to their Daughter. And here I muſt confeſs, that I can difficultly define whether this reſolution and anſwer of *Capello* and *Caſtiana*, more delighted *Albemare*, diſcontented *Baretano*, or afflicted *Clara*; who although in the entrance of their Loves, their hopes ſeem'd to be nipt, and their deſires croſt by the frowns of their Parents, yet they love each other ſo tenderly and dearly, as in theſe diſcontents notwithſtanding, they will not retire, but are reſolute to advance in the progreſs of this their chaſt and fervent affection: and although their commands ſeem to give a law to her obedience, in not permitting her to be frequented of *Baretano*; yet her obedience is ſo inforced to take a more ſtronger of her affection, as deſpight her Parents malice and jealouſie towards them, when they are ſweetly ſleeping in their beds, then is their Daughter *Clara* waking with *Baretano*, and he with her, often-times walking and talking in the Arbours, and billing in the cloſe Galleries of the Garden; which they cannot conceal or bear ſo cloſely, but her Father and Mother have exact notice and intelligence thereof by ſome of their truſty ſervants, whom

whom they had purpoſely appointed as Sentinels to eſpy and diſcover their meetings. Whereupon (as much in hatred to *Baretano*, as in affection to *Albemare*) knowing that if the cauſe be once removed, the effect is ſubject ſoon to follow and enſue; they very ſuddenly and privately ſend away their Daughter from *Millan* to *Modena*, by Coach, there to be mewed and pent up with the Lady *Emelia* her Aunt; and, beſides her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Adriana*, none to accompany and conduct her, but only *Albemare*, hoping that in a ſmall time, his preſence and importunate ſolicitations, would deface the memory of *Baretano*, to engrave his own in the heart and thoughts of his ſweet *Clara*; who, poor ſoul, ſeeing her ſelf exiled and baniſhed from the ſociety of her *Baretano*'s ſight and company, wherein under Heaven ſhe chiefly and only delighted; he hereat doth, as it were, drown her ſelf in the Ocean of her tears, ſtorming as well at the cruelty of her Parents, as at her own affliction and misfortune; and no leſs doth her *Baretano* for the abſence of his ſweet Saint and dear Lady *Clara*: for as their affection, ſo their affliction is equal; now mourning as much at each others abſence, as formerly they rejoyced and triumphed in their preſence. But, although the jealouſie of *Capello* and *Caſtiana* were very careful to watch and obſerve *Baretano* in *Millan*; and the zeal and affection of *Albemare*'s ſafely to guard, and ſweetly to attend on *Clara* in *Modena*: yet as fire ſuppreſſed, flames forth with more violence; and Rivers ſtopped, overflow with more impetuoſity; ſo deſpight of the one's vigilancy, and the other's jealouſie, though *Baretano* cannot be ſo happy and bleſſed to ride over to *Modena*, to ſee and ſalute his *Clara*: yet Love, which is the refiner of inventions and wit, and the poliſher of judgment, cannot yet detain him from viſiting her with his Letters, the which in reſpect of the hard acceſs and difficult paſſage to her, he is enforced to ſend her by ſubtil means and ſecret meſſengers. And the better to overſhadow the curioſity of his Arts, and the Art of his affection herein; he, among many others, makes uſe of a *Fryer* and a *Hermit*, for the conveyance of two Letters to *Modena* to his Lady; which (as fit Agents for ſuch amorous employments) they (with more cunning and fidelity, than zeal and Religion) ſafely delivered her, and likewiſe returned him her anſwers thereof. And becauſe the fervency of their affections and conſtancies, each to other, are more lively depainted and repreſented in theſe two, than in any other of their Letters; therefore I thought my ſelf in a manner bound here to inſert them, to the end to give the better ſpirit and grace to their Hiſtory, and the fuller ſatisfaction and content to the curioſity of the *Reader*. That which *Baretano* ſent *Clara* upon her departure from *Millan* to *Modena*, by the *Fryer*, ſpake thus.

BARETANO to CLARA.

HOW juſtly may I term my ſelf unfortunate, ſith I am inforced to be miſerable, before I know what belongs to happineſs? For, if ever I found any content, or Heaven upon Earth, it was only in thy ſweet preſence; which thy ſudden abſence, and unexpected exile, hath now made, at leaſt, my Purgatory, if not my Hell. Fair Clara, *judge of thy* Baretano *by thy ſelf, what a matchleſs grief it is to my heart, and a heart-killing terror to my thoughts, to ſee thee made Captive to my Rival, and that the Fates and thy Parents ſeem to be ſo propitious to his deſires, and ſo inexorable and cruel to mine; That I muſt live alone in* Millan *without thee, and he alone in* Modena *with thee; which makes, that I know not whether I more envy his joy, or lament and pity mine own ſorrows and afflictions. But if I have any ſenſe or ſhadow of comfort in my calamity, it only conſiſts in this, that as thou carriedſt away my heart with thee, ſo thou wilt vouchſafe to return me thine in thy Letter, by a reciprocal requital and exchange. For if thou neither bring me thy ſelf, nor ſend me that, I may be ſought in* Millan, *but found no where but in Heaven. Were I priviledged by thy conſent, much more authorized by thy command, I would ſpeedily rather fly than poſt to thee: for fair and dear* Clara, *as thou art my ſole joy, and ſovereign felicity; ſo, whilſt I breath this air of life, thy will ſhall be my law, thy command my compaſs, and thy pleaſure my reſolution.*

BARETANO.

Her Anſwer returned by the Fryer to *Baretano* at *Millan*, was to this effect.

CLARA to BARETANO.

IT is for none but our ſelves to judge, how equally we participate and ſhare of miſery, in being deprived of each others preſence. Thou termeſt my abſence either thy Purgatory, or thy Hell, and my afflictions and torments for thine are ſo great, and withal ſo infinite, as I have all the equity and reaſon of the world to repute them not only one, but both. Thou art miſtaken in the point of my thraldom, for whilſt Albemare *vows himſelf to be my Captive, I diſdain to be his, and both vow and triumph*

to

to be only Baretano's. *I know not whether I have brought thy heart with me to* Modena; *but sure I am, I left mine with thee in* Millan. *If my Parents seem now pleasing and propitious to him, I am yet so far from despair, as I confidently hope the Fates will not prove cruel or inexorable to thee, and in thee to my self: but rather, that a little time will change their resolutions and decrees, sith they cannot our affections and constancy. If* Clara *be thy sole joy, and soveraign felicity, no less is* Baretano *hers: and albeit I could wish either thou here with my self in* Modena, *or I there with thee in* Millan; *yet such is my Aunt* Emelia's *care, and* Albemare's *jealousie over me, that were thou in this City, thou couldest difficultly see me, but impossibly speak with me: wherefore refrain a while, and let thy journey hither to me, be ended ere began; yet with this proviso and condition, that the cause thereof, thy affection to me, be begun, never to be ended: and think, that my stay and exile here shall be as short, as either my best art in my self can invent, or truest zeal to thee, suggest. In which Intrim, let us solace our selves, and visit each other by the Ambassadors of our Hearts, I mean our Letters: and this resolve, my dear* Baretano, *that during our absence, whiles thou dost feast on my* Idea, *I will not fail to surfeit on thine.*

CLARA.

Baretano's other Letter, sent *Clara* to *Modena*, by the *Pilgrim* was couched and penned in these terms.

BARETANO to CLARA.

HAD not thy requests (in thy last Letter) granted out a Prohibition against my desires and wishes, I had long since left Millan, *to have seen* Modena, *and in it thy self, my sweet and dear Lady: but I speak it to my present comfort, and future consolation and joy, that it is excess, not want of affection, which infuseth this provident care, and careful providence, to thy resolutions, to the end that thy return make us as joyful, as thy departure sorrowful; and consequently, that the last prove as sweet unto our hearts and thoughts, as the first was bitter. And yet believe me, dear* Clara, *that my affection is so entire and fervent to thee, because I know thine is reciprocally so to my self, that I deem it not only capable to make difficult things easie; but, which is more, impossible things possible: for, for thy sake, what would I not attempt? and to enjoy thy sight and presence, what would I leave unperformed? But if thou wilt not permit me to come to thee to* Modena, *nor yet speedily resolve to return to me to* Millan, Sorrow *will then prevent my* Joy, *and* Despair, *my* Hope: *for, if thou hasten not thy arrival and our interview, sickness will be my death. Were thou as kind, as fair; or as affectionate, as I am fervent in affection, thou wilt then rather suffer me to live with thee, than to dye for thee: for in this rest confident, that if thou deny me that request, I cannot deny* Nature *this tribute, my* Affection *this homage, or thy* Beauty *this sacrifice.*

BARETANO.

And *Clara* her Answer hereunto returned to *Millan* to *Baretano*, by the aforesaid *Pilgrim*, was traced in these words.

CLARA to BARETANO.

THE last command of my Parents and the first resolution of my Aunt Emelia, *and my Sister* Albemare, *have now reduced me to so strict a sequestration (rather captivity) as only my thoughts, hardly my pen, hath the freedom and power to signifie thee so much. But as calmes ensue tempests; and sun-shine, showers; so I beseech thee to brook it with as much patience, as I do with grief; and not only hope but resolve, that violence is never permanent, and all extreams subject to revolution and change. Wherefore, my dear* Baretano, *consider and think with thy self, that my stay from* Millan, *and thy prohibition from* Modena, *hath his two-fold excuse, that is in my will, but not as yet in my power to perform; and this will rather hinder, than any way advance the accomplishing of our desires; sith a little time may effect that with my Parents, which I fear importunity will never; neither can thy heart so much long for my sight, or wish for my presence, as my soul doth for thine: sith to give thee but one word for all, Thy self and only thy self, art both the life of my joy, and the joy of my life. A thousand times a day I wish* Modena *were* Millan, *and again as often, that* Albemare *were metamorphosed into* Baretano. *Therefore I am so far from preventing thy joy, as, though at the price of my death, I am ready to sacrifice my life for the preservation of thine, as also for the banishing of thy despair, Write me not then of thy sickness, least thou as soon hear of my death: and I know not what request to deny thee, sith I have already granted and given thee my self, which is all that either I can give or thou desire: cherish thy self for my sake, and I will thy remembrance for mine.*

CLARA

By

By theſe loving Letters of theſe our Lovers, the Reader may obſerve and remark, what a firm league, and ſtrict and conſtant friendſhip, there was contracted and ſetled betwixt them, and what a hell their abſence was each to others thoughts and contemplations. In the mean time, whiles *Baretano* entertains *Clara* with Letters, *Albemare* doth with words: wherein he uſeth his beſt Rhetorick and Oratory, to draw her to his deſires; and withal, to liſten and eſpy out, if their paſs any paſſages of Letters, or other correſpondency betwixt them. Which although *Clara* her affection to *Baretano* vow, and her diſcretion to her ſelf reſolve, to conceal and obſcure from *Albemare*; yet lo, here falls out a ſiniſter and unexpected accident, which will diſcover and bewray it; yea, and of all ſides, and to all parties produce grief, ſorrow, choler and repentance, which in effect (briefly) is thus.

Clara had reaſon, in her former Letter ſent by the Pilgrim, to term this her ſequeſtration in *Modena* a captivity, ſince the bounds of her Aunt *Emelia*'s two ſmall Gardens, and the walls of her little Park, were the limits wherein her liberty was confined, and her ſelf, as it were, immured; for farther ſhe was not permitted to go, except to the Church with her Aunt in her Coach, but ſtiſt accompanied by *Albemare*, who left no minutes or occaſions, as well to ſee her, as to be ſeen of her. Now to give ſome truce (though not peace) to her diſcontents, and thereby ſomewhat to calm the impetuoſity of thoſe tempeſts, which love had ſtired up in her heart and thoughts for the abſence of her *Baretano*, ſhe, never better accompanied than when alone, ſometimes paſt away the irkſomneſs of her time in walking in the Gardens, but many times in the Park cloſe ſhut, followed only by her Waiting-gentlewoman *Adriana*; for in reſpect of her Aunts unkindneſs, and *Albemare*'s jealouſie, ſhe would neither accept of her familiarity, nor of his company. Now to the neareſt end of the Park, not far diſtant from the ſecond Garden, was a curious walk, ranked about with many rows of *Sycamore*-trees, and at the farther end thereof a cloſe o're-ſhadowed Bower; yea, ſo cloſely veiled, that the rayes of the Sun could neither peep in, to ſcorch the pureneſs of her beauty, or to contend with the piercing luſtre and reſplendency of her eyes; and to this Bower, in a fair and clear day, *Clara* (about three of the clock after dinner) repairs, having in her hand to delude the time the old amorous Hiſtory of *Hero* and *Leander*, which was very lately illuſtrated, and newly reprinted in *Millain*, and wherein indeed for the conformity of their loves with her own, ſhe took a ſingular delight to read; but that which gave ſweeter muſick to her thoughts, and felicity to her heart and mind, were her *Baretano*'s two Letters (which we have formerly ſeen) and which as then ſhe had purpoſely brought with her to ſurvey and peruſe; yea, ſhe reads them o're again and again; and, to write the truth, more often than there are words, or I think ſyllables therein contained; but when ſhe deſcends to his name, ſhe cannot refrain from kiſſing it; yea, and ſuch is her tender love to *Baretano*, as ſhe bedews it with her tears; a thouſand times ſhe wiſhed her ſelf with him, or he with her, and bitterly blames the cruelty of her Parents, for ſeparating their bodies, ſith ſhe not only hoped, but aſſured her ſelf, that God had conjoyned and united their hearts. But whiles ſhe in the midſt of theſe paſſionate extaſies ſeems to be rapt up into the Heaven of joy, at the peruſal of theſe Letters of *Baretano*, and then again to be plunged into the hell of ſorrow, at the conſideration and remembrance of his abſence, ſhe hears a voice, which ſhe thinks is not far off from her, when looking forth the Bower, and deeming it be that of her Waiting-gentlewoman, whom ſhe ſaw ſomewhat near her, gathering of Straw-berries and wild Lillies, ſhe within a flight ſhoot from her, perceives it to be her *Lover* (but not her *Love*) *Albemare*, who knowing her there in the Bower, and for want other talk ſpeaking to the Eccho, ſhe gueſſed by his diſcourſe, (wherein ſhe was not deceived) that he had an intent to ſalute and ſpeak with her; which to prevent, becauſe it wholly diſpleaſed her to be cumbred with the company of ſo unwelcome a gueſt as himſelf, ſhe haſtily folds up her Letters in her Handkercheif, and clapping them (at leaſt as ſhe thought) into the pocket of her Gown, takes her Book in her hand, and calling *Adriana*, trips away back towards the Garden, by the other ſide of the Park, purpoſely to eſchew and avoid him, as indeed ſhe did.

Albemare grieves to ſee *Clara*'s coyneſs and cruelty toward him; although ſhe were departed forth the Park from him, yet his affection is ſo fervent to her, as he will needs aſcend the Bower, eſteeming it not only a kind of content, but a bleſſing to his thoughts, ſith he cannot be where ſhe is, yet to be where ſhe hath been; when thinking to mount the ſtairs of the Bower, he unexpectedly at the foot thereof, finds the two Letters, whereof we have formerly ſpoke, which it ſeems ſlipt of *Clara*'s Handkercheif, as ſhe was puting it into her Pocket; *Albemare* taking up the Letters, and ſeeing them directed to his ſweet *Clara*, he betwixt the extreams of love and joy, kiſſeth them again and again for her ſake; when ſitting down in the Bower he betakes himſelf to read and peruſe them, verily expecting and hoping to gather and

draw somthing from them which might tend to advance the process of his affection towards her. But when he had read the first, he was so extreamly perplexed and afflicted, as he had hardly the patience to peruse the second: and yet at length hastily and passionately running it over, and seeing by all the Circumstances thereof, that it was in vain for him any longer to hope for *Clara*, sith she was *Baretano*'s, and *Baretano* hers; he like one Lunatick, stamps with his foot, throws away his Hat, tears his hair for very grief and choler, now thinking to tear the Letters, and then to offer violence to himself; but when the fumes, flames of this his folly were overblown, and that he had again recalled his wits to take place in the proper seat of his judgment and discretion; then taking up his Hat, and pulling it down over his eyes, he leaves the Bower and Park, and so going into the house, shews them the Lady *Emelia* her Aunt; who prays him not to despair, but that *Baretano*'s Letters notwithstanding, he himself shall shortly marry her Neece *Clara*; only she prays him for the two Letters, because she affirms, she will to morrow send them to *Millan* to her Father and Mother; Wherein he saith, he will take advice of his pillow; when fasting out his Supper, he betakes himself to his Bed, to see whether he can sleep away those his passions and vexations: And by this time *Clara* going to lock up these two aforesaid Letters in her Trunk, she finds her Handkercheif, but misseth her Letters, whereat blushing for shame, and then again looking pale for sorrow, grief and anger, she speedily sends away *Adriana* to the Bower, to look them, who returns without them, and then she knows for certain that *Albemare* hath found them; whereupon for meer grief and anger, feigning her self sick; she withdraws her self to her Chamber, and there presently betakes her self to her bed.

I may well say, that *Clara* and *Albemare* betake themselves to their beds; but I am sure not to their rest; for grief and love so violently act their several parts in their hearts and thoughts, as sigh they do, but sleep they cannot. Yea, their passion and sorrows are as different as their desires; for as *Albemare* now grieves that he hath found these Letters, so doth *Clara* that she hath lost them; and as he vows not to restore her them, so she neither dares, and yet disdaineth to demand them of him; yea, again, which is more, as their sorrows are different, so are their pretended consolations, at least if I may properly and truly term them consolations: for as *Clara*, although she have lost her *Baretano*'s Letters, doth yet rejoyce that she still retains the Writer and Author thereof engraven and characted in her heart; so doth *Albemare*, that now fully knowing *Baretano*, to be his Rival, and who by all probability is like to bear his Mistress from him, he hath (as he unjustly conceives) a just reason to be revenged, and a true occasion to fight with him: but as *Clara*'s comfort and consolation herein proceeds from true affection, so doth the vanity and impiety of this resolution of *Albemare*'s from hellish malice and devillish indignation; yea, although the night doth, or should bring counsel, yet as *Clara* passeth it over only with sighs, so doth *Albemare* with fumes of revenge against *Baretano*, vowing that he will in the morn towards *Millan*, and there try his fortune, either to kill him or to be killed of him in a Duel; to which end he is no sooner ready, but he acquaints the Lady *Emelia* with his intended journey, but not with his resolution to fight with *Baretano*, and the same he doth to (the Empress of his thoughts and Queen of his desires) *Clara*, demanding her, if she please to command him any service for *Millan*; who both blushing and paling hereat, her affection to *Baretano* having now made her expert in the subtilties of love, she well knows what wind drives *Albemare* to *Millan*; and therefore guided by discretion, and not by passion, she returns him this Answer: That having neither reason nor desire to command him, she only prays him to remember her humble duty to her Father and Mother, and so wisheth his journey prosperous; which answer of hers (being indeed no other than *Albemare* expected) he yet advanceth to kiss her at parting; which her civility, though not her affection, granted him; not so much as once dreaming or suspecting that he conceived the least thought or intent to fight with her sweet *Baretano*, and so he takes horse, having only one servant with him.

Albemare being arrived at Saint *Remy*, a small Town within fifteen miles of *Millan*; he resolves to dine there, which he doth; and to avoid the heat of the day, then betakes himself to sleep an hour or two; being awaked, he commands his man to make ready his horse; and seeing the Host of the house in his Chamber, enquires of him, if there were any Gentleman in the house riding to *Millan*, who as soon returns him this unlook'd for and unexpected answer; that there was a brave Gentleman in the house named *Seignior Baretano*, who was to ride thither some two or three hours hence. *Albemare* no sooner hears the name of *Baretano*, but his very heart-blood flasheth up in his face, when demanding of him again, what manner of Gentleman he was, he told him he was a tall slender young Gentleman, with never a hair on his face; and out of this window, quoth he, you may now see him walking in the Garden: when

Albemare

Albemare looking forth ſees indeed that is was his very Rival *Baretano*; when enquiring farther of the Hoſt what followers he had with him, he told him, that then he had none, but ſometimes when he came thither, either to take the air, or breathe his horſe, he was attended by two or three: and ſo the Hoſt leaves him, not once ſuſpecting of any difference between them. *Albemare* ſeeing his enemy (becauſe his Rival) brought to him, whom he formerly reſolved to ſeek and find out, aſſumes a baſe and a bloody reſolution to ſet upon him in the High-way diſguiſed, and there to venture his own life, and to deprive him of his; which to effect he will have no eye-witneſſes of this his ignoble and treacherous buſineſs; and therefore purpoſely ſends away his man to *Millan* before him, and ſo ſlipping into the Town, provides himſelf of a Mask or Vizard, then takes his horſe, and rather like a Thief than a Gentleman, lurks behind a Grove (ſome three miles from St. *Remy*) attending *Baretano*'s coming, who poor harmleſs young Gentleman, harbouring and breathing no other thoughts and wiſhes, than charity to all the world, and pure and fervent affection to his fair and dear *Clara*, likewiſe takes his Horſe, and draws homeward toward *Millan*; when being arrived at the place where *Albemare* ſecretly lay in ambuſh for him, he furiouſly and ſuddenly ruſheth forth, and with his Rapier drawn in his hand, runs *Baretano* into his right arm, who feeling the wound almoſt as ſoon as he ſaw his enemy, who gave it him, he is at firſt, as it were amazed hereat; when thinking him by his Mask to be a *Bandetti*, who were then very buſie in *Lombardy*, but eſpecially in the Dutchy of *Millan*, he told him that all the Coyn he had, which was ſome ten double Piſtols in Gold, and two Duckats in ſilver, were at his ſervice, but to fight in his defence, he would not; Not, quoth he, that he was any way a Coward, but that he affirmed he was lately affianced and engaged to a young Lady; ſo that he perfectly knew that her affection was ſo dear and tender towards him, as either the loſs or preſervation of his life would be that of hers; *Albemare* galled and touch'd to the quick with this his heart-killing anſwer to him, is wholly inflamed with cholet againſt him, when ruſhing towards him, he delivers him theſe words; Villain, it is not thy Gold, but thy life which I ſeek; and then ſtraining himſelf to run *Baretano* thorow, lo the ſtring of his Mask breaks, where *Baretano* apparently ſees it is his Rival *Albemare*; whereat, ſuch is his tender affection to his ſweet and fair *Clara*, that he who before turned Craven, and would not fight for his own ſake, is now cheerfully reſolved, not only to fight, but if occaſion require, to die for hers; and ſo returning the Villain to *Albemare*'s Throat, he inſtantly draws and joyns with him; and if *Albemare* be reſolute in fighting, no leſs valiant and couragious is *Baretano*; for the remembrance of his *Clara*'s ſweet Idea, and freſh delicious beauty, infuſeth ſuch life to his valour, and ſuch generoſity and animoſity to his courage, as he deals his blows roundly, and his thruſts freely, making *Albemare* know, that his Rapier is of an excellent temper, and yet his Heart of a better; and *Albemare* ſeeing he muſt buy his victory dearer then he expected, and diſdaining to be out-brav'd and beaten by a boy, plucks up his beſt ſpirits and courage to him, and ſo likewiſe behaves himſelf manfully and valiantly, in ſuch ſort that within leſs than a quarter of an hour, *Baretano* have given him five wounds, and he *Baretano* three; when the Count of *Martingue* paſſing that way in his Coach towards *Millan*, and ſeeing two Gentlemen ſo buſily fighting, he crys out to his Coachman, to gallop away with all celerity, and ſo parts them; when ſeeing them full of blood, ſweat, and duſt, having his *Chirurgion* ſtill in his train with him, he out of an honourable courteſie and charity intreats and accompanies them to the next houſe, where he cauſeth their wounds to be dreſt and bound up; when by their Apparel ſeeing them to be *Millaneſes*, he is deſirous to know their quarrel, and proffers his beſt aſſiſtance to reconcile and make them friends; but their hearts are ſo great, and their malice ſo implacable, as they both thank the Count for his noble courteſie, but beſeech him to pardon them, in obſcuring their names and quarrels; and yet he is ſo noble and generous, as he will not to leave them, but ſeeing them ſhrewdly wounded (though not he thinks mortally) he for their greater eaſe and ſafety, cauſeth two of his Gentlemen to mount their Horſes, and takes them both up into his Coach with him, and ſo brings them within the Gates of *Millan*, where after they had ſeverally rendered him many thanks for his Courteſie and Honour, he commends them both to their good Fortunes, and ſo leaves them.

Baretano and *Albemare* being thus arrived at *Millan*, they conceal their fightings, and ſo keep their Chambers, till they have ſecured their wounds: when *Albemare* viſits *Capello*, and his Lady *Caſtiana*, and reports to them the health and duty of their Daughter, as alſo her averſneſs towards him, and withal ſhews her *Baretano*'s two Letters to her, whereby it is apparent, that ſhe is ſo wholly his, as he himſelf is ſure never to obtain or enjoy her. Her Father and Mother at the firſt, ſeem to hang their heads at this news, and the peruſal of the Letters, but at laſt, bid him not deſpair, but be couragious, for he, and only he ſhall be their Son-in-

Law. But *Albemare* considering that for the term of at least six Months, he, *Camelion*-like, had only been fed with the air of their vain promises; and that he perfectly knew, that *Clara* only intended to marry *Baretano*, and none but him: his love to her was so tender and fervent, as he cannot conceive the shadow of any hope how to obtain her for his wife in this world, before he have sent *Baretano* to another; when he being constant in his resolution thereof to himself, because he was resolute in his constancy and affection to *Clara*; no Reason, no Religion, nor his Conscience, not his Soul, can divert him from this bloody design, from this murtherous, and therefore damnable project: Feeding therefore on malice, and boiling with Revenge towards *Baretano*, he, not as a Gentleman, but rather, degenerating from vertue and honour of that honourable degree and quality, bethinks himself, either by Pistol or Poyson how he may treacherously dispatch him; whereon ruminating and pondering (as Malice and Revenge may perchance slumber, but difficultly sleep) the Devil, who is never absent in such hellish stratagems and occasions, gives him means (though by a contrary course) how to dispatch him: For on a day, descending the stairs of the *Domo*, he sees *Pedro* and *Leonardo* (two Souldiers, or rather *Braves* of the Castle of *Pavia*) pass by him; with whom he had been formerly acquainted, but so poorly apparelled, as, weighing their bloody humours by their necessity, he (in favour of mony) thinks them very fit *Agents* and *Instruments* to murther and make away *Baretano*; to which end, to play the *Practick* part, as well as the *Theorick*, and so to reduce this his bloody contemplation into action; he sends his man *Valerio* after them, and prays them to repair to him in the *Claisters* of *Borromeo*'s Palace, for that he hath a business to impart them of great importance for their profits. *Valerio* overtakes them, delivers them his Master's pleasure; who nettled with this word profit, they repair to the *Rendevouz*, and meet *Albemare*; when having refreshed their acquaintance, and he sworn them to secresie, as he was a wretched and perfidious Gentleman, acquaints them with his desire, some ten days hence to have them murther *Seignior Baretano* in the street by night, and to give it out, that it was done by some *Spaniards* of the *Viceroy*'s Guard, and that he will give them an hundred Duckatoons in hand, and leave them as much more with his man *Valerio*, which they shall receive of him, when they have dispatcht him; and for his own part, some four or five days hence he will away for *Modena*, to cast the better varnish and colour that he was innocent thereof, and had no finger at all in the business.

Pedro and *Leonardo* seeing that *Albemare* proffered them Gold, which they so much wanted and desired, like two Limbs of the Devil, and as a couple of Hellish Blood-Hounds, not only promise, but swear to him punctually, in all respects to perform his desires, and so they touch their first hundred Duckatoons, which being the pledg and price of innocent Blood, it will assuredly cost them dear, and draw down vengeance, ruin, and confusion on their heads from Heaven, when they least think or dream thereof. *Albemare* having settled this his bloody and mournful business with *Pedro* and *Leonardo*, he is again solicited by *Capello* and *Castiana*, to return to their Daughter in *Modena*; whereunto he willingly consenteth; when armed with their Letters to her, wherein they charge her on their commands and blessing, to dispose her self to affect and marry him; he within four days departeth: But having secretly revealed his fight with *Baretano* to some of *Capello* his chiefest and most confident servants, yet they love and honour their young Lady *Clara* so well in her absence, as they send her the true relation and intelligence thereof, which is at *Modena* a little before *Albemare*, the which being unknown to him, he is no sooner arrived there, but he salutes first the Aunt *Emelia*, then her Neece, and his Mistress *Clara*; to whom having delivered his Parents Letters, she stepping aside to the window, reads them, and so returning to him again, gives him this sharp and bitter welcome: *My Father and Mother command me to love thee; but how can I, since upon the high-way, thou basely and treacherously attemptedst to kill my dear* Baretano, *whom I love a thousand times dearer than the whole world?* When with tears in her eyes, and choler in her looks, she very suddenly and passionately flings from him; whereat *Emelia* wondreth, and he both storms and grieves; and so they betake themselves to their Chambers, where *Albemare* throwing himself on his Bed, saith thus to himself, Unkind and cruel *Clara*, if thou take my fighting with *Baretano* thus tenderly, how wilt thou brook the news of his death? On the other side, *Clara* grieves as much at her *Baretano*'s wounds, as she rejoyceth at his safety and recovery; yea, so tender is her affection to him, as she a thousand times wishes that the blood he lost, had streamed from her own heart. Again, knowing his wounds free from danger, she cannot but smile, and delight to see his dear and true affection to her, in remembring, that he would not fight for his own sake, and yet was ready, yea, and valiantly hazarded to lose his life for hers; and in these amorous conceits and contemplations, she pensively drives away the time, admiring and wondering that all this while she hears not

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from her *Baretano*; but alas, alas! ſhe ſhall hear too too ſoon of him, though indeed never more from him; for theſe execrable wretches, *Pedro* and *Leonardo*, ſome four days after *Albemare*'s departure to *Modena*, they, according to their promiſe and oath given him, like two moſt bloody and butcherly Villains, cruelly aſſault and murther this harmleſs and innocent young Gentleman *Baretano*, in the ſtreets of *Millan* by night, with no leſs than ſeven ſeveral wounds, whereof four were clean thorow his body; and ſo give it out (as it was formerly concluded) that he was murthered by ſome *Spaniards* of the *Vice-roy*'s Guard; when the ſame night they repair to *Valerio*, acquaints him therewith, receive their other hundred Duckatoons, and ſo provide for their ſafety in the City; but that bloody money, and this cruel murther, will in the end coſt them dearer than either they imagine or dream of.

Whiles *Millan* ratleth with the news of *Baretano*'s bloody and untimely end, as his own friends infinitely lament and grieve, ſo *Capello* and his wife *Caſtiana*, cannot refrain from rejoycing thereat, as now aſſuring themſelves, that *Albemare* ſhall ſhortly be their Son-in-Law; and for *Valerio*, he with all poſſible ſpeed, writes away thereof to *Modena*, to his Maſter, who entertains this news with infinite joy and delectation, and preſently acquaints the Lady *Emelia* therewith; whereat ſhe rejoyceth, and he triumphs; but they both reſolve as yet, to conceal it from *Clara*, becauſe they know ſhe will even diſſolve and melt into tears thereat. But four days after are not fully expired, but her Father and Mother advertize their Daughter *Clara*, their ſiſter *Emelia* and *Albemare* thereof, by a Gentleman a ſervant of theirs, whom they purpoſely ſend to *Modena* to bring back *Clara* and *Albemare* to *Millan*. But, it is for none but Lovers to conceive or judge, with what extream exceſs of grief and immoderate ſorrow our poor *Clara* underſtands this heart-piercing news of her *Baretano*'s mournful and ſorrowful death; for ſhe is no ſooner advertiſed thereof, but ſhe throws off her attire, tears her hair, and twice following falls to the ground in a ſwound; ſo as *Emelia*, *Albemare*, *Adriana*, and her Father's Gentleman, can hardly refetch and keep life in her, but being come again to her ſenſes and ſelf, and faintly opening her cloudy eyes to the beams of the Sun, who enamored of her beauty (as well in pity as love) came to comfort and revive her; ſhe wringing her hands, then croſſing her arms; and laſtly, looking up towards *Heaven*, betwixt ſighing and ſpeaking, breathes forth theſe mournful, paſſionate, and affectionate ſpeeches.

O my *Baretano*, my ſweet and dear *Baretano*! and ſhall thy wretched *Clara* live, thou being dead? When the violence of her affection and ſorrow making her forget her ſelf, and her God, ſhe ſecretly unſheaths her Knife, and then, and there would have ſtabbed her ſelf to death, had not *Albemare* and her Aunt *Emelia* ſpeedily ſtept to her aſſiſtance, and prevented her, by wreſting it from her; when conducting her to the Garden to take the air, ſhe prays *Albemare* to leave her, and in his abſence often again repeating the name of her dear *Baretano*, ſhe a thouſand times wiſheth that her life had ranſomed his; vowing that although ſhe were a woman, yet if ſhe knew his murtherers ſhe would fly to their eyes, and tear out their hearts, in meer revenge of this inhuman and cruel death; when her ſorrows are ſo infinite, and her grief ſo unſupportable, as ſhe cannot long remain in one place, but withdraws her ſelf from the Garden to her Chamber; where her Aunt *Emelia* carefully accompanies her, lies with her that night to comfort her, who, poor afflicted young Lady, neither can nor will be comforted; ſo as the next morning, had not the Aunt powerfully prevented and ſtopped her, ſhe had then undoubtedly entred the *Nunnery* of her own name St. *Clara*, and in that retired and obſcure life, there ended her days in *Modena*; reſolving in true affection and zeal to her dead *Baretano*, never thence-forth, either to ſee her Parents, or *Millan*; but being diverted and comforted by ſome Divines, and many Ladies of that City, ſhe brooking her ſorrows as patiently as ſhe may, (with much ſolicitation) after ten days, permits her ſelf to be conveyed home to *Millan*, where, although ſhe were cheerfully received, and joyfully entertained of her Father and Mother, yet ſhe likewiſe went near to have there mewed her ſelf up a ſpiritual Siſter in the Nunnery of *Annunciation*: but that again ſhe was prevented; whereat grieving, ſhe takes off mourning attire, and vows to wear it a whole year for his ſake; when to make her ſelf (as ſhe was) both a true *Lover*, and a true *Mourner* to the memory of her dead *Baretano*, ſhe often-times ſteals into St. *Euphemia*'s Church, where he was buried, and there bedews his Tomb with tears, living ſo penſively, and diſconſolately, that although ſhe live in the world, yet it ſeems ſhe neither is, nor long will be of the world.

But as women are but women, and as time is a ſoveraign remedy for all diſeaſes and ſorrows; ſo about ſome ten months after, the inceſſant importunity of her Father and Mother, and the continual tender reſpect and obſervant courteſie of *Albemare* towards her, make her

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somewhat neglect and forget the memory of *Baretano*, and now to look on him with a more pleasing and favourable eye, than before. But here (again) a consideration makes her affection die towards *Albemare*, almost as soon as it begins to live. For why (quoth she) should I affect or love him, who at St. *Remy* gave her *Baretano* three several wounds? But then love again steps in, and thus pleads with her for *Albemare*; That he received five wounds, and gave *Baretano* but three, which made him lose far more blood than *Baretano*; and yet that this attempt of his was only occasioned through his affection to her, and only for her sake, as loving her dearer than his own life; which again gave her thoughts such satisfaction, as weighed down and vanquished, as well by the Power and Prayers of her Parents, as also by the endless sighs, Letters and Presents of *Albemare*. The year is no sooner expired, and her mourning weeds and attire done away, but to their own hearts content, and the unspeakable joy of their Parents, they in *Millan* (with great Pomp and Bravery) are very solemnly married. But this marriage of theirs shall not prove so prosperous as they expect and hope; for *God* in his all-seeeing *Providence*, hath decreed to disturb the tranquility and serenity thereof, and to make them feel the sharp and bitter showers of *affliction* and *misery*, which briefly doth thus surprize and befal them.

Albemare and *Clara* have hardly been married together a year and a quarter, but his hot love begins to wax cold and frozen to her; yea, albeit she affected him truly and tenderly, yet he continually neglected her, and no longer delighting in the sweetness of her youth, and the freshness of her beauty, his lustful eyes and thoughts carry his lascivious self abroad among Curtezans, when they should be fixed on her, and resident at home with his chast and fair Lady; so as his infidelity proving her grief and torments, and his vanity and ingratitude, her unspeakable affliction and vexation; she with infinite sighs and tears repents her matching him, and a thousand times wishes she had been so happy and blessed to have died *Baretano*'s Martyr, and not so unfortunate and accursed to live to see her self *Albemare*'s Wife; and yet were there any hope of his reformation, she should then prefix bounds to her calamities and sorrows; but seeing that his vices grew with his age, and that every day he became more vicious and unkind to her than other, her hopes are now wholly turned into despair, her mirth into mourning; yea, her inward discontents so apparently bewray themselves in her outward sorrowful complexion and countenance, that the Roses of her cheeks are metamorphosed into Lillies and her heart so wholly taken up with anguish, and surprized with sorrow, as she wisheth that her bed were her grave, and her self in Heaven with God; because she could find no comfort here on Earth with her Husband: but beyond her expectation, God is providing to redress her grief, and to remedy her afflictions by a very strange and unlooked-for Accident.

The *Providence* and *Justice* of God doth now again refetch bloody *Pedro*, to act another part upon the *Stage* and *Theatre* of this History; for having spent that money lewdly, which he before got damnably of *Albemare*, his wants are so great, and his necessity so urgent, as having played the murtherer before, he makes no conscience or scruple now to play the thief, and so by night breaks into a Jeweller's shop, named *Seignior Fiamata*, dwelling in the great place before the *Domo*, and there carries away from him a small Trunk or Casket, wherein were some uncut *Saphyrs* and *Emralds*, with some *Venice* crystal pendants for Ladies to wear in their ears, and other rich commodities; but *Fiamata* lying over his shop, and hearing it, and locking his door to him for fear of having his throat cut, gives out the cry and alarm forth the window, which ringing into the street, makes some of the neighbours, and also the watch approach and assemble; where finding *Pedro* running with a Casket under his arm, he is presently hem'd in, apprehended and imprisoned, and the Casket took from him, and again restored to *Fiamata*; when knowing that he shall die for this robbery, as a just punishment and judgment of God, now sent him for formerly murthering of *Baretano*, he having no other hope to escape death, but by the means of *Albemare*; he sends early the next morning for his man *Valerio*, to come to the Prison to him; whom, he bids to tell his Master *Albemare* from him, that being sure to be condemned for this robbery of his, if he procure him not his pardon, he will not charge his Soul any longer with the murther of *Baretano*, but will on the Ladder reveal, how it was he who hired himself and *Leonardo* to perform it; *Valerio* reporting this to his Master, it affrights his thoughts, and terrifies his conscience and courage, to see himself reduced to this misery, that no less than his life must now stand to the mercy of this wretched Varlet *Pedro*'s tongue. But knowing it impossible to obtain a Pardon for him, and therefore high time to provide for his own safety, by stopping of *Pedro*'s mouth; he resolves to heave *Ossa* upon *Pelion*, or to add murther to murther, and now to poyson him in Prison, whom he had formerly caused to murther *Baretano* in the street, to the end he might tell no tales on the Ladder, thinking it no ingratitude or sin, but rather a just reward and recompence for his former bloody service; so to feed *Pedro* with false hopes, thereby to charm his tongue to silence, and to lull his malice

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asleep, he speedily returns *Valerio* to prison to him, who bids him fear nothing, for that his Master had vowed to get him his pardon, as he shall more effectually hear from him that night; whereat *Pedro* rejoyceth and triumpheth, telling *Valerio*, that his Master *Albemare*, is the most generous and bravest Cavalier of *Lombardy*. But to nip his joys in their untimely blossoms, and to disturb the harmony of his false content, that very day, as soon as he had dined, he is tryed and arraigned before his Judges; and being apparently convicted and found guilty of this robbery, he is by them adjudged to be hanged the next morn, at a Gibbet, purposely to be erected before *Fiamata*'s house, where he committed his delict and crime: which just sentence, not only makes his joy strike sail to sorrow, but also his pride and hopes let fall their Peacock's Plumes to humility and fear; but his only trust and comfort, yea his last hopes and refuge, is in *Albemare*, who hearing him to be condemned to be executed the next morning, he is enforced to play his bloody prize that night, and so in the evening sends *Valerio* to prison to him, with a Capon and two Fiascoes (or Bottles) of Wine for him to make merry, informing him that he hath obtained his Pardon, and that it is written, and wants nothing but the *Viceroy*'s Sign to it, which he shall have to morrow at break of day. But the Wine of one of the Bottles, was intermixed with strong and deadly Poyson, which was so cunningly tempered, as it carried no distasteful, but a pleasing relish, to the palate. *Valerio* like an execrable Villain, proving as true a servant to his Master, as rebellious and false to his God, punctually performs this fearful and mournful business, and having made *Pedro* twice drunk, first with good news, and then with his poysoned Wine, he takes leave of him that night, and committing him to his rest, promiseth to be with him very early in the morning with his Pardon. When this miserable and beastly profane wretch, never thinking of his danger, or death; of God, or his Soul; of Heaven, or Hell, betakes himself to his bed, where the poyson spreading ore his vital parts, soon bereaves him of his breath, sending his Soul from this life and world to another.

Now the next morning very early, as the Gaoler came to his Chamber, to bid him prepare to his execution, he finds him dead and cold in his bed; and thus was the miserable end of this bloody and inhuman Murtherer (and Thief) *Pedro*, who yet for example-sake was one whole day hanged by the heels in his shirt, at his appointed place of execution, because his Judges deemed that he had cruelly poysoned and made away himself. And now doth *Albemare* again rejoyce and triumph, to see he hath avoided that dangerous shelf and rock whereon he was very likely to have suffered shipwrack, yea, and now he thinks himself so absolutely safe and secure, as he holds it impossible, that either his murthering of *Baretano*, or his poysoning of *Pedro*, can any way reflect on him, or henceforth produce him any farther storms or tempests; but his hopes and joys will deceive him; for God, who is the infallible revenger of innocent blood will not so leave him, but 'ere long when he least thinks or dreams thereof, not only in his providence detect these his foul crimes, but in his Justice severely punish them, and the Readers curiosity shall not go far to see it; for as to a guilty Conscience, it is the pleasure of the Lord, that one misery befall him in the neck and nick of the other, so *Albemare* is no sooner freed of *Pedeo* in *Millan*, but behold he is afresh entangled and assaulted with *Leonardo* (his other hired Murtherer) in *Pavia*, who having there prodigally rioted away his hundred Duckatoons, and also run himself far in debt; his Creditors joyn together, and so clap him prisoner, where having no other hope for his freedom and liberty, but to rely on *Albemare*, he writes him a Letter to *Millan*, wherein he acquaints him with his poverty and misery, and prays him (for the obtaining of his liberty) either to give or lend him fifty Duckatoons; *Albemare* receives this Letter, but forgetting his former service; as also thinking it only a fetch of *Leonardo*, to fetch him over for so many Duckatoons, as God would have it, he very inconsiderately burns this his Letter, and answereth it with silence; but he shall repent when it will be too late, and out of his power to remedy this his ingratitude and indiscretion.

Leonardo having at least fifteen days expected an answer from *Albemare*, and receiving none, he is extreamly incensed and enraged to see himself thus slighted and forgotten of him, when exasperated by his misery, and animated by his extream poverty and indigence, in that he is now inforced to sell away his apparel, and so to uncloath his back, thereby to feed his belly; he intends no more to request and pray him, but now resolves to touch him to the quick, the which he doth in these few lines which he sends him to *Millan* by a messenger of purpose.

LEONARDO to ALBEMARE.

IF my first Letter prevailed not with thee for the loan or gift of fifty Duckatoons, to free me from this my miserable imprisonment; I make no doubt but this my second will: for being a Souldier, I give thee to understand that I hold it far more generous to hang than starve; sith as a halter is only the beginning of

of my friends sorrows, so it will likewise be the end of my own miseries; yea, if thou speedily furnish and accomplish not my request, although it cost me my life, I will no longer conceal how thou didst hire Pedro *and my self for two hundred Ducatoons to give Seignior* Baretano *his death, which at thy request we performed: Think then how near my secrecy concerns thy life, sith when I suffer death, I know thou hast but a short and poor time left thee to survive me: Therefore thank thy self if thy ingratitude turn my affection into contempt, and that into revenge and malice.*

LEONARDO.

Now although *Leonardo* meant not as he writ, yet this his messenger coming to *Millan*, and not finding *Albemare* at his house, knows not (and yet is resolute) what to do, either to stay his coming in, or to deliver his Letter to some of his servants; but waiting at his door till late in the evening, and hearing no news of him, he gives it to *Valerio*, and (without telling him from whom or whence it came) prays him safely to deliver it to his Master, and that he will repair thither the next morning for an answer. *Valerio* claps the Letter into his pocket, awaiting his Master's coming; but he is so bad a Husband to himself, and so disloyal and unkind a one to his chast and fair Wife, as he was out all night with his *Courtisans*, which good and virtuous Lady, even pierceth her heart with grief and sorrow. Now *Valerio* seeing his Master absent, his coming uncertain, and himself enforced to go forth about his affairs, he placeth the Letter upon a Cupboard near his Master's study, that it might be apparent to his eye when he came in, and so departs.

But here the mercy and providence of God invite the *Christian Reader* to admire and wonder at the strange discovery and detection of this Letter; for as *Albemare* (more for sport than charity) kept a man fool of some forty years old in his house, who indeed was so naturally peevish, as not *Millan*, hardly *Italy* could match him for simplicity. It so chanced, that this harmless fool gat into the room after *Valerio*, and saw him put up this Letter on the cup-board; Now, as Children and Fools may in some sort be termed Cousin-*German* to Apes; so, as soon as *Valerio* was departed, this Fool (no doubt led wholly by the direction and finger of God, rather than by his own proper ignorance and simplicity) gets into the Chamber, and taking a stool to ascend the Cupboard, he brings away the Letter, which both in the Hall and Yard he tosses and dandles in his hand, as if this new found play gave delight and content to his extravagant and simple thoughts; when, behold our sweet and virtuous *Clara* coming from St. *Ambrose* Church, where she had been to hear *Vesper's*, and seeing a fair Letter fast sealed in the Fool's hand; she enquires of him from whence he had it? who singing and hopping, and still playing with the Letter, she could get no other answer from him, but, *That it was his Letter, and that God had sent it him, God had sent it him*; which speeches of his he often redoubled. When *Clara* weighing his words, and considering out of whose mouth they came, her heart instantly began to grow, and her colour to rise, as if God and her Soul prompted her, that she had some interest in that Letter: whereupon snatching it from the Fool, whom she left crying in the Hall for the loss thereof; she seeing it directed to her Husband, goes to the Parlour, attended by *Adriana*, and there siting down in a Chair, and breaking up the Seals thereof, she begins to read it; but when she draws towards the conclusion thereof, and finds that it was her Husband *Albemare* who had caused her dear Lover and Friend *Baretano* to be murthered; then not able to contain her self for sorrow, she throws her self on the floor, and weeps, and sighs so mournfully, as the most obdurate and flintest heart could not chuse but relent into pity to see her; for sometimes she looked up to Heaven, and then again dejecting her eyes to earth; now wringing her hands, and then crossing her arms; in such disconsolate and afflicted manner, as *Adriana* could not likewise refrain from tears to behold her: when after a deep and profound silence, she bandying and evaporating many volleys of far-fetcht sighs into the air, commanding *Adriana* forth, and the door being shut, with the two extremities of passion and sorrow, she alone utters these mournful speeches to her self.

And shall *Clara* live to understand, that her *Baretano* was murthered for her sake, and by her unfortunate Husband *Albemare*? and shall she any more lie in bed with him, who so inhumanly hath lain him in his untimely and bloody Grave? And *Clara*, *Clara*, wilt thou prove so ungrateful to his memory, and to the tender affection he bore thee, as not to lament, nor seek to revenge this his disastrous and cruel end? When again, her tears interrupting her words, and her sighs her tears; she entring into a further consultation with her thoughts and conscience, her heart and her soul, at last continues her speech in this manner: O, but unfortunate and wretched *Clara*, what speakest thou of Revenge? for consider with thy self, yea, forget not to consider, *Baretano* was but thy friend, *Albemare* is thy Husband; the first loved thee in hope to marry thee, but thou art married to the second, and therefore thou must love him;

and

and although his ingratitude and infidelity towards thee, make him unworthy of thy affection, yet ye two are but one flesh, and therefore consider, that Malice is a bad Advocate, and revenge a worse Judg. But here again remembring what a foul and odious crime Murther was in the sight of the Lord, that the discovery thereof infinitely tended to his glory and honour; and that the poor Fool was doubtless inspired from Heaven, to affirm that God sent the Letter; she knows that her bonds of conscience to her Saviour, must exceed and give a Law to those of her duty towards her Husband: and therefore preferring Heaven before Earth, and God before her Husband, she immediatly calls for her Coach, and goes directly to *Baretano*'s Uncle, *Seignior Giovan de Montefiore*, and with sighs and tears shews him the Letter, who formerly, though in vain, had most curiously and exactly hunted to discover the Murtherers of his Nephew. *Montefiore* first reads the Letter with tears, then with joy; and then turning towards the Lady *Clara*, he commends her zeal and Christian fortitude towards God, in shewing her how much the discovery of this Murther tended to His glory: and so presently sends away for the President Criminal; who immediately repairing thither, he acquaints him therewith, shews him the Letter, and prays him to examine the Lady *Clara* thereon; which with much modesty and equity he doth, and then returns with her to her house, and there likewise examineth the Fool where he had the Letter; who out of his incivility and simplicity, takes the President by the hand, and bringing him to the Cupboard, tells him, here God sent the Letter, and here I found it: when *Valerio* being present, and imagining by his Lady's heavy and sorrowful countenance, that this Letter had (perhaps) brought her into some affliction and danger; he looking on the direction of the Letter, as also on the seal, reveals both to the President, and his Lady, that he received that Letter from one whom he knew not, and that he left it purposely on the Cupboard for his Master against his coming. The President being fully satisfied herein, admires at God's Providence, revealed in the simplicity of this poor harmless Fool, in bringing this Letter; which brought the murther of *Baretano* to light (when knowing that God doth many times raise up the foolish and weak, to confound the wise and mighty things of the world) he presently grants out a Commission to apprehend *Albemare*; who being then found in bed with *Mariana*, one of the most famous Beauties and reputed Curtesans of *Millan*: He, both astonished and amazed by the just Judgments of God, is drawn from his beastly pleasures and adulteries, to prison; where being charged to have hired *Pedro* and *Leonardo* to have murthered *Baretano*, he stoutly denies it. But *Leonardo*'s Letter being read him, and he thereon adjudged to the Rack, his Soul and Conscience ringing him many thundering Peals of terror, he there at large confesseth it; when for this foul and bloody fact of his, he the same afternoon is condemned to be hanged the next morning, at the common place of Execution, which administreth matter of talk and admiration thorowout all *Millan*, when Serjeants are likewise sent away to *Pavia*, to bring *Leonardo* to *Millan*, who not so much as once dream'd or thought that ever this Letter would have produced him this danger and misery.

And now *Albemare* advertised of the manner how this Letter of *Leonardo*'s was brought to light (without looking up to Heaven, from whence this vengeance justly befel him for his sins) he curses the cruelty of his Wife, the simplicity of the Fool, but most bitterly exclaims against the remissness and carelessness of his Servant *Valerio*, in not retaining and keeping that Letter, which is the only cause of his death: yea, he is so transported with choler against him, as although he hath but a few hours to live, yet he vows he will assuredly cry quittance with him ere he dye.

Now the charity of his Judges, send him Divines that night in Prison, to prepare and clear his Conscience, and to confirm and fortifie his Soul against the morn, in his last conflict with the world, and her flight and transmigration to Heaven; who powerfully and religiously admonishing him, that if he have committed any other notorious offence or crime, he should now do well to reveal it. He likewise there and then confesseth, how he had caused his man *Valerio* to poyson *Pedro* with Wine in Prison, the very night before he was executed: whereupon this bloody and execrable Wretch (according to his hellish desert) is likewise apprehended and imprisoned.

And now God's Mercy and Justice brings this unfortunate (because irreligious) Gentleman *Albemare*, to receive condign punishment for those his two horrible Murthers which he had caused to be committed on the Persons of *Baretano* and *Pedro*; who ascending the Ladder in presence of a world of Spectators, who flocked from all parts of the City to see him take his last farewel of the world, (the sight and remembrance of his foul crimes, having now made him not only sorrowful but repentant) he briefly delivered these few words.

He confesseth that he had hired *Pedro* and *Leonardo* to kill *Baretano* in the street, and seduced

ced his ſervant *Valerio* to poyſon *Pedro* in priſon; whereof with much grief and contrition, he heartily repented himſelf, and beſought the Lord to forgive it him: he likewiſe beſought *Leonardo* and *Valerio* to forgive him, in reſpect he knew he was the cauſe of their deaths; becauſe he was ſure they ſhould not long ſurvive him. He likewiſe forgave his Fool, as being aſſured, that it was not he in the Letter, but God in him, that had revealed the Letter for his juſt puniſhment and confuſion. And laſtly, he with many tears forgave his Wife and Lady *Clara*, whom he affirmed from his heart, was by far too virtuous for ſo diſſolute and vile a Husband as himſelf. He blamed himſelf for neglecting to love her; and curſed his Queans and Curteſans, as being the chief cauſe of all his miſeries: when requeſting all that were preſent, to pray for his Soul, he was turned off.

But his Judges ſeeing that he had added Murther to Murther, they held it Juſtice to add Puniſhment to his Puniſhment; and ſo he is no ſooner cut down, but they cauſe his body to be burnt, and his aſhes to be thrown into the air; which is accordingly performed.

Now, becauſe the Lord in his Juſtice will puniſh as well the Agents, as the Authors of murther, whiles *Albemare* is acting the laſt Scene and Cataſtrophe of this Tragedy, his wretched Hireling *Leonardo*, and his execrable ſervant *Valerio*, are likewiſe attainted, found guilty, and condemned to be hang'd for their ſeveral Murthers of *Baretano* and *Pedro*; and ſo the very ſame afternoon they were brought to their Executions, where *Leonardo* his former life and profeſſion, having made him know better how to ſin than repent; he, out of a ſouldier-like bravery, (or rather vanity) thinks rather to terrifie death, than that death ſhould terrifie him; begging pardon for his ſins in general, of God and the world, and then bidding the Hang-man do his Office, takes his laſt adieu of the world.

When immediately *Valerio* aſcends the Ladder, who having repentance in his heart, and grief and ſorrow in his looks, as near as could be obſerved and gathered, ſpake theſe words.

That being poor both in Friends and Means, the only hope and preferment under his Maſter, made him at his requeſt to poyſon *Pedro* in priſon: That many times ſince, he hath heartily grieved for it, and now from his very Soul repents himſelf of it, and beſeeches the Lord to forgive it him; that he was as guilty of his murther, as innocent of *Baretano*'s; yea, or of the knowledge thereof, before his Maſter was impriſoned for the ſame; and that as this was his firſt capital crime, ſo ſith he muſt now dye, he rejoyceth it was his laſt; and ſo praying all ſervants to beware by his miſerable example, not to be ſeduced to commit murther, either by their Maſters, or the Devil: and beſeeching all that were preſent, to pray for his Soul, he reſigning and commending it into the hands of his Redeemer, was likewiſe turned off.

And theſe were the miſerable (yet deſerved) ends of theſe bloody Murtherers; and thus did God's Juſtice and Revenge, triumph over their crimes, and themſelves, by heaping and raining down confuſion on their heads from Heaven, when the Devil (falſly) made them believe they ſate ſecure, yea, when they leaſt dream'd thereof on Earth. Oh that the ſight and remembrance of their puniſhments, may reſtrain and deter us from conſpiring and committing the like crimes! ſo ſhall we live fortunate, and die happy; whereas they died miſerably, becauſe they lived impiouſly and prophanely.

And here fully to conclude and ſhut up this Hiſtory, and therein, as I think, to give ſome ſatisfaction to the curioſity of the Reader, who may perchance deſire to know what became after of the fair and virtuous *Clara*: Why, her ſorrows were ſo infinite, and her quality and nature ſo ſorrowful, as being weary of the world, and as it were weighed down with the inceſſant vanities, croſſes, and afflictions thereof, ſhe (notwithſtanding the power and perſwaſions of her Parents) aſſumes her former reſolution, to retire and ſequeſter her ſelf from converſing with the world, and ſo enters into the Nunnery of the *Annunciation* (ſo famous in *Millan*) where, for ought I know, or can ſince underſtand to the contrary, ſhe yet lives a penſive and ſolitarily life.

The

The Triumph of God's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

HISTORY XIII.

La Vaſſelay *poiſoneth her Waiting-maid,* Gratiana, *becauſe ſhe is jealous that her Husband* De Merſon *is diſhoneſt with her; whereupon he lives from her: in revenge whereof ſhe cauſeth her man* La Villete, *to murther him in a Wood, and then marries him in requital. The ſaid* La Villete, *a year after, riding thorow the ſame Wood, his horſe falls with him, and almoſt kills him; when he confeſſeth the murther of his Maſter,* De Merlon, *and accuſeth his Wife,* La Vaſſelay, *to be the cauſe thereof: ſo for theſe their bloody crimes, he is hanged, and ſhe burnt alive.*

HOW falſly, nay, how impiouſly do we term our ſelves Chriſtians, when under that glorious and ſanctified Title, we ſeek to profane and deface the glory of Chriſt, in cruelly murthering our Brethren his Members? Effects, not of zeal, but of rage; not of piety, but of madneſs; invented by the Devil, and perpetrated by none but by his Agents: lamentable effects! yea, I ſay, bloody and infernal crimes, which ſtill ruin thoſe who contrive, and confound thoſe who finiſh them. For, let us but look from Earth to Heaven, from Satan to God, from Nature to Grace, and from our Hearts to our Souls; and we ſhall aſſuredly find it very difficult for us to define, whether Charity be a ſweeter Virtue, and Malice a fouler Vice; whether that be more ſecure, or this pernicious, fatal, and dangerous; whether that be a more apparent teſtimony of God's ſaving grace towards us, or this of our own inevitable perdition and reprobation. And as it is an odious ſin, and diſpleaſing ſacrifice in the ſight of God, for one ſtranger to kill another; O then, how much more execrable and diabolical muſt it be for a Gentlewoman to poyſon her Waiting-maid, and for a ſervant to piſtol his Maſter to death, at the inſtigation of the ſame Gentlewoman his Wife: for murthers, no leſs ingrateful and cruel, doth this ſubſequent Hiſtory relate; and wherein we ſhall ſee, that God in the triumphs of his Re-

venging *Juſtice*, and out of his ſacred Providence, hath in all points made their puniſhments as ſharp and ſevere, as their crimes were bloody and deplorable. May we then read it to God's glory and our own conſolation, which we ſhall aſſuredly perform, if we hate the like crimes in others, and deteſt them in our ſelves.

In the fair and pleaſant City of *Mans*, (being the chief and Capital of the Province of *Main* in *France*) in the very latter years that the Marſhal of *Boyes-Daulphin* was Governor thereof, under the preſent King *Lewis* XIII. his Maſter, there dwelt a Gentlewoman, aged threeſcore and three years, termed *La Vaſſelay*, being well deſcended, and left very rich, as well in Lands as Moveables, by her late deceaſed Husband, *Mounſieur Froyſet*, who was ſlain in the behalf of the Queen-Mother, in the defence of *Pont de Sey*, aſſaulted and taken by the King her Son. Now although this old Widow, *La Vaſſelay*, (in reſpect of her Age) was far more fit to ſeek God in the Church, than a new Husband in her Bed; yet ſhe is weary of a ſingle life, although it be not fully ſix Months ſince ſhe hath buried her ſecond Husband; (for the Reader muſt underſtand, ſhe had formerly buried her firſt, at leaſt five and twenty years before, and is now again reſolved to take a third) and albeit ſhe knew, that the civility of the Widows of *France*, was ſuch, that they ſeldom marry, but almoſt never within the term of a whole year; yet her conceit and fancy, thinks it not only lawful, but fit, to break this too auſtere cuſtom, and therefore ſhe peremptorily reſolves to live a Wife, and not to die a Widow. But this reſolution of hers, were ſhe either in the Summer or the Autumn of her years, had been as excuſable and praiſe-worthy, as now it ſavoured of undecency and inconſtancy, ſith ſhe was in the Winter thereof: for Age, deſpight of her Youth, and youthful deſires, had thrown Snow on her head, and new-dyed the colour of the hair from black to white: yea, ſhe was ſo far from retaining any ſigns or reliques of an indifferent beauty, as the furrows of her face could not juſtly ſhew any ruins or demolitions thereof; and yet (forſooth) ſhe will marry again. Now her Birth and Wealth, rather than her Virtues and Perſonage, invite many old Widowers, and ſome rich Gentlemen and Counſellors of the famous Preſidial Court of that City, to ſeek her in marriage; and indeed both for Lands and Mony, none her inferiors, but at leaſt her equals, and ſome her betters: but in vain; for the vanity of her thoughts ſuggeſt her, that, either ſhe is too young for them, or they too old for her; and therefore ſhe will have none of them: yea, her luſt ſeems ſo youthfully to give a Law to her age, and ſhe a lie to her years, as ſhe caſts off her Mourning attire, decks her ſelf up in gay apparel, powders her hair, paints her face, with a reſolution (forſooth) to have no old Dotard, but a young Gallant, to her Husband; as if therein ſhe wholly placed, not only her content, but her felicity. But we many times ſee ſuch irregular deſires, and ſuch incontinent deſigns, meet with unexpected miſery, and unthought-of repentance.

Now during the time that the vain carriage and deportment of this old Gentlewoman and Widow, *La Vaſſelay*, made her ſelf the laughter and by-word of all *Mans*, home comes a young Gentleman of this Country of *Main*, termed *Mounſieur de Merſon*, from his travel in *Italy*, whoſe Father dwelt betwixt *La Vall* and *Gravelle*, termed *Mounſieur de Manfrelle*, being a Gentleman well deſcended, and rich, and to whom *De Merſon* was ſecond Son, who in a year's abſence in *Italy*, being purpoſely ſent thither by his Father, to enrich his experience and capacity (which is the true eſſence and glory of a Traveller, thereby to be the more capable to ſerve his Prince and Countrey, as alſo to be a comfort to his age, and a ſecond prop to his Houſe and Linage); he had made ſuch poor and unprofitable uſe of his travels, as forgetting the obtaining of the language, and all generous exerciſes, perfections and qualities, (ſo requiſite and graceful in Gentlemen) he delighted in nothing ſo much, nay, in nothing elſe, but to paſs his time with Courtiſans and Strumpets, eſpecially in *Venice*, *Rome*, and *Naples*; where for their ſakes, and his laſcivious pleaſures he built up the greateſt part of his Reſidence; where he ſo prodigally ſpent and exceeded his Father's exhibition, as he returns into *France*, not loaden with Virtues and Experience, but with Vices and Debts; being otherwiſe ignorant in all things which he ſhould know, and knowing nothing but that wherein he ſhould be ignorant. Only to the end he might thereby ſet the better counterfeit tincture on himſelf, and falſe luſtre on his Endowments and Proficiency, he ſuperficially brought away, or rather borrowed ſome *Italian* Phraſes and Complements, which he thought would not only paſs currant with the Gentlemen and Ladies of *France*, but alſo draw them into admiration, as well of himſelf, as them. When immediately upon his arrival, that he might the better ſee and make himſelf ſeen of the World, he flaunts it out in brave Apparel, both in *L' Aval*, *Angiers*, and *Mans*: yea, there is ſcarce any great Feaſt or Marriage in all thoſe parts, but if he be not invited, yet he purpoſely invites himſelf thereat, thereby to make himſelf the more conſpicuous and apparent to the eyes of the World, eſpecially of the Ladies and Gentlewomen, in whoſe acquaintance and favour

vour he not only endeavours to imitate, but ſtrives to ingraft himſelf: but his old Father *Manfrelle*, judiciouſly obſerving the vain behaviour, and deportment, and carriage of this his Son, he exceedingly grieves thereat, becauſe he had well hoped, that his travels would have returned him as capable and diſcreet, as now he finds him ignorant, and, which is worſe, debauch'd; ſith he well knew, that either of theſe two vices was enough, ſufficient, and powerful, not only to ruin his Reputation, but his Fortunes.

Again, to add more ſorrows to his grief, and more diſcontent to his ſorrows: for the vanity and levity of this his Son, every week, nay, almoſt every day, brings him in new Bills of his debts; and a third falling in upon the neck of firſt and ſecond, and a fourth on the third; which being greater than his eſtate, or at leaſt his pleaſure would permit him to pay, he takes his Son *De Merſon* aſide, and very ſharply checks him for his old and new prodigalities, vows that he will neither ſell nor mortgage his Lands, to diſcharge his fooliſh debts; and therefore he bids him look to ſatisfie them, for that he is fully reſolved not to ſee, much leſs to ſpeak with any of his Creditors, how great or ſmall ſoever the ſums be he ows them. This cooling-Card of *Manfrelle*'s, makes his Son *De Merſon* not only bite his lips for ſorrow, but hang his head for anger and vexation; yea his folly doth ſo eclipſe and over-veil his judgment herein, as inſtead of making good uſe hereof, he takes a contrary reſolution, and ſo reſolves to embrace and follow the worſt: for, whereas he ſhould have made his pride and prodigality ſtrike ſail, and now rather ſeek to re-integrate himſelf into his Father's favour, than any way futurely to incenſe or exaſperate him againſt him; he only taking counſel of his Youth, Paſſions, and Choler, (which as falſe and treacherous guides, moſt commonly leads us to miſery and repentance) again precipitates and ingulphs himſelf afreſh in new debts, both with his Uſurer, Mercer, and Taylor; and, no longer able to digeſt his Father's checks and frowns, he very inconſiderately and raſhly packs up his baggage, leaves his houſe, rides to *Mans*, and there reſolves to paſs his time that Winter; partly hoping that his Father will diſcharge his debts in his abſence; but more eſpecially, to become acquainted with the Beauties of that City, thereby to obtain ſome rich young Heir, or old Widow for his Wife, whoſe eſtate and wealth might ſupport his pride, and maintain his exceſſive prodigality and voluptuouſneſs: and indeed, although the two former of theſe his hopes deceive him, yet he ſhall ſhortly find and ſee, that the third and laſt will not.

Living thus in *Mans*, the bravery of his Apparel and Equipage, the freeneſs of his expences, his comely talk, perſonage, black beard, and ſanguine complexion, make him as ſoon acquainted and affected, as known of many Ladies and Gentlewomen; and far the more, becauſe they know his Father, *De Manfrelle*, to be a very ancient and rich Gentleman of that Country of *Main*; and although he is not his Heir, yet in regard he is his ſecond Son, as alſo a Traveller, he was the more honoured and reſpected of all thoſe he frequented; ſo that the very fame and name of *Mounſieur De Merſon*, began to be already divulged and known in the City; yea, and becauſe he was a great Balladine or Dancer, there was no ſolemn Aſſembly, either publick or private, but ſtill *De Merſon* made one; and there was not a reputed Beauty, or ſuppoſed courteous Lady in *Mans*, or thereabouts, but ſuch was his vanity, as he ſoon wrought and inſinuated himſelf into her acquaintance and familiarity; the which he made not only his delight, but his glory. And although that in a ſmall time, the wiſer ſort of the Gentlewomen and Ladies of the City found his wit and experience to come infinitely ſhort of his brave Apparel; yet the more illiterate and ignorant of them (who eſteem all men by their luſter, and not by their true worth) as preferring gay Apparel, and the comelineſs of the body, before the exquiſite endowments and perfections of the mind: they hold him in ſo high a repute and eſteem, as they think him to be the moſt abſolute Gallant, not only of *Mans*, but of all the Country of *Main*: ſo eaſie it is to captivate the conceits and judgments of thoſe who only build their judgments in their conceit, and not their conceits in their judgments.

And of this rank and number was our old Widow, *La Vaſſelay*, who having many times heard of *De Merſon*'s fame and comely perſonage, and ſeen him once at a Sermon, and twice at two ſeveral Nuptial-Feaſts, where his skill and agility proved him to be one of the prime Dancers; ſhe is ſo far in love with him, as in her thoughts and heart ſhe wiſheth ſhe had given half her Eſtate and Dowry, conditionly that ſhe were his Wife, and he her Husband: yea, ſhe is ſo raviſhed with the comelineſs of his feature, and the ſweetneſs of his complexion and countenance, as all the World is not half ſo dear to her as *De Merſon*; nor any man whatſoever, by many thouſand degrees, ſo delicious to her eye, and pleaſing to her heart and Soul, as himſelf. And although ſhe be in the frozen Zone of her age, yet her intemperate luſt makes her deſires ſo youthfully intemperate, as forgetting reaſon and modeſty (that the beſt virtue of our

Soul,

Soul, and this the chiefeſt ornament of our body) ſhe a thouſand times wiſheth, that either *De Merſon* were impaled in her arms, or ſhe incloiſtered in his.

But doting (yea, I may well near truly ſay) dying old Gentlewoman! is this a time for thee to think of a young Husband, when one of thy old feet is, as it were, in thy grave? or being in thy *Climacterical* year of threeſcore and three, art thou yet ſo fraughted with levity, and exempt of continency, as thou wilt needs ſeek to marry one of five and twenty? Fooliſh *La-Vaſſelay*! if it be not now time, yea, high time for thee to ſacrifice thy deſires to continency, when will it be, if ever it be? Didſt thou reſolve to wed a Husband near of thine own age, and ſo to end the remainder of thy days with him in chaſt and holy Wedlock; that reſolution of thine were as excuſable, as this, in deſiring ſo young a one, is worthy, not only of blame, but of reprehenſion, and I may ſay, of pity. Conſider, conſider with thy ſelf, what a prepoſterous attempt, and enterprize is this of thine, that when thou ſhouldſt finiſh thy days in devotion, and prayer, thou then delighteſt to begin them in concupiſcence and luſt. O *La Vaſſelay*, mock at thoſe rebellions and treacherous pleaſures of the fleſh, which ſeem to mock at thee, yea, to betray thee: and if there be yet any ſpark of thy youth, which lies burning under the embers of thy age; why, if thy chaſt thoughts cannot, yet let modeſty, or at leaſt piety, extinguiſh them. God hath already given thee two Husbands, is it not now therefore time, yea, more then time, for thee to prepare to give thy ſelf to God? Hitherto the chaſtity of thy youth hath made thee happy; and wilt thou now permit, that the luſt of thine age make thee unfortunate, or peradventure, miſerable? and that the purity and candor of that, be diſtained and polluted by the foulneſs and obſcenity of this? Alas, alas, incontinent and inconſiderate Gentlewoman! of a grave Matron, become not a youthful Giglet; or if thou wilt not ſuffer the eyes of thy body, at leaſt permit thoſe of thy Soul, to look from thy painted Cheeks, to thy Snow-white hair, who can inform and tell thee, that thou art far fitter for Heaven, than Earth, ſith thoſe pleaſures are eternal, and theſe tranſitory; for God, than a Husband, ſith he only can make thee bleſſed; whereas (in reward of thy laſcivious luſt) this peradventure may be reſerved to make thee both unfortunate and wretched.

But the vanity of this old Gentlewoman's thoughts and deſires, do ſo violently fix and terminate on the youth and beauty of young, and (as ſhe immodeſtly terms him) fair *De Merſon*, as the only conſideration of her delight and pleaſure, weigh down all other reſpects; ſo that neither reaſon nor modeſty, advice nor perſwaſion, can prevail with her reſolution to divert her affection from him, but love him ſhe doth, and (which is repugnant as well to the inſtinct of Nature, as to the influence of Modeſty, and rules of Civility) ſeek him for her Husband ſhe will; yea, ſhe is already become ſo ſottiſh in her affection, and ſo laſciviouſly fervent in her deſires towards him, that her heart thinks of him by day, her ſoul by night; that admires him as the very life of her felicity; and this adores him as the only content and glory of her life: ſhe will not ſee the greatneſs of her own eſtate and wealth, nor conſider the ſmallneſs of his means and hopes, in that he is not an Heir, but a ſecond Brother: ſhe will not enquire after his debts and vices, to know what thoſe may be, what theſe are; ſhe will not think what a prepoſterous diſparity there is betwixt the fire of his youth, and the ice of her age; nor what a world of diſcontents and afflictions are incident to proceed thereof: ſhe will not conſider, that in endowing him with all her wealth, that ſhe thereby impoveriſheth many, as well of her own kindred, as of thoſe of her two former Husbands, to whom in the right of Nature it more juſtly and properly belongs: and to conclude and ſhut up this point, ſhe will not imagine or dream to how many laughters and ſcandals of the world ſhe expoſeth her ſelf, who will not only call her diſcretion, but her modeſty in queſtion, for matching with ſo young a Gentleman as *De Merſon*, to whom for age ſhe may not only well be Mother, but (which is more) Grandmother. But contrariwiſe, this fooliſh old Gentlewoman having ſent her wits a wool-gathering on his ſweet and comely perſonage, his youth, and her affection, like two impetuous torrents, and furious inundations, bear down all other reſpects and conſiderations before him: yea, they ſo ſubmerge her reaſon, and quite drown her diſcretion, as ſhe hath no eyes unſhut to ſee the one, nor ears unſtopped to hear the other; ſo that if ſhe deſire any thing in the world, it is as (formerly is obſerved) that ſhe live to ſee *De Merſon* her Husband, and her ſelf his Wife; which to effect and accompliſh, ſhe knows no better nor fitter Agent to employ herein, than one *Monſieur De Pruneau*, an ancient Counſellor of the *Preſidal Court* of that City, who was the only Counſellor both to her laſt Husband, and her ſelf; and of whoſe diſcretion, integrity, and fidelity, ſhe had all the reaſons of the world to reſt confident and aſſured.

Now although the Wiſdom and Experience of *De Pruneau* ſuggeſted him, with what an extream inequality there was betwixt *De Merſon*'s youth, and *La Veſſaley*'s age, which he could not

not more pertinantly parallel and compare, than to Winter and Summer, the Spring and Harveſt: and therefore, how many afflictions and miſeries were ſubject to attend and wait on ſuch prepoſterous marriages, wherefore he had formerly ſeen divers lamentable examples and woful experiences, as well of men as women, who had ſuffered ſhipwrack upon that *Scylla*, and this *Charibdis*; he like an honeſt man, and indeed a truer friend to her than ſhe was to her ſelf, produced ſome of the former alledged reaſons to her conſideration, thereby to divert the ſtream of her ill grounded affection, from *De Merſon*, and (in general terms) to convey and conduct it to ſome elder perſonage, whoſe years (and therefore their diſpoſitions and affections) might the better agree and ſympathize. But when he ſees that her love to *De Merſon* was ſo firmly and immoveably ſettled, as that it not only appeared to him to be her grief, but her torment, to be any way croſſed or contradicted therein, then he changeth his language; and becauſe ſhe will not hearken to his advice, he therefore gives way to her reſolution, promiſeth her his utmoſt power, and beſt endeavours, ſpeedily to effect and compaſs her deſires; when taking leave each of other, at laſt *La Vaſſelay* remembring ſhe had forgotten ſomething, calls him again, and prays him, that if *De Merſon* be inquiſitive to know her direct age, that he ſubſtract away at leaſt ten years thereof; ſo that whereas ſhe is ſixty three, to affirm that ſhe is very little above fifty: whereunto ſhe her ſelf bluſhing, *De Pruneau* not able likewiſe to refrain from ſmiling, promiſeth her to be very mindful thereof. To which end, he (with the firſt conveniency) finds out *De Merſon*, acquaints him how much he is obliged to *Madamoyſelle La Vaſſelay*, for her affection to him; lays before him the Nobility of her Deſcent and Blood, the greatneſs of her Eſtate and Means, as alſo the excellency of her virtues; that fifty years is the moſt of her age; and that ſhe is not by far ſo old, as pleaſing and lovely; that ſhe affects him above all the men in the world; yea, and deſires no man in the world for her Husband, but himſelf; and, that when he pleaſeth, ſhe deſires the honour of his company to her houſe; with many other intimations and inſinuations conducing that way.

De Merſon having formerly underſtood of *La Vaſſelay*'s rich Eſtate and Dowry, as alſo of the truth of her age, he likes the firſt well; and although he diſtaſtes, yet he will diſſemble the ſecond: he thanks *De Pruneau* for his pains, and *La Vaſſelay* for her love toward him; promiſeth to requite the firſt; and if her wealth and virtues correſpond with his relation, to deſerve the ſecond: alledging further that although there be a great inequality in their age, yet ſith he is no Heir, but a ſecond Brother, it is rather likely, than impoſſible, for it to be a Match betwixt them; and in the mean time, to requite part of her affection, he promiſeth to ſup with her, the night following, at her houſe, where he only deſires his company and aſſiſtance, that they may the more effectually and ſecretly conſult of this buſineſs, which he hopes will ſo much import, as well her good and his content, as her content and his good: and ſo for that time they part.

De Pruneau having received this pleaſing and diſcreet anſwer from *De Merſon*, he returns with the relation and repetition thereof to *La Vaſſelay*; vows, that his exterior feature is no way anſwerable, but comes far ſhort of his interior virtues and diſcretion; and, that by all which he either can collect from his ſpeeches, or gather from his deportment and behaviour, he is, in his conceit, the moſt accompliſhed Gentleman, not only of *Mans*, but of *France*; and ſo bids her prepare her Supper, and her ſelf, to entertain him the next night. Which anſwer of *De Merſon*'s, and relation of *De Pruneau*, is ſo pleaſing to her heart and thoughts, as her age ſeems to be already raviſhed with joy at the conceit of his youth; when thinking every minute a month, and every hour a year, before ſhe be made happy, and her houſe bleſſed with his preſence, ſhe leaves no coſt unſpared, or unſpent, to make his entertainment anſwerable to his welcome; whereof, whiles ſhe is not only careful, but curious in providing, let us curſorily ſpeak a word or two how *De Merſon* entertains and digeſteth this unſpeakable motion and affection of *La Vaſſelay*.

He laughs in his ſleeve to ſee her youthful affections ſo flouriſhing in this *Autumn*, nay, in this *Winter* of her Age, as to deſire and ſeek ſo young a Gentleman as himſelf for her Husband: but he underſtands ſhe is exceeding rich, and therefore reſolves, that this virtue is capable to over-value and ranſom that defect and error of hers. He ſees that his Father will not pay his debts, and that he of himſelf cannot; that they growing more clamorous, will ſhortly become ſcandalous; which will not only directly prevent, but infallibly ruin his fortunes. He conſidereth how diſpleaſing her age will be to his youth; as alſo, that there is no Hell comparable to that of a diſcontented bed; and then again, his debauch'd and luſtful thoughts ſuggeſt him this remedy, That *Mans* hath Beauties enough for him to recreate himſelf, and to paſs his time with; although ſhe have him ſometimes in her bed, yet he may

have

have young Lasses and Ladies in his arms, both when and where he pleaseth. He considereth, that rich Widdows are not so soon found, as sought; nor so soon obtained, as found; and that if he refuse *La Vasselay* this day, he may not only repent it to morrow, but perchance all the days of his life; and although his Will may, his Power shall not be able to repair or redress this error of his all his life after. He is not ignorant, that Gentlewomen of her age and wealth, are subject to be as soon lost as won in a humour, and therefore then lost, because not then won. Again, that the elder she is, the sooner she will dye, and he then is at liberty to marry as young a Virgin as he pleaseth; and that her Wealth would then prove a true prop and sweet comfort to his age. And to conclude and finish this consultation of his, she is without children to molest and trouble him, and therefore to be desired; she is virtuous, discreet, and of an excellent fame and reputation, and therefore deserves to be accepted and not refused.

Upon the grounds of which reason and considerations, he makes good his promise to *De Pruneau*, and comes the next night both to visit and sup with *La Vasselay*; who having purposely deckt her self up in her youthful and gayest Apparel, receives him with all demonstrations of affection and joy. At the first arrival, he affords her two or three kisses; wherat she infinitely both rejoyceth and triumpheth, and, in a word, he finds that his welcome not only exceeds his deserts, but his expectation; and believe me, it was worth his observation to see how superficially his youth looked on her age; and how artificially and lustfully her age gazed on his youth. Now by this time Supper is served in, wherein her affection was again discovered to him in the curiosity and bounty thereof: Where *De Pruneau*, to give life to their mirth, tells them both, That he hopes this their first meeting and interview will produce effects answerable to both their contents and desires; whereat *De Merson* cannot refrain blushing, nor *La Vasselay* from smiling: they are all very pleasant and jocond at the Table; and she, to give the better edg and relish to his affection, strives to seem far younger than indeed she is, and then he knows her to be: yea, she doth so cunningly intermix and disperse youthful speeches amidst her aged gravity, as if she were not old, or at least newly made young. Now whiles she feasted her eyes on his fresh countenance, and fair complexion; he sends his abroad to look on her Plate, rich Hangings, and Houshold-stuff, wherewith he saw her House was richly and plentifully furnished. Supper ended, and the cloth taken away, they are no sooner fallen from their Viands, but they fall to their talk. *De Merson* kindly and familiarly taking his new-old Mistress in his Arms, as if he had already given her a place in his heart and affections; which makes her, beyond her self, both merry and joyful. I will not trouble the Reader with the repetition of what speeches and complements here past betwixt them; because in this, and my future Histories, I will follow the same method of brevity which I have proposed and observed in my former. Let then his inquisitive curiosity understand, that they parted very lovingly and affectionately this first time; and *De Merson*, although he were a debauched Gentleman, yet he is not so simple to omit, but rather, so well advised to pry into the true depth and naked truth of her Estate; and the rather, for that he hath known many Gentlemen who have been fetch'd over, and gull'd in this nature, and in marrying one Widow, have match'd themselves to two Thieves; and credulously thinking her rich, have in the end found her a very beggar. Whereupon he takes three days respight to resolve; and so with some kisses, and many thanks for her affection and kind entertainment and great cheer, he for that night takes his leave of her; whose fair carriage, and discreet resolution in temporizing, *La Vassella* applauds, and *De Pruneau* approves: So *De Merson* having spent the first and second day in surveying the Writings of her Dowry, the Leases of her Lands and Houses, and the Bonds and Bills of Debts due to her, with all her ready Money, Plate, and other moveables: he finds her Estate to answer his expectation, and her report; and that she is really worth in Land, 6000 Franks yearly, and her moveables worth at least 1800 more: he the third day publickly contracts himself to her; and having advertised his Father thereof, who likes the wealth better than the widow, within eight days after privately marries her; which administreth cause of speech and wonder in and about *Mans*; some blaming her of indiscretion and levity to match so young a Gentleman; others taxing him of folly to marry so old a Widow; some extolling and applauding his judgment, in enriching himself with so great an Estate, which would not only deface his debts, secure his youth and age from the storms of want, and the tempests of necessity, but also in the one and the other maintain him richly, prosperously, and gallantly. And others again believing and presaging, that this their great inequality and disparity of years, would either of the one side, or other, or both, produce many discontents and afflictions, instead of hoped-for joys and prosperities. Thus every one speaks differently of this preposterous Match, according as their passions and fancies dictate

them; but which of all theſe opinions and judgments ſpeaks trueſt, we ſhall not go far to underſtand and know.

We have ſeen the conſummation of this marriage, Youth wedded to Age, *May* to *December*, and young *De Merſon* to old *La Vaſſelay*: in which Contract and Nuptials, either of them are ſo vain, and both ſo irreligious, as caring wholly for the pleaſures of their bodies, they have not therein ſo much as once thought of their Souls, or of Heaven. Yea, God is not ſo much as once nominated or remembred of them. All the ends of Marriges, are only two, God's g'ory, and the propagation of childrens and becauſe they cannot hope for the ſecond, muſt they therefore needs be ſo impious, as to forget the firſt? Ay me! if his youth had attained no more Grace, could her age retain no more goodneſs? or how can they flatter themſelves with any hope, that this marriage of theirs can poſſibly proſper, when only her end and aim therein is luſt, and his Wealth? If a building can ſubſiſt and flouriſh, which hath a rotten and reeling foundation, then this match of theirs may proſper, otherwiſe cannot; for what more rotten than the beaſtly pleaſures of her luſtful, and yet decayed age; and what more reeling and fickle, than the conſtant inconſtancy of his laſcivious youth? which make my thoughts juſtly fear, and my heart truly preſage and apprehend, that repentance, not pleaſure; affliction, not joy; miſery, not proſperity, is at the heels to attend and follow theſe their Nuptials; As mark we the ſequel, and it will briefly inform us how.

De Merſon hath not been married two whole months to *La Vaſſelay*, but he begins to repent himſelf that ever he matched her; for he now ſees, though before he would not, that it is impoſſible for his youth to fadge and ſympathize with her age; he ſees that he hath a decrepit, ſickly and decayed body, and that ſhe is never free of the Cough and Rheum, as alſo of an Iſſue in her left arm, which is not only diſpleaſing, but loathſome to him. Yea, when ſhe hath taken off her Ruff and head-attire, and dighted her ſelf in her night habiliments, then he vows he is afraid of her Lamb-skin furred Cap and Waſt-coat; and takes her withered face for a Vizard or a Comet, which yeilds no delight but terror to his eyes, ſwearing that he ſerves only for a Bed-pan to heat her frozen body, which of it ſelf is far colder than a Marble ſtatue; Yea, he is ſo far out of love with her, becauſe to write the truth, he never truly loved her, that her ſight is a Plague to him, her preſence by day a Purgatory, and company by night a very Hell.

But debauched and diſſolute Gentleman, theſe vicious and impious conceits of thine, come immediately from Hell and Satan, and are no way infuſed in thy thoughts by Heaven, much leſs inſpired in thy heart by God; Conſider, conſider with thy ſelf, that if *La Vaſſelay* be old, yet ſhe is now thy wife, and that whatſoever *De Pruneau* or her ſelf informed thee of fifty years, yet thou knoweſt ſhe could not be leſs than ſixty three, and more ſhe is not. In which regard marriage (the holy inſtitution of Heaven) having now made you of two, one, if thou wilt not love her age, at leaſt thou ſhouldſt reverence it; or if thou canſt not affect her, thou ſhouldſt not hate her. Hath ſhe imperfections? what woman in the world lives without them? or is ſhe ſeſtred with diſeaſes, who can be either exempted from them, or prevent them? Thou haſt vowed in the Temple of the Lord, and in the preſence of him and his people, not only to love, but to honour her; and is thy inconſtancy and impiety already ſuch, as forgetting that promiſe and vow of thine, thou doſt now not only diſhonour, but deſpiſe and contemn her; and that thou only mad'ſt that vow purpoſely to break it? O *De Merſon*, if thou art not capable of counſel, yet do but believe the truth, and thou wilt find, that if thou wilt not love her; becauſe ſhe is too old to be thy wife; yet thou ſhouldeſt reſpect and regard her, becauſe ſhe is old enough to be thy Grandmother: for as it is incivility not to reverence Age; ſo it is impiety to diſdain and malign it, and if in any man toward a meer ſtranger, how much more in a Husband to his own Wife? And becauſe it is eaſier to eſpy our Wives imperfections, than to find out, or reform our own; if thy Wife *La Vaſſelay* be guilty of any fault towards thee, it is becauſe ſhe loves thee too well, and affects thee too dearly.

We have ſeen *De Merſon*'s diſtate of his Wife *La Vaſſelay*: Let us now ſee how ſhe likes, or rather why ſhe ſoon diſlikes him; for he bears himſelf ſo ſtrangely, and withal, ſo unkindly toward her, as her deſires of his youth come far ſhort both of her expectation and hopes; for if he lie with her one night, he wandreth ſix from her; is ſtill abroad, and ſeldom or never at home with her; yea, he is of ſuch a gadding humour, and ranging diſpoſition, that his thoughts and delights are tranſported elſewhere, not at home; with other young Dames of *Mans*, not with her ſelf; and the vanity of his pleaſures do ſo far ſurprize and captivate him, that he is already become ſo vicious, as he makes day his night, and night his day; living rather like a voluptuous Epicure, than a temperate or civil Chriſtian; Neither, quoth ſhe, is it jealouſie but truth which makes her pry ſo narrowly into ſuch lewd and laſcivious actions, wherein

the farther she wades, the more cause she finds both of grief and vexation; which makes her wish, that she had been blind when she first saw him; and either he, or her self, in Heaven, when they so unfortunately married each other here upon Earth.

How now, fond and foolish old Gentlewoman! are thy joys so soon converted into sorrows, and thy triumphs into tears? why, thou hast just cause to thank none but thy self for these thy crosses and afflictions, sith thy lustful and lascivious desires were not only the author, but the procurer of them: for, hadst thou been more modest, and less wanton, thou mightest have apparently seen, and providently fore-seen, that *De Merson*'s youth was too young for thy age; because thy age was too old for his youth: so that hadst thou been then but half so stayd and wise, as now thou art sorrowful, thou needest not grieve for that which thou canst not redress, nor repent for that which is out of thy power to remedy. But, rash and inconsiderate woman! how comes this to pass, that thou art ready to entertain jealousie, when death stands ready to entertain thee? Could all the course of thy former youth be so happy, not to be acquainted with this vice? and doth now thy frozen age think it a virtue to admit and imbrace it? Ay me, I grieve to see thy folly, and lament to understand thy madness in this kind: for, what is jealousie, but the rage of our thoughts and brains, the disturber of our peace and tranquility, the enemy of our peace and happiness, the traytor to our judgment and understanding, the plague of our life, the poyson of our hearts, and the very bane and canker of our Souls? Jealousie! why, it is the daughter of Frenzy, and the Mother of Madness: it is a vice purposely sent from hell, to make those wretched on earth, who may live fortunate and happy, and yet will not; yea, it is a vice which I know not whether it be more easie to admit, or difficult to expel, being admitted. But, *La Vasselay*, expel it thou must, at least, if thou think to live fortunate, and not to die miserable. Wert thou as young, as aged, thy jealousie might have some colour and excuse in meeting with the censures of the world; whereas now, not deserving the one it cannot receive the other. And as those women are both wise and happy, who wink at the youthful escapes of their Husbands; thy jealousie makes both thee meritorious and guilty of thy afflictions, because thou wilt be so foolish to espy, and so malicious to remember these of thine. Is *De Merson* given and addicted to other women? Why, pardon him, because he is a young man: and as he is thy Husband, and thou his Wife, believe that he is every way more worthy of thy prayers, than of thine envy.

Thus we see upon what fatal and ominous terms these late married couple now stand: *De Merson*'s youth scorning and spurning at his Wife *La Vasselay*'s age, and wholly addicting himself to others; and her rage growing infinitely jealous of his youth: so that for any thing I see or know to the contrary, these different vices have already taken such deep and dangerous root in them, as they threaten not only the shipwrack of their content, but of their fortunes, if not of their lives.

Now for us to find out the particular object of *La Vasselay*'s jealousie, as her foolish curiosity hath already the general cause; we must know, that she hath a very proper young Gentlewoman who attends her, of some eighteen years of age, termed *Gratiana*, of a middle stature, somewhat inclining to fatness, having a fresh sanguine complexion, and bright flaxen hair; she being indeed every way exceeding lovely and fair; and with this *Gratiana*, she fears her Husband is more familiar, than either modesty or chastity can permit: and yet she hath only two poor reasons for this her credulity and jealousie; and God knows, they are poor and weak ones indeed: The first is, that she thinks her own withered face serves only but as a foil to make *Gratiana*'s fresh beauty seem the more precious and amiable in his eyes. The second is, that she once saw him kiss her in her presence in the Garden, when she brought him a Handkercher, which his Page had forgotten to give him. Ridiculous grounds, and trivial reasons, for her to build her fear, or erect her jealousie on, or to invent and raise so foul a scandal and calumny! And yet not to suppress, but to report the whole truth, *De Merson* was lasciviously in love with *Gratiana*, had often attempted her defloration, but could never obtain her consent thereunto; for she was as chast as fair, and impregnable either to be seduced by his gifts and presents, or to be vanquished and won by his treacherous promises, protestations, and oaths: for she told him plainly and peremptorily, when she saw him begin to grow importunate and impudent in this his folly, That although she were but a poor Gentleman's daughter, yet she thanked God, that her Parents had so virtuously train'd her up in the School of Honour, that she would rather die, than live to be a Strumpet to any Gentleman or Prince in the World. Which chast answer, and generous resolution of hers, did then so quench the flames of his lascivious and inordinate affection to her, as henceforth he exchanged his lust into love towards her; and vowed, that he would both respect and honour her as his Sister. Now although they both keep the passage of this business secret from his Wife, her Mistress;

yet

yet notwithſtanding, as it is the nature of Jealouſie, not to hearken to any reaſon, nor approve of any belief but of her own; therefore ſhe is confident, that he lies with *Gratiana* oftner than with her ſelf; which ſhe vows ſhe cannot digeſt, and will no longer tollerate. To which end (with a moſt malicious and ſtrange kind of treachery) ſhe makes fair weather with *Gratiana*, and (thinking to cool her hot courage, and to allay the heat of her luxurious blood) looking one day ſtedfaſtly in her face, ſhe tells her, that ſhe hath need to be let blood to prevent a Feaver; whereunto, although chaſt and innocent *Gratiana* was never formerly let blood, ſhe notwithſtanding willingly conſents thereunto; which to effect, *La Vaſſelay* (like a baſe Miſtreſs and a treacherous ſtep-dame) ſends for an Apothecary, named *Reunee*, gives him a watch-word in his ear, to draw at leaſt ſixteen ounces of blood from *Gratiana*, for that ſhe was ſtrongly entred into a burning Feaver; but he being as honeſt as ſhe was treacherous and cruel, told her, that the drawing of ſo great a quantity of blood from her, might not only impare her health, but endanger her life. But ſhe replies, it was ſo ordered by a Doctor; whereupon he opens her right-arm vein; and as he had near drawn ſo much from this poor harmleſs young Gentlewoman, ſhe faints twice in a Chair betwixt their arms, and all the cold water they threw in her face, could very hardly refetch her, and keep life in her; this old hard-hearted Hag ſtill notwithſtanding crying out that it was not blood enough: having no other reaſon for this her treachery and cruelty, but that indeed ſhe thought it not enough, or ſufficient to quench the unquenchable thirſt and flame of her jealouſie; of which this is the firſt effect towards this innocent young Gentlewoman; but we ſhall not go far to ſee a ſecond.

Gratiana is ſo far from dreaming of her Miſtreſs's jealouſie toward her Maſter and her ſelf; or from once thinking of this her treacherous letting her blood, as ſhe thanks her for her affection and care of her health; and now the very next day after *De Merſon* dining at home with his old wife (which he had not done in many days before) and ſeeing *Gratiana* look ſo white and pale, demands of her, if ſhe be not well, and then queſtioneth his wife what ails her Gentlewoman to look ſo ill, which ſhe ſeems to put off with a feigned excuſe; but withal (as if this care of her Husband towards *Gratiana*, were a true confirmation of their diſhoneſtty, and her jealouſie) ſhe retains the memory thereof deeply in her heart and thoughts; yea, it is ſo frequent, and fixed in her imaginations, as ſhe cannot, ſhe will not any longer ſuffer or endure this affection of her Husband to *Gratiana*; nor that *Gratiana*'s youth ſhall wrong *La Vaſſelay*'s age in the rites and duties of Marriage. Wherefore caſting ſad aſpects on him, and malignant looks on her, ſhe to pleaſe and give ſatisfaction to her jealouſie (which cannot be pleaſed or ſatisfied with any thing but revenge) reſolves to make her know what it is, for a Waiting maid to offend and wrong her Miſtreſs in this kind; when not to diminiſh, but rather to augment and redouble her former cruelty toward her: Her Husband riding one day abroad in company of divers other Gentlemen of the City, to hunt Wolves, which abound in thoſe vaſt and ſpacious woods of *Main*, ſhe under pretence of ſome other buſineſs, calls *Gratiana* alone into her inner Chamber, when bolting the door after her, ſhe with meager and pale envy in her looks, and implacable fury and choler in her ſpeeches, chargeth her of diſhoneſty with her Husband; calling her whore, ſtrumpet, and baggage: affirming, that the time and hour is now come for her to be revenged of her. Poor *Gratiana*, both amazed and affrighted at this ſudden and furious, both unexpected and undeſerved alarm of her Miſtreſs, ſeeing her honour, and (as ſhe thinks and fears) her life called in queſtion, ſhe after a world of ſighs and tears, terms her accuſers Devils and Witches, vows by her part in Heaven, and upon the peril of her own Soul, that ſhe is innocent of that crime whereof ſhe accuſeth her, and that neither in deed or thought ſhe was ever diſhoneſt or unchaſt with any man in the world, much leſs with her Maſter. But this will not ſatisfie incenſed *La Vaſſelay*, neither are theſe ſpeeches or tears of *Gratiana* of power to paſs current with her jealouſie; but reputing them falſe and counterfeit, ſhe calls in her Chamber-maid and Cook-maid, whom ſhe had purpoſely laid there, and bids them unſtrip *Gratiana* naked to her waſt, and to bind her hand and foot to the Bed-poſt, which with much repining and pity, they are at laſt enforced to do. When commanding them forth the Chamber, and bolting the door after them, ſhe not like a woman, but rather as a fury of hell flies to poor innocent *Gratiana*, and with a great birchen rod, doth not not only raze but ſcarifie her arms, back, and ſhoulders; when harmleſs ſoul, ſhe (though in vain) having no other defenſive weapons but her tongue, and her innocency, crys aloud to Heaven and Earth for ſuccour. But this old Hag as full of malice as jealouſie, hath no compaſſion of her crys, or pity of her ſighs; yea, neither the ſight of her tears or blood (which trickling down her cheeks and ſhoulders, doth both bedew and ingrain her ſmock) are of power to appeaſe her fury and envy, until having ſpent three rods, and tired and wearied both her arms, ſhe in the heat of her choler, and the height of her revenge, delivers her theſe bitter and ſcoffing words; *Minion, this, this is the way,*

yea, the only way to cool the heat of thy courage, and to quench the fire of thy lust: When calling in her two Maids, she commands them to unbind *Gratiana*; and to help on her cloaths; when, triumphing in her cruelty, she furiously departs and leaves them; who cannot refrain from tears, to see how severely and cruelly their Mistress had handled this her poor Gentlewoman.

Gratiana, the better to remedy these her insupportable and cruel wrongs, holds it discretion to dissemble them; and so providing her self secretly of a horse and man, she the next night steals away, rides to *La Ferte*, and from thence to her Father at *Nogent le Retrou*, where he was superintendent of the Prince of *Conde's* House and Castle in that Town, and where the Princess Dowager, his Mother, built up the greatest part of her sorrowful Residence, while he was detained Prisoner in the Castle of *Bois de Vincennes*, near *Paris*. *La Vasselay* grieves at this her sudden and unexpected departure, the which she fears her Husband *De Merson*, and her Father *Monsieur de Bremay*, will take in ill part; wherein she is no way deceived; for the one grieves, and the other storms thereat: yea, when *De Merson*, (through flattery and threats) had drawn from the Chamber-maid and Cook-maid, the truth of his Wives cruel whipping of *Gratiana*, as also the cause thereof, her Jealousie; he justly incensed and enraged, flyes to this his sottish and cruel Wife, tells her, That Jealousie comes from the Devil, whose part he affirms she hath acted; and acting this upon innocent *Gratiana*, than whom there lives not a chaster Maid in the World. That although she were poor, yet that she was as well descended as her self. In which regard, if she did not speedily right and redeem her wrongs, and seek means to pacifie and recal her, that he would forthwith leave her, yea, and utterly forsake her. Which cooling-card of his to his VVife, makes her look on her former erroneous Cruelty towards *Gratiana*, rather with outward grief, than inward repentance. But seeing that her jealousie must now stoop and strike sail to her Husbands choler; and that to enjoy his company, she must not be exempted and deprived of hers; she, contrary to her desire and will, (which still retains the fumes and flames of jealousie, as that doth of revenge) is enforced to make a virtue of necessity, and so to bear up with the time, feigning her self repentant and sorrowful for that she had formerly done to *Gratiana*: she, to reclaim her; buys her so much wrought black Taffaty for a Gown, and so much crimson Damask for a Petticoat, and, with a Bracelet of Pearl which she accustomed to wear upon her right arm, she sends it to *Nogent* to her, by *La Valette*, a Gentleman of her Husbands, and accompanieth it with a Letter to her Father *Monsieur de Bremay*, which contained these words.

LA VASSELAY to DE BREMAY.

HAving vindicated Truth *from* Error, *and metamorphosed* Jealousie *into* Judgment, *I find that I have wronged thy* Gratiana, *whereat I grieve with contrition, and sorrow with repentance, sith my Husband's vows and oaths have fully cleared her* Honour *and* Chastity, *which my foolish incredulity and fear rashly attempted both to eclipse and disparage: in which regard, praying her to forgive, and thy self to forget that wrong, I earnestly desire her speedy return by this bearer, and ye both shall see, that I never formerly hated her so much, as henceforth I will both love and honour her. I have now sent her some small tokens of my affection; and ere long she shall find greater effects and testimonies thereof: for knowing her to be as chast as fair, in this,* De Bremay, *I request thee to rest confident, That as she is now thy Daughter by* Nature, *so she shall be henceforth mine by* Adoption.

LA VASSELAY.

De Bremay having received this Letter, and his Daughter *Gratiana* these kind tokens from her Mistress, *La Vasselay*; his choler, and her grief and sorrow, is soon defaced and blown away: so he well satisfied, and she content and pleased, he sends her back from *Nogent* to *Mans*, by *Villette*, by whom he writes this ensuing Letter to his Mistress, *La Vasselay*, in answer of hers.

DE BREMAY to LA VASSELAY.

THy Letter hath given me so much content and satisfaction, as thy undeserved cruelty to my daughter, Gratiana, *did grief and indignation. And had she been guilty of that crime whereof thy fear made thee jealous, I would for ever have renounced her for my daughter, and deprived her of my sight: for, as her Virtues are her best wealth, and her honour her chiefest revenue; so, if she had failed in these, or faltered in this, I should then have joyned with thee to hate her, as I do now to love her. But her tears and Oaths have cleared her innocency; and in hers, thy Husbands. In which regard, relying upon her own merits, and thy professed kindness, she forgetting, and I forgiving things past, I now return her thee by thy servant* La Villette; *hoping, that if thou will not effect her as thy adopted Daughter, yet that thou wilt render her as thy obedient and observant Hand-maid.*

DE BREMAY.

Gratiana's

Gratiana's hopes, and her Fathers credulity of *La Vaſſelay*'s future affection towards her, as alſo her gifts and promiſes, ſo far prevail with them, as ſhe is now returned to her from *Nogent*, to *Mans*: But, I fear, ſhe had done far better to have ſtill remained with her Father; for ſhe might conſider, and he know, what little ſafety, and apparent danger, there is to rely upon the favour of an incenſed Jealouſie. *La Vaſſelay* (in all outward ſhew) receives and welcomes *Gratiana* with many expreſſions of love, and demonſtrations of joy, thereby to pleaſe her Husband, who indeed likes ſo well of her return, as he likes his Wife the better for procuring it. And now to the eye of the world, and according to human conceit and ſenſe, all three parties are reconciled and ſatisfied, as if *La Vaſſelay*'s jealouſie had never heretofore offended her Husband, nor her cruelty wronged *Gratiana*; or as if he had never known the one, nor ſhe felt the other. But we ſhall not go far to ſee this calm o'retaken with a tempeſt; and this Sun-ſhine ſurpriz'd with a diſmal and diſaſterous ſhower.

For three Months were not fully expired, ſince *Gratiana*'s return to *Mans*, but *La Vaſſelay*'s old jealouſie of her, and her Husband *De Mer[illegible]* which ſeemed to be ſuppreſſed and extinguiſhed, doth now flaſh and flame forth anew, with more violence and impetuoſity; yea, he cannot look on *Gratiana*, much leſs ſpeak to her, but preſently this old jealous Beldam, in her heart and thoughts, proclaims them guilty of Adultery; whereat ſhe indiſcreetly ſuffers her ſelf to be ſo far tranſported with indignation and envy, as ſhe vows ſhe will no longer tolerate or digeſt it. And now it is, that like a fury of Hell, ſhe firſt aſſumes damnable and execrable reſolutions, not only againſt the Innocency, but againſt the Life of innocent and harmleſs *Gratiana*; who, poor Soul, is the nearer her danger, in reſpect ſhe holds her ſelf fartheſt from it: yea, this jealous old Hag, this Fury, nay, this She-devil, *La Vaſſelay*, hath not only conſulted, but determined and concluded with her bloody thoughts, that ſhe will ſpeedily ſend *Gratiana* into another world, becauſe her youth ſhall no longer abuſe and wrong her age in this: When forgetting her ſelf, her Soul, and her God, thereby purpoſely to pleaſe her Senſes, her Jealouſie, and her Tutor the Devil, ſhe vows, that no reſpect of Reaſon or Religion, no conſideration of Heaven or Hell, ſhall be capable to divert her from diſpatching her: yea, and as if ſhe not only rejoyced, but gloried in this her pernicious and bloody deſign, ſhe thinks every hour a year, before ſhe hath performed it: To which end, providing her ſelf of ſtrong poyſon, and watching and catching at the very firſt opportunity; as ſoon as ever *Gratiana* found her ſelf not well, ſhe, under a colour of much affection and care to her, makes her ſome white Broth, wherein infuſing and intermixing the aforelaid poyſon, ſhe (gracelelly and cruelly) gives it her; the which within ſix days, fainting and languiſhing, makes a perpetual divorce and ſeparation betwixt her Soul and her Body, leaving this to deſcend to Earth, and that to aſcend to Heaven, to draw down vengeance to this helliſh and execrable *La Vaſſelay*, for ſo inhumanly and cruelly murthering this her harmleſs and innocent Waiting-Gentlewoman, *Gratiana*.

De Merſon underſtanding of *Gratiana*'s death, almoſt as ſoon as of her ſickneſs, he very ſorrowfully bites the lip thereat: for, conſidering this accident in its true nature, his thoughts ſuggeſt him, and his heart and ſoul prompts him, that his Wife, *La Vaſſelay*, had undoubtedly occaſioned her death, and ſo metamorphoſed her Jealouſie into Murther: yea, and notwithſtanding the fair and ſorrowful ſhew which ſhe puts thereon to the contrary, yet the premiſes conſidered, he is very confident in this his belief and fear; when grieving at the cruelty of this diſaſter, and abhorring the Author of this ſo monſtrous and bloody a fact, the very ſight of this his old wretched Wife, is odious; and the remembrance of this her cruel crime, deteſtable and execrable unto him. Again, when he conſidereth *Gratiana*'s beauty and chaſtity, and that ſhe was ſent to her untimely grave for his ſake, this doth not only redouble his ſorrows, but infinitely augment and encreaſe his afflictions; ſo that beginning to fear his Wives envy, as much as he hated her jealouſie, in that it was not only poſſible, but likely, that it might alſo futurely extend and reflect on him, as it already had on harmleſs and innocent *Gratiana*, he aſſumes a reſolution to leave and forſake her, the which ſhe ſhall ſhortly ſee him put in execution: when the better to curb and vex her, he ſecretly packs up all her Bills, Bonds, Leaſes, and Conveyances, as alſo all her Money, Plate, Jewels, and richeſt Houſhold-ſtuff, and ſo giving out a prohibition to all the Tenants, not to dare to pay her any Rent, he allowing her only a bare maintenance; very ſuddenly (when ſhe leaſt expected or dreamt thereof) takes his horſe and rides home to his Father's, where he reſolves to make the greateſt part of his reſidence; and all the tears and prayers of his Wife, are not of power to reclaim or retain him.

La Vaſſelay ſeeing the unkindneſs of her Husband, *De Merſon*, in making her a Widdow almoſt as ſoon as a Wife; as alſo his ingratitude, in depriving her of the uſe and fruition of her own Eſtate, and Means, and leaving her ſo poor an allowance as could ſcarce

warrant

warrant her a competent maintenance, she is almost ready to die for meer grief and sorrow therefore; but how to remedy it, she knows not: and now she repents her folly and indiscretion, in matching her aged self to so young a man as *De Merson*; now she doth not only accuse, but condemn her own jealousie, which drew her to this foul fact of murthering her harmless and (as she now believes,) her innocent Waiting-maid, *Gratiana*; for which, this ungrateful departure, and hard usage of her Husband, is but the least, and, as she terms it, but the fore-runner of greater punishments, which God hath ordained and reserved for her: yea, it is not only a grief to her thoughts, but a vexation to her heart and soul, to see her self made the mocking-stock and laughter of all *Mans* and *Main*, who rather excuse her Husbands youth, than any way pity or commiserate her age; and to see that the friends of her prosperity turn their backs and faces to her in her affliction and poverty; and if she have any hope yet left to assist and comfort her in these her calamities, it is by endeavouring to reconcile and reclaim her Husband to her by Letters; when taking pen and paper, she, within a month of his departure, sends him these few lines.

LA VASSELAY to DE MERSON.

SInce at thy request I both recanted my Jealousie to thy self, and repented my Cruelty to my maid Gratiana, *what have I committed or done, that should deserve this thy ingrateful, and as I may truly say, heart-killing departure? for, having made a most exact scrutiny in my thoughts and soul, either of them inform me, and both assure me, that the freeness and fervency of my affection towards thee, deserved not so cruel, but a far more courteous requital. If my age be any way displeasing to thy Youth, yet deprive me not of the felicity of thy sight and presence, wherein I not only delight, but glory. And although I can be content that thou surfeit with my wealth, yet make me not so miserable, as to starve both in and for thy presence. If any have given thee any sinister or false impressions either of my self or actions; why, if thy affection to me will not deface them, at least let thy pity: yea, return my sweet and dear Husband, and what errors or faults soever thou sayest I have committed, I will not only redeem them with kisses, but with tears.*

LA VASSELAY.

De Merson having received this his Wives Letter, it works such poor effects in his affection, as he doth rather rejoyce than commiserate her estate and sorrows: yea, he so slights her, and her remembrance, as once he had thought to have answered her Letter with silence: but at last, he (some eight days after) returns her this Answer.

DE MERSON to LA VASSELAY.

WHat hope can I have of thy affection, when I see thou art inviolably constant to thy Jealousie? and if the scrutiny of thy thoughts and soul be as true as thou pretendest, yet I fear, that this Jealousie of thine is not the greatest, but the least of thy crimes. Thou writest to me, that I give a cruel requital to thy affection; but pray God thou have not given a more sharp and inhuman one to Gratiana's *service and Chastity. Neither is it thy Age, but thy Imperfections and Vices, which are both displeasing and odious to my youth: for, I could brook that with as much patience, as I can digest these with impossibilities. If thou want'st Means, I will grant thee more; but for my presence, I have many reasons to deny thee. I know none but thy self which hath given me any impressions of thy actions; and if those were false, they would prove thy true happiness, as now they do thy misery; which my affection doth pity, though cannot redress it. It is but in vain for thee, either to expect or hope for my return: and sith thy faults and errors are best known to thy self, let thy repentance redeem them towards God; for neither thy kisses nor tears can or shall to me.*

DE MERSON.

This Letter of *De Merson* to his Wife *La Vasselay*, is so far from comforting, as it doth extremly afflict her: and although his discontents be such, as she sees it almost impossible to reconcile and reclaim him, yet being exceedingly perplexed and grieved with this her solitary and discontented life, she yet hopes, that a second Letter may obtain that of him, which her first could not; when six months time being now slipt away since his departure, she feigning her self sick, writes unto him again to this effect.

LA VASSELAY to DE MERSON.

THY absence hath so deprived my joys and engendered my sorrows, that sickness threatens my life to be near her period. So among a world of discontentments, let me yet bear this one content

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to my grave, that I may once more ſee thee, who ſo tenderly I both deſire and long to ſee: and if I cannot be ſo happy as to live, at the leaſt make me ſo fortunate, as to die in thine arms; which I know not whether it be a greater charity for thee to grant, or a cruelty to deny me this requeſt of mine: for, my dear De Merſon, *if thou wilt not be pleaſed to be my Husband, yet be not offended to remember, that I am thy Wife: and withal, that as I deſire thy return; ſo, that I have not deſerved thy departure. But if thou wilt ſtill be inexorable to my requeſts, theſe Lines of mine, which I write thee rather with tears than ink, ſhall here witneſs betwixt thy ſelf and me, of my kindneſs, of thy cruelty, and how my life ſought my affection, though my death could neither find nor obtain it.*

LA VASSELAY.

De Merſon reads this Letter with laughter; he is ſo inſenſible of her Lines, Requeſts, and Tears, as if another had ſent him news of her death, as ſhe her ſelf did of her ſickneſs, it had been far more pleaſing, and better welcome to him: but thinking how to gall her to the quick, to the end he might henceforth ſave her labour to write him any more Letters, and himſelf to receive and peruſe them, he returns her this ſharp and bitter anſwer.

DE MERSON to LA VASSELAY.

IT is thy Error, not my Abſence, which hath exchanged thy Joys into Sorrows; and if thy life draw near its period, they cannot be far from theirs. My ſight is a poor content for thee to bear to thy Grave, ſith, as a Chriſtian, thou ſhouldeſt delight to ſee none but thy Saviour, nor be ambitious to live in any arms but His: and if thou hold not this to be Charity, I know others cannot repute it Cruelty. That I am thy Husband, I grant; and that thou art my Wife, I do not deny: but yet I fear thy heart knows, though thy Pen affirm the contrary, that I have far more reaſon for my departure, than thou to deſire my return. And, if thou wilt yet know more, if the ink wherewith thou writeſt thy Letter, be Tears, pray God thou didſt not bedew Gratiana's *Winding-ſheet and Coffin, with her Tears and Blood: for, hadſt thou not been cruel, yea, inhuman to her, I would never have been unkind to thee. And to conclude, Live as happy, as I fear her death will make me die miſerable.*

DE MERSON.

The receit and peruſal of this Letter, doth not only grieve, but afflict and torment *La Vaſſelay*: for the remembrance of *De Merſon* his ſuſpition and apprehenſion that ſhe had a hand in the death of *Gratiana*, doth, as it were pierce her heart, as well with fear, as ſorrow: For, as her poverty lay before at his mercy, ſo now ſhe knows doth her life; and that ſith he will not love her, he may chance ſo malign and hate her, as to reveal it. Whereupon, to ſecure her ſelf, and to warrant the ſaftey of her life, ſhe ſoon exchanged her love into hatred, and her affection and jealouſie, into envy towards him: yea, her inraged and incenſed thoughts, ingender and imprint ſuch bloody deſigns of revenge in her heart, as abandoning the fear and grace of God, ſhe impiouſly concludes a Match with the Devil, to diſpatch and murther him, and from this bloody and damnable deſign, no regard of God or her Soul, nor reſpect of Heaven or Hell, can or ſhall divert her; when over-paſſing a ſmall parcel of time, wherein ſhe ruminated and pondered how ſhe ſhould ſend him from this life to another; at laſt her malicious curioſity makes her thoughts fall on *La Villette*, being his Gentleman, who ſtill followed him, as holding him a fit Agent to attempt, and Inſtrument to finiſh, this bloody buſineſs, which ſo much imported her content and ſafety, grounding her reaſons upon the greatneſs of his heart and mind, and the weakneſs of his purſe and means; as if poverty were a ſufficient cauſe and priviledg to commit ſo treacherous and bloody a fact: when knowing him to be then in *Maine*, receiving up his Maſters Rents, ſhe ſends for him; to whom (the door bolted) ſhe tells him ſhe is to requeſt his ſecreſie in a buſineſs which infinitely tends to his good. He promiſeth it her; but ſhe will have him ſwear thereunto; which he doth: when with ſighs and tears making a bitter invective and recapitulation of her Husband, his Maſter's undeſerved indignity and cruelty towards her; ſhe then and there makes a propoſition to him, to murther him for her; and that ſhe will give him a thouſand Crowns to effect it; *La Villette* ſeeing the greatneſs of the danger in that of the crime, ſeems not only diſcontented, but amazed hereat: for, although he love Gold well, yet he will not purchaſe it at ſo dear a rate, and baſe and damnable a price, as that of his Maſter's blood; when ſeeing ſhe could not prevail, ſhe again puts him in mind of his Oath to ſecreſie; which he again vows never to infringe or violate; and withal, like a good ſervant, ſeeks to diſſwade and divert her from ſuch bloody thoughts and attempts. Had *La Villette* remained in the purity and candor

of

of this his Religious and Chriſtian reſolution, not to imbrew or ſtain his hands in the innocent blood of his Maſter; it would have made him as happy, as we ſhall ſhortly ſee him miſerable in attempting and executing the contrary; for as a propenſion and reſolution to Virtue, breeds not only honour, but ſafety; ſo the contrary effects thereof, produce not only ſhame, but miſery. To foreſee ſin, is a pious wiſdom; to prevent and eſchew it, is always a moſt wiſe and bleſſed piety.

And whereas time ſhould rather decreaſe than increaſe, rather root out than plant Malice in our thoughts, and Envy in our reſolutions; yet directly contrary, that of *La Vaſſelay* to her Husband *De Merſon*, doth not die but live, will not fade but flouriſh; for a month or two more being run out and expired, and *La Villette* again in *Mans*, her malice unto her Husband is ſo inveterate and implacable, as ſhe again ſends for him to her Houſe, where (in great ſecreſie and intended affection) ſhe tells him, that if he will murther his Maſter, ſhe within ſix months will marry him in requital; and not only live his faithful wife, but die his obedient and conſtant Hand Maid. Now, although her firſt profer of a thouſand Crowns, could not procure it of *La Villette*; theſe her ſugered ſpeeches, which ſhe intermixeth with kiſſes, and the conſideration of ſo many thouſands, which her Eſtate not only promiſeth, but aſſureth, doth; ſo as forgetting his former virtue, to remember his future vice, he (like a damnable Villain) ſwears to her to effect it: Which wretched verbal Contract, they interchangeably ſeal with Oaths and Kiſſes, which (if they had any fear of God, or care of their ſalvations) they ſhould have deteſted with horror, and abhorred with deteſtation. Neither will his Malice (or the Devil the Author thereof) give him leave to protract or defer it: for, having reſolved to murther him as he rides abroad; his Maſter on a time being invited to a general Hunting, by the Baron of Saint *Suſanna* (Son and Heir to *Mounſieur de Varennes*) at his ſaid Town of *Suſanna*, as he came riding homewards towards his Fathers Houſe at *Manfrelle*, he in the midſt of a great Wood, near unto the ſmall Village of Saint *George*'s, riding behind his Maſter, diſchargeth his Piſtol, loaden with a brace of Bullets, thorow his reins, which makes him inſtantly fall off dead from his Horſe to the ground. When this helliſh ſervant, *La Villette* ſeeing his Maſter devoid of breath, and grovelling and weltring in his blood, he having acted the part of a ſinful Devil, in committing this cruel Murther, now reſolves to aſſume and repreſent that of a ſubtil Hypocrite, in concealing it; when determining to report that they were both aſſaulted, and his Maſter ſlain, by Thieves; he, to make all his actions conduce and look that way, chargeth his Piſtol again with another brace of Bullets, and ſhoots thorow his own Hat, gives himſelf a cut o're his left hand, and then breaks his Rapier; takes his own Piſtol, and his Maſters Rapier, and throws it into a Pond cloſe adjoyning; takes likewiſe his Maſters Purſe and Watch out of his Pocket, and hides it ſecretly: and then the more cunningly and knaviſhly to blear and deceive the eyes of the world, thereby to make this his hypocriſie to paſs the currenter, he having purpoſely provided himſelf two ſmall Cords, with the one he binds both his own feet, and with the other (by a pretty ſlight) ſlips therein his arms behind his back, and then ſetting himſelf againſt a Tree, he very pitifully weeps, groans, and crys out upon the Thieves and Murtherers of his Maſter *De Merſon*: when three Gentlemen of *Britain*, travelling that way towards *Paris*, repair to his aſſiſtance, whom they find out by his cries; to whom he relates, That five Thieves had aſſaulted his Maſter and himſelf; that he fought in their defence as long as his Sword held; that his Maſter was killed with a Piſtol, then robbed, and himſelf ſhot thorow, and wounded, and bound as they ſaw. When theſe three *Britiſh* Gentlemen, grieving at this mournful accident, and bloody ſpectacle they inſtantly cut the cords wherewith he was bound; and ſo having conveyed the dead Corps to the next Cottage, they run up and down the Wood to find out theſe Thieves and Murtherers, but in vain: ſo *La Villette* having thanked theſe Gentlemen for their affection and charity towards his dead Maſter, and living ſelf, he with a wonderful exterior ſhew of ſorrow, takes care for the ſpeedy and decent tranſporting home of his breathleſs Maſter to *Manfrelle*; where his mournful Father receives and buries him with infinite grief, lamentation, and tears.

In the mean time, this murtherous *La Villette* gives private intelligence thereof to the bloody *La Vaſſelay*, who although ſhe inwardly receives this news with extream content and joy, to ſee her ſelf freed from ſo unkind and ungrateful a Husband; yet publickly to the eye of the World (thereby the better to deceive and delude the World) ſhe contrariwiſe takes on blacks, ſeeming to be exceeding mournful, penſive, and ſorrowful thereat: but God will ſhortly diſcover the falſhood of theſe her tears, and in the triumphs of his revenge, pull off the Mask of this her diſſembling and treacherous hypocriſie: for, as *Mans*, *Laval*, *Angiers*, and all the adjacent Towns and Countrys, grieve at this lamentable Murther of *De Merſon*: ſo

they

[illegible] Widow *La Vaſſelay*, ſo ſhortly married and eſpouſed [illegible] whoſe eſpouſals are celebrated and conſummated ſar [illegible] Perſons Wife of theſe Cities and Countries, conſidering [illegible] reflection that was for her to marry her Husband's [illegible] that there was none other preſent but himſelf, when his [illegible] Maſter *De Merſon* ſo ſuddenly ſo unbragious, and leaves a fear and ſting of ſuſpition in their heads, that there was more in the wind than was yet known; and therefore knowing [illegible] thereof to the providence and pleaſure of God, who beſt, yea, [illegible] how to conduct and manage the actions here below on earth; [illegible] every time is come, that the Lord will no longer permit theſe their cruelland bloody Murthers to be concealed, but will bring them forth to receive condign puniſhment; [illegible] of other Evidence and Witneſſes, they themſelves ſhall be Witneſs againſt themſelves: And although *La Vaſſelay*'s poyſoning of *Gratiana*, and *La Villette*'s piſtoling of his Maſter *De Merſon*, were cunningly contrived, and ſecretly perpetrated; yet we ſhall ſee the laſt of theſe bloody Murthers, occaſion the diſcovery and detection of the firſt, and both of them moſt ſeverely and ſharply puniſhed for theſe their bloody crimes, and horrible offences. The manner is thus.

Theſe two execrable wretches *La Villette* and *La Vaſſelay*, have not liv'd married above ſome ſeven or eight months, but he being deeply in Law with *Monſieur De Manſrelle*, his Predeceſſor's Father, for the detention of ſome lands and writings, he takes an occaſion to ride home to his houſe of *Manſrelle*, to him, to confer of the differences; and by the way falls into the company of ſome Merchants of *Laval* and *Vitry*, who were returning from the Fair of *Chartres*: when riding together for the ſpace of almoſt a whole days journey, the ſecret providence and ſacred pleaſure of God had ſo ordained, that *La Villette*'s horſe, who bore him quietly and ſafely before, on a ſudden firſt goes backward, in deſpight of his ſpur or ſwitch; and then ſtanding an end on his two hind-legs, falls quite back with him, and almoſt breaks the bulk and trunk of his body; when having hardly the power to ſpeak, his breath failing him, and he ſeeing no way but death for him, and the hideous image thereof apparently before his eyes, the ſpirit of God doth ſo operate with his ſinful Soul, as he there confeſſeth how his wicked Wife *La Vaſſelay*, hath cauſed him to murther his Maſter *De Merſon*, whom he ſhot to death with his Piſtols; that ſhe firſt ſeduced him with a thouſand Crowns to perform it, which he refuſed; but then her conſent to marry him made him not only attempt, but finiſh that bloody buſineſs, whereof now from his very heart and Soul he repented himſelf, and beſeeched the Lord to forgive it him.

And here before the Reader's curioſity carry him further, let me, in the Name and fear of God, both requeſt and conjure him to ſtand amazed and wonder with me at his Sacred Providence, and inſcrutable wiſdom and judgment, which moſt miraculouſly concurrs and ſhines in this accident, and eſpecially in three eſſential and moſt apparent circumſtances thereof. For, it was on the very ſame Horſe, the ſame day twelve-month, and in the very ſame wood and place, where this execrable wretch *Villette*, formerly murthered his Maſter *De Merſon*. Famous and notorious circumſtances, which deſerve to be obſerved and remarked by all the Children of God, yea, and to be imprinted and engraven in their hearts and memories, thereby to deter us from the like Crimes of Murther.

Now theſe honeſt Merchants of *Laval* and *Vitry*, (as much in charity to *La Villette*'s life as in execration of that confeſſed Murther of his Maſter *De Merſon*) convey him to an Inn in St. *Georges*, when expecting every minute that he would die in their hands, they ſend away poſt to advertiſe the Preſidial Court of *Mans* hereof, (within whoſe Juriſdiction St. *George*'s was) who ſpeedily commanded *La Villette* to be brought thither to them alive or dead: but God reſerved him from that natural to a more infamous death; and made him live till he came hither: where he again confeſſeth this his foul murther of his Maſter *De Merſon*, and likewiſe accuſeth *La Vaſſelay* to be the ſole inſtigator thereof, as we have formerly heard and underſtood. Whereupon he is no ſooner examin'd, but this bloody old Hag is likewiſe impriſoned; who with many aſſeverations and tears, denies and retorts this foul Crime from her ſelf to him. But her Judges are too wiſe to believe the weakneſs and invadility of this her fooliſh juſtification. So whiles they are conſulting on her, *De Bremay* having notice of all theſe accidents, but eſpecially of *La Vaſſelay*'s impriſonment, (he ſtill apprehending and fearing that ſhe undoubtedly was the death of his Daughter *Gratiana*) takes poſt from *Nogent* to *Mans*, where he accuſeth her thereof to the Criminal Judges of the Preſidial Court; who upon this her double accuſation, adjudged her to the Rack; when at the very firſt torment thereof, ſhe (at laſt preferring the life of her ſoul before that of her body) confeſſeth her ſelf to be the actor

of her first crime of Murther, and the Author of the second: when, and whereupon (the Judges (resembling themselves) in detestation, and for expiation of these her foul [illegible]ies, condemn him to be hanged, and her to be burned alive; which the next day, at the common place of Execution, (near the *Halls* in *Mans*) is accordingly executed in the presence, and to the content of a world of people of that City, who as much abhor the enormity of these their bloody crimes, as they rejoyce and glorifie God for this their not so severe and deserved punishments.

As for *La Villette*, he (like an impious Christian) said little else but that which he had formerly spoken and delivered in the wood, at the receiving of his fall; only he said, that he had well hoped, that his great wealth which he had with *La Vasseley*, would have sheltred and preserv'd him from this infamous death, for murthering her Husband and his Master *De Marson*.

But as for this bloody Beldame, and wretched old Fury, *La Vasseley*, she was content to grieve at *Gratiana*'s death, though not to lament or pity that of her Husband *De Marson*; yea, and although she seemed to blame her jealousie towards her, yet her age was so wretchedly instructed in impiety, as she could not find in her heart either to make an Apology, or any way to seem repentant for her inhuman cruelty towards him: for, as she demanded pardon of *De Bremay* for poysoning his Daughter; so she spake not a word tending that way, to *Manfrelle*, for causing his Son to be pistol'd: only in particular terms, she requested God to forgive the vanity of her youth; and, in general ones, the World to forget the offences and crimes of her age: and so conjuring all old Widows and Wives to beware by her mournful and execrable example; her flames and prayers made expiation for the offence of her body; and her Soul mounted and fled to Heaven, to crave remission and pardon of God, who was the only Creator of the one, and Redeemer of the other.

And such were the deplorable, yet deserved ends of this bloody and wretched couple, *La Vasseley*, and *La Villette*, for so cruelly murthering harmless *Gratiana*, and innocent *De Marson*: and thus did God's All-seeing and Sacred Justice, justly triumph over these their crying and execrable Crimes. O that their example may engender and propagate our reformation; and that the reading of this their lamentable History, may teach us not only how to meditate hereon, but also how to amend thereby.

The Triumph of God's Revenge againſt Murther.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY XIV.

Fidelia *and* Cæleſtina *cauſe* Carpi *and* Monteleon, *with their two Lacquies,* Lorenzo *and* Anſelmo, *to murther their Father,* Captain Benevente; *which they perform.* Monteleon *and his Lacquy* Anſelmo, *are drowned.* Fidelia *hangs her ſelf.* Lorenzo *is hanged for a Robbery, and on the gallows confeſſeth the murthering of* Benevente. Carpi *hath his right hand, then his head, cut off.* Cœleſtina *is beheaded, and her body burnt.*

OUR beſt parts being our Virtues, and chief and ſovereign Virtue, the purity and ſanctity of our ſelves; how can we neglect thoſe, or not regard this, except we reſolve to ſee our ſelves miſerable in this life, and our Souls wretched in that to come? And as Charity is the cement of our other virtues, ſo Envy (her oppoſite) is the ſubverſion of this our Charity: from whence flows rage, revenge, and many times murther (her frequent, and almoſt, her inſeparable companions): but of all degrees of malice and envy, can there be any ſo inhuman and diabolical, as for two graceleſs Daughters to plot the death of their own Father, and to ſeduce and obtain their two Lovers to act and perform it? whereof in this enſuing Hiſtory we ſhall ſee a moſt barbarous and bloody precedent, as alſo their condign puniſhments inflicted on them for the ſame. In the reading whereof, O that we may have the grace by the ſight of theſe their fearful crimes and puniſhments, to reform and prevent our own, that we may look on their cruelty, with charity, on their rage, with reaſon, on their errors, with compaſſion, on their deſparation, with pity, and on their inhumanity, with piety: that the meditation and contemplation thereof, may terrifie our choler, quench both the fire of our luſt, and the flames of our revenge, ſo ſhall our faith be fortified, our paſſions reformed, our affections purified, and our actions eternally both bleſſed and ſanctified: to which end I have written and divulged it. So Chriſtian Reader, if thou make this thy end in peruſing it, thou wilt then not fail to receive comfort thereby, and therefore fail not to give God the glory.

Many years ſince, the Duke of *Oſſuna* (under the command of *Spain*) was made *Vice-roy* of the noble Kingdom of *Naples*, the which he governed with much reputation and honour,

although his fortunes or actions (how justly or unjustly I know not) have since suffered and received an Eclipse. In the City of *Otranto*, within the *Province* of *Apulia*, there dwelt an ancient, rich, and valiant Gentleman, nobly descended, termed Captain *Benevente*, who by his deceased Lady, *Sophia Elianora*, Neece to the Duke of *Piombino*, had left him two Daughters, and a Son, he termed *Seignior Richardo Alcasero*; they two, the Ladies *Fidelia* and *Cœlestina*, names indeed which they will no way deserve, but from whom they will solely dissent and derogate, through their hellish vices and inhuman dispositions to blood and murther. We may grace our names, but our names cannot grace us. *Alcasero* lives not at home with his Father, but for the most part at *Naples*, as a chief Gentleman retaining to the *Vice-roy*; where he profiteth so well in riding and tilting (a noble virtue and exercise) beyond all other *Italians* (natural and hereditary to the *Neapolitans*) that he purchased the name of a bold and brave *Cavalier*: but for *Fidelia* and *Cœlestina*, the clocks of their youth having struck twenty, and eighteen, the Captain their Father (thinking it dangerous to have Ladies of their years and descent, far from him) keeps them at home, that his care might provide them good Husbands, and his eye prevent them from matching with others. It is as great a blessing in Children to have loving Parents, as for them to have obedient Children; and had their obedience answered his affection, and their duty his providence, we had not seen the Theater of this their History so besprinkled and gored with such great effusion of blood.

This Captain *Benevente*, their Father, for his blood, wealth, and generosity, was beloved and honoured of all the Nobility of *Apulia*; and for his many services both by Sea and Land, was held in so great esteem in *Otranto*, that his house was an *Academy*, where all the Gallants both of City and Country, resorted to back great horses, to run at the Ring, and to practise other such Courtly and Martial Exercises, whereunto this old Captain, as well in his age, as youth, was exceedingly addicted: so as the beauty of his two Daughters, *Fidelia* and *Cœlestina*, could not be long either unseen, or unadmired: for they grew so perfectly fair, so sweet Complexions, and proper statures, that they were justly reputed and held to be the Paragons of Beauty, not only of *Apulia*, but of *Italy*: so as Beauty being the Gold and Diamonds of Nature, this of theirs (so sweet in its influence, and so excellent and delicious in that sweetness) drew all mens eyes to love them, many mens hearts to adore them: so, had they been as rich in Virtue, as in Beauty, they had lived more fortunate, and neither their Friends nor Enemies should have lived to have seen them die so miserable; for now that proves their ruin, which might have been their glory. They are both of them sought in marriage, by many Barons and Cavaliers, as well at home as abroad; but the Captain, their Father, will not give ear, nor hearken to any, nor once permit that such motion be moved him. They are so immodest, as they grieve hereat, and are so extreamly sorrowful, to see that a few years past away, makes their Beauties rather fade, than flourish: Where Virtue graceth not Beauty as well as Beauty, Virtue; it is often a presage and fore-runner of a fortune, as fatal, as miserable.

But as their thoughts were too impatient and immodest to give way to such incontinent and irregular conceits: so on the other side, the Captain, their Father, was too severe, and withal, too unkind, I may say, cruel, to hinder them from marriage, sith their beauty and age had long since made them both meritorious and capable of it. It was in them immodesty, in him unkindness, to propose such ends to their desires and resolutions: for as he hath authority to exact obedience from them, so have they likewise reason to expect fatherly affection and care from him. But he is more affected and addicted to his Wealth and covetousness, than inclined to regard his Daughters content, and therefore is fully resolved, not as yet to marry them; which is a resolution better left than imbraced, and infringed than kept of him: sith it may bring forth effects contrary both to his hopes and desires. It is commonly dangerous for Parents to content themselves with their children's discontents: for where Nature is crossed, it many times degenerates and proves unnatural; as the *Cataracts* of *Nilus* make it submerge and wash *Egypt* with her inundation: but *Fidelia* and *Celestina* will make trial of one invention and conclusion more, before they will give way to their distaste, or strike sail to their choler or revenge. They see their Father is resolute and severe in nipping their hopes, and crossing their desires of marriage; and yet they hope, that although they cannot prevail with him, that their Brother *Alcasero* may; to which end, the sooner to obtain and crown their desires with content, they consult together, and so by a confident friend of theirs, send him this Letter to *Naples*.

FIDELIA and COELESTINA to ALCASERO.

DEspairing of our Father's resolution to marry us, we have no other refuge or recourse, but to thy self and thy affection, in requesting thee powerfully to solicit him herein, that he may not prefer his Gold before

before our content, and consequently his hopes before our despair; neither could our hearts or thoughts perswade us, either to imploy or acquaint any other but thy self with these our desires, which Modesty *would have suppressed, but that* Truth *contradicted and opposed it: for his severity and cruelty is such towards us, that although we are sought in marriage by divers Cavaliers our Superiors, yet he will not permit us to be seen, much less to be wedded of any. Joyn then thy power to our wishes and prayers, and thy affection to the procuring of our contents, and we then doubt not, but to be as happy in a* Brother, *as otherwise we fear, we shall see our selves unfortunate, yea, miserable in a* Father: *and as thou canst not forget our descent and Blood, so we zealously pray and beseech thee to remember, if not our Beauty, our Youth.*

FIDELIA, COELESTINA:

Their Brother receives this Letter: he is too brave, generous, and courteous, to be unkind to any, especially to young Ladies, and most especially to his Sisters, whose content he makes and reputes his own. He comes to *Otranto*, deals effectually with the Captain his Father herein, who gives them this answer, That he hath provided the *Baron* of *Carpi* for *Fidelia*, and the Knight *Bartholomeo Monteleon* for *Cœlestina*; and that within fifteen days they are to come to *Otranto* to see them; which news doth exceedingly rejoyce, first himself, then his Sisters; but their joy shall not last long, but be buried as soon as born. Within the prefixed time, these two noble men come, but they are hateful, and not pleasing to *Fidelia* and *Cœlestina*; for the *Baron* of *Carpi* is crook-back'd, and squint-eyed, and *Monteleon* is lame of one leg. These Ladies value their beauty at too high a rate, to bestow it on such deformed Husbands; and although *Venus* accepted of *Vulcan*, yet they will have none of these, because they deem no hell to that of a discontented bed; heretofore they wished for Suters, and now they wish they were well rid of these; and so sacrificing to their own contents, they set up this resolution in their hearts and Souls, that they will rather die Maidens, than live to see themselves Wives to such Husbands. Their Father receives *Carpi* and *Monteleon* courteously, and entertains them nobly according to their Rank and Merits; he tells his Daughters plainly, that they shall marry these and none others. Thus the Bark of these their resolutions is surprized and beaten with two contrary winds; he will be obeyed of his Daughters, and they will be commanded of their Father in all things; but not in this of their Marriage.

It is never good for Parents to force the affections of their Children in their Marriages, sith it is a business, which not only lives but dies with them; but withal, their wills must neither be their Law, nor their Guide: for their Parents have (or at least should have) more experience and judgment than they, to see who are and who are not fit matches for them: But where authority opposeth affection, or affection reason, there such Marriages are still ushered in with discontent, and waited and attended on with misery. Likewise, there is a great respect and consideration to be observed by Parents, in the inclinations and natures of their children: for some will be perswaded or reproved with a word, whereas others will become more headstrong and rebellious with menaces and threats. Had this Captain attempted and practised the first, and not the second towards these two Ladiers his Daughters, peradventure they had never leapt from reason to rage, from obedience to contempt, nor from hope to despair; yea, I dare presume to aver with truth and safety, that we should have seen them all as happy, as I now fear we shall see them miserable.

But to proceed with their History: They are pressed by the Captain their Father, and importuned by the two noble men their Sutors, to finish and confirm these contracts. But *Fidelia* and *Celestina* with a true semblance of distaste, and yet a false shew of courtesie, give the denial to their Father in particular terms, and to them in general. He storms at their disobedience, and they impute this excuse of theirs to modesty, rather than unkindness. They flatter themselves with this hope, that sith they are fair, they must be courteous, and cannot be cruel; or if the contrary, that the Captain their Father will so manage his Daughters affection, as all things shall sort to their desires and expectations: but they shall come too short of their hopes, for they are neither reserved for the Ladies, nor the Ladies for them; but whiles thus they are busie in advancing the process of their affections, *Fidelia* and *Cœlestina* attempt a contrary enterprize, for they with tears and prayers, request their Brother *Alcasero*, importunately to solicit their Father in their behalf, that he will not enforce them to marry those whom they cannot affect, much less obey; which, like a noble and dear Brother, he performs with much zeal and perswasion; but he cannot prevail with him, nor bring them any other answer, than that they must and shall marry them, and only them.

Had this resolution of their Father been more courteous and less rigorous towards his Daughters, this History of theirs had not deserved so much pity and compassion, nor would have drawn

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although his fortunes or actions (how justly or unjustly I know not) have since suffered and received an Eclipse. In the City of *Otranto*, within the *Province* of *Apulia*, there dwelt an ancient, rich, and valiant Gentleman, nobly descended, termed Captain *Benevente*, who by his deceased Lady, *Sophia Elianora*, Neece to the Duke of *Piombino*, had left him two Daughters, and a Son, he termed *Seignior Richardo Alcasero*; they two, the Ladies *Fidelia* and *Cælestina*, names indeed which they will no way deserve, but from whom they will solely dissent and derogate, through their hellish vices and inhuman dispositions to blood and murther. We may grace our names, but our names cannot grace us. *Alcasero* lives not at home with his Father, but for the most part at *Naples*, as a chief Gentleman retaining to the *Vice-roy*; where he profiteth so well in riding and tilting (a noble virtue and exercise) beyond all other *Italians* (natural and hereditary to the *Neapolitans*) that he purchased the name of a bold and brave *Cavalier*: but for *Fidelia* and *Cælestina*, the clocks of their youth having struck twenty, and eighteen, the Captain their Father (thinking it dangerous to have Ladies of their years and descent, far from him) keeps them at home, that his care might provide them good Husbands, and his eye prevent them from matching with others. It is as great a blessing in Children to have loving Parents, as for them to have obedient Children; and had their obedience answered his affection, and their duty his providence, we had not seen the Theater of this their History so besprinkled and gored with such great effusion of blood.

This Captain *Benevente*, their Father, for his blood, wealth, and generosity, was beloved and honoured of all the Nobility of *Apulia*; and for his many services both by Sea and Land, was held in so great esteem in *Otranto*, that his house was an *Academy*, where all the Gallants both of City and Country, resorted to back great horses, to run at the Ring, and to practise other such Courtly and Martial Exercises, whereunto this old Captain, as well in his age, as youth, was exceedingly addicted: so as the beauty of his two Daughters, *Fidelia* and *Cælestina*, could not be long either unseen, or unadmired: for they grew so perfectly fair, so sweet Complexions, and proper statures, that they were justly reputed and held to be the Paragons of Beauty, not only of *Apulia*, but of *Italy*: so as Beauty being the Gold and Diamonds of Nature, this of theirs (so sweet in its influence, and so excellent and delicious in that sweetness) drew all mens eyes to love them, many mens hearts to adore them: so, had they been as rich in Virtue, as in Beauty, they had lived more fortunate, and neither their Friends nor Enemies should have lived to have seen them die so miserable; for now that proves their ruin, which might have been their glory. They are both of them sought in marriage, by many Barons and Cavaliers, as well at home as abroad; but the Captain, their Father, will not give ear, nor hearken to any, nor once permit that such motion be moved him. They are so immodest, as they grieve hereat, and are so extreamly sorrowful, to see that a few years past away, makes their Beauties rather fade, than flourish: Where Virtue graceth not Beauty as well as Beauty, Virtue; it is often a presage and fore-runner of a fortune, as fatal, as miserable.

But as their thoughts were too impatient and immodest to give way to such incontinent and irregular conceits: so on the other side, the Captain, their Father, was too severe, and withal, too unkind, I may say, cruel, to hinder them from marriage, sith their beauty and age had long since made them both meritorious and capable of it. It was in them immodesty, in him unkindness, to propose such ends to their desires and resolutions: for as he hath authority to exact obedience from them, so have they likewise reason to expect fatherly affection and care from him. But he is more affected and addicted to his Wealth and covetousness, than inclined to regard his Daughters content, and therefore is fully resolved, not as yet to marry them; which is a resolution better left than imbraced, and infringed than kept of him: sith it may bring forth effects contrary both to his hopes and desires. It is commonly dangerous for Parents to content themselves with their children's discontents: for where Nature is crossed, it many times degenerates and proves unnatural: as the *Cataracts* of *Nilus* make it submerge and wash *Egypt* with her inundation: but *Fidelia* and *Cælestina* will make trial of one invention and conclusion more, before they will give way to their distaste, or strike sail to their choler or revenge. They see their Father is resolute and severe in nipping their hopes, and crossing their desires of marriage; and yet they hope, that although they cannot prevail with him, that their Brother *Alcasero* may; to which end, the sooner to obtain and crown their desires with content, they consult together, and so by a confident friend of theirs, send him this Letter to *Naples*.

FIDELIA and COELESTINA to ALCASERO.

DEspairing of our Father's resolution to marry us, we have no other refuge or recourse, but to thy self and thy affection, in requesting thee powerfully to solicit him herein, that he may not prefer his Gold

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before our content, and consequently his hopes before our despair; neither could our hearts or thoughts perswade us, either to imploy or acquaint any other but thy self with these our desires, which Modesty *would have suppressed, but that* Truth *contradicted and opposed it: for his severity and cruelty is such towards us, that although we are sought in marriage by divers Cavaliers our Superiours, yet he will not permit us to be seen, much less to be wedded of any. Joyn then thy power to our wishes and prayers, and thy affection to the procuring of our contents, and we then doubt not, but to be as happy in a* Brother, *as otherwise we fear, we shall see our selves unfortunate, yea, miserable in a* Father: *and as thou canst not forget our descent and Blood, so we zealously pray and beseech thee to remember, if not our Beauty, our Youth.*

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ſo many ſighs from the hearers,or tears from theReaders: for ſeeing their Father cruelly reſolved to offer violence to their affections,they begin to hate him,becauſe he will not better love them. And here(O here)they enter into deviliſh machanation, and helliſh conſpiracy againſt him: for as he plots their diſcontents,ſo do they his deſtruction. *Fidelia* and *Cæleſtina* ſee their blood,and cauſe one, and therefore ſo they pretend ſhall be their fortunes; they would reveal their intents and deſigns each to other,but the fact is ſo foul and unnatural,as for a while they cannot: but they need no Oratory other than their own ſullen and diſcontented looks; for either of them may read a whole lecture of grief and choler in eachother's eyes,till at length tired with the importunity of their Father,and the impatience of *Carpi* and *Monteleon*,*Fidelia* as the more audacious of the two,firſt breaks it to her Siſter *Cæleſtina*, in this manner. That *Carpi* is not for her, nor ſhe for him; and that ſith her Father is reſolute in this match(although ſhe be his Daughter)ſhe had rather ſee him laid in his Grave,than her ſelf in *Carpi*'s bed. There need not many reaſons to perſwade that which we deſire: For *Cæleſtina* tells her Siſter plainly,that ſhe(in all points)joyns and concurs,in opinion with her,adding withal,that the ſooner their Father is diſpatcht, the better, becauſe ſhe knows they ſhall never receive any content on Earth till he be in Heaven; and ſo they conclude he ſhall die.

But alas, what helliſh and deviliſh Daughters are theſe, to ſeek the death of their Father of whom they have received their lives? Who ever read of a *Paricide* more inhumanly cruel, & impiouſly bloody? ſo if ever murther went unrevenged, this will not; for we ſhall ſee the Authors and Actors thereof moſt ſeverely puniſhed for the ſame. Men and Women may be ſecret in their Sins,but God will be juſt in his Decrees,and ſacred in his Judgments. What a religious reſolution had it been in them, to have retired, and not advanced in this their damnable attempt? but they are too profane,to have ſo much pity; and too outragious to hearken to this religious reaſon, yea,they are too impious to hearken to Grace,and too revengeful and bloody-minded,to give ear either to Reaſon, Duty,or Religion. So now,like two incenſed and implacable Furies,they conſult how, and in what manner they may free themſelves of their Father: *Fidelia* propoſeth divers degrees and ſeveral ſorts of murthers,but *Cæleſtina* likes none of them; in ſome ſhe finds too much danger,in others too little aſſurance; and therefore as young as ſhe is, ſhe invents a plot as ſtrange as ſubtil,and as malicious and diabolical as ſtrange; ſhe informs her, that to be rid of her Father, there cannot be a ſecurer courſe, than to ingage the *Baron* of *Carpi*, and the Knight of *Monteleon* to murther him; *Fidelia* wonders hereat, ſaying, it will be impoſſible for them to be drawn to perform it,ſith they both know and ſee,that the Captain their Father loves them ſo well, as will or nill, they muſt be their Husbands. But *Cæleſtina*'s revengeful is further fetch'd, and more cunningly ſpun; for ſhe hath not begun it, to leave it raw and unfiniſhed, but is ſo confident in her deviliſh induſtry, as ſhe affirms ſhe will perfect and make it good. *Fidelia* demands how? *Cæleſtina* anſwereth, That they both muſt make a feigned and flattering ſhew, to change their diſtaſte, and now to affect *Carpi* and *Monteleon*, whom before they could not; that having in this manner drawn them to their lure, when they attempt to urge marriage,they ſhall both agree to inform them,that it is impoſſible for them to obtain it, whiles the Captain their Father lives; ſith albeit in outward appearance he make a fair ſhew to make them their Husbands; yet he means and intends nothing leſs; for that he hath given them expreſs charge and command (at any hand) not to love or affect them; which is the main and ſole cauſe, that hath ſo long with-held them from making ſooner demonſtration of their affections towards them; and this(quoth ſhe) will occaſion and provoke them to attempt it; adding,that by this means they may give two ſtrokes with one ſtone, and ſo not only be rid of our Father, but likewiſe of *Carpi* and *Monteleon*, who peradventure may be apprehended, and executed for the fact; and for our ſafeguard and ſecurity, we will powerfully conjure and ſwear them to ſecrecy.

There is no web finer than that of the Spider,nor treachery ſubtiller than that of a woman,eſpecially if ſhe contemn Charity for Revenge,her Soul for her Body,God for Satan,and conſequently Heaven for Hell;how elſe could this young Lady lodg ſo revengeful a heart in ſo ſweet a Body,or ſhroud ſuch bloody Conceits and Inventions under ſo fair and ſo beautiful a Complexion?

But the *Panther*,though his skin be fair,yet his breath is infectious; and we many times ſee that the fouleſt Snake,lurks under the greeneſt and beautifulleſt leaves. *Fidelia* gives an attentive ear to this her Siſter's bloody Stratagem and Deſign; ſhe finds it ſure,and the probabilities thereof apparent and eaſie,and therefore approves of it. So theſe two beautiful,yet bloody Siſters vow,without delay, to ſet it on foot,and in practiſe. It is the Nature of Revenge to look forward,ſeldom backwards; but did we meaſure the beginning by the end,as well as the end by the beginning, our affections would ſavour of far more Religion, and of far leſs impiety,

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and we ſhould then rejoyce in that which we muſt now repent, but cannot remedy. They take time to ſhift ſtage, and pertinently acquaint *Carpi* and *Monteleon* with it. The paſſions of affection prove often more powerful than thoſe of *Reaſon*; they ſuffer themſelves to be vanquiſhed and led away by the pure *beauty* and ſweet *oratory* of theſe two diſcontented and treacherous *Ladies*, without conſidering what poyſon lurks under their ſpeeches, and danger under their tongues. They commit a groſs and main error in relying more on the Daughters youth, than the Fathers gravity; on their verbal, than his real affection; and ſo they engage themſelves to the Daughters, in a very ſhort time, to free them of the Captain their Father. It was a baſe vice in *Gentlemen* of their rank, to violate the Laws of Hoſpitality, in ſo high a degree, as to kill him who loved them ſo dearly, and entertained them ſo courteouſly; and it is ſtrange that both their humours were ſo ſtrangely vicious, as to concur and ſympathize in the attempt of this execrable murther. But what cannot *Vice* perform, or *Ladies* procure of their *Lovers*? at leaſt, if they love *Beauty* better than *Virtue*, and *Pleaſure* than *Piety*.

Captain *Benevente* is many times accuſtomed after dinner to ride to his vinyard, and now and then to *Alpiata* a neighbour-village, where he is familiarly (if not too familiarly) acquainted with a Tenant's wife of his, whom he loved in her youth, and cannot forſake in her middle age; perſeverance in vice never makes a good end: a ſingle ſin is diſtaſteful; but the redoubling thereof, is both hateful and odious to God. *Carpi* and *Monteleon* take their two Lacquies, *Lorenzo* and *Anſelmo* with them, as ſoon as they know the *Captain* to be abroad, only accompanied with his confident Gentleman *Fiamento*; and diſguiſing themſelves, they watch him at the corner of the wood, where of neceſſity he muſt paſs. The event anſwereth their bloody expectations and deſires: they ſee *Benevente* and *Fiamento* approaching, riding a ſoft trot, when like ſo many *Fiends* and *Furies*, they all four ruſh out of the thicket, and (without any other form) with their ſwords and piſtols (after ſome reſiſtance) kill them dead to the ground; but this is not the end of their hellish *malice* and *envy*: neither is the inſatiable thirſt of their revenge yet quenched; for they take theſe two murthered bodies (who are afreſh rocking and welring in their blood, and carry them to a neighbour-hill, and ſo throw them down into a deep quarry full of thick buſhes and brambles, whereas they thought no mortal eye ſhould ever have ſeen them more, and there they conſult upon their flight. *Carpi* reſolves to take poſt for *Naples*, and there for a time to ſhroud himſelf among the multitude of the Nobility and Coaches, which grace and adorn that City; and *Monteleon* reſolves to hie towards *Brundiſium*, with intent, that if theſe murthers were revealed, and himſelf detected and accuſed, he would there imbark himſelf either for *Venice* or *Malta*: but he hath not as yet made his peace and reckoning with God.

Leave we *Carpi* and his Lacquy poſting for *Naples*, and let us ſee what accident will ſpeedily befal *Monteleon*. It is impoſſible for murther to go long unpuniſhed; *Monteleon* and his Lacquy *Anſelmo* ſhall, ere they ride far, ſee this poſition verified in themſelves; He is provided of two fair *Gennets*, one for himſelf, the other for his Lacquy, and having taking his leave of *Carpi*, away he goes for *Brundiſium*; but he hath not ridden paſt twelve miles before his own horſe fell down dead under him, which doth ſomewhat afflict and amaze him; but this is but the leaſt part of his miſery, and but the very beginning of his misfortune; he is inforced to make a virtue of neceſſity, ſo he rides his Lacquy's horſe, and he follows him on foot. It is impoſſible for a guilty conſcience to be ſecured from fear; he rides narrow lanes and by-ways, but at laſt near the Village *Blanquettelle*, he meets with a ſwift Ford, which is paſſible for horſe, but not for foot: Here *Monteleon* is conſtrained to take up his Lacquy *Anſelmo* behind him, which he doth; but being in the midſt thereof, the horſe ſtumbles, and falls with both of them under him; which is done ſo ſuddenly, that *Monteleon* had no time to caſt off his Lacquy, and ſo they are both drowned, and have neither the grace or power to breathe, or ſpeak a word more.

God's Judgments are ſecret and inſcrutable: had they had time to repent, they had only loſt their lives, whereas now it is rather to be feared, than wiſhed, they likewiſe run the hazard of their Souls. But as it is a virtue to think and cenſure charitably of the dead, ſo it muſt needs be a vice to do the contrary. Heretofore they thurſted for blood, and (lo) now they have their fill of water. All *Elements* are the ſervants of *God*, but theſe two of *fire* and *water*, are the moſt terrible, the moſt impetuous. This is a teſtimony of our weakneſs, and of *God's* Power.

By this time Captain *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento* are found wanting, and no news to be heard of them; his houſe rings and reſounds with ſorrow, all his ſervants and friends mourn and lament for his abſence, and his two accurſed Daughters, they ſeem to be all in tears thereat: But we ſhall ſhortly ſee this their hypocriſie and diſſimulation both detected and revenged. They lay all the *Country* to purchaſe news of their *Father*, and ſpeedily by poſt advertiſe their Brother *Alcaſero* thereof at *Naples*, who amazed hereat, comes away with all poſſible ſpeed and expedition; his two Siſters and himſelf wonderfully mourn and lament for the abſence of

their

their Father, and now seeing five days past, and no news of him, they begin to suspect and fear that he is made away and murthered; and because *Fiamento* was alone with him, they suspect him of the fact, which they are the sooner induced to believe, in regard he is fled, and not to be found; but they shall soon see the contrary, and that as he was a faithful servant to their Father his Master, during his life, so he was a true companion to him in his death. And although *Alcasero* his Son use all possible zeal and industry to find out his Father, yet sith Earth cannot, now Heaven will reveal the news and sight of them. For as some neighbouring *Gentlemen* (his kinsfolks and friends) are hunting of a Stag near *Alpiata*, they pursue him on horseback some five or six hours, and at last being tired, he runs for refuge and shelter thorow the bushes and briars, into the same old Quarry, where the dead bodies of Captain *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento* were thrown. The *Gentlemen*-hunters descend from their horses, and with their Swords drawn, enter purposely to kill the Stag, which they perform; when casting aside their eyes, they see two dead mens bodies, one near the other, whose legs, hands, and faces, the *Crows* had pitifully mangled and defaced. They are amazed at this mournful and unlooked-for spectacle; when approaching to discern them, they by their cloaths find and know them to be Captain *Benevente*, and his *Gentleman Fiamento*. They are astonished and amazed hereat; and so one of them rides back post to *Otranto*, to acquaint *Alcasero* his Son hereof; who melting into tears, returns with him near *Alpiata*; where, to his unspeakable grief, he sees the dead bodies both of his Father and *Fiamento*, which before all the Hunters he caused to be searched, and finds that his Father (with a Pistol-Bullet) was shot thorow the head in two places, and run thorow the body with a Rapier in three; and that *Fiamento* had five deep wounds with a Rapier, and one shot thorow the head. *Alcasero*, and the whole company grieve and lament at this sorrowful news: they know well that *Fiamento* did not set upon the Captain his Father, and that neither of them had Pistols: and though they might imagine it done by thieves, yet they were quickly cleared of that jealousie and suspition, because they find rich Rings on his Masters fingers, and store of Gold in his Pockets. So they referring the discovery of this bloody and damnable murther to *Time*, and to *God* the Author and Giver of *Time*, *Alcasero* causeth the dead bodies, first of his Father, then of *Fiamento*, to be laid in a Coach, which he had purposely caused to be brought thither; and so accompanied with all the *Gentlemen*, returns with it to *Otranto*, where all the whole *City* lament and bewail this Tragical Disaster: and because these dead corps of theirs have received wrong in being so long above ground, *Alcasero* that night gives them their due burials, interring *Fiamento* decently, and his Father honourably, according as the necessity and strictness of the time would permit him.

It it now *Alcasero*'s curiosity and care how to seek out the murtherers of his Father; and for his *Sisters*, they are so irreligious and wretched, as they think to mock *God*, and delude the *world* with their immoderate, yet counterfeit mourning; but it proceeds not from their hearts, much less from their Souls. The morrow after their Father's burial, they are all three informed *Monteleon* and his Lacquy *Anselmo* are drown'd, as they past the River *Blanquettelle*, whereat he wonders, and his two Sisters rejoyce and triumph, especially *Cælestina*, who now sees her self freed, not only of the *Captain* her *Father* whom she hated, but also of the Knight *Monteleon* her Suter, whom she could not love: She is so impious and graceless, as she doth rejoyce, but will neither repent nor pity at these accidents; yea, she so slightly and trivially passeth over the remembrance of her *Father*'s untimely and bloody death, as if murther were no sin, or that *God* had ordained no punishment for it; she wears her mourning attire and weeds, more for shew than sorrow; for her *Father* was no sooner in his Grave, but she builds many Castles of pleasure in the Air of her extravagant and ambitious thoughts, vowing that ere long she will have a *Gallant* of her own chusing to her Husband; but she may come short of her hopes, and perchance find a halter for her neck, before a Wedding-Ring for her finger. As for her Brother *Alcasero* his thoughts are roving and roaming another way, for he finds it strange that the *Baron* of *Carpi* comes not to condole with him for his Father, and to continue his suit and affection to his Sister *Fidelia*, whereat he both admires and wonders, and not only takes it in ill part, but also begins to suspect, and to cast many doubts and jealousies thereon, and what the issue thereof will be, or what effects it will produce, we shall shortly see. But a month or two being blown away, *Carpi* hearing no suspition or talk of him, and thinking all things in a readiness for him to be assured and contracted to his Lady and Mistress *Fidelia*; he takes a new Lacquy, and apparelling him in a contrary Livery, sends him secretly to *Otranto* with this Letter to her.

CARPI to FIDELIA.

THere are some reasons that stay me for not coming to Otranto, *to condole with thee for the death of thy Father, which what they are, none can better imagine than thy self: when thy sorrows are over-*

overblown, I will come to thee, in hope to be as joyful in thy preſence, as thy abſence makes me miſerable. I have given thee ſo true, and ſo real a proof of my affection, as thou ſhouldeſt offer me palpable injuſtice; and to thy ſelf extream injury to doubt thereof. For what greater teſtimony canſt thou futurely expect, than to believe I will ever prefer thy love before my own life, if thy conſtancy anſwer mine? Heaven may, but Earth cannot croſs our deſires. I pray ſignifie me how thy Brother ſtands affected to our affections; thy anſwer ſhall have many kiſſes, and I will ever both honour and bleſs that hand that writ it.

CARPI.

The Lacquy comes to *Otranto*, and finds out *Fidelia*, to whom (with much care and ſecrecy) he delivers his Maſter's Letter, and commends, and requeſteth an anſwer. *Fidelia* receives the one, and promiſeth the other; but ſhe is perplexed and troubled in mind. Here her thoughts make a ſtand, and conſult whether ſhe ſhall open this Letter or no. Her conſcience hath heretofore yeilded to the death of her Father; and now Religion begins to work upon the life of her Conſcience, which indeed is that of her Soul. Had ſhe perſevered in this courſe of piety, her repentance might have pleaded for her diſobedience, and her contrition redeemed her crime; but ſhe forſakes the helm that might have ſteered her to the Port of happineſs and ſafety, and ſo fills the ſails of her reſolutions with the wind of deſpair, which threaten no leſs than to ſplit the Bark of her life on the Rocks of her deſtruction and death. She now begins to hate company, which before ſhe loved, and to love ſolitarineſs, which before ſhe hated; yea, the living picture of her dead Father doth ſo haunt her thoughts, and frequent her imaginations, that whereſoever ſhe is, it is preſent with her. Remorſe, as a *Vulture* gnaws at her heart and conſciences; yea though nothing do fear her, yet ſhe fears all things. She ſees no man running behind her, but ſhe thinks he purpoſely follows her to drag her to Priſon; ſhe is afraid of her own ſhadow, and thinks, that not only every tower, but every houſe will fall upon her: ſhe will not come into any Boat, nor paſs any River, Brook, or Well, for fear of drowning. This deſpair of hers, cauſeth her to be cold in her Religion, and frozen in her Prayers, which ſhould be both the *preſervative* and *antitode* of the Soul: her ſpeeches for the moſt part are confuſed and diſtracted, and her looks ſullen, fearful and gaſtly (the proper ſigns and ſymptoms of deſpair) *Carpi*'s Lacquy having ſtayed two days in *Otranto* for his anſwer, holds it his duty to importune *Fidelia* to be diſpatched, the which that night ſhe promiſeth him; and now in ſad and melancholy humour ſhe breaks off *Carpi*'s Letter, and peruſeth it; which not only renews, but revives the remembrance of her Father's death: whereat ſhe enters into a ſtrange and ſo implacable a paſſion, as ſhe once have thought to had thrown his Letter into the fire, and her ſelf after. Now ſhe is reſolved to write back to *Carpi*, and then preſently ſhe changeth her reſolution, and vows ſhe will anſwer him with ſilence. But the Devil is as ſubtil as malicious, and ſo ſhe calls for Pen and Ink, and out of the dregs of diſcontent, and the gall of deſpair, writes and returns him this anſwer.

FIDELIA to CARPI.

MY Fathers death hath altered my diſpoſition, for I am now wholly addicted to mourning, and not to marriage. I pray trouble not thy ſelf to leave Naples, *to come and condole with me in* Otranto: *for the beſt comfort that I can receive, is, that it is impoſſible for me to receive any. I never doubted of thy affection, nor will give thee any juſt cauſe to ſuſpect, much leſs to fear mine. If this will not ſuffice, reſt aſſured I have reſolved, that either my Grave, or thy ſelf ſhall be my Husband. How my Brother ſtands affected to thee, is a thing difficult for me to underſtand or know, ſith I am only his* Siſter, *not his* Secretary: *But in all outward appearance, I think he neither loves thee for my ſake, nor my ſelf for thine. Live thou as happy, as I fear I ſhall die miſerable.*

FIDELIA.

What a fearful Letter is this, either for *Fidelia* to ſend, or *Carpi* to receive! But her diſtempered and diſtracted ſpirits can afford no other; and therefore ſhe diſpatcheth away the Lacquy with this. And now (as if her thoughts tranſported her to hell) ſhe cannot be alone, for the *Devil* is ſtill with her, he appears to her in a ſhape of an *Angel* of *Light*, and profers her Mountains of *Wealth*, and Worlds of *Honor*, if ſhe will fall down and adore him. To rebel againſt God is a ſin; But to perſevere in our rebellion, is not only a contempt, but a treaſon in the higheſt degree againſt God. The beſt of God's people are commonly tempted; but thoſe are, and prove the worſt, who are overcome with temptation. *Fortitude* is a principal and *ſovereign virtue* in *Chriſtians*; and if we vanquiſh the *Devil*, it is good for us, that he aſſaulted us ſith thoſe Victories (as well ſpiritual as temporal) are ever moſt glorious and honourable, which are atchieved with greateſt danger. Had *Fidelia* followed the current of this counſel, and the ſtream of this advice, ſhe had never been ſo weak with God, nor ſo unfaithful to her ſelf, as to

deſtroy her ſelf: but forſaking God, and contemning prayer, which is the true way to the trueſt felicity, what can ſhe hope for but deſpair, or expect but deſtruction? Her Brother *Alcaſero*, and many of her kinsfolks, neighbours and friends (with their beſt zeal, and poſſible power) endeavour to perſwade and comfort her; they exhort her to read religious books, and continually to pray; ſhe hearkneth to both theſe counſels, but neither can, or will not, follow either; her ſleeps are but broken ſlumbers, but diſtracted dreams; and ever and anon it ſeems (to the eyes of her mind and body) that the Captain her Father doth ſpeak to her, and follow her. In a word, ſhe is weary both of the world, and of her life; yea, deſpair, or rather the *Devil* hath reduced her to this extream miſery, and miſerable extremity, that ſhe is ready to kiſs that hand that would kill her, or that death which would give her death; ſhe never ſees a Knife in the hands of another, but ſhe wiſheth it in her own heart: her conſcience doth ſo terribly accuſe her, and her thoughts give in ſuch bloody evidence againſt her conſcience and her ſelf, for occaſioning her Father's murther, that ſhe reſolves ſhe muſt die, and therefore diſdains to live. And now comes her Siſter *Cæleſtina* to her, to perſwade and confer with her, but ſhe will prove but a miſerable comforter. *Fidelia* ſees her with hatred and deteſtation, and when ſhe begins to ſpeak, very peremptorily and mournfully cuts off her ſpeeches thus; *Ah Siſter, would we had ſlept when we plotted our Father's death, for in ſeeking his ruin, we ſhall aſſuredly find out our own: Provide you for your ſafety, for I am paſt hope of mine; and ſo get you out of my ſight.* I know not whether the beginning of this her ſpeech ſavoured more of *Heaven*, than the end thereof doth of *Hell*: for ſure, if we paſs hope, we come too ſhort of ſalvation; and if we forſake that, this infallibly will forſake us.

This poor, or rather this miſerable *Gentlewoman*, having always her murthered Father before her eyes (which inceſſantly haunts her as a *Ghoſt*, and yet ſhe enforced to follow it as her ſhadow) is powerfully allured and provoked by the inſtigation of the *Devil*, in what manner, or at what rate ſoever, to diſpatch her ſelf, being ſo wretchedly inſtructed in faith and piety; and ſhe adds and believes, that the end of her life will prove not only the end of her afflictions, but the beginning of her joys. But, O poor *Fidelia*, with a thouſand pities and tears, I both pity and grieve to ſee thee believe ſo infernal an Advocate: for what joy either will he, or can he give thee? Why, nothing but bondage for liberty, torments for pleaſures, and tortures for delights; or if thou wilt have me ſhew thee whereat his flattering oratory, or ſugred inſinuation tendeth, it is only to have thee deſtroy thy body in earth, that (as a *Triumph* and *Trophie* to the inlargement of his obſcure *Kingdom*) he may drag thy body and Soul to Hell-fire. But *Fidelia* is as conſtant in her ſin, as impious in her reſolution; and ſo (all delays ſet apart) ſhe ſeeks the means to deſtroy her ſelf: ſhe procures poyſon and takes it, but the effect and operation thereof anſwers not her deſires. I know not whether ſhe be more impatient to live than willing to die. We never want invention, ſeldom means to do evil; a little pen-knif of hers, ſhall in her conceit perform that which poyſon could not; ſhe ſeeks it, and now remembers, it is with her pair of Knives, in the pocket of her beſt Gown: ſhe flies to her Ward-robe, and ſo to her pocket, but finds not her Knives, only ſhe finds her *Naples*-ſilk girdle inſtead thereof. The *Devils* inſtruments are never far to ſeek; ſhe thinks it as good to ſtrangle her Throat, as to cut it. And here comes her mournful and deplorable *Tragedy*, ſhe returns ſwiftly to her Chamber, bolts the door, and ſo (which I grieve and tremble to relate) faſtens it to the Teſter of her Bed, and there hangs her ſelf; and as it is faithfully reported, at that very inſtant, and for the ſpace of an hour, it thundred and lightned ſo cruelly, as if Heaven and Earth were drawing to an end, that not only the Chamber where ſhe hung, but the whole houſe ſhaked thereat. The Thunder being paſt, and the skies clear, Dinner is ſerved on the Table, and *Alcaſero* and *Cæleſtina* ready to ſit; they call for their Siſter *Fidelia*, but ſhe is not to be found. One goes to her Chamber, and returns, that her Key is without ſide, and the door bolted within, and yet ſhe anſwers not. They both flie from the Table to her Chamber, and call, and knock, but no anſwer. *Alcaſero* commands his men to break open the door, which they do, and there ſees his Siſter *Fidelia* hanging to the Bed-ſtead ſtark dead. They cry out as affrighted and amazed at this mournful and pitiful ſpectacle, and with all ſpeed take her down; but ſhe is breathleſs, though not cold; and they ſee all her face and body, which were wont to be as white as ſnow, now to be coal-black, and to ſtink infinitely. Theſe are the woful effects, and lamentable fruits both of *Deſpair* and *Murther*. O, may Chriſtians of all ranks, and of both Sexes, take heed by *Fidelia*'s mournful and miſerable example, and withal remember, that murther will ſtill be revenged and puniſhed, eſpecially that which is perpetrated by children toward their Parents; a ſin odious both to God and man, ſith it not only oppoſeth Nature, but Grace Earth, but Heaven.

No ſooner (with grief and mourning) hath *Alcaſero* buried this his natural, yet unnatural ſiſter,

ſiſter *Fidelia*, but as his other ſiſter *Cæleſtina* weeps for her death, ſo ſhe again rejoyceth that her ſiſter hath no way revealed the great buſineſs, which ſo much concerns her, I mean the Murther of the Captain her Father. But time will detect and revenge both it and her. And that we may not ſeem extravagant in the narration and unfolding of this Hiſtory, fly we from *Otranto* to *Naples* and leave we the fatal and woful Tragedy of *Fidelia*, to ſpeak a little of the *Baron* of *Carpi* her Lover, who hath yet a great part to act upon the Theatre of this Hiſtory.

He hath no ſooner received *Fidelia*'s Letter by his Lacquy, but he much wonders and grieves at the contents thereof: he ſees her cold in her affection towards him, and hot in deſpair to her ſelf, and thinks, that as it is in her power to rejoyce him with her affection, ſo it may be in his to comfort her with his preſence: but her requeſt and his conſcience inform him, that it is yet too ſoon to leave *Naples* to ſee *Otranto*; and yet that he may not fail in the complement and duty of a Lover, he reſolves to viſit her by Letter, though not in perſon, and ſo writes her theſe few lines:

CARPI to FIDELIA.

WEre thy requeſt not my Law, I would ſee Fidelia *to comfort her, and comfort my ſelf to ſee her. But ſith I muſt be ſo unfortunate, as in one Letter to receive two different ſorrows, my refuſal, and thy deſpair, what remedy (or Antidote) can I more aptly adminiſter, than Patience to the firſt, and Prayer to the ſecond. If thou weigh matters aright, I have more occaſion of ſorrow than thy ſelf, and yet I am ſo far from deſpairing, as I hope Time will give thee conſolation and me content. Endeavour to love thy ſelf, and not to hate me; ſo ſhalt thou draw felicity out of affliction, and I ſecurity out of danger. I hope thy Brother will not follow thy Fathers ſteps; his affection to thee ſhall be mine to himſelf. Let thy ſecond Letter give me half ſo much joy, as thy firſt did grief, and I ſhall then triumph at my good fortune as much as I now lament and pity thine, and in that mine own.*

CARPI.

He ſends this Letter of his to *Otranto*, by his Lacquy *Fieſco*, who carried his firſt; but he muſt go into another world, if he mean to deliver it to *Fidelia*: He comes to *Otranto*, and repairs to Captain *Benevente*'s houſe; whereas he is walking in the ſecond Court, *Alcaſero* being very ſolitary and penſive at a window, leaning his head on his hand, and deeply and ſeriouſly thinking what two fatal diſaſters were befallen his houſe, as the loſs of his Father and Siſter, he by chance eſpies this Lacquy *Fieſco*: at whoſe ſight his heart beats, and his blood very ſuddenly flaſhes up in his face; he exceedingly wonders hereat, and attributing every extraordinary motion in himſelf, a ſtep or degree to the diſcovery of his Father's murther, whereon his thoughts were always fixed, and could never be withdrawn, he ſends a Gentleman of his, named *Plantinus*, to enquire whoſe Lacquy it was, and what was his buſineſs. *Plantinus* deſcends and examineth him, but he is cloſe and will reveal nothing. He intreats him to enter and taſte the Wine, which he doth; when ingaging and leaving him in the Cellar, he trips up to his Maſter, and acquaints him with his anſwer, adding withal, that ſome fifteen days ſince he ſaw him here before. *Alcaſero* commands this Lacquy to be brought before him, he examines him, but he will not diſcover himſelf; he threatens him with the whip, and impriſonment, but he cannot prevail. It is a virtue in a ſervant to conceal his Maſter's ſecrets. *Alcaſero* is angry at his ſilence and fidelity, yet commends him; he bethinks himſelf of another courſe of ſubtilty, as well knowing that fair words may obtain that which threats cannot; he prays him to dine with his ſervant, and enjoyneth *Plantinus* to bring him to him in the Garden after dinner, the which he doth. *Alcaſero* takes him apart, and tells him, that ſome fifteen days paſt he ſaw him here: *Fieſco* anſwereth him with ſilence. *Alcaſero* finds much perturbation in his heart, and diſtraction in his looks and ſpeech; he thinks this boy can reveal ſomething which he ought to know, and therefore thinks to ſurprize him with a ſilver hook; he profers him twenty Duckets, and lays it down before him, to diſcover himſelf and his buſineſs.

Gold is, but ought not to be a powerful bait to indiſcretion and poverty. It is a ſmall point of ſmall wiſdom in Noblemen to commit ſecrets of importance to thoſe who have too much folly, and too little judgment to conceal them. The ſight of this Gold doth not only dazel *Fieſco*'s eyes, but eclipſe his fidelity: ſo he holds it no ſin towards God, nor treachery towards his Maſter to reveal it; but takes it, and informs him that he is the Baron of *Carpi* his Lacquy, who ſent him from *Naples* thither, with a Letter from him to the Lady *Fidelia* his ſiſter. *Alcaſero* grows pale hereat, and is very curious and haſty to ſee the Letter: *Fieſco* delivers it him, who ſteps aſide, and reads it; whereon he plucks his hat down his fore-head, and ſo making three or four paces, reads it ore again. He is perplexed to know as much as he ſees, and grieved not to ſee and find as much as he deſireth to know. He now confirms his former ſuſpition of

Carpi, and believes he is a chief Actor or Agent in his Father's Tragedy. But he knows it wisdom to use silence in the discovery of a crime of this nature; and therefore calls *Fiesco* to him, bids him stay that night, and to speak with him in the morning before he depart.

Alcasero withdraws himself from the Garden to his Closet, and there again peruseth this Letter of *Carpi's*: he finds it full of suspition and ambiguities, and perceives it hath a relation to former Letters; yea, there is a mystery in this Letter, the which he must unlock and find out e're he be satisfied; for although *Carpi* be squint-eyed, yet he fears he hath looked too right on his Father. He flies to *Fidelia's* Closet, Trunk and Casket, and finds a former Letter of *Carpi's* to her, and the Copy of one of hers to him: and the perusal of these two Letters are so far from diminishing his suspition, as it doth augment and encrease it; for now he verily believes that *Carpi* and his Sister *Fidelia* have joyntly had a great hand in his Fathers Murther. But all this while doth not so much as once suspect or imagine that his other Sister *Cælestina* hath plaid any part in this Tragedy: but Time is the daughter of Truth, as Truth is that of Heaven. In the morn he calls for *Fiesco*, to whom he gave this farewel; *Tell the Baron of* Carpi *thy Master that my Sister* Fidelia *is in another World, and not in this, and that shortly I resolve to see him at* Naples, *and that in the interim I will reserve his Letter. Fiesco* departs, but knows he hath so highly betrayed and wronged his Master, as he dares not see him, and so shews him a fair pair of heels. Such Lacquies far better deserve a halter than a Livery. *Carpi* wonders at his Lacquies long stay; in which mean time *Alcasero* comes to *Naples*, where he is yet irresolute, whether to accuse *Carpi* by order and course of Law, or to fight with him: but he resolves to do both; and that if the Law will not right him for the murther of his Father, his sword shall. He goes to the Criminal Judges, and with much passion and sorrow accuseth the *Baron* of *Carpi* for murthering of the Captain *Benvoente* his Father; and for proof hereof, produceth these two Letters to his Sister *Fidelia*, and the Copy of one of hers to him. Whereupon the Judges grant power to apprehend *Carpi*; so he is taken and constituted prisoner; and now he hath leisure to think on the baseness and the foulness, of his fact. But he is so far from dejecting himself to sorrow, or addicting himself to repentance, as he puts a brazen face on his looks and speeches, and so peremptorily intends and resolves to deny all. Had he had more grace, or less impiety, he would have made better use of this his imprisonment, and have shewn himself at least humble, if not sorrowful for his offence and crime. But he holds it wisdom in greatest dangers to shew most courage and resolution, and so makes himself fit to grapple and encounter with all accidents and occurrences whatsoever.

Men may palliate their sins, but God will find them out, and display them in their naked colors. *Alcasero* is an importunate solicitor to his Judges, to draw and hasten on *Carpi* his arraignment: But they (resembling themselves) proceed therein modestly and gravely: they consult and consider the three Letters; they find conjectural sentences enough to accuse, but no solid proof to condemn him: they hold, that their opinions ought not to be swayed with the wind of every presumption, and that it is not fit so trivially to set the life of a man at six and seven. Besides, as they approve of *Alcasero* his affection to his father, so they dislike of his impetuosity and vehemency towards *Carpi*. They all resolve to lay the Sword of Justice in the balance of Equity; and then ordain, that *Carpi* shall be rackt, to see whether they can draw more light from his tongue, than from his pen. But he endures these his tortures and torments with wonderful constancy, and still denies all. Had his cause been more religious and humane, and not so bloody, this fortitude and courage of his had been as praise-worthy, as now it is odious and execrable. The Court by sentence (pronounced in open Senate) acquit and clear *Carpi* of this murther, whereat *Alcasero* exceedingly repines and murmurs.

It is not enough that *Carpi* hath now escaped this danger; for *Alcasero* remains still constant in his conceit, that he is the murtherer of his Father, and therefore vows and resolves to fight with him: He lets pass some six weeks time, till he be sound of his limbs, and then resolves to send him a challenge. Had *Carpi* been innocent, it had been more honourable and requisite, that he had challenged *Alcasero*, than *Alcasero* him; but his cause being unjust, and his conscience fearful; he dares not run the hazard, to be desirous or ambitious to fight with *Alcasero*; which if he had attempted, *Alcasero* will anticipate and prevent him; who making *Plantinus* his second, he out of the ashes of his sorrow, and the fire of his revenge, sends him to *Carpi* with this Billet of Defiance.

ALCASERO to CARPI.

Although the Law have cleared thee for the murther of my Father, yet my Conscience cannot, and my Rapier will not. I should be a monster of Nature, not to seek revenge for his death, of whom I have received my life. Could I give peace to my thoughts, or unthink the thoughts of my disaster, I would not seek to bereave thee of thy life, with the hazard of mine own: But finding this not only difficult,

peuls but impoſſible, pardon me if I requeſt thee to meet me ſingle, at eight of the clock after ſupper, at the Weſt end of the common Vineyard, where I will attend thee with a couple of Rapiers, the choice whereof ſhall be thine, and the refuſal mine: or if thou wilt make uſe of a Second, he ſhall not depart without meeting one to exchange a thruſt or two with him.

ALCASERO.

While the Baron of *Carpi* is triumphing to ſee how he hath bleared the eyes of his Judges and ſo freed himſelf from the fears and danger of death, behold *Plantinus* finds him out, and delivers him *Alcaſero* his Challenge. He takes it, and with a variable countenance reads it, whereat he finds a reluctation and combat, not only in his thoughts, but in his Conſcience, whether he ſhould accept or refuſe it; his Honour bids him do the firſt, but his Conſcience wills him to perform the ſecond; *It were better to be born a Clown than a Coward.* Beſides if he ſhould refuſe to fight with *Alcaſero*, he upon the matter makes himſelf guilty of the Captain his Father's death. He knows he hath an unjuſt cauſe in hand, but he prefers his Honour before his Life; when ſetting a good face upon his reſolution, he addreſſeth himſelf to *Plantinus*, thus.

Sir, I preſume you know this buſineſs, for I take you to be Alcaſero's *Second, He hath* (replied *Plantinus*) *done me the honour to make choice of me, inſtead of a more worthy. Well* (quoth the Baron of *Carpi*) *tell thy Maſter from me, That although I have not deſerved his malice, yet that I accept his challenge, and will perform it; only I muſt fight ſingle, becauſe I am at preſent unprovided of a Second.* *Plantinus* (as full of Valour as Fidelity) prays him *That he may not ſee his hopes and deſires fruſtrated, but that he may enjoy part of the feaſt.* But *Carpi* gives him this anſwer, which he bids him take for his laſt reſolution; *that he will hazard himſelf, but not his friend.* So *Plantinus* returns with joy to his Maſter, and diſcontent to himſelf; when nothing proving of power to quench the fire of theſe two Gentlemens courage and revenge, they meet at the time and place appointed. *Carpi* fights with paſſion and vehemency; *Alcaſero* with judgment and diſcretion. *Carpi* looks red and fiery with choler, and *Alcaſero* pale and gaſtly, not for fear of his cauſe, but for the remembrance of his ſorrows; and to conclude and ſhut up this combat in the iſſue thereof, Juſtice is not now pleaſed to ſhew the effects of her power and influence, nor God that of his Juſtice, only it is reſerved for another time, and for a more ſhameful manner: ſo *Carpi* hath the beſt of the day, for he is only hurt in his right hand, and ſcarr'd over both his lips, as if the providence and pleaſure of God had ordained, that that hand which committed the Murther, and that mouth which denied it, ſhould be purpoſely puniſhed, and no part elſe. As for *Alcaſero* he had five ſeveral wounds, whereof one being thorow the body, made *Carpi* believe it was mortal, and the rather, for that he fell therewith ſpeechleſs to the ground; ſo leaving him grovelling and weltering in his blood, he departs, reſting very confident that he was at his very laſt gaſp of life, and point of death. But *Carpi* his Chirurgeon (being more human and charitable than his Maſter) leaps over the next hedge, and comes to his aſſiſtance: He leans him againſt a bank, binds up his wounds and wraps him in his Cloak, and ſo runs to a Litter, which he ſaw near him, and prays the Lady that was in it, that ſhe would vouchſafe to take in *Don Alcaſero*, who was there extreamly and dangerouſly wounded; and this did *Carpi* his Chirurgeon perform, in the abſence of *Alcaſero* his own Chirurgeon, who out of ſome diſtaſt or forgetfulneſs, came not at the hour and place aſſigned, according to his promiſe. It it was the Lady *Margherita Eſperia*, who out of her noble and charitable zeal to wounded *Alcaſero*, preſently deſcended her Litter, commanded her ſervants to lay him in ſoftly, and to convey him to his lodging, and ſhe her ſelf is pleaſed to ſtay in the fields till her ſervants return it to her. It was a courteſie and a charity worthy of ſo honourable a Lady as her ſelf: and in regard whereof, I hold it fit, to give her remembrance and name a place in this Hiſtory. All *Naples*, yea, the whole Kingdom rings of this Combat; the Baron of *Carpi* and *Alcaſero* are (jointly) highly commended and extolled for the ſame, the laſt for his affection and zeal to his dead Father; the firſt for giving *Alcaſero* his life when it was in his power and pleaſure to have taken it from him. But God will not permit *Alcaſero* to die of theſe wounds, but rather will have him live to ſee *Carpi* die before him, though in a far more ignoble and ſhameful manner.

As ſoon as *Alcaſero*'s wounds are cured, and he pretty well recovered, he leaves *Naples*, and returns to *Otranto*, where his Siſter *Cæleſtina* did as much ſhake and tremble at the impriſonment of the Baron of *Carpi*, as ſhe now rejoyces at his liberty; eſpecially ſith ſhe is aſſured, that he hath no way accuſed her, nor uſed her name for the death and murther of her Father, which indeed makes her far more pleaſant and merry than before, and within ſix months after marries with *Seignior Alanſo Ludovici*, whom ſhe ever from her youth had loved and affected, and with whom ſhe lives in great pleaſure, ſtate, and pomp: and no leſs doth her brother *Alcaſero*, who for the courteſie which *Dona Margarita Eſperia* ſhewed him when he was ſo dangerouſly wounded,

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in requital thereof,doth now marry the fair *Beatina*,her only Daughter,with whom he lives in the higheſt content and felicity, as any Gentleman of *Italy*, or of the whole world can either deſire or wiſh.

But this Sun-ſhine of *Carpi*'s proſperity, and *Cæleſtina*'s happineſs and glory ſhall not laſt long; for there is a ſtorm breaking forth,which threatneth no leſs than the utter ruin, as well of their fortunes as lives. Where men cannot God will both detect and puniſh Murthers; yea, by ſuch ſecret means and inſtruments,as we leaſt ſuſpect or imagin. They are infallible *Maxims*, *That we are never leſs ſecured,than when we think our ſelves ſecure*; *nor nearer danger than when we eſteem our ſelves fartheſt from it.* And if any be ſo incredulous, or as I may ſay, ſo irreligious as not to believe it,have they but a little patience,and they ſhall inſtantly ſee it verified and made good in the Baron of *Carpi*,and the Lady *Cæleſtina*,who thinking themſelves now ſafe and free from all adverſe fortunes and fatal accidents whatſoever,and enjoying all thoſe contents and pleaſures which their hearts could either deſire or wiſh to enjoy, or which the world could proſtitute or preſent them, they in a moment ſhall be bereaved of their delights and glory, and enforced to end their days on a baſe Scaffold,with much ſhame,infamy and miſery. The manner is thus.

God many times beyond our hopes and expectations,doth ſquare out the rule of his Juſtice, according to that of his Will.All men are to be accountable to him for their actions,but he to none for his decrees and reſolutions: it is in him to order,in us to obey; yea,many times he reproves us,but yet with no intent to pardon us. Curioſity in matters of Faith and Religion,proves not only folly but impiety;for as we are men,we muſt look up to God,but as we are Chriſtians, we muſt not look beyond him. He oftentimes makes great offenders accuſe themſelves for want of others to accuſe them; and when he pleaſeth, he will puniſh one ſin by another, the which we ſhall now ſee verified in *Lorenzo*, the Baron of *Carpi*'s his Lacquy; that wretched and bloody *Lorenzo*, who as we have formerly heard, aſſiſted this his maſter to murther Captain *Benevente* and *Fiamento* near *Alpiata*; who ever ſince being countenanced and authorized by his Matters favour, in reſpect of this his foul fact, wherein his bloody and murtherous hand was deeply and jointly imbrued with him; he from that time becomes ſo debauch'd and diſſolute in his ſervice,as he ſpends all that poſſible he can procure or get; yea,and runs likewiſe extreamly in debt, not only with all his friends, but alſo with all thoſe whom he knows will truſt him: ſo as his wants being extreamly urgent, and enforced to ſee himſelf reduced to a miſerable indigence and poverty,he being one day ſent by the Baron his Maſter to the Senate-houſe with a Letter to his Counſellor, he there in the throng and crowd of the people cuts a purſe from a Gentlewomans ſide, wherein was ſome five and twenty Duckatoons in Gold,was taken with the manner,and apprehended and impriſoned for the fact, and the next morn his Proceſs was made, he found guilty, and condemned to be hanged; So he is dealt withal by a couple of *Friers* in priſon, who prepare his Soul for Heaven: he ſees the foulneſs of his former life,and repents it.The Baron of *Carpi* his Maſter, no ſooner underſtands this news but he ſhakes and trembles, fearing leſt this his Lacquy ſhould reveal the Murther of the Captain and his man: whereupon he reſolveth to fly; but conſidering again,that if his Lacquy accuſe him not, his very flight will proclaim and make him guilty; he ſtays, and as he thinks reſolves of a better courſe. He goes to the priſon,and deals with his Lacquy to be ſecret in the buſineſs he wots of,proteſting and promiſing him, that in conſideration thereof, he will enrich his mother and brothers. *Lorenzo* tells him,that he needs not fear; for as he had lived,ſo he will die his faithful ſervant: But we ſhall ſee him have more grace,than to keep ſo graceleſs a promiſe. *Carpi* flattering himſelf with the fidelity and affection of his Lacquy,reſolves to ſtay in the City: but he ſhall ſhortly repent his confidence. He was formerly betrayed by *Fieſco*, which me thinks ſhould have made him more cautious and wiſe, and not ſo ſimple to intruſt and repoſe his life on the incertain mercy of *Lorenzo*'s tongue: but God's Revenge draws near him, and conſequently he near his end; for he neither can nor ſhall avoid the Judgment of heaven.

Lorenzo on the Gallows will not charge his ſoul with this foul and execrable ſin of murther; but Grace now operating with his ſoul,as much as formerly Satan did with his heart, he confeſſeth that he and the Baron of *Carpi* his Maſter,together with the Knight *Monteleon*, and his Lacquy *Anſelmo*, murthered the Captain *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento*, and threw him into the Quarry, the which he takes to his death is true; and ſo uſing ſome Chriſtian-like ſpeeches of repentance and ſorrow, he is hanged.

Lorenzo is no ſooner turned over,but the Criminal Judges advertiſed of his ſpeeches delivered at his death,they command the Baron of *Carpi* his lodging to be beleaguered,where he is found in his ſtudy,and ſo apprehended and committed priſoner; where fear makes him look pale, ſo as the Peacocks plumes both of his pride and courage ſtrike ſail He is again put to Rack,

and

and now the ſecond time he reveals his foul and bloody murther, and in every point acknowledgeth *Lorenzo*'s accuſation of him to be true: So he is condemned firſt to have his right hand cut off, and then his head, notwithſtanding that many great friends of his ſue to the *Viceroy* for his pardon. The night before he was to die the next morn, one of his Judges was ſent to him to priſon, to perſwade him to diſcover all his Complices in that Murther, beſides *Monteleon* and his Lacquy *Anſelmo*; yea, there are likewiſe ſome Divines preſent, who with many religious Exhortations perſwade him to it: So *Grace* prevails with *Nature*, and *Righteouſneſs* with *Impiety* and ſin in him; that he is now no longer himſelf, for contrition and repentance hath reformed him; he will rather diſ-reſpect *Cœleſtina*, than diſpleaſe God: whereupon he affirms, that ſhe and her deceaſed Siſter *Fidelia*, drew him and *Monteleon* to murther their Father, and his man *Fiamento*; and that if it had not been for their allurements and requeſts, they had never attempted either the beginning or end of ſo bloody a buſineſs: and thus making himſelf ready for Heaven, and grieving at nothing on Earth, but at the remembrance of his foul Fact, he in the ſight of many thouſand people, doth now loſe his head.

This *Tragedy* is no ſooner acted and finiſhed in *Naples*, but the Judges of this City ſend away Poſt to thoſe of *Otranto*, to ſeize on the Lady *Cœleſtina* (who in the abſence of her husband for the moſt part lived there) a Lady whom I could pity for her youth and beauty, did not the foulneſs of her fact, ſo fouly diſparage and blemiſh it. She is at that inſtant at a *Noblemans* houſe, at the ſolemnity of his Daughter's marriage, where ſhe is apprehended, impriſoned and accuſed to be the Author and plotter of the Captain her Father's death; neither can her tears or prayers exempt her from this affliction or miſery. She was once of opinion to deny it, but underſtanding that the Baron of *Carpi*, and his Lacquy *Lorenzo* were already executed for the ſame in *Naples*, ſhe with a world of tears freely confeſſeth it, and confirms as much as *Carpi* affirmed: whereupon in expiation of this her inhuman *Parricide*, ſhe is condemned to have her head cut off, her body burnt, and her aſhes thrown into the air; for a milder death and leſs puniſhment the Lord will not (out of his Juſtice) inflict upon her, for this her horrible crime, and barbarous cruelty committed on the perſon of her own Father, or at leaſt ſeducing and occaſioning it to be committed on him; and it is not in her husband's poſſible power to exempt or free her hereof. Being ſent back that night to priſon, ſhe paſſeth it over (or in very truth the greateſt part thereof) in prayer, ſtill grieving for her ſins, and mourning for this her bloody offence and crime; and the next morn being brought to her execution, when ſhe aſcended the Scaffold, ſhe was very humble, ſorrowful and repentant, and with many ſhowrs of tears requeſted her brother *Alcaſero*, and all her kinsfolks to forgive her, for occaſioning and conſenting to her Fathers death, and generally all the world to pray for her; when her ſighs and tears ſo ſorrowfully interrupted and ſilenced her tongue, as ſhe recommending her Soul into the hands of her *Redeemer*, whom ſhe had ſo hainouſly offended, ſhe with great humility and contrition, kneeling on her knees, and lifting up her eyes and hands towards Heaven, the Executioner with his Sword made a double divorce betwixt her head and her body, her body and her Soul; and then the fire (as if incenſed at ſo fiery a ſpirit) conſumed her to aſhes, and her aſhes were thrown into the air; to teach her, and all the world by her example, that ſo inhuman and bloody a daugh- deſerved not either to tread on the face of the earth, or to breath this air of life.

She was lamented of all who either knew or ſaw her, not that ſhe ſhould die, but that ſhe ſhould firſt deſerve, then ſuffer ſo ſhameful and wretched a death: and yet ſhe was far happier than her ſiſter *Fidelia*; for ſhe deſpaired, and this confidently hoped for remiſſion and ſalvation. Thus albeit this wretched and execrable young *Gentlewoman* lived impiouſly, yet ſhe died *Chriſtianly*: wherefore let us think on that with *deteſtation*, and on this with *charity*. And here we ſee how ſeverely the murther of *Captain Benevente* was by *God's* juſt revenge puniſhed, not only in his two Daughters who plotted it, but alſo in the two *Noblemen* and their two Lacquies who acted it. Such attempts and crimes deſerve ſuch ends and puniſhments, and infallibly find them. The only way therefore for *Chriſtians* to avoid the one, and contemn the other, is with ſanctified hearts, and unpolluted hands, ſtill to pray to God for his Grace, continually to affect *prayer*, and inceſſantly to practiſe *Piety* in our thoughts, and *godlineſs* in our reſolutions and actions: the which if we be careful and conſcionable to perform, *God* will then ſhroud us under the wings of his favour, and ſo preſerve and protect us with his mercy and providence, as we ſhall have no cauſe to fear either *Hell* or *Satan*.

God's

GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A SWEEDISH HISTORY.

HISTORY XV.

Maurice, *like a bloody villain, and damnable Son, throws his Mother* Chriſtina *into a Well, and drowns her: the ſame hand and arm of his wherewith he did it rots away from his body, and being diſcrazed of his wits in Priſon, he there confeſſeth his foul and inhuman murther, for the which he is hanged.*

IF we did not wilfully make our ſelves miſerable, *God* is ſo indulgent and merciful to us, as he would make us more happy; but when with high and preſumptuous hands we violate the Laws of *Nature* and *Grace*, of *Earth* and *Heaven*, in murthering through *Envy* thoſe, whom through *Duty and Affection* we are bound to obey, honour, cheriſh and preſerve; then it is no marvel, becauſe we firſt forſook *God*, that he afterwards abandoneth us to our ſelves and ſins, and to the fruits thereof, Calamity, Miſery, Infamy and Perdition: and that we may ſee human cruelty to be juſtly met with, and puniſhed by *God's* upright and Divine Juſtice; Lo here in this enſuing *Hiſtory* we ſhall ſee a wretched Son kill his harmleſs and dear Mother. A very fearful and lamentable *Parricide*, a moſt cruel and execrable fact, for the which we ſhall ſee him rewarded with condign puniſhment, and with a ſharp and infamous death, although not half ſo deplorable as deſerved. It is a bitter and bloody *Hiſtory*, the Relation and Remembrance whereof, in the moſt barbarous and flinty hearts, is capable, not only to ingender Compaſſion but Compunction; yea, not only Contrition but Tears, at leaſt if we have any place left in us for Pity, or room for *Piety*; the which if we have, doubtleſs the end of our reading will not only bleſs, but crown the beginning, and the beginning the end thereof.

Upon

Upon the North-east side of the Lake *Leman*, vulgarly known and called the Lake of *Geneva*, (because it pays its full tribute, and makes its chiefest Rendezvous before that City, whereof it invironeth at least one third part.) There stands a pretty small and strong Town, distant a little days journey from it, termed *Morges*, which properly belongs to the Jurisdiction of *Bern*, one of the chiefest *Cantons* of that warlike people and Country of *Swisserland*, wherein of very late years, and recent memory, there dwelt a rich and honest *Burger* or *Burgmaster* (for the Gentry of those parts and people are not, because they will not be capable) named *Martin Halsenorse* who by his wife *Christina Snuytsaren*, had one only child, a son, named *Maurice Halsenorse*, now of some fourteen years old; whose Father although he were by profession a Soldier, and enrolled a Lieutenant to one of those Auxiliary-bands of that Country, which are in pay to the French King, yet nevertheless his chiefest ambition and care was, to make this Son of his a Scholar, because the ignorance and illiterature of his own age, made him to repent it in himself, and therefore to provide a remedy thereof in his Sons youth, sith he now knew and saw, that a man without learning, was either as a body without a Soul, or a Soul without knowledge and reason, which are her chiefest virtues, and most sacred Ornaments and Excellencies: so he brings him up to their own Grammar-School in *Morges*, where in some three or four years, his affection and care to study, makes him so good a Proficient, as he becomes not only skilful, but perfect therein, and almost as capable to teach his School Master, as he was to instruct him; yea, and to add the better Grace to the grace of that Art, he was of so mild and so modest a carriage, and the blossoms of his youth were so sweetly watered with the Heavenly dew of Virtue and Piety, as if his manners and himself were wholly composed thereof; so that for Learning and Goodness he was, and was justly reputed, not only the Mirrour, but the *Phœnix* of all the youth of *Morges*; and as he esteemed himself happy in his Parents, so they reciprocally hold themselves, not only happy, but blessed in this their Son. But because the inherent corruption of our nature, and the perverseness and multiplicity of our sins are such, as they cannot promise us any true joy, much less assured and permanent felicity: So the Sunshine of this their temporary content, equally divided in thirds betwixt the Father, Mother, and Son, will shortly receive a great eclipse, and a fatal disaster, which will be to them so much the more bitter and mournful, sith both the cause and effects thereof were of each of them unthought of, and of them all unexpected.

For God in his sacred decree and providence, seeing *Martin Hallenorse* the Father his strength arrived at his full Meridian and height, and his days to their full number and period: He, as he sat at dinner jocund and merry with his wife and son, is suddenly taken with a deadly swoon, which presently deprives his body of this life, and sends his soul to enjoy the sweet felicity, and sacred joy and immortality of the life to come. A Document which may teach us not to rely upon the rotten priviledges and strength of youth, but so to prepare our lives, that death at all places, and in all times, may still find us armed and ready to encounter it. A Document which may teach us with the erected eyes, as well of our faith as body, so to look from Earth to Heaven, that our souls be not only ready, but willing to forsake this stinking tabernacle and prison of our mortality, to flie and be admitted into Heaven, that heavenly *Jerusalem*, and Cœlestial City, where they may enjoy the blessed Communion of the Saints, and the greatest blessings of all joys, and the most sovereign joy of all blessings, then to see our Creator and Saviour, God the Father, and Christ Jesus his Son face to face, wherein indeed all the joys and blessings of our Souls are comprized and included.

The death of *Hallenorse* the Father, is not only the Argument, but the cause of his widow *Cristina*'s grief, of his Son *Maurice* his sorrow, of her tears and groans, of his sighs and afflictions; yea, and not to derogate from the truth, I may step a degree farther, and say, That this his death is a fatal Herauld, and mournful Harbinger, which portends and prepares both of them many disastrous calamities and woful miseries; the which in a manner, are almost ready to surprize and befal them.

This sorrowful widow being thus deprived of her dear Husband, who was both her comfort and her joy, her stay and her Protector, her head and her glory; although he left her a good Estate, sufficient enough to warrant her against the fear of poverty, and to secure her self against the apprehension of worldly indigences and wherewithal to maintain both her and her son, with somewhat more than an indifferent competency; yet she saw her friends forsake her, and her Husbands familiar acquaintance abandon her, as if their friendship died with him, and that their remembrance of him was wholly raked up, and buried in the dust of his grave. A most ingrateful disease and iniquity of time, rather to be pitied than cured, and reproved than reformed, so fading and inconstant are the unfriendly friendships of the world, who for the most part are grounded on profit, not on honour; on avarice, not on virtue, on their own

gold, not on the want of their Christian neighbours and brethren; but enough of this, and again to our History.

Now, if *Christina* (for only by that name I will henceforth entitle her) have any comfort or consolation left her, to sweeten the bitterness of her Husbands death, it is only to see him survive and live in her Son *Maurice*, in whose virtues and years, her hopes likewise begin again to bud forth and flourish; when remembring what an earnest care and desire her Husband had to see him a Scholar, as she inherits his goods, so she will assume and inherit that resolution of his: and although she love her Son's sight, and affect his presence tenderly and dearly, yet she can give no peace to her thoughts, nor take any truce of her resolutions, till she send him from *Morges* to the University of *Losanna*, some three Leagues distant from thence, there to perfect his studies and learning, the seeds whereof already so hopefully blossomed forth, and fructified in him. To which end, her deepest affection, and care having hearkned out one *Deodatus Varesius*, a Batchelor of Divinity of that University, whom fame (though indeed most falsly) had informed her to be an expert Scholar, and an excellent Christian, she agrees with him; when allowing her Son an honest exhibition, and furnishing him with Books, a Gown, and all other necessaries, she sends him away to *Losanna*, charging him at his departure, to be careful of his learning, carriage and actions; and above all, to make piety and godliness in his life and conversation, the Regent of all his studies; when with tears of natural affection, they take leave each of other.

— *Maurice* being arrived at *Losanna*, finds out his Tutor *Varesius*, who receives and welcomes this his Pupil courteously and kindly: but alas, the hopes of *Christina* the Mother, are extreamly deceived in the virtues of *Varesius*; because his Vices will instantly deceive both the merits and expectations of her Son, or rather change nature and qualities in him, and thereby shortly make him as vicious in *Losanna*, as formerly he was virtuous in *Morges*: for I write with grief and pity, that to define the truth aright, it was difficult to say, whether he were more learned or debauched, a more perfect Scholar, or prophane Christian; for although the dignity of his Bachelorship of Theology, did hide many of his dissolute pranks, and obscene imperfections, yet his exorbitant deportment and industry, could not so closely overvail and obscure them, but his intemperate affection to drinking, and beastly inclination to drunkenness, began now to become obvious and apparent to the eyes and Heads of his College, yea, to the whole University: A most pernicious and swinish vice; indeed too too much incident and subject to these people the *Swissers*; but if it had been immured and confined within these Rocks and Mountains of *Germany*, it had proved not only a happiness, but a blessing to the other Western parts of the Christian world, where it spreads infection like an uncontrolable and incurable Gangren, yea, like a most outragious and fatal pestilence: so as in *Varesius* there was nothing more incongruous and different, than his doctrine and his life, his profession and conversation, his Theory and his Practice, his knowledge and his will. But if the head-springs and fountains be corrupted with this vice of drunkenness, no marvel if the Rivers and Streams of Common weals be infected and poisoned therewith; yea, if it be not debarred, but have admittance and residence in the Classes of Universities, from which Nurseries and Gardens of the Muses, both the Church and State fetch their chiefest Ornaments and Members; how can we expect to see it rooted out from the more illiterate Commons, whose gross ignorance makes them far more capable to learn vice than virtue; or rather vice and not virtue; sith there is no shorter truer Art to learn than of their Arts-Masters; because the example and president of ill doing in our Teachers, and Superiors, doth not only plant, but ingraff and root it; not only priviledge, but as it were authorize it in us, still with a fatal impetuosity, with a dangerous violence, and pernicious event and issue: for if remedies be not found in learned Physians, it is then in vain to seek them in the rude and unlearned people; and if the Præceptor himself be not sanctified, it is rather to be feared than doubted, that his Disciple will not. This (yea this) is a most mournful and fatal rock, whereon divers virtuous and religious parents have even wept themselves to death, to see their Children suffer shipwrack; yea, this beastly and brutish sin of Drunkenness, is still the Devil's Usher and Pander to all other sins; and therefore how cautious and careful ought the Heads of Schools and Universities be, to expel and root it out from themselves, and to hate and detest it in others, sith in the remiss winking thereat, I may (with as much truth as safety) affirm, that toleration is confirmation; and connivency, cruelty; as we shall not go far to see it made good and verified in this ensuing mournful History; the which in exacting Ink from my Pen, doth likewise command blood from my heart, and tears from mine eyes, to anatomize and unfold it.

Difficultly hath *Maurice* been three months in *Losanna* with *Varesius*, but his virtues are eclipsed and drowned in vice; yea, he not only thinks, but holds it a virtue to make himself culpable

ble and guilty of this his Tutors vice of Drunkenneſs, wherein within leſs than three months he proves ſo expert, or indeed ſo execrable a Scholar in his beaſtly Art, as both day and night he makes it not only his practice, but his delight, and not only his delight, but his glory. He who was before ſo temperate in his drink and converſation in *Morges*, as for the moſt part, he wholly drank water, not wine; now he is ſo viciouſly metamorphoſed in *Loſanna*, as contrariwiſe, he only drinks wine, no water; yea, and which is lamentable to remember, and deplorable to obſerve in this young Scholar, he drinks (or to write truer, devours it) ſo exceſſively, as his Cups are become his Books; his Carouſing, his Learning; the Tavern, his Study; and Drunkenneſs the only Art he profeſſeth; which filthy and infectious diſeaſe, ſpreading from the *Præceptor* to the *Pupil*, from old *Vareſius* to young *Maurice*, hath ſo ſurprized the one, and ſeized on the other, as it threatens the diſparagement of the firſt his reputation, and the ſhipwrack of the ſeconds fortunes, and it may be of his life.

Now *Vareſius*, who will not be aſhamed to pity this beaſtly Vice in himſelf, doth yet pity it with ſhame to behold it in his Scholar *Maurice*, and yet hath neither the Grace to reform it in himſelf, nor the will or power to reprove it in him; but inſtead of ſtopping and preventing it, doth in all things give way to the current and torrent of this ſwift ſin, which inevitably draws after it theſe threefold diſeaſes and miſeries; the poiſon of our bodies, the conſumption of our purſes, and the Moth and Canker of our reputations; or if you will, theſe three not far different from the three former; The bane of our wits, the enemy of our health and life, and the conſumer of our eſtates and friends: and within the compaſs of one whole year, to all thoſe diſeaſes and miſeries doth the drunkenneſs of our debauched young Scholar *Maurice* ſubject and reduce him; ſo as it being the nature of ſin (not checked and vanquiſhed with repentance) rather to grow than wither, to flouriſh than fade and decay with our age: the longer *Maurice* lived in *Loſanna*, the deeper root his beaſtly vice of Drunkenneſs took in him, and the dearer affection to it, ſo as that competent exhibition which his Mother yearly allowed him, came incompatible with this his exceſſive prodigality and intemperancy: yea, his extream ſuperfluity in this kind was without intermiſſion ſo frequent, as three quarters of his years penſion could not diſcharge one of his expences and debts, ſo ſtrong a habit (converted now to a ſecond Nature) had this bewitching beaſtly ſin of drunkenneſs exacted and gotten of him, as if this were his felicity, and that he only triumphed to become a ſlave to this his ſlaviſh appetite and ſwiniſh profeſſion, which to ſupport and maintain, he not only feeds, but ſurfeits his Mother with variety of ſubtil and inſinuating Letters, thereby to draw divers ſums of Moneys from her, as indeed he doth; ſome under pretext of neceſſity to buy new books, which he affirmed he wanted; others under pretence of his wickedneſs and ſickneſs, and ſuch like colourable excuſes; which unthrifty prodigality of his, doth as faſt empty her purſe and ſtore, as her induſtrious frugality can poſſibly fill them, whereof having all the reaſons of the world to become ſenſible, ſhe at laſt, making her judgment conſult with her affection, begins now to fear, that her Son was become leſs virtuous, and more debauched than ſhe hoped of, and that theſe his Letters and Petitions for mony, were only tricks to deceive the hopes, and betray the confidence ſhe repoſed in his virtuous carriage, and godly inclination; whereof being in fine informed and certified from ſuch Students and Burgers in *Loſanna*, whom ſhe had ſet as Sentinels, to have *Argus*, yea, *Lynceus* eyes over his actions and deportments, ſhe at laſt with few thanks to his Tutor *Vareſius*, many complaints and exclamations to her Son, and inexpreſſible grief and ſorrow to her ſelf, commands him home from *Loſanna* to *Morges*, where with much bitterneſs and ſecreſie, ſhe taxes and rates him for his drunkenneſs and prodigality, in that he had vainly ſpent in one year more than either his Father or her ſelf could collect or gather up in many.

But ſee the leud ſubtilty, and wretched deceitfulneſs of this diſſolute Son towards this his dear and tender Mother: for then and there, ſeaſoning his ſpeeches with virtue, and his behaviour with obedience and piety; he modeſtly ſeems not only to tax her credulity, conceived againſt the candour and integrity of his actions, but alſo with a kind of tacit choler, to malign and traduce thoſe who unjuſtly and falſly had caſt ſo foul an aſperſion on his virtues and innocency; and the better to make thoſe his ſpeeches, and this his apology and juſtification paſs current with his Mother, his diſcretion now deſcribes ſo fair a Law to his Vanity, and his reaſon to his intemperate and regular deſires, as to the eye of the world, and to her more curious and obſervant judgment, he ſeems to be the very Picture and ſtatue of Virtue, although God and his foul Soul and conſcience well knows, that he is the true, eſſential and real image of Vice: and the better to cloak and overveil this his diſſimulation from the eyes of God and his Mother, although he continue to take his Cups by night, yet in *Morges*, and eſpecially in his Mother's houſe and ſight, he caſts them off by day, and the better and more firmly to reintegrate himſelf into her approbation and favour he in mornings and evenings is ſeen at his prayers,

and ſpends the greateſt part of his time in hearing and frequenting of Sermons, the which affords ſuch ſweet content to her conceits and thoughts, as ſhe repents her ſelf of her unkindneſs towards him, and not only acquits him of his drunkenneſs, prodigality and diſſoluteneſs, but alſo accuſeth his accuſers, whom ſhe now as much condemns for Envy and Malice towards her ſon, as ſhe highly (as ſhe thinks juſtly) applauds him for his religious piety towards God.

— But ſith Hypocriſie is worſe than Profaneneſs, as making us rather Devils than Saints; or indeed not Saints, but Devils; and that no Sacrifice is ſo odious, nor object ſo hateful to God, as he who denies and diſſembleth it in his looks, and yet profeſſeth and practiſeth it in his heart and ſoul; ſo we ſhall ſee to our grief, and this wretched hypocrite find to his miſery, that thinking to deceive God, he ſhall in the end deceive himſelf; and in attempting to betray his Mother through his falſe Virtue, his true Vice will at laſt betray him, and make as miſerable, as he flattereth himſelf will make him fortunate.

Now, the better to root and confirm this opinion of his temperancy in his Mothers conceit and mind, and ſo the more ſecretly to overveil his exceſſive affection and addiction to Drunkenneſs, he under the pretence of ſome neceſſary and profitable occaſions, gets leave of her, ſometimes to ride over to *Bern*, *Soleure*, *Friburge*, *Apenſal*, and other capital Towns of the *Cantons*, where he falls afreſh to his cups, and there continually both day and night ſwills his brains, and ſtuffs up his belly with wine, as if he took no other delight or glory, but to drown his wit and learning with his money, and his health with both; and yet again when he returns to *Morges*, he makes ſuch fair weather with his Mother, and caſts ſo temperate a cloak and colour on his ſpeeches and actions, as if it were impoſſible for him to drink more than would ſuffice nature, or to deſire more than would meerly quench his thirſt. And thus by his hypocritical policy having wrought himſelf into his Mothers good opinion and favour, as alſo ſome ſtore of money out of her purſe and coffers, he with a feigned ſhew of humility and diſcretion takes leave of her, and to perfect his ſtudies and learning, runs again to *Loſanna*; where he is no ſooner arrived, but upon his new return, he finds out his old carouſing companions, who like ſo many peſtilent Vipers and contagious *Moths* and *Caterpillars*, are viciouſly, and therefore fatally reſolved, not only to eat out the bottom of his purſe, but alſo the heart of his happineſs, and as I may juſtly term it to devour the very ſoul of his felicity; and with theſe tippling Brats of *Bacchus*, doth our leud and debauched Scholar *Maurice*, continually drink drunk; not only forgetting his learning but himſelf, and which is worſe, his God; having neither the power to remember to repent, or grace to pray, nor to remember any thing but his cups; ſo beaſtly is he inclined, ſo ſwinishly and viciouſly is he affected and addicted; and what doth this either prognoſticate, preſage, or promiſe to produce in him, but inevitable affliction, miſery and ruin of all ſides.

As the ſhorteſt errors are beſt, ſo thoſe Vices which have longeſt perſeverance and predominance in us, prove ſtill the moſt pernicious and dangerous. It is nothing to cruſh a Serpent in the egg, but if we permit it to grow to a Serpent, it may then cruſh us; a plant may be removed with eaſe, but an old tree difficultly. To fall from ſin to repentance is as great a happineſs, as it is a miſery to fall from repentance to ſin; and indeed to uſe both one word for the affirmation and confirmation of this truth, there can no greater miſery befal us, than to think our ſelves happy, when (through our ſins) we are miſerable.

Here in *Loſanna*, *Maurice* eſteems his beaſtly ſin of drunkenneſs to be a Virtue, not a Vice in him; yea, in paying for all ſhots and reckonings in Taverns, he ſottiſhly and fooliſhly thinks it the ſhorteſt and trueſt way to be beloved and honoured (though indeed to be contemned) of all; and therefore without fear or wit, yea, without the leaſt ſpark of Grace, or ſhadow of conſideration, his ſtomack (like the Devil's ſponge) and his inſatiable throat (like a bottomleſs gulf) ſo devours his wine, and his wine his mony, as that which ſhould be the Argument of his glory, he makes the cauſe of his ſhame; and his mony which ſhould fortifie his reputation, he converts and turns to ruin it. But as poverty (in a juſt revenge of our Vanity) rejoyceth to look on us, becauſe we firſt diſdained either to look on, or regard it; ſo he having ſpent the fragant Summer of his folly and prodigality, in waſting the moneys his Mother gave him, in wine; now the deprivation thereof makes him feel the froſty winter of that want, which he can better remember than remedy, rather repent than redreſs. The Fellows and Students of his College look on him and his drunkenneſs, ſome with the eyes of pity, others with thoſe of joy, according as their Friendſhip or malice, their Charity or Envy either conduct their paſſions, or tranſport and ſteer their reſolutions and inclinations. As for his Tutor *Vareſius*, how can he poſſibly ſeek to reclaim this his Pupil from Vice to Virtue, when he is ſo wretchedly diſſolore, as by the publick vote and voice of the Univerſity, he himſelf is already wholly and ſole relapſed from Virtue to Vice?

In

In which reſpect this vitious young Student *Maurice*, having neither Virtue nor Tutor, mony nor credit, diſcretion nor friend to ſecure him from the ſhelves of indigence, or the rocks of poverty and miſery whereon he is raſhly and wilfully ruſhing; he like a true deboſhed ſcholar, or indeed as a Maſter of Art in the art of deboſhedneſs, firſt ſells his Books, then his Gown and cloaths, and next his bed, being deſirous to want any thing but wine; and confidently (though vainly and fooliſhly) aſſured, that if he have wine enough, that then he wants nothing, A miſerable conſideration and condition, a wretched eſtate and reſolution, only tending and conducing to direful miſery, and to deplorable poverty and deſolation.

But to repleniſh his purſe, to repair his credit and apparel, and to continue his own cups and drunkenneſs, he hath no other hopes, or refuge, than again to caſt himſelf on the affection and courteſie of his Mother, whom he re-viſits with ſeveral Letters, which are only ſo many humble inſinuating Petitions, again to draw and wreſt moneys from her. But he is deceived in his hopes and expectation, or at leaſt they diſtinctly and ſeverally, and his Mother jointly with them, conſpire to deceive him. For I write it with grief, becauſe (by an uncontroulable relation of the truth) ſhe dictates it to my pen with tears, that as well by all thoſe of *Morges*, who came from *Loſanna*, as by all thoſe of *Loſanna*, who came to *Morges*, ſhe is moſt certainly and ſorrowfully advertiſed of her ſons deboſhed and diſſolute life, of his neglect of learning, and too frequent affecting and following of drunkenneſs; of the ſale of his clothes, bed, and books; of the irreparable loſs, both of his time, monies, and reputation; and withal, how the dregs and feums of wine hath metamorphoſed his countenance, and not graced, but filthily diſgraced it with many fiery Rubies, and flaming Carbuncles; as alſo how it hath ſtuffed and bombaſted up his belly and body, as if the dropſie and he contended who ſhould firſt ſeize each on other; and therefore ſhe being (with a mournful unwillingneſs) enforced, not only to take notice, but ſorrowfully to reſt aſſured and confident of theſe diſaſtrous premiſes, the infallible predictions and ſymptoms of her ſons utter ruin and ſubverſion, ſhe peremptorily and abſolutely refuſeth his requeſts, anſwereth his Letters with many ſharp complaints, and bitter exclamations againſt his foul ſin of drunkenneſs, which threatens no leſs than the ruin both of his reputation, friends, learning, fortune, and life, if not of his Soul.

Maurice ſeeing himſelf wholly abandoned of his Mother, he knows not how to live, nor yet how to provide the means to maintain life, which not only ſurpriſeth his thoughts, but amazeth and appaleth his cogitations with fear; yea, he takes this diſcourteſie of hers, ſo near at heart, and withal is ſo extreamly impatient to ſee himſelf forſaken of her, whom he knows the laws of Nature hath commanded to affect and cheriſh, as forgetting himſelf to be her ſon, and ſhe his Mother; yea, forgetting himſelf to be a man, and which is more, a Chriſtian; his wants and vices ſo far tranſport him beyond the bounds of Reaſon and Religion, of nature, and grace, as he impiouſly and execrably degenerates from them all, and ſecretly vows to his heart and ſoul, or to ſay truer to the Devil, (who inchanteth the one, and infecteth and intoxicateth the other) that he will ſpeedily ſend her into another world in a bloody coffin, if ſhe will not relieve his wants, and maintain him as her Son in this. So alas here it is, that the firſt gives way to the devil to take poſſeſſion of his thoughts and heart, and here it is, that he firſt aſſumes bad blood, and ſuggeſts bloody deſigns, againſt the ſafety and life of his dear and innocent Mother. When like a miſerable wretch, and a wretched and impious villain, his thoughts and ſtudies (like ſo many lines running to their centre) are now in continual action and motion, how to finiſh and bring this deplorable Tragical buſineſs to an end; yea, the better to feed this his inſatiable bloody appetite, and to quench the quenchleſs luſt of his matricidious revenge, he forgets all other projects and affairs to follow and haſten on this; which (to give one word for all) takes up both his ſtudy and his time in *Loſanna*, caſting away his books which would ſeem to divert him from it, as if he courted *Pluto*, not *Apollo*; *Proſerpina*, not *Pallas*; *Erynnis*, not *Urania*; the Furies, not the Muſes; and as afflictions ſeldom come alone, but many times (as the waves of the ſea) fall one in the neck of the other; ſo to make him rather advance than retire, in the execution of this his unnatural and damnable attempt, his exceſſive and frequent drunkenneſs makes him ſo notoriouſly apparent to the head of the Univerſity in general, and of his own College in particular, that they give him his *Conge*, and (without lending any ear to his Apology or Juſtification) expell him thence. So that being now deſtitute of all friends and means, he is enforced to ſee himſelf reduced to this point of miſery, that he muſt either beg or ſtarve, which to prevent, (becauſe he as much diſdains the firſt, as he is reſolved to provide a remedy for the ſecond) he leaves *Loſanna*, (where his vices and debts have made the ſtones too hot for him) and on foot goes home to his Mother to *Morges*, hoping that his preſence may prevail more with her than his abſence; and his tongue make that eaſie, which his pen (in his Letters) found not only difficult but impoſſible.

Being

Being arrived at *Morges*, his loving and indulgent Mother receives him with tears, not of joy, but of grief; for his drunkenneſs hath ſo deformed his face and body, as at the firſt ſight ſhe difficultly knew him to be her Son, and although he takes pains to conceal that beaſtly vice of his, and to plaiſter and varniſh it over with a feigned ſhew of repentance and reformation; yet ſhe ſees to her affliction, and obſerves to her miſery, that he loves his Cups better than his life and that as ſoon as ſhe once turns her back from him, he falls cloſe to them, and ſo tipleth and carouſeth from morning to night. Three days are ſcarce paſt, before he makes two requeſts to her; the one for new clothes, the other for mony; when to the end that her wiſdom might ſhine in her affection, as well as her affection in her wiſdom, ſhe cheerfully grants him the firſt, but peremptorily denies him the ſecond, becauſe ſhe well knows it would be ſo much caſt away on him, ſith he would inſtantly caſt it away on Wine; and to write the truth, the grant of his apparel doth not ſo much content him, as the refuſal of mony doth both inflict and inflame him: He is all in choler hereat, and the fumes of revenge do ſo implacably take up and ſeize upon his thoughts, and they on it, as now without the fear of God, or care of his ſoul, he like a damnable villain, and an execrable ſon, ſwaps a bargain with the Devil, to deſtroy and make away his Mother. Helliſh reſolutions and infernal conceits, which will not only ſtrangle thoſe who embrace, but confound thoſe who follow them. His impiety made him formerly aſſume this bloody fact, and now his neceſſity and want of mony (in that he cannot as it were, drown himſelf in exceſs of drunkenneſs) enforced him to a reſolution to to finiſh it. His faith is ſo weak towards God, and ſo ſtrong with the devil, as he will not retire with grace, but advance with impiety, to ſee as well the end, as the beginning of this bloody buſineſs; He conſults hereon with his delight, not with his reaſon; with his will, not with his conſcience; with his heart, not with his ſoul. He ſees he hath no mony, and knows, or at leaſt believes, that his Mother hath enough, and therefore concludes, that if ſhe were once dead, it were impoſſible that his life ſhould want any. So theſe two wretched Counſellors, Covetouſneſs, and Drunkenneſs, (or rather Covetouſneſs to maintain his Drunkenneſs) like two infernal fiends and furies, hale him on head-long to perpetrate this bloody and mournful murther of his dear and tender Mother, the end whereof will bring him as much true miſery and infamy, as the beginning doth flatter and promiſe him falſe content and happineſs. His youth hath no regard to her age, and leſs to her life, neither will he vouchſafe to remember, that he firſt received his of her: yea, all the blood that flows in his heart, and ſtreams in his veins and body, cannot any way have the power to prompt him, that it is derived and deſcended from hers. And if *Morges* will not divert him, *Loſanna* ſhould; if his years cannot inſtruct him, yet his books might; and if Nature prevailed not with his heart, yet methinks Grace ſhould with his conſcience, to preſent him the foulneſs of this attempt, and the unnatural cruelty thereof, in reſolving to embrew his diabolical hands in her innocent blood; or if the influence of theſe earthly conſiderations could not allay the heat of his malice, or quench the fire of his revenge towards her, yet methinks looking from profaneneſs to piety, from earth to heaven, from the the time preſent to the future; from the corruption of his body, to the immortality of the Soul; from ſin to righteouſneſs, from revenge to religion, and conſequently from Satan to God, he ſhould hate this bloody deſign and project of his as much as now he loves it; and ſeek the preſervation of his Mother, with as much obedience and affection, as now he contrives and purſues her untimely end with impiety and deteſtation. But his Vices will ſtill triumph over his Virtues; and therefore it is rather to be feared than doubted, that they will in the end make him too miſerable, ever to ſee himſelf ſo happy.

Miſerable *Maurice* therefore (as the ſhame of his time, the diſgrace of his Sex, and a prodigious Monſter of Nature) having helliſhly reſolved on the matter, now with a devilliſh fortitude and helliſh aſſurance paſſeth on to the manner of her Tragedy. He will not give ear to God, who ſeeks to divert him from it, but will hearken to the Devil, who uſeth his beſt Oratory to perſwade and entice him to it. But as the Devil is malicious in his ſubtilty, ſo ſhould we be both wiſe and cautious in our credulity; for if we believe him, he will betray us; but if we believe God, we ſhall then betray him: he is impatient of delays; yea, his malice is ſo bloody, and his revenge ſo cruel, as he thinks every hour a year, till he hath ſent her from Earth to Heaven. He propoſeth unto himſelf divers ways to murther her; and the devil, who is never abſent, but preſent in ſuch helliſh occaſions, makes him as well induſtrious as vindictive and implacable, in the contriving and finiſhing thereof. Now he thinks to cut her throat as ſhe is in bed: Then to poiſon her at Table, either in her meat or drink. Then again he is of opinion to hire ſome to kill her as ſhe is walking in her Vineyards; or elſe to cauſe two Water-men to drown her, as ſhe is taking the Air in a Boat on the Lake, which twice or thrice weekly ſhe is accuſtomed to do; but yet ſtill he is irreſolute, either which, or which not to reſolve on, till at laſt, after a weeks dilatory protraction, having with a fatal and infernal ratiocination banded and rebanded theſe

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ſeveral bloody projects in his brains and contemplations, he rejecteth them all, as more full of difficulty and apparent danger, than of warrantable ſafety, when conſidering there was a deep Well in the outer-yard, adjoyning to the Garden, he holds it fitteſt for his purpoſe to drown her therein, whereon the Devil and he ſtrikes hands, and ſet up their reſt and period.

While thus this gracious mother *Chriſtina* endeavours with her beſt care and prayers to divert her graceleſs ſon *Maurice* from this his intemperate and beaſtly ſin of drunkenneſs, he (as if he were no part of her, but rather a limb of the Devil) with a monſtrous and inhuman ingratitude, ſets his inventions and brains on the tenter hook, to eſpy out the occaſion and time to diſpatch her. When burning with a flaming deſire to quench the inſatiable thirſt of his revenge in her blood, he (taking time and opportunity at advantage) ſeeing all his Mother's people abroad to gather in the Vintage, the Well open, and ſhe with a Prayer-book in her hand, walking in the Garden next adjoyning, the Devil infuſeth ſuch courage to his heart, his heart ſuch cruelty and inhumanity to his reſolutions, that all things ſeemed then to conſpire to ſee an end to this his ſo long deſired and affected buſineſs, of murthering and diſpatching his Mother: he taking on him the part of a mad man, whom it ſeemed ſorrow had ſuddenly afflicted, and grief diſtracted, he with his hat in his hand, haſtily and furiouſly ruſheth into the Garden to his Mother, and cries out to her, that there is one of the Neighbour's children fallen into the Well, which he eſpied from his Chamber Window: whereunto (harmleſs good woman) ſhe adding belief to his falſe and perfidious ſpeeches; and (being beyond her ſelf) afflicted and amazed with this ſudden and ſorrowful news, ſhe throws away her Book, and hand in hand with him (her ſighs interrupting her words, and her tears her ſighs) ſhe (as if pity added wings to her feet) trips away to the Well, both to ſee this mournful ſpectacle, and chiefly to know, if it any way lay in her poſſible care to aſſiſt, or power to preſerve the ſaid child from death: when bringing her to the Well, he better like a Fury, than a man, and rather reſembling a meer Devil than a ſon, faſtneth his left hand on the Well-poſt, and as ſhe looks into the profundity thereof, he with his right hand tips and throws her in; and ſo without any more doing, claps down the cover thereof; when rejoycing in his heart, that he had ſent her to death, becauſe he ſees it now not in the power of the whole world to ſave her life, he (the better to overveil this his impious villany) aſcends her Chamber, breaks open her Cupboards, trunks, and cheſts, takes away moſt of her mony, and ſilver plate, which he privatly hides away for his own behoof and uſe, and ſo ſcattereth a few pieces of mony, and ſome of her clothes and apparel on the floors thereby ſubtilly to inſinuate and intimate to the world, that it were thieves who had robbed and drowned his mother; when ſtealing a horſe out of the ſtable, he gets him out of the back door, which he leaves open, and from thence rides to his Mother's people in the Vineyards, to whom he relates he hath been all that morn abroad to take the air, and is now come to paſs the remainder of the day with them, and to be merry with them; to which end he ſends for Wine from the skirts of the Town; and ſo they carouſe and frolick it till towards night, and then they return home, where they find both doors open, his Mother their Miſtreſs wanting, and no creature in the houſe, whereat they much admire. So they ſeek and call for her in the Orchards and Gardens, but in vain, for they find no news of her; when the maids one way, and he and the men-ſervants another way, ſeek her where ſhe is accuſtomed to frequent, but to no purpoſe, for they can neither ſee nor hear of her; till at length the maidens ruſhing into her bed chamber, they find her cupboards, cheſts, and trunks, broken open, and ſome of her mony and apparel ſtrewed here and there upon the floor; whereat amazed they cry out at the Window, that Thieves had been there and robbed their Miſtreſs her cheſts and trunks: which *Maurice* and the men-ſervants of the houſe over-hearing, they aſcend and admire at the ſight thereof: neither doth his outward fears, or their inward apprehenſions, ſtop or ſtay at the meer loſs of the goods, but they fear the abſence of his Mother, and their Miſtreſs *Chriſtina*, and are already become jealous of her ſafety, and fearful that the thieves have offered her ſome violence and cruelty. Whereupon late at night, hearing no news of her, her ſon goes and acquaints the Bayliff of *Morges*, and the reſt of the Criminal Officers therewith, who of all ſides inquire for her, and make a ſecret ſearch in the town, to find out the thieves; and in the mean time leave not a room nor place in the houſe unſought for her, but their diligence proves vain; for they can purchaſe no news of her, much leſs of the thieves. They remain in the houſe all night, and they all with ſorrowful and watchful eyes expect to hear of her. Eight of the clock the next day ſtrikes, but as yet ſhe is not ſeen or heard of: So they again, in preſence of the Bayliff ſearch all places and corners, both in the Houſe, Gardens, Orchards, and Yards, but ſtill to no effect; when behold the ſacred providence of God, in revealing her to be drowned in the Well, beyond the expectation of all that were preſent; for as they are in the midſt of their doubts and fears, yea, in the very depth of

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their relearch, lo, one of the ſervant-maids named *Heſter*, having that inſtant morning taken a nap of an hours ſleep in a chair, ſtarts ſuddenly out of her ſleep and reſt, trips to them, and ſays, ſhe then and there dreamed, that her Miſtreſs *Chriſtina* was caſt into the Well and drowned; the which ſhe affirmed with many words, and more ſighs, out cries, and tears; which piercing into the ears and thoughts of the Bayliff and ſervants, and into the very heart and conſcience of this our execrable *Maurice*, they look pale with grief and amazement, and he ſtraineth the higheſt key of his art and policy, to keep his cheeks from bluſhing for ſhame thereat; and the better to hood wink their eyes and judgment from the leaſt ſpark or ſhadow of his guiltineſs herein, he with many ſhowers of hypocritical tears, prays the Bayliff, that upon *Heſter's* dream and report, the Well may be ſearched: adding withal, that it was more probable than impoſſible, that thoſe thieves who robbed his Mother's houſe, might likewiſe be ſo devilliſhly malicious to murther her, and throw her into the Well: which the Bayliff ſeriouſly conſidering, as firſt the maids dream then the ſons requeſt and tears, he inſtantly in the preſence of all thoſe of the houſe, as alſo of many of the next neighbours, whom he had purpoſely aſſembled, cauſed the Well to be ſearched and ſounded, where the hook taking hold of her clothes, they inſtantly bring up the dead body of his Mother and their Miſtreſs *Chriſtina*; the ſcull of whoſe head was lamentably broken, and her brains pitifully daſhed out with the fall. All are amazed, her ſervants grieve, and her helliſh Son *Maurice* weeps and cries more than all the reſt at this mournful ſpectacle. The Bayliff carefully and punctually again examines *Heſter*, if God in her dream revealed her not the manner how, and the perſons who had thus thrown her Miſtreſs into the Well; ſhe anſwered negatively, according to the truth, that ſhe had already deliverd as much as ſhe knew of that mournful buſineſs. When *Maurice*, to ſhew his forwardneſs and zeal, for the detection and finding out of his Mothers murtherers, he pretends that he ſuſpects *Heſter* to be acceſſary, and to have a hand herein. But the Bayliff and Common-Council of *Morges*, having neither paſſion nor partiality to dazle and inveagle the eyes of their judgment, finding no reaſon or ground of probability to accuſe her, or which might tend or conduce that way, they free her without farther queſtioning her, and ſo (as it hath been formerly remembred) they all concurring in opinion, that the thieves who robbed her, had undoubtedly thrown her into the Well; They give leave to *Maurice* to bury his breathleſs Mother, which he doth with the greateſt pomp and decency, requiſite as well to her rank and quality, as to his affection and duty; and the better to fan off the leaſt duſt or ſmoak of ſuſpition, which might any way fall upon the luſtre of his innocency, he at her Funeral (to the eye of the world) ſheds many rivolets of tears. But, alas, what is this to this his foul and execrable ſin of murthering his Mother? for although it blear the eyes, and inveagle the judgment of the Bayliff and his Aſſociates, the Criminal Judges of *Morges*; yet God the great and Sovereign Judg of Heaven and Earth, will not be thus deluded, cannot be thus deceived herein. No, no: for albeit he be merciful, yet his Divine Majeſty is too juſt to let crimes of this helliſh nature go either undetected or unpuniſhed.

We have ſeen this execrable ſon ſo bloody hearted and handed, as with a devilliſh rage, and inhuman infernal fury, to drown his own dear and tender Mother; and with as much cruelty as ingratitude, to throw her from the world into a Well, who with many bitter gripes and torments (to the hazard and peril of his life) threw him from her Womb into the World; and the Providence and Juſtice of God will not lead the curioſity of the Reader far, before we ſee this miſerable miſcreant overtaken with the impetuous ſtorm of God's revenge, and the fiery guſts and tempeſts of his juſt indignation for the ſame, notwithſtanding that his ſubtil malice, and malicious ſubtilty, have ſo cunningly contrived, and ſo ſecretly acted and contracted it with the Devil, that no earthly perſon, or ſublunary eye can any way accuſe, much leſs convict him thereof; as mark the ſequel, and it will briefly and truly inform thee how.

As ſoon as he hath buried his Mother, his black mourning apparel doth in his heart and actions work ſuch poor and weak effects of repentance and ſorrow for her untimely death, as where divers others lament and grieve, he contrariwiſe rejoyceth and triumpheth thereat, and by her deceaſe being now become Lord and Maſter of all, he like a graceleſs villain, falls again to his old carouſing companions, and vein of drunkenneſs, wherein he takes ſuch ſingular delight and glory, as he makes it not only his exerciſe by day, but his practice and recreation by night. And as God hath infinite means and ways to ſcourge and revenge the enormity of our delights and crimes, ſo we ſhall ſhortly ſee for our inſtruction, and obſerve for our reformation, that this ungodly and beaſtly vice of drunkenneſs of his, which is his moſt ſecret, boſom and darling ſin, will in the end prove a ravenous vulture to devour, and a fatal Serpent to eat out the bowels, firſt of his wealth and proſperity, and then of his life; for it not only takes up his time, but his ſtudy; inſomuch, as I may truly aver to my grief, as affirm to his ſhame, that he levelleth at nothing

nothing more, than to make it his Felicity : Which Swiniſh exceſs and intemperancy, (as a Puniſhment inſeparably incident and infallibly hereditary to that Sin) doth within three Months make him ſell away all his Lands, yea, and the greateſt part of his Plate and Houſhold-Stuff: So his drunkenneſs firſt, but then chiefly God's juſtice and Revenge purſuing his foul and inhumane Crime of drowning his Mother, makes him of being left rich by her, within a very ſhort time become very extream poor and miſerable, ſo as he runs deeply into debts; yea, his debts are by this time become ſo exceedingly urgent and clamorous, as contrary to his hopes and fears, when he leaſt dreams thereof, he is impriſoned by his Mercer and Draper, for the blacks of his Mothers Funeral, to both whom he is indebted the Sum of three hundred Crowns, which is far more than either his Purſe can diſcharge, or his Credit and Eſtate now ſatisfie. When, abandoned of all his Friends, his means ſpent and conſumed, and nothing left him to exerciſe his Patience in Priſon, but deſpair; nor to comfort him, but the terrours of his bloody and guilty Conſcience, he is clapt into a ſtinking Vault or Dungeon, where (in horrour and deteſtation of his bloody Crime) the glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun, diſdains to ſend his radiant and glittering beams to comfort him; ſo as he who was before accuſtomed to fare deliciouſly, and, as it were, to ſwill and drown himſelf in the beſt and moſt curious Wines, now he muſt content himſelf only with courſe Bread and Water; and yet his miſery is ſo extream, and that extremity of his ſo miſerable, as he hath hardly enough to maintain and ſuſtain Life: But we ſhall ſee that this firſt affliction of his, will inſtantly be followed and overtaken by a ſecond.

Whitſunday being arrived, he petitioneth his Goaler (for that day) to have the liberty of the yard, and the freedom of the air, which is granted him, when at night deſcending the ſtairs, again to be pent up in his obſcure dungeon, his foot ſlips, and he receives a fearful fall, wherewith the bone of his right arm is broken in two pieces, and having no Chirurgion to look to it, it putrifies and rots, as for the preſerving of his life, he within fifteen days is enforced to have it cut off a little below the ſhoulder; and this was the very ſame hand and arm which threw his Mother into the Well. A ſingular act of God's revenging juſtice, and juſt revenge ſhewn herein. O that it may be deeply imprinted in our hearts, and engraven in our Souls, that the Reader hereof, of what Sex or quality ſoever, may as it were ſtand amazed at the conſideration of *Maurice* his impious ſin towards God, and of God's due and true revenge and requital thereof in his juſt judgment and affliction towards him.

But this is not enough for *Maurice* to ſuffer, nor for God to inflict on him for this his bloody and inhuman crime, in murthering his mother; nor to ſay the truth; it is but the prologue to the deplorable, yet deſerved puniſhment, which is immediately ready to ſurprize and befal him. For to the end, that the truth may inform our curioſity, and our curioſity us, of the Cataſtrophe of this Tragedy, we muſt underſtand, that it was the pleaſure and providence of God, that the breaking and cutting away of *Maurice* his arm, proved the break-neck of his patience, and the cutting away of his content and judgment. The Devil cauſed him moſt inhumanly to drown his Mother, the which he might have refuſed to perpetrate, but would not; and now God in expiation thereof ſends him Rage for Reaſon, Deſpair for Comfort, and Madneſs for Sobriety, the which he would fly and eſchew, but cannot. He hath committed this execrable crime beyond the rules and Laws of Nature; and therefore God hath ordained, that he ſhould feel many degrees of puniſhments, and this is not only the law, but the rule of Grace. Of all degrees of afflictions, madneſs is the moſt to be pitied; and the worſt to be cured, ſith it makes a man go far beyond reaſon, and therefore to come too far ſhort of himſelf: it is held by ſome to be a ſickneſs of the Liver, of others, an over-fuming of the blood, and of others a debility of the brain; But in this our execrable wretched *Maurice*, it was the infectious malady of his Soul, which God ſent purpoſely into his brains, to be revenged of his heart, for ſo inhumanly drowning his Mother. For although his Divine Majeſty hath infinite more ways to puniſh murther, than man hath to commit it; yet that he might make the detection of this wretched *Maurice*, as ſtrange as the complotting and finiſhing thereof was cruelly inhumane, and inhumanly cruel, he purpoſely ſends it him; for although ſince his impriſonment, hunger had ſo taken down his ſtomack, and quelled his courage, as his former volubility of ſpeech was now reduced to a kind of ſorrowful and penſive ſilence; yet as ſoon as his brains and ſenſes were poſſeſſed and captivated with this prodigious lunacy, and outragious phrenſie, then his fits were ſo violent, and that violence ſo implacable, as his ſpeeches were ſo many fearful outcries and howlings, and his words ſo many uncouth and unheard of ravings; ſo that whoſoever heard or ſaw him, he might juſtly conceive and affirm, that

he had thunder in his tongue, and lightning in his eyes: For his crime made this affliction and frenſie of his ſo miſerable, ſo impetuous, as he ſpake nonſenſe perfectly, and looked rather like a Fury than a man: yea, his ſoul Conſcience and polluted Soul rung him ſo many Panick fears and terrors of deſpair, as he was afraid of all things, and angry with himſelf, becauſe he could be no more afraid of himſelf; ſo as the dungeon which could impriſon his body, was not capable to contain his thoughts, much leſs to immure his fears, and in this miſerable plight and perplexity, he remained for the ſpace of ten days and nights, without any intermiſſion or hope of remedy, which infinitely diſturbed his fellow-priſoners, but chiefly his Goaler, whoſe ears had never been accuſtomed to hear ſuch diſcordant tunes, much leſs to be taken up with ſuch diſtateful and fearful melody.

He acquaints the Common Council of the Town hereof, and importunately ſolicits them, that they will remove this diſtracted priſoner *Maurice* had to ſome more fitter and more convenient place: Who remembring what *Maurice* had been, and now conſidering and ſeeing what he is, they who heretofore would not be ſo charitable to relieve his poverty, are yet now ſo religiouſly compaſſionate, as they pity his madneſs; ſo they command him from a dungeon to a chamber, from his paller of ſtraw to a feather-bed, from his bread and water, to wholeſome meats and broths, but all this will not ſuffice; and to ſhew themſelves not only good men, but good Chriſtians, they to reſtore him to his wits and ſenſes make yet a further progreſſion in charity. They cauſe him to be conferred with by many good Divines, who are not only eloquent, but powerful to perſwade him to pray often, and to practiſe other Chriſtian duties and offices; but his cries are ſo outragious, and his ravings ſo extravagant, as he is as uncapable to reliſh their reaſons, as they are to underſtand his rage: When the very immediate finger and providence of God, make them yet ſo ſenſible of his unparallel'd miſery, as they are reſolved to remove him from his priſon to an hoſpital, thereby to take the benefit of the air in the Gardens, walks, and fields, hoping that they might prevail with him, to recal his wits, and re-ſtabliſh his ſenſes in their proper ſeats of underſtanding, and ſtations of judgment: when here, (oh here) I conjure thee, Chriſtian Reader, to ſtand amazed and wonder with me, at the ſacred and ſecret juſtice of the Lord, expreſſed and demonſtrated in this accident: For as his under Goaler (by the Magiſtrates command) takes him by the hand, with an intent to conduct him from the priſon to an Hoſpital, his bloody crime (like ſo many Blood hounds) purſuing his guilty conſcience and ſoul; his thoughts ſo informed his knowledg, and his knowledg ſo to confirm his belief, that the drowning of his mother is detected, and that they now draw him from his priſon to the place of Execution, to ſuffer death for the ſame. Which apprehenſion and fear, God putting into his conceits and heart, in deſpight of his madneſs, he wanting an Accuſer, lo here he himſelf both accuſeth and condemneth himſelf for the ſame. For the very image of that conceit redoubling his fear, as his fear did his phrenſie and madneſs, he in the midſt of thoſe fits, and the height of that agony and anxiety, cries out with a loud voice, *I have drowned my mother in the Well, I have drowned my mother in the Well, God will have me confeſs it, before he ſuffers you to hang me; I ſpeak it on truth, and by my part of Heaven, what I now confeſs is true.* Which words no ſooner eſcaped his tongue but he inſtantly returns again to his out-cries of phrenſie and madneſs; his Goalers and the reſt are amazed at theſe fearful ſpeeches, and bloody confeſſion of his; which notwithſtanding that they attribute to madneſs, yet they lead him to the hoſpital, he ſtill raving and crying as he paſſeth the ſtreets: But oh! Let us here farther admire with wonder, and wonder with admiration, at the providence and mercy of God here again miraculouſly made apparent and manifeſted in this execrable wretch *Maurice*, for he who outragiouſly cried in priſon, and licentiouſly raved in the ſtreet, is no ſooner entred into the Holpital, but the pleaſure of God hath ſo ordained it, as his madneſs fully falls from him, and he abſolutely recovereth again his wits and ſenſes, in ſuch firm and ſetled manner, as if he had never formerly been touched or afflicted therewith.

His Gaolers make report to the Magiſtrates, firſt of his confeſſion of drowning his mother, and then of his ſudden and miraculous recovering of his perfect memory, judgment and ſenſes, as ſoon as he ſet foot within the Hoſpital: Whereupon they as much aſtoniſhed at the one, as wondering at the other, do inſtantly repair thither to him, and there arraign and accuſe him, for that inhuman and bloody fact of his, whereof his own evidence and confeſſion hath now made him guilty. But they take him for another, or at leaſt, he will not be the ſame man: he denies this horrible and bloody crime of his, with many oaths and aſſeverations, which they maintain and affirm he hath confeſſed, ſays, that they either heard a dream, or ſaw a viſion, whereof he neither dreamt nor thought of, and that he was ready to

loſe

loſe all the blood of his body to find out, and to be revenged of the murtherers of his mother.

But the Magiſtrates are deaf to his apology, and in conſidering the violence of his madneſs by its ſudden abandoning him, as alſo his free and uninforced confeſſion of drowning his Mother, they conceive that God's providence and juſtice doth ſtrongly operate in the detection of this foul and inhuman murther; and therefore contemning his requeſts and oaths (in the vindication of his innocency) they cauſe him to be reſetched from the Hoſpital to the Priſon, and there adjudg him to the Rack, when although his heart and ſoul be terrified and affrighted with this apprehenſion and accuſation, yet the Devil is ſo ſtrong with him, as he cannot find in his heart to relent, much leſs to repent this foul and inhuman crime of his; but conſidering that he acted it ſo ſecretly, as all the world could not produce a witneſs againſt himſelf, except himſelf, he vows to be ſo impious and prophane in his fortitude and courage, as to diſdain theſe his torments, and to look on them and his Tormentor, with an eye rather of contempt than fear: But God will be as propitious and indulgent to him, as he is rebellious and refractory to God; for here we ſhall ſee both his conſcience and reſolutions taught another rule, and preſcribed a contrary Law; yea, here we ſhall behold and obſerve in him, that now Righteouſneſs ſhall triumph over Sin, Grace over nature, his Soul over his Body, Heaven over Hell, and God over Satan: for at the very firſt ſight of the Rack the ſight and remembrance of his bloody crime makes him ſhake and tremble extreamly; when his Soul being illuminated by the reſplendent Sunbeams of God's mercy, and the foggy miſts of Hell and Satan expelled and baniſhed thence, he falls to the ground on his knees, firſt beats his breaſt, and then erecting his eyes and hands towards Heaven, he (with a whole deluge of tears) again confeſſeth, that he had drowned his Mother in the Well, from and for the which he humbly craveth remiſſion, both from Heaven and Earth.

And although there be no doubt, but God will forgive his Soul for this his foul murther, yet the Magiſtrates of *Morges*, who have gravity in their looks, religion in their hearts and ſpeeches, and juſtice in their actions, will not pardon his body; ſo in deteſtation of this his fearful crime, and inhuman paricide, they in the morning condemn him, that very afternoon to be hanged. At the pronouncing of which ſentence, as he hath reaſon to approve the equity of their juſtice in condemning him to die, ſo he cannot abſtain from grieving at the ſtrictneſs of the time which they allot him for his preparation to death. *But as ſoon as we forſake the Devil, we make our peace with God.*

All *Morges* and *Loſanna* rings of this mournful and tragical news, and in deteſtation of this mournful, inhuman, and bloody crime of our execrable *Maurice*, they flock from all parts and ſtreets to the place of execution, to ſee him expiate it by his death, and ſo to take his laſt farewel of this life.

The Divines, who are given him for fortifying and aſſiſting his Soul in this her flight and tranſmigration from Earth to Heaven, have religiouſly prevailed with him, ſo as they make him ſee the foulneſs of his crime, in the ſharpneſs of his contrition and repentance for the ſame; yea, he is become ſo humble, and withal ſo ſorrowful, for this bloody and degenerate offence, as I know not whether he think thereof with more grief, or remember it with deteſtation and repentance. At his aſcending the ladder, moſt of his Spectators cannot refrain from weeping; and the very ſight of their tears proves the argument of his, as his remembrance of murthering his mother, was the cauſe.

He tells them he grieves at his very ſoul, for the foulneſs of his fact, in giving his Mother her death, of whom he had received his life. He affirms, that drunkenneſs was not only the root, but the cauſe of this his beggery and miſery, of his crime and puniſhment, and of his deboaſhed life, and deſerved death, from which with a world of ſighs and tears he ſeeks and endeavours to divert all thoſe who affect and practiſe that beaſtly vice. He declares, that his Mother was too virtuous ſo ſoon to go out of the world, and himſelf too vicious (and withal too cruel) any longer to live in it; that the ſins of his life had deſerved this his ſhameful death; and although he could not prevent the laſt, yet that he heartily and ſorrowfully repented the firſt. He prayed God to be merciful to his Soul, and then beſought the world to pray unto God for that mercy; when ſpeaking a few words to himſelf, and ſealing them with many tears and far-fetched ſighs, he laſtly bids the world farewel; then inviting the Executioner to do his office, he is turned over.

And ſuch was the vicious life, and deſerved death of this execrable Son, and bloody Villain *Maurice*: wherein I muſt confeſs, that although his end were ſhameful and ſharp; yet it was by far too to mild for the foulneſs of his crime, in ſo cruelly murthering his dear mother *Chriſtina*, whom the Laws both of Nature and Grace commanded him to preſerve and cheriſh. Yea, let all ſons and daughters, of all ages and ranks whatſoever, look on this

bloody and disasterous example of his with fear, and fear to commit the like by the sight of his Punishment. It is a History worthy both of our meditation and detestation, whether we cast our Eyes on his Drunkenness, or fix our Thoughts and Hearts on his Murther. Those who love and fear God are happy in their Lives, and fortunate in their Deaths; but those who will neither fear nor love him, very seldom prove fortunate in the one, never happy in the other; and to the rest of our Sins, if we once consent and give way to add that scarlet, and crying one of Murther; that Blood which we untimely send to Earth, will in God's due time draw down Vengeance on our Heads from Heaven; Charity is the mark of a Christian; and the shedding of innocent Blood, either that of an Infidel, an Atheist, or a Devil. O therefore let us affect and strive to hate it in others, and so we shall the better know how to detest and abhor it in our selves: Which that we may all know to our Comforts, and remember to our Consolations, direct us, O Lord our God, and so we shall be directed.

FINIS.

The

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE Againſt the Crying and Execrable SIN OF MURTHER

EXPRESSED

In Thirty ſeveral Tragical Hiſtories (digeſted into Six Books) which contain great variety of mournful and memorable Accidents, Amorous, Moral, and Divine.

BOOK IV.

Written by *JOHN REYNOLDS*

LONDON,

Printed for *Ben. Griffin* and *Sam. Keble*. 1702.

THE

CONSTANCY

OF

CONSTANTIA

A TRAGEDY.

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BOOK IV.

Written by JOHN REYNOLDS

LONDON,

Printed for Ben. Griffin and S. K. 1705.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP

EARL OF

PEMBROKE and *MONTGOMERY*

Lord-Chamberlain to the King, one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council, and Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

Right Honourable,

HAving formerly dedicated the Third Book of these my Tragical Histories (of God's Revenge against Murther) *to your Incomparable Lord and Brother,* William *Earl of* Pembroke *(who now lives with God) I therefore held my self bound (by the double obligation of my duty and your own generous merits) likewise to present this Fourth Book to your Protection and Patronage, because as* England, *so* Europe *perfectly knows, that you are as true an Heir to his Virtues, as to his Fortunes, and to his Goodness, as to his Greatness, and that therefore it may properly be said he is not dead, because they (as well as himself) do still survive and live in you, with equal lustre and glory, as having made either a happy Metamorphosis, or blessed Transmigration into your Noble Breast and Resolutions: And therefore as it was my sincere respects and zeal to his Honour that then drew me to that Ambition; so it is entirely the same which hath now both invited and induced me to this presumption to your Lordship, having no other end or object in this my Dedication, but that this Book of mine having the Honour to be countenanced by so great a Personage, and the felicity to be protected by so honourable a* Mecœnas, *may therefore encounter the more safely with the various humours it shall meet with, and abide more securely the different Censures of this our too fastidious Age.*

How these Histories (or the memorable Accidents which they contain and relate) will relish with your Lordship's Palate or Judgment, I know not; Only because you are a noble Son of God's Church, and an excellent Servant to your Prince and Country, I therefore rather hope than presume, that your Honour will at least be pleased to see, if not delight to know, and consider, how the Triumphs of God's Revenge and Punishments doth herein secretly and providentially meet with this crying and scarlet Sin of premeditated Murther, and with the bloody and inhumane Perpetrators thereof, who hereby (as so many mercilesse Butchers, and prodigious Monsters of Mankind) do justly make themselves odious to Men, and execrable to God and his Angels.

God

God hath (deservedly) honoured your Lordship with the favour of two great Earthly Kings your Sovereigns, as first of your Royal King James *the Father, and now of our present most Renowned King* Charles *his Son, and yet this external Honour and Favour of theirs is no way so glorious to you, as that (maugre the reigning Vices of the World) you serve the true God of Heaven, in purity of your Heart, and fear and adore him in the integrity of your Soul. And to represent you with naked Truth, and not with Eloquence or Adulation, this Heavenly Piety of yours I believe is the prime reason, and true Essential cause of all this your Earthly Honour, and Sublunary Greatness, and that this is it likewise which doth so rejoice your heart, and enrich and repleniſh your House with so numerous and noble an Issue, of hopeful and flouriſhing Children, who (as so many Olive-branches of Vertue, and Syens and Plants of Honour) do both environ your Bed, and surround your Table, and who promise no less, than futurely to magnifie the Blood, and to perpetuate and immortalize the Illustrious Name and Family of the* Herberts *to all Posterity.*

Go on resolutely and constantly (Noble Lord) in your religious Piety to God, and in your candid and unstained Fidelity to your Prince and Country, that your Life may triumph over your death, and your Vertues contend to out shine your Fortunes, and that hereafter God (of his best favour and mercy) may make you as blessed and as glorious a Saint in Heaven, as now you are a great Peer and noble Pillar here on Earth: Which none shall pray for with more true zeal, or desire or wish with more real and unfeigned affection, than

Your Honour's truly devoted and
most Humble Servant,

JOHN REYNOLDS

The

16

GOD'S Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A PORTUGAL HISTORY.

HISTORY VVI.

Idiaques *cauſeth his Son* Don Juan *to marry* Marſilia, *and then commits Adultery and Inceſt with her. She makes her Father-in-Law* Idiaques *to poyſon his own old wife* Honoria; *and likewiſe makes her own Brother* De Perez *to kill her Chamber-maid* Mathurina: Don Juan *afterwards kills* De Perez *in a Duel*: Marſilia *hath her brains daſht out by a horſe, and her body is afterward condemned to be burnt*: Idiaques *is beheaded, his body likewiſe conſumed to aſhes, and thrown into the air.*

LET Malice be never ſo ſecretly contrived, and the ſhedding of Innocent blood never ſo wretchedly perpetrated, yet as our Conſcience is to us a thouſand witneſſes, ſo God is to us a thouſand Conſciences, firſt to bring it to light, and then their Authors to deſerved puniſhments for the ſame, when they leaſt dream or think thereof. For as there is no peace to the wicked, ſo they ſhall find no peace or tranquility here on earth, either with God or his creatures, becauſe if they would conceal it, yet the very Fowls of the air, yea, the ſtones and timbers of their chambers will detect it: For the Earth or Air will give them no breath nor being, but they ſhall hang between both, becauſe, by theſe their foul and deplorable facts, they have made themſelves unworthy of either. A powerful example, and a pitiful precedent whereof we ſhall behold in this enſuing Hiſtory, where ſome wretched miſcreants and graceleſs creatures making themſelves guilty of thoſe bloody crimes (by the immediate Revenge and Juſtice of God) received exemplary, and condign puniſhments for the ſame. May we read it to Gods glory, to the comfort of our hearts, and the inſtruction of our Souls.

In the City of *Sant arem*, which (by tract of time, and corruption of ſpeech) ſome term Saint *Aren*, and which (after *Lisbon*) is one of the richeſt and beſt people of *Portugal*; there

dwelt a Gentleman of ſome fifty five years old, nobly deſcended and of a great eſtate and means named *Don Sebaſtian Idiaques*, whoſe wife and Lady being aged, of well near fifty years, was termed *Dona Honoria*: and well ſhe deſerved that honourable name; for all ſorts of virtues and honours made her youth famous, and her age glorious to all *Portugal* and *Spain*. They had lived together in the bonds of Matrimony almoſt thirty years, with much honour, content, and felicity, and for the fruits of their affection and marriage, they had two Sons and four daughters; but God in his pleaſure and Providence (for ſome reſerved reaſons beſt known to his All Divine Majeſty) took from Earth to Heaven all their Daughters, and one of their Sons, ſo as now they have left them but one Son, named *Don Juan*, a gallant young Gentleman, of ſome twenty five years old, of diſpoſition brave and generous, who after his firſt youthful education under his Father, had his chief breeding under the Duke of *Braganza*, to whom he was firſt a Page, and then a chief Gentleman retaining to him: whom (in regard of the death of his Brother and Siſters) his Father called home unto him, to be his comfort and conſolation, and the prop and ſtay of his age, as alſo of the Lady his Mother, who had formerly acted a great part in grief and a mournful one, in ſorrow for the death of her children; and indeed *Don Juan*, this Son of theirs, for all regards of Courtſhip, was held to be a compleat Gallant, and of the prime Cavaliers of *Portugal*.

As for *Idiaques* the Father, though in all the courſe and progreſs of his life, and in all the life and conduction of his actions, he bewrayed many moral and generous vertues: yet as one diſcordant ſtring marrs the harmony of the beſt-tuned Inſtrument, and the concent of the ſweeteſt melody and muſick; and as one foul Vice is naturally ſubject, and fatally incident to eclipſe and drown many rich and fair vertues; ſo (in this his old age, when time had honoured him with white hairs) he debolhed himſelf ſo much, and ſo ſottiſhly ſacrificed his irregular affections to heart-killing concupiſcence, and his exorbitant deſires to ſoul deſtroying Adultery, that he very often made himſelf a falſe and inconſtant Husband to his Wife, and a true, yea, too true a friend to Curtiſans and Strumpets. His vertuous Lady *Honoria* extreamly grieves hereat, that now in his latter years he ſhould thus laſciviouſly forget himſelf, both towards her and towards God. She uſeth all perſwaſions, prayers and tears, to diſſwade and divert him from it: but ſeeing that all proves vain, and that he rather proves worſe than better thereat, her diſcretion makes her brook it with as much patience as ſhe can; and therefore ſhe ſeems not to ſee, or know that whereof (to her grief and diſcontent) ſhe cannot be ignorant. But here comes an accident which will breed both of them, and their Son *Don Juan*, miſery of all ſides.

Some ſix leagues from *Santarem* was a wonderful fair young Gentlewoman, being a Widow, aged but of twenty two years, *Dona Marſilia*, well deſcended, but by her late deceaſed Husband left but ſmall means, yet ſhe bears out her port bravely, and maintains her ſelf highly and gallantly; and indeed ſhe is the prime young Lady for beauty in all thoſe parts; Now the baſe Ambaſſadors, and Emmiſſaries of *Idiaques* his beaſtly and obſcene luſt (the true Vipers and Cankers of Common-weals) give him notice of her, and of her ſingular beauty, as well foreſeeing and knowing that it would be ſweet and pleaſing news unto him. He viſits and courts her; but as young as ſhe is, ſhe puts him off with peremptory refuſals, and in vertuous and modeſt terms checks his age for this his laſcivious ſute and motion to her: But he is as conſtant in his affection to her, as ſhe is diſdainful to him; for his heart is ſo enſnared and intangled in the fetters of her freſh and delicate beauty, that although ſhe refuſe him, yet he will not forſake her; but after many purſutes and viſits, ſhe at laſt well perceiving that he loved her tenderly and dearly, and that he moſt importunately frequented her houſe and company, ſhe as a ſubtil and cunning young Gentlewoman, tells him plainly and privately, that ſhe will acquaint him with a ſecret of her heart, and a requeſt of her mind and affection, which if he will cauſe to be performed, ſhe then vows ſhe will for ever be at his diſpoſing and command. *Idiaques* thinking that ſhe will crave ſome mony of him, or ſome yearly penſion or annuity, he conſtantly promiſeth to grant and perform her requeſt; ſo ſhe, taking time at advantage) and firſt ſwearing him to ſecrecy, then (with many ſmiles and bluſhes) ſhe tells him that if he ever think to enjoy her love and her ſelf, he muſt uſe the means to marry his Son *Don Juan* to her, which being effected, ſhe with much pretended ſhew of piety and affection, religiouſly ſwears to him, that ſhe will never have the power or will to deny him any thing, but that his requeſts ſhall be to her as ſo many commands, and (but only for himſelf) if his Son *Don Juan* be her Husband, ſhe with many imprecations and aſſeverations ſwears, that ſhe will ſacrifice her beſt blood and life, rather than diſtain his bed, or offer him the leaſt ſhadow of any ſcandal or diſhonour whatſoever. *Idiaques* wondreth with admiration, and admires with wonder at this her ſtrange Propoſition, the which he finds ſo knotty

knotty and intricate, as meaſuring Grace by Nature, his judgment by his Luſt and Concupiſcence, and his Soul by his affections, he knows not what to ſay or do herein; ſo he anſwereth her with more love than wiſdom, and for that time leaves her in general terms. He goes home, walks penſively in his Garden, and there conſults Pro and Con on this buſineſs; fain he would preſerve his Son's honour, and keep the honour of his bed immaculate, but then the ſweet Roſes and Lilies of *Marſilia*'s youth and beauty act wonders in his heart, and bear down all other reaſons and conſiderations before it: He viſits her again and again, but he finds her inviolably conſtant in her former reſolution. All the favour and courteſie which he can gain from her are a few extorted kiſſes, which ſo inflame and ſet on fire his aged heart and affections, as at laſt like a graceleſs Father, he faithfully promiſeth her to uſe his beſt Art and Power to procure his Son to marry her. To which end he takes him aſide, and in the ſofteſt and ſweeteſt terms he can deviſe, paints out *Marſilia*'s praiſes and virtues to him in the fureſt and rareſt colours, adding withal, that although ſhe be not exceeding rich, yet that her perſonage is ſo exquiſite, and her perfections ſo excellent, as that ſhe every way meriteth to be wife to a Prince. *Don Juan* (by what fatal Fortune, I know not) reliſheth this motion of his Father, to ſeek the Lady *Marſilia* for his wife, with much delight and joy, and far the more and the ſooner, in regard he (in divers Companies) hath formerly heard the ſame fame of her beauty extolled, and the glories of her Virtues advanced to the Sky; ſo he takes time of his Father to conſider hereof, and rides over ſometimes with him to Saint *Eſtiene* to viſit her; He finds her wonderful fair and beautiful, and wonderful coy; of a very ſweet and Majeſtical carriage, and of a delicate and curious ſpeech, fit baits to enſnare the heart, and to betray the judgment of a more ſolid underſtanding than that of *Don Juan*. She acts her part as wiſely as he doth amorouſly and paſſionately; For the more ſhe makes ſhew to retire and conceal her affection from him, the more he is provoked to advance and diſcover his to her; but he cannot be ſo much enamoured of her beauty, as ſhe is with the great Eſtate of Lands and Demains whereunto God and his Father have made him heir.

Whiles thus the Father privately and the Son publickly are ſeeking to make *Marſilia* his wife, the old Lady *Honoria* the mother, by many ſtrong reaſons ſeeks to divert him from her; ſhe hath perfect notice of her husbands long and often frequenting of *Marſilia*'s houſe and company, and therefore fearing the vanity of his age, and doubting the frailty of her youth and chaſtity, her jealouſie and judgment at laſt finds out and concludes, that his familiarity with her is far greater than honour can warrant or honeſty allow of. Upon which foundation ſhe in her diſcontented looks and ſilence, bewrays unto her Son *Don Juan*, her conſtant and reſolute averſeneſs from him to marry her, the which ſhe peremptorily and religiouſly forbids him upon her bleſſing, adding withal, that if he marry her, there will infallibly more miſeries and calamities attend their nuptials, than as yet it is poſſible for him either to know or conceive; the which ſhe prays him to read in her looks and ſilence, to remember it when he ſees her not, and to take it as the trueſt advice, and ſecureſt counſel of a dear Mother to her only Son. *Don Juan* ruminates on theſe ſpeeches and advice of his Mother, as if there were ſome deep abſtruſe myſtery or ambiguous Oracle contained and hidden therein; the which becauſe he hath equal reaſon as well to fear that this match of his with *Marſilia* may prove fatal, as to hope and believe that it may prove fortunate, he makes a ſtand hereat, as vowing to proceed therein with adviſement, and not with temerity and precipitation, and ſo forbears for a month or two to viſit her; But the more the Son flies off in his affection from *Marſilia*, the more doth ſhe do the like from his father in requital, whereat he grieves with diſcontent, and ſhe ſeems to bite her lip with ſorrow. *Idiaques* chargeth his Son to tell him from whence this his ſudden ſtrangeneſs and unkindneſs towards *Marſilia* proceedeth; the which he anſwers with a modeſt excuſe, as favouring more of diſcretion than diſobedience, but yet wholly concealeth his Mother's counſel and adviſe to him from his Father, the which notwithſtanding he vehemently ſuſpecteth it proceeds from her and her Jealouſie: *Marſilia* is enraged to ſee her ſelf deprived of *Don Juan*, whom in her ambitious thoughts, hopes and wiſhes, ſhe had already made her Husband; and howſoever *Idiaques* his Father ſeeks to conceal and palliate this buſineſs towards her, yet ſhe believes it is his fault, and not his Sons. She lays it to his charge, and knitting her brows ſhe conjureth him to tell her from whence his Son's unkindneſs to her proceeds: He tells her he is confident, that it is his old Mother who hath diverted him from her, whereat ſhe is exceedingly inraged; When ſeeing this old Letcher ſo open and plain with her, ſhe ſoothing him up with many kiſſes, tells him, that this old Beldam his wife muſt firſt be in Heaven, before he can hope to enjoy her, or ſhe his Son here on Earth, when (being allured and Provoked by the treacherous ſuggeſtions and bloody temptations of the Devil) ſhe proffers him to viſit her, and to poyſon her, which he oppoſeth and contradicteth; and contrary

to all reaſon and ſenſe, and repugnant to all Humanity and Chriſtianity, yea, to Nature and Grace, (as a Husband fitter for the Devil, than for this good old Lady his wife) he undertakes and promiſeth her ſpeedily to perform it himſelf; yea the Devil is now ſo ſtrong with him, and he with the Devil, that becauſe he loves *Marſilia*, therefore he muſt hate his own dear wife, and virtuous Lady *Honoria*; and becauſe he hates her, therefore he muſt poyſon her; a lewd part of a man, a fouler one of a Chriſtian, but a moſt helliſh and bloody one of a Husband to his own wife, who ought to be near and dear unto him as being his own fleſh and blood, yea the other half of himſelf. He cannot content himſelf to ſeek to abuſe and betray his Son, but he muſt alſo murther the Mother. So wanting the fear of God before his eyes, and repleat with as much impiety and cruelty, as he was devoid of all Grace, he is reſolute in this his helliſh rage and malice againſt her, and ſo to pleaſe his young Strumpet, he will ſend this good old Lady his wife to Heaven in a bloody Coffin; ſo without thinking of Heaven or Hell, or of God, or his Soul, he procures ſtrong poyſon, and acting the part of a Fury of Hell, and a member of the Devil, he as a wretched and execrable Husband, adminiſtreth it to her in preſerved Barbaries, which he ſaw her uſually to love and eat, whereof within three days after ſhe dies, to the extream grief and ſorrow of her Son *Don Juan*, who bitterly wept, for this his mothers haſty and unexpected death; but the manner thereof he knows not and indeed doth no way in the world either doubt or ſuſpect thereof.

His father *Idiaques* makes a counterfeit ſhew of ſorrow and mourning to the world, for the death of his wife, but God in his due time will unmask this his wretched hypocriſie, and detect and revenge this his execrable and deplorable murther. Now as ſoon as *Marſilia* is advertiſed of the Lady *Honoria*'s death, ſhe not able to contain her Joys, doth infinitely triumph thereat, and within leſs than two months after her burial, *Idiaques* and *Marſilia* work ſo politickly with *Don Juan*, as he marries *Marſilia*, although his mothers advice to him in the Garden, do ſtill run in his mind and thoughts; and now he brings home his luſtful Spouſe and Wife to his lewd and laſcivious Fathers houſe at *Santarem*, where (I write with horror and ſhame) he moſt beaſtly and inhumanly very often commits Adultery and Inceſt with her, and they act it ſo cloſe that for the firſt year or two, his Son *Don Juan*, hath no news or inkling thereof; and now *Marſilia* governeth and rules all, yea her incontinency with her Father *Idiaques* makes her ſo audacious and impudent, as ſhe commands not only his houſe, but himſelf, and domineers moſt proudly and imperiouſly over all his Servants. Her waiting-maid *Mathurina* obſerves and takes exact and curious notice, of her young Ladies luſtful, and unlawful familiarity with her Father in Law *Idiaques*; the which her Miſtreſs underſtanding, ſhe extreamly beats her for the ſame, and twice whips her ſtark naked in her Chamber, and drags her about by the hair, although this poor young Gentlewoman, with a world of tears and prayers, begs her to deſiſt and give over.

God hath many ways and means to ſet forth his glory, in detecting of Crimes and puniſhing of offenders, yea he is now pleaſed to make uſe of this young maidens diſcontent and choler againſt her incenſed Lady and Miſtreſs, for we ſhall ſee her pay dear for this cruelty and tyranny of hers towards her; for *Mathurina*, being a Gentlewoman by birth, ſhe takes theſe blows and ſevere uſage of her Lady in ſo ill part, and lodgeth it ſo deeply in her heart and memory, as ſhe vows her revenge ſhall requite part of that of her cruelty and tyranny towards her; Whereupon (with more haſt than diſcretion, and with more malice than fidelity) ſhe in her hot blood, goes to *Don Juan*, her young Maſter, tells him of this foul buſineſs betwixt his young Wife and old Father, to the diſgrace and ſhame of nature; and makes him ſee and know his own diſhonour, in their bruitiſh and beaſtly Adultery and Inceſt. *Don Juan* extreamly grieves hereat, yea he is both amazed and aſtoniſhed at the report of this unnatural crime, as well of his young wife as aged Father. He cannot refrain from choler and tears hereat, to ſee himſelf thus infinitely abuſed by her beauty, and betrayed by his luſt; and if it be a beaſtly, yea prophane part, for one man, and friend to offer it to another, how much more for a Father to offer it to his own, yea to his only Son? He expected more goodneſs from her youth, and grace from his age, but as his wife hath hereby infringed her vow, and oath of wedlock, ſo hath his wretched father exceeded and broken thoſe rules and precepts of Nature; yea he is ſo netled with the report and inflamed with the conſideration and memory hereof, that he abhors her infidelity, and in his heart and Soul deteſteth his inhumanity; ſo as the knowledg hereof doth ſo juſtly incenſe him againſt her, and exaſperate himſelf againſt him, that reſolving to right his own honour, as much as they have blemiſhed and ruined it, and therein their own, he ſcorns to be an eye-Witneſs, much leſs an acceſſary of this his ſhame and their infamy: So he here enters into a diſcreet and generous conſultation with himſelf, how to bear himſelf in this ſtrange and diſhonourable accident. When perceiving and finding

that

that both his wife and Father, had by this their beaſtly adultery and Inceſt, made themſelves for ever unworthy of his ſight and company; he here for ever diſdaining henceforth to ſee her, or ſpeak with him, very ſuddenly (upon a ſecond conference, and examination of *Mathurina*, who ſtood firmly and virtuouſly to her former depoſition and accuſation againſt them) takes horſe and rides away from *Santarem* to *Lisbon*, where providing himſelf of moneys and other neceſſaries, he takes Poſt for *Spain*, and there builds up his reſidence and ſtay at the Court at *Madrid*, where we will for a while leave him, to ſpeak of other accidents which fall out in the courſe of this Hiſtory.

Idiaques ſeeing the ſudden departure of his Son, and *Marſilia* of her Husband *Don Juan*; and being both aſſured that he had ſome ſecret notice and intelligence of their laſcivious dalliances and affection, he exceedingly grieves and ſhe extreamly ſtorms thereat, becauſe they know that this foul ſcandal will wholly reflect and fall upon them; and now by this his ſudden and diſcontented departure from them, will be made notorious and apparent to all the world. But how to remedy it they know not, becauſe he hath neither ſignified him whither he is gone, nor when he will return; the which the more bewrayeth his ſmall reſpect, and diſcovereth his implacable diſpleaſure towards them. But as there is no malice and revenge to that of a woman, ſo *Marſilia* aſſuring her ſelf that it was her Maid *Mathurina*, who (to the prejudice and ſcandal of her honour) had unlocked this myſtery to her Husband *Don Juan*, ſhe enters into ſo furious a rage, and ſo outragious a fury againſt her, as ſhe provides her ſelf of Rods; and intends the next morning e're ſhe be ſtirring out of her bed, to wreak her fierce anger and indignation upon her. But this ſharp and ſevere reſolution of hers, is not ſo cloſely carried by her, but *Mathurina* hath perfect notice thereof, and to prevent this intended correction and cruelty of her incenſed Lady and Miſtreſs, ſhe the night before takes horſe, and ſo rides home to the Town of St. *Saviours* to her Father; and there, from point to point relateth him all which had paſt betwixt the Lady and her ſelf, and betwixt her Husband, her ſelf, and her Father-in-Law; and that now diſdaining any more to ſerve her, as her body ſo her tongue is at liberty; for ſhe is familiarity and will not be ſparing to publiſh her Miſtreſs, and her Father-in-Laws ſhameful coſt her far adultery together. But this indiſcretion, and licentious folly of her tongue will not, and ſhe dearer than ſhe thinks of, or expecteth.

For her late Lady and Miſtreſs *Marſilia*, being now perfectly certified of *Mathurina's* infidelity and treachery towards her in the point of her diſhonour and ſhame, ſhe (to ſalve up her reputation, and to provide for the ſame) will not wholly rely upon her own judgment and diſcretion herein, but reſolves to acquaint *Don Alfonſo de Perez*, her own only Brother herewith, and to crave his aid and aſſiſtance, as alſo his advice, betwixt whom and her ſelf there was ſo ſtrict a league and Sympathy of affection, that (if reports be true) I write it to their ſhame, and mine own ſorrow, it exceeded the bounds of Nature and Honour, and of Modeſty and Chaſtity; only the preſumption hereof is great and pregnant, for if there had not been ſome extraordinary tyes and obligations betwixt them, it is rather to be believed than doubted, that for her ſake and ſervice, he would never have ſo freely expoſed himſelf to ſuch imminent fears and dangers, as we ſhall immediately ſee him do; and although (of humour and diſpoſition) he were brave and generous, yet I believe he would not have undertaken it. For the Reader muſt underſtand, that to this Brother of hers, *Don Perez*, *Marſilia* ſpeedily acquaints the infidelity and treachery of her Maid *Mathurina's* tongue againſt her Fame and Honour, which had ſo unfortunately occaſioned her Husband, *Don Juans* diſcontented departure from her. She proteſteth moſt ſeriouſly and deeply to him of her and her Father-in-Law *Idiaques* innocency in this pretended crime and ſcandal; Tells him, that *Mathurina* is the only author and reporter thereof, and therefore till that baſe and lewd tongue of hers be eternally ſtopped and ſilenced, ſhe ſhall never enjoy any true content to her heart or peace to her thoughts and mind, either in this world, or this life: When his affection to her makes him to yeild ſuch confidence to her ſpeeches, vows, and complaints, that he holds them to be as true as Scripture; yea, and the undoubted Oracles of Truth and Innocency: when to pleaſe and ſatisfie her, he bids her be of good chear and comfort, and that he will ſpeedily take ſuch order that *Mathurina's* ſcandalous tongue ſhall not long Eclipſe her fame, or any further blemiſh the luſtre of her reputation: When this baſe and bloody Gentleman, *De Perez*, to make good this his promiſe to his execrable Siſter, he ſecretly rides over to St. *Saviours*, and there by night waiting near her Fathers door, when *Mathurina* would chance to iſſue forth, he in a dark night eſpying her (without any more ceremony or farther expoſtulation) runs her thorow the body two ſeveral times, whereof poor harmleſs innocent Soul ſhe falls down dead at his feet, without once ſpeaking or crying. So *De*

Perez

Perez ſeeing her diſpatched, he preſently takes horſe (which his man there led by him) and poſts away to *Santarem*, being neither ſeen nor diſcovered. And thus this bloody villain moſt deplorably imbrewed his guilty hands in the innocent blood of this virtuous young Gentlewoman, who never offended him in thought, word, or deed, in all her life, and albeit that her Father *Signior Pedro de Caſtello* makes curious enquiry and reſearch for the murther of his Daughter, yet *De Perez* (mounted at advantage) hath recovered *Santarem* in ſafety. But God will in due time find him out to his ſhame and confuſion; yea, and then when his ſecurity and courage little dreams thereof.

As ſoon as he comes to *Santarem*, he acquaints his Sifter *Marſilia* of his diſpatching of *Mathurina*, who is infinitely glad thereof, and extreamly thankful to him for the ſame: and now her malice and revenge looks wholly on her Husband *Don Juan*, for offering her this unkind and ſcandalous indignity of his departure; and for tacitly taxing and condemning her of incontinency with his Father *Idiaques*, which her adulterous heart, and inceſtuous ſoul and conſcience doth inwardly confeſs and acknowledge, though the perfidiouſneſs and hypocriſie of her falſe tongue do publickly deny it; yea, with her beſt art and policy, and with her ſweeteſt ſmiles and kiſſes, ſhe hath by this time ſo exaſperated this her bloody Brother againſt him, that (out of his vanity and folly) he prophanely vows unto God, and ſeriouſly proteſts and ſwears unto her, That if he knew where he were (for the vindication of her honour and innocency) he would ride to him and fight with him, except he would reſolve to give him and her, ſome valuable reparation and honourable ſatisfaction to the contrary, which he ſeals and confirms to her with many amorous ſmiles, and laſcivious kiſſes. But as we are commonly never nearer danger than when we think our ſelves fartheſt from it: So God being as ſecret in his decrees, as ſacred in his reſolutions, we ſhall ſhortly ſee *De Perez* to verifie and confirm it in himſelf; for as in the heat of this his ſottiſh affection to his ſiſter, She is ready to fight with her Husband *Don Juan*, if he knew where he was; ſo the news of his reſidence in *Madrid*, when he leaſt thinks thereof, is accidentally brought him by a Servant of his own, whom he purpoſely ſends to *Santarem* with theſe two enſuing Letters, The one ſent and directed from him to his Father, the other to his wife *Marſilia*. That to his Father ſpake thus.

DON JUAN to IDIAQUES.

WAS there no other woman of the whole world for you to abuſe but my wife, and was your faith ſo weak with God; or you ſo ſtrong with the Devil, that you muſt therefore make her your Strumpet, becauſe ſhe was my Wife? If Nature would not inform you that I am your Son, yet you are my Father; and it ſhould have taught you to have been more natural to me, more honourable to the world, more reſpectful to your ſelf, and more religious to God, and not to have made your ſelf guilty of theſe ſoul crimes of Adultery and Inceſt with her, the leaſt whereof is ſo odious to God, and ſo deteſtable to men, that I want terms, not tears to expreſs it. For hereby as you have made my ſhame infinite, ſo likewiſe you have made your own infamy eternal, the conſideration whereof gives me ſo much grief, and the remembrance ſorrow, that holding you for ever unworthy of my ſight, and ſhe of my company, I have therefore left Portugal *for* Spain, *and forſaken* Santarem *to live and die here in* Madrid. *And when hereafter God ſhall be ſo merciful to your ſoul, to let you ſee that the Winter of your age makes you fitter for your Grave than for my Bed, and for your winding-ſheet, than for my Wife, you will then hold this reſolution and proceeding of mine towards you as honourable, as this your crime to me is unnatural: the which if you henceforth redeem not with an Ocean of bitter tears, and a world of repentant and religious Prayers to God, I rather fear than doubt, that his divine Majeſty will make you as miſerable, as you have made me unfortunate.*

DON JUAN.

His Letter to his Wife ſpake this language.

DON JUAN to MARSILIA.

WHat Devil poſſeſſed thy heart with luſt, and thy ſoul with impiety, to make thee violate thy vow which thou gaveſt me in marriage, by committing thoſe damnable ſins of Adultery and Inceſt with my natural Father? And if the conſideration that I was thy Husband could not in grace de-

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ter thee from it, yet (methinks) the remembrance that he was my Father ſhould in Nature have made thee both to abhor and deteſt it. And although my tender affection to thee, and filial obedience to him, made me expect more goodneſs from thy youth, and grace from his age, yet God is a juſt Judge, and your hearts are true witneſſes of theſe your unnatural crimes and foul ingratitude towards me, which hath caſt ſo great a blemiſh and ſcandal on mine honour, and daſhed my joys with ſo many untimely afflictions, and immerited ſorrows, that I have abandoned Portugal *and* Santarem *for thy ſake, and betaken my ſelf to live and die in* Madrid *in* Spain *for mine; where I will ſtrive to make my ſelf as contented as diſcontent can make me, and ſo leave this thy enormous crime, and the puniſhment thereof, to God, in whom thou mayeſt be happy, but without whom thou wilt aſſuredly be miſerable. And think to what juſt calamities and miſeries thine inordinate luſts and laſcivious deſires and delights have already deſervedly reduced and expoſed thee, Sith henceforth I will no more eſteem thee my Wife, or my ſelf thy Husband, and that God will aſſuredly look on thee with an eye of indignation; and the world of contempt.*

DON JUAN.

Idiaques having read and peruſed that Letter of his Son, and *Marſilia* this of her Husband *Don Juan*, they are therewith ſo touched in heart with ſhame, and ſtung in conſcience with ſorrow for their foul crimes of Adultery and Inceſt, that they bluſh each at other, and now both of them moſt bitterly curſe the name and memory of *Mathurina*, who was the firſt Author of this report to him, and which ſo ſuddenly incenſed him, and occaſioned his departure. So to bear up their reputations to the World, and their fames to him, they reſolve (without either asking leave or pardon of God) to juſtifie their innocency hereof to him, and ſo to purſue and ſolicit his return. To which effect they write and return him (by his own ſervant) their two ſeveral Letters in anſwer of his: whereof that of *Idiaques* his Father carried this meſſage.

IDIAQUES to DON JUAN.

THou doſt wrong thy ſelf and the truth, God and thy conſcience, and thy wife and me, in ſo baſely taxing us of thoſe foul ſins of Inceſt and Adultery, whereof we are as truly innocent, as thou faſly and maliciouſly deemeſt us guilty. For I have not abuſed her nor made her my Strumpet, although not God, but the Devil (in the ſlanderous tongue of Mathurina *) hath made thee to believe ſo. For Nature hath taught me more Grace and goodneſs, nor ſo little impiety; for that I know they are ſins more odious to God, and deteſtable to the world, than either thy ſorrows can expreſs, or thy anger depaint me. Neither have I made thy ſhame infinite, or canſt thou make my infamy viſible, much leſs eternal, although herein thou ſhew me thy indignation; together with thy diſobedience, by leaving* Portugal *for* Spain, *and* Santarem *for* Madrid, *whereof becauſe thou wilt not make thy duty, I will content my ſelf to make thy diſcretion Judge betwixt us, If thou have not done me more wrong, than either thy ſelf, and the truth right herein; and offered a ſcandal likewiſe to thy wives honour, who made thy company her chiefeſt joy, as now ſhe doth thy abſence her ſharpeſt miſery and affliction. How then can I go to my Grave with content, when thou forſakeſt her bed with malice, and my houſe with diſdain? My innocency in thy accuſation hath no way irritated or offended God, and, if therefore with Tears and Prayers thou wilt reſolve to ask God, thy Wife, and me forgiveneſs for this thy foul crime, and monſtrous ingratitude towards us, then mine arms ſhall be as open as ever they have been to receive, and my houſe to welcome thee, and therein thou ſhalt make thy ſelf as truly happy, as thou faſly and uncharitably thinkeſt that God will make me miſerable.*

IDIAQUES.

The Anſwer of his wife *Marſilia* to him was couched in theſe terms.

MARSILIA to DON JUAN.

IT is neither Luſt nor the Devil which can make me infringe or violate my vow given thee in marriage, although thou art as far from the truth as from God to believe it. But how ſhall I hope that thy tongue will excuſe me of theſe thy pretended foul crimes of Adultery and Inceſt, when, to my aſtoniſhment and grief, I ſee thou likewiſe condemneſt thy old Father, to be guilty thereof with me? And if this be any way affection to me, or obedience to him, let all other Husbands judg, and all Sons define and determine. But to return thee truth for thy falſhood; His age expected and deſerved

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more grace, and my youth and Vertues more affection and goodneſs from thee, than to have believed thoſe falſe calumnies and impoſtures upon the bare report and malicious relation of my hand-maid Mathurina, *which are now dead with her, and are as falſe as thy raſhneſs and her revenge makes thee believe them true; for it is neither I nor thy Father who have any way blemiſhed thine honour, or vanquiſhed thy joys, but rather thy ſelf; and thy too too unkind and haſty departure from* Santarem *to* Madrid; *which (to the prejudice of the truth, and of my content and honour) hath occaſioned it. For my heart and Soul will teſtifie both with me and for me, that my affection and conſtancy is both as ſpotleſs, firm, and true to thee; as thy jealouſie is falſe towards my ſelf, and therefore as thou leaveſt my pretended crime, ſo will I thy real ingratitude both to time and to God, and if yet thou wilt be ſo wilfully cruel to live from me, and conſequently not to eſteem me thy Wife, yet as it is my zeal and duty to beg and pray thee to return to me, ſo I will make it my Integrity and Conſcience ſtill to hold and love thee for my Husband, and ſo preſerving my heart for thee, as I do my ſoul for God, I hope with aſſurance and confidence that I ſhall have no cauſe to fear either his indignation, or the worlds contempt, in regard I have neither merited the one, nor deſerved the other.*

MARSILIA.

Upon the writing and contents of theſe two Letters of *Idiaques* to his Son, and of *Marſilia* to her Husband *Don Juan*, the Reader may pleaſe to obſerve and remember with how much policy, and with how little piety they ſeek to over-veil and deny theſe their Adulteries and Inceſt towards him, thereby to make their actions and themſelves appear as innocent, as they are guilty both to them and to God. But God being the Author of Truth, and the Father of Light, and whoſe ſacred Throne and Tribunal is environed with more glorious Suns than we ſee gliſtering Stars in the Firmament, He will one day unmask this their hypocriſie, and bring their foul ſins of Adultery and Inceſt, both to light and puniſhment. Now as *Marſilia* is exorbitantly laſcivious in her affection to her brother *De Perez*, and he reciprocally ſo to her; ſo with a world of falſe ſighs and tears ſhe ſhews him her Letter, and her Father's in Law *Idiaques*, which they had ſent to her Husband *Don Juan* to *Madrid*; and with many female oaths and aſſeverations proteſteth to him of both their innocencies herein, which her Brother believes, yea, her feigned ſorrows and falſe tears had ſo far trenched and gained upon his credulity, that in contemplation and commiſeration of her wrongs, he was then ſo vain and impious, as once he thought to have carried theſe two Letters himſelf into *Spain*, and there to have fought with *Don Juan* for the reparation of his Siſter's honour. But at laſt leaving paſſion to conſult with reaſon, and temerity again to be vanquiſhed and ſwayed by judgment, firſt that theſe Letters of theirs ſhould ſee *Spain*, and then to attend his Brother-in-Law *Don Juan*, his anſwer to them, and as he ſhall therein find him either perverſe or flexible to his wives deſires, and his Fathers expectations, he will then accordingly bear himſelf and his reſolutions towards him, and hereon both himſelf and his Siſter *Marſillia* do joyfully determine and conclude. So *Don Juans* own ſervant returns theſe two aforeſaid Letters from *Santarem* to *Madrid* to his Maſter, who breaking up the Seals, and peruſing them, he doth not a little wonder at his impudency, and his Fathers impiety, in ſo ſtrongly denying theſe their foul crimes to him: But he is not a little aſtoniſhed, and withal afflicted and grieved, when he falls upon that point and branch of his wives letter which reports the death of her maid *Mathurina*: for in his heart and conſcience he now verily thinks and believes, that his wife in her inveterate malice and revenge to her, hath cauſed her to be murthered, and ſent her to Heaven in a bloody winding ſheet. But alaſs, if it be ſo, how to revoke or remedy it he cannot tell. Once therefore he was minded to have neglected their letters, and ſo to have anſwered them with perpetual oblivion, and a diſdainful ſilence. But then again conſidering with himſelf that this might rather increaſe than extenuate their hopes of his return he betakes himſelf to his Study; where taking Pen and Paper, he, neglecting his Father, traceth his wife this Letter in anſwer of hers, and again ſends it her into *Portugal* by his own ſervant, which aſſureth them of his reſolution not to return.

DON JUAN to MARSILIA.

THE receit of thy ſecond Letter hath not diminiſhed, but confirmed and augmented my confidence of my Fathers ſhame, and thy infamy in your foul ſins of Adultery and Inceſt, perpetrated againſt me, and which is worſe againſt God, ſo that I am fully reſolved for ever to forſake his houſe, and thy company, and to live and die here in Madrid, *as grief and diſconſolation will permit me; For I prize the (unjuſt) Apologie of thy (pretended) Innocency at ſo low a rate, and value it at*

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so base an esteem, as I disdain it for thy sake, and thy self for thine own. I do as much grieve as I both doubt and fear, thou rejoycest at thy Maid Mathurina's *death; and as I am ignorant of the manner, so if my Father and thy self have been the cause thereof, you have then all the reason in the world to believe that God (whois as just in his resolutions, as sacred in his decrees,) will in the end revenge it to his glory, and punish it to your confusion.*

DON JUAN.

This Letter of his doth inflame his wife with malice and indignation; for now her Father and she see these their lustful and lascivious crimes seated and confirmed in his belief, and his stay in *Spain* fixed in his anger, and enternized in his resolution: When as close as they bear it, yea knowing full well that the World will take notice of it, and ere long make it their publick scandal and infamy; He is so devoid of Grace, and she of goodness, that to prevent it, he wisheth his Son in Heaven with his Mother, and she her old Father-in-Law in the Grave with her young maid *Mathurina*. But these vain hopes of theirs may deceive them, which as yet, they two are not so wise to think of, nor so cautious or religious to consider, but rather more resembling brute beasts than Christians, they still continue their obscene and incestuous pleasures, the which I take small delight or pleasure to mention in regard of modesty, or to repeat in respect of Nature and Honour. Here *Marsilia* again repairs to her Brother *De Perez*, as to her Oracle and Champion; she shews him both these two last Letters of her Husband to his Father and her self, and conjureth his best advice and speediest assistance for the recovering of her honour, in that of her husband's affection and company, or else that she were freed from him, and he out of this life, and this world, that so her scandal and wrongs might die with him, and for ever be raked up in the dust of his Grave, and buried with him in eternal oblivion and silence. *Don Perez* (in heart and mind) is so much his Sister's, as he is no more himself, when making his affection do homage to her beauty, and his judgment and resolution to pay tribute to his affection, he prays her to refer this charge and business to the care of his discharge; when giving her many kisses, and willing her to read his heart in his eyes, he gives her the good night, and the next morning being impatient of all delays, he takes one *Seignior Gasper Lopez*, a noble Gentleman, and a valiant intimate friend of his with him, and relating to him his intent to fight with his Brother *Don Juan*, and the cause thereof, they undertake this journey of *Spain*, and so arrive at *Madrid*, where *Lopez* prays *Perez* to make him his second in that Duel; *De Perez* thanks him for this his affection, but tells him he will hazard himself, but not his friend; so writing a Challenge to *Don Juan*, he seals it up, and requesteth *Lopez* to deliver it to him, and the same night to return him his answer. *Lopez* accordingly finds out *Don Juan* in his own Chamber, and gives it to him in fair and discreet terms; who wondering it came from his Brother-in Law *De Perez*, but far more to understand that he was now in *Madrid*, he no way dreaming of a Challenge, but rather thinking that his wife his Sister had sent him thither to him to work her reconciliation, and consequently his return to her to *Santarem*, he hastily breaks up the Seals thereof, finds it charged with this language.

DE PEREZ to DON JUAN.

I Have seen thy inveterate malice to thy Wife my Sister, in thy false and scandalous Letters to her; and Portugal *hath read it in thy sudden and cholerick departure from her into* Spain: *Wherefore considering what she is to thee, and I to her, I hold my self bound (both in honour and blood) to make her wrongs and quarrels mine. To which end I have left* Santarem *to find thee out here in* Madrid, *purposely to pray thee to meet me to morrow betwixt six and seven in the morning, at the fartherest West end of the* Prado, *with thy Rapier, a confident Gentleman of thy friends, and thy Chirurgion, without a Second, where thou shalt find me to attend thy coming, and relying upon the equity of my cause, and the ingratitude and infamy of thine, I make no doubt but to teach* Don Juan *what it is for him (without ground or truth) to cast a base aspersion and wrongful blemish upon the lustre of his Wife, and my Sister, the Lady* Marsilia's *honour, whose descent and extraction is as good as thine, and her education and Virtues far more sublime and excellent. Thy generosity obligeth thee to the honourable performance hereof, and mine honour reciprocally to perform this Obligation.*

DE PEREZ.

Don Juan having received and perused this Challenge of his Brother-in-Law *De Perez*, and finding his furious resolution to exceed his judgment, he knowing himself innocent, his cause

cause good, and his courage and valour every way to be superiour to the others, highly disdaining to be outbraved by any Nobleman or Gentleman breathing, in the point of honour and generosity, he with a chearful countenance returns *Lopez* to his Brother *De Perez* with this accepting answer.

DON JUAN to DE PEREZ.

MY hatred to Marsilia, *and departure from her, was justly occasioned through her treachery and infidelity to me, and therefore my Letters to her to that effect are as true as she is false in denying it; notwithstanding, sith she is thy Sister, and my Wife, I as much approve of thy affection to her, as I condemn thy temerity to me, and thy indiscretion to thy self, in making her quarrel thine, and by forsaking* Santarem, *to fight with me here in* Madrid. *And because thou shalt see and find that I have as much courage as innocency, I therefore accept of thy challenge: and am so far from learning any point of valour of* De Perez, *as to his shame and my glory, I hope to teach him, that I have no way cast a false aspersion or blemish on the lustre of her reputation, but she on her self; and consequently that I will neither affect her, nor fear thee: For, God lending me life, I will to morrow break fast with thee at thine own time and place appointed, where my honour and generosity invites me to come, and thine to meet me.*

DON JUAN.

These two inconsiderate Gentlemen having thus imbarqued themselves in the strong resolution of this weak quarrel and rash Duel, which Earthly honour cannot as justly approve and allow of, as Divine religion and Christian piety and charity disallow and execrate; Their malice and revenge each to other is so violent and impetuous, that without any thought, either of God or their Souls, or of Heaven or Hell, they pass over the night, if not in watchfulness, yet in broken and distracted slumbers, yea the morn no sooner peeped from Heaven through their window to their Chambers, but they leap from their beds to the Prado, where *De Perez* with his friend *Lopez* come first on horse-back, immediately after them *Don Juan* in his Coach, with a young Gentleman his Friend, termed *Don Richardo de Valdona*: So these two Duellists disdaining to be tainted with the least piece of dishonour, or shadow of cowardise, they at first sight of each other, throw off their doublets, and in their silk Stockings and Pumps, with their Rapiers drawn, they without any farther complement or expostulation approach each other. But here before they begin to reduce malicious contemplation into bloody action, I hold it fit to inform my Reader with a circumstance that now past between them, wherein doubtless the Providence of God was most conspicuous and apparent; For as by the Law and custom both of *Spain* and *Portugal*, all Rapiers should be of one length, yet *De Perez* curiously casting his viligant eye upon that of *Don Juan's*, either his fear, or his judgment, or both, inform him that that Rapier is longer than his, whereat *Don Juan* grieves far more than *De Perez* can possibly either rejoyce or wonder; for he is so far from any way blemishing his honour with any point or shadow of dishonour, as now he gives his Rapier to measure, and to write the truth, his is found one inch longer than that of *De Perez*, when biting his lip for anger he (resembling himself) proffers to fight with that either of *Lopez* or *Valdona*, which was sufficient reason for one Gentleman of Honour to give, and for another to take; but when he sees that this proffer of his will neither secure *De Perez's* fear, nor confirm his content, then, as a noble and generous Gallant, he freely exchangeth Rapiers with him, gives *De Perez* the longer, and contents himself to fight with the shorter, whereat *De Perez* rests satisfied, and well he may, sith this action and the recess thereof, doth as much testifie *Don Juan's* glory, as his own dishonour and shame; and now they again approach each other to fight.

At their first coming up *Don Juan* runs a firm thrust to *De Perez's* breast, but he (bearing it up with his Rapier) runs *Don Juan* in the Cheek towards the right ear, which draws much blood from him, and he in exchange runs *De Perez* thorow his shirt-sleeve without hurting him: At their second meeting they again close without hurting each other, and so part fair without offering any other violence: At their third assault *De Perez* runs *Don Juan* thorow the brawn of his left arm, who in exchange requites him with a deep wound in his right side, from whence issued much blood; and now they breathe to recover wind, and to the judgments of *Lopez* and *Valdona*, (as also of their Chirurgions) they hitherto are equal in valour, and almost in fortune. So although these spectators do of both sides earnestly entreat them to desist

ſiſt and give over, yet they cannot, they will not, be ſo eaſily or ſo ſoon reconciled each to other; So after a little pauſing and breathing, they (with courage and reſolution) fall to it afreſh, and at their fourth encounter *Don Perez* gives *Don Juan* a deep wound in his left ſhoulder, and he requites him with another in exchange, in the neck; and although by this time their ſeveral wounds hath engrained their white ſhirts with great effuſion of their ſcarlet blood, yet they are ſo brave, ſo generous, or rather ſo inhuman and malicious, that they will not yet give over, as if they meant and reſolved rather to make death fear them, than they any way to fear death: but their fifth cloſe will prove more fatal, for now after they had judiciouſly traverſed their ground, thereby to deceive each other of the diſadvantage of the Sun; whiles *De Perez* directs a full thruſt to *Don Juan's* breaſt, he bravely and skilfully warding it, in requital thereof runs him clean thorow the body, a little below his right pap, when cloſing nimbly with him, and purſuing the point of his good fortune, he whips up his heels, and ſo nails him to the ground, when he had not the ſtrength to beg his life of *Don Juan*, and God knows he much grieves that it was not then in his power to give it him, for this his laſt wound being deſperately mortal, he preſently died thereof, having neither the remembrance to call on God, much leſs to beg mercy of him for his ſinful ſoul; but as he lived abominably and prophanely, ſo he died miſerably and wretchedly. And although I confeſs it was too great an honour for him to receive his death from ſo brave a Noble Gentlemans hands as *Don Juan*, yet it is a moſt ſingular providence and remarkable puniſhment of God, that he dyed by the hands of his own laſcivious Siſter's Husband, and which is yet more, by his own Sword, as if God had formerly decreed, and purpoſely ordained, that the ſelf ſame Sword ſhould give him his death, wherewith ſo lately and ſo cruelly he had bereaved that harmleſs and innocent young Gentlewoman *Matburina* of her life: although in regard of this his foul and lamentable murther, he (with leſs honour and more infamy) every way deſerved to have died rather by a halter than a Sword; But Gods Providence is as unſearchable as ſacred.

Don Juan having rendred thanks to God for his victory, he out of his noble courteſie and humanity, lends *Lopez* his Coach to tranſport the dead body of his Brother-in Law *De Perez* into the City; and taking his horſe in exchange, he by a private way gets home to his lodging. But this their Duel is not ſo ſecretly carried, but within three hours after, all *Madrid* rattles thereof; who knowing the Combatants to be both of them noble Gentlemen of *Portugal*, it gives cauſe of general talk, and argument of univerſal envy and admiration in all Spaniards, eſpecially in the nobler ſort of Soldiers and Courtiers. When the very day after that *Don Juan* had cauſed this his Brother to be decently buried, *Lopez* repairs to his Chamber to him, and in a fair and friendly manner enquires of him if he pleaſe to return any Letter of this his friend's death and of his own victory to *Santarem*, to *Don Idiaques* his father, or to the Lady *Marſilia* his wife, and that his beſt ſervice herein ſhall attend and wait on his commands: *Don Juan* thanks *Lopez* for this his courteſie, but tells him, that for ſome reſerved reaſons he will ſend no Letter to either of them, but otherwiſe wiſheth him a proſperous return to *Portugal*; ſo *Don Juan* remains in *Madrid*, and *Lopez* returns for *Santarem*, and there from point to point relates them the iſſue of that Combat, as the victory of his Son *Don Juan*, and the death and burial of *De Perez*; adding withal, that he was ſo reſerved and ſtrange, that he would write to neither of them hereof. At the relation and knowledge of this mournful news *Idiquaes* cannot refrain from much ſorrow, nor *Marſilia* from burſting forth into bitter tears and lamentations thereat: for ſeeing her dear and only Brother thus ſlain by the hand of her own unkind Husband; by loſing him ſhe knows ſhe hath loſt her right arm, and he being dead ſhe knows not to whom to have recourſe, either for counſel, or aſſiſtance, or conſolation. And yet as much as he ſorrows and ſhe grieves at this diſaſtrous accident, they notwithſtanding are yet ſo far from thinking it a blow from Heaven, or from looking either up to God or down to their own ſinful hearts, conſciences, and ſouls for the ſame, that without making any good uſe, or drawing any divine or profitable moral thereof, they ſtill continue their beaſtly pleaſures and damnable Adultery and Inceſt together, as if there were no God to ſee, nor no deſerved torments or miſery reſerved to puniſh it. But they and we ſhall immediatly ſee the contrary.

To the great grief our hearts, and compunction of our ſouls, we have in this Hiſtory ſeen wretched *Idiaques* (by the inſtigation of the Devil) to poyſon his Wife the Lady *Honoria*; and likewiſe his Daughter-in-Law *Marſilia* to have cauſed her Brother *De Perez* to have cruelly murthered her waiting-maid in the ſtreet; as alſo by the Providence of GOD *Don Juan* to have ſlain the ſaid *De Perez* in the field: and our curioſity and expectation ſhall not go far, before we ſhall ſee the juſt Revenge and puniſhments of God condignly to

ſurpriſe wretched *Idiaques*, and graceleſs *Marſilia* for the ſame; for his divine Juſtice contending with his ſacred Mercy it hath at laſt prevailed againſt theſe their foul and bloody crimes, ſo now when they in the midſt, yea, in the height and jollity of all theſe their foul delights and ſecurity; like an unlooked for ſtorm and tempeſt it will ſuddenly befal them. Life hath but one way to bring us into this World, but Death hath infinite to take us from it: and what is this but a true argument and reaſon of God's glory and our miſery; of his power, and of our frailty and weakneſs? And therefore becauſe we are as repleat of ſin as he is of ſanctity, and as ſubject to imperfections, as all perfections are both properly co-incident and ſubject to him; It will be an act of moral wiſdom, and of religious piety in us, rather to glorifie than examine his ſacred Providence; and rather to admire than pry into his divine decrees and reſolutions. And becauſe his correction and puniſhment of all ſins, eſpecially of this crying and ſcarlet ſin of Murther, is as juſt as ſacred, and as inſcrutable as juſt; therefore to draw towards the period of this deplorable Hiſtory, God is firſt pleaſed to exerciſe and begin his Judgment on miſerable *Marſilia*, and then to finiſh it in wretched *Idiaques*. But his divine Majeſty is likewiſe pleaſed and reſolved both to impoſe and make as great a difference in their puniſhments, as he found a parity and conformity in their crimes.

It is *Marſilia*'s pleaſure (or to ſay more truly, the providence and pleaſure of God) that ſhe rides from *Santarem* to *Coimbra* to viſit a ſick Gentlewoman her Couſin-German, who dwelt there, being accompanied only with her man *Andrea* on horſe-back, and her foot-boy *Piſcator* to attend her: and as ſhe comes within a ſmall half League of that Town, having ſent away her man *Andrea* before, and her foot boy *Piſcator* being a very little diſtance behind her, there ſuddenly ſtarts up a Hare between (or cloſe to) her horſe legs, which ſo amazed her horſe, which was as hot and proud as the Gentlewoman his Miſtreſs whom he bore) as coming off with all four, he throws her to the ground, and kicking her with his hind feet at her fall, he ſtrikes her in the fore-head, and ſo daſheth out her brains; God ſo ordaining that ſhe had not the power to ſpeak a word, much leſs the grace or happineſs to repent her of her horrible ſins, Adultery, Inceſt and Murther. And thus was the lamentable and fearful end which God gave to this graceleſs young Lady, the which I cannot as yet paſs over, without annexing and remembring one remarkable point and circumſtance therein, in which the Juſtice and Mercy of God to both Sexes and all ages and degrees of all people, doth miraculouſly reſplend and ſhine forth; for that very horſe which threw and killed her, was the very ſame which ſhe formerly lent to her Brother *De Perez*, and whereon he rid to *Saint Saviours*, when he (by her inſtigation) killed her Waiting-maid *Mathurina*. Good God, how juſt, and wonderful are thy decrees! dear Lord, how immenſe and ſacred is thy Juſtice!

But this is but the forerunner, and as it were but the entrance into a further progreſſion of this Hiſtory: For her foot-boy *Piſcator*, extreamly wept, and bitterly cryed, at the ſight of this mournful and tragical death of his Lady and Miſtreſs; God had ſo decreed and provided, that the next that paſſed by, and who were ſorrowful ſpectators thereof, were two Corigadors (or Officers of Juſtice) of the City of *Coimbra*, riding that way in their Coach to take the air; Who in compaſſion of the deplorable death of this fair unknown young Gentlewoman, they deſcend their Coach, and having enquired and underſtood of her ſorrowful Foot-boy what ſhe was, they then with much reſpect and humanity cauſe her dead Corps to be decently laid in their Coach, which they ſhut, and ſo mounting their Servants Horſes they return again to *Coimbra*. From whence they ſend her Man *Andrea*, in all poſſible poſt haſt to *Santarem*, to acquaint his Maſter and her Father-in-Law *Don Idiaques* with the lamentable death of his Daughter-in-Law *Marſilia*, and to pray him to repair ſpeedily thither to them to take order for her burial. *Andrea* is no ſooner departed for his Maſter, but theſe two Corigadors conſult on the fatality of this accident, and very profitably conſider for themſelves, that the horſe who killed her, and all her apparel and jewels, by the cuſtom and royalty of their City, were revolved and forfeited to their juriſdiction; to which effect they cauſe her Rings, Chains, and Bracelets to be taken from her, and then her pockets likewiſe to be carefully ſearched for Gold and Jewels; ſo as murther cannot long be concealed or undetected. We may therefore here behold the wonderful Providence, and ſingular Juſtice of God; for in one of her pockets they find, folded up in a rich cut work handkerchief, the laſt letter which her husband *Don Juan* had written and ſent her from *Madrid*; at the ſight of this letter one of theſe Corigadors is deſirous to have it read publickly: but the other (being more human and reſpective to the concealing of Ladies ſecrets, which many times prove that of their honours) he contradicts it, till at laſt God enlightning their judgments, and prompting and inſpiring their hearts, that the peruſal of this Letter might, peradventure, import and report ſomething which

might

might tend to his service, and conduce to his glory; they fall then on a medium betwixt both their opinions, and so withdrawing themselves to a private Chamber, they there secretly o're-read this letter, wherein with admiration and amazement they understand of the obscene Adultery and Incest of *Idiaques* with his Daughter-in-Law *Marsilia*, which was the cause of her Husband *Don Juan* his absence from her in *Spain*: But at length when they proceed farther therein, and so fall upon these words of *Don Juan* to her in this his Letter; *I do as much grieve as I both doubt and fear thou rejoycest at thy hand maid* Mathurina's *death; and as I am ignorant of the manner, so if my Father and thy self have been the cause thereof, you have then all the reason of the world to believe, that God will in the end punish it to your confusion*: Then led by the Spirit of God) they both concur in one opinion, that this their Adultery, and this Murther of *Mathurina* did not only firmly reflect, but equally take hold both on *Idiaques* and *Marsilia*, and therefore that this her late deplorable and disastrous end, was only a blow from God, and the very true fore-runner, and undoubted Harbinger of his own to come. When resolving to seize and imprison *Idiaques* as soon as he should arrive thither to *Coimbra*; they hushing up this Letter and business in their own bosoms, do then hold it fit to send for *Marsilia's* foot-man *Piscator* to come to them, which he speedily doth; They carefully enquire of him, if his dead Lady had not sometimes a waiting-Gentlewoman named *Mathurina*, he answered them yes, and that she was lately murthered in the streets of *Saint Saviours*, and that her murtherers were as yet unknown: They demand of him again whose Daughter she was; he informs them that her Father is a Gentleman who dwells in *Saint Saviours*, and that his name is *Seignior Pedro de Castello*: which being as much as they sought for; putting their servants to watch over this foot-man, that he might not escape to give the least inkling of their demands to his old Master *Idiaques*, they presently send away Post to *Saint Saviours* for *Castello*, and (in honour to Justice) these two Corigadors, as Christian Magistrates, having put all things in order for the vindication of the truth of these deplorable matters, that very night *Idiaques* arrives at *Coimbra*, and descends from his Coach to the house of one of these Corigadors, where the dead body of his daughter *Marsilia* lay; at whose mournful sight, as soon as his passionate grief and sorrow had caused him to shed and sacrifice many rivolets of tears, when he least dreams or thinks thereof, these two Corrigadors caused him to be seized on, and instantly commit him close prisoner, without acquainting him with the cause hereof; where all that night his guilty heart and conscience (as so many Fiends and Furies) assuring him that it was for poysoning his own Lady *Honoria*; there horrour and terrour, grief, and despair, and anguish, do act their several parts upon the Theatre of his soul.

The next morn *Castello* (*Mathurina*'s Father) likewise arrives at *Coimbra*, to whom the Corigadors communicate this Letter of *Don Juan* to his wife, which he sent her from *Spain*, wherein they tell him the murther of his Daughter *Mathurina* seems probably and strongly to reflect upon *Idiaques*, and his Daughter-in-Law *Marsilia*, when they farther acquainting him with her tragical death, as also with his imprisonment, *Castello* (with a world of tears and cries) exclaims, that undoubtedly they were the authors, if not the actors of his Daughters lamentable murther, and so very passionately and sorrowfully craves justice of them on *Idiaques* for the same, which they are as willing to grant and perform, as he to desire: So after dinner in the publick Tribunal of Justice, they send for *Idiaques* legally and juridically there to apear before them; where this sorrowful Father, with much passion, and more tears, doth strongly accuse him for the murther committed and perpetrated on his Daughter *Mathurina*; the which *Idiaques* with many high and stout answers denieth: He alledgeth many oily words and sugred and silken phrases, to justifie and Apologize his innocency: Which these Corigadors, led by the finger of God, hold rather to be far more ayrie than solid, and far more plausible than real or true; so they, still remembring his Son *Don Juan*'s Letter to his Wife *Marsilia*, do, without regard to his quality or age, adjudge him to the Rack. The which *Idiaques*, fearing infinitely more the murther of his own Lady *Honoria*, than that of *Mathurina*'s, endures the tortures and torments thereof with a fortitude and resolution far beyond his strength and age, and with an admirable constancy stands firmly to the denial of this fact and accusation; so seeing the Rack taken away, and himself from the Rack, he is therefore very confident and joyful, that his danger is likewise o'repast and o'reblown: But these vain hopes of his will yet both deceive, and in the end betray him; for as yet his conscience hath not made peace with God. For the griefs and sorrows of this mournful Father for this lamentable murther of his Daughter, have now made him both industrious in this solicitation, and religious in this his prosecution against *Idiaques* towards these Corigadors: to whom again he becomes an earnest, and yet an humble Petitioner, that they will give him eight days

time

time more to fortifie his accuſation, and that all that time he may ſtill remain Priſoner, without Bail or Surety; which they finding reaſonable, and conſonant to all equity and law, they freely grant him. When *Caſtello* having God for his Counſellor, and whom in a ſmall time *Idiaques* ſhall find for his judge, calling to mind ſome words of his deceaſed Daughter touching the ſuſpicion of poyſoning her old Lady by her Husband, to make way for this match for *Don Juan*, he doth no more accuſe him for murthering of his Daughter *Mathurina*; but ſome two days after, he frames and preſents a new Inditement and accuſation to his Judges againſt him, for poyſoning his old wife the Lady *Honoria*. Which theſe Judges admiring and wondering at, they then partly, nay almoſt confidently believe, that there is ſome great crime, and foul fact in this buſineſs againſt *Idiaques*, which God will in fine detect and bring to light, by the ſolicitation and induſtry of this honeſt poor Gentleman *Caſtello*. So they admit again of his ſecond Inditement againſt him, and by vertue hereof convent him before them at their Tribunal of Juſtice.

Idiaques underſtanding hereof, his guilty conſcience now denounceth ſuch thundering peals of fear and amazement to his appalled heart and trembling ſoul, as they will give no peace either to himſelf or to them, and the Devil, who had ever heretofore promiſed him his beſt aid and aſſiſtance, now flies from him, and leaves him to ſtand or fall to himſelf: And here it is that his courage begins to fail him, and that his fear and ſhame is almoſt reſolved and ready to proclaim himſelf guilty of this his laſt and worſt accuſation, the poyſoning of his own wife the Lady *Honoria*: But again the hope of life is yet ſo ſweet to him, as the fear of death is diſpleaſing and bitter, and therefore (with a wretched reſolution, and a miſerable confidence) he again artificially endeavoreth to blear the eyes of theſe his Judges, with his chiefeſt Eloquence, and ſweeteſt Oratory; who having given him his full carier to ſpeak in his own defence and juſtification, when they perfectly knew he yet ſpake not one valuable word of reaſon, either to defend or juſtifie himſelf; Then one of theſe clear-ſighted Corigadors (in the behalf of them both) returns him this grave reply and pious exhortation.

That as they have not the will to accuſe him, ſo they have not the means or power to excuſe him, for being (at leaſt) acceſſary to both, or either of theſe murthers, of his Lady *Honoria*, or *Mathurina*; that the ſudden death of the firſt, and the violent and untimely one of the laſt, the voluntary abſence of his Son *Don Juan* in *Spain*, with his killing of *De Perez* there, and now the fearful and lamentable end of his Daughter-in-Law *Marſilia*, (whoſe body is yet unburied and her blood ſcarce cold) left a dangerous reflection, and a pernicious ſuſpicion on his life and actions, at leaſt of Adultery and Inceſt, if not of Murther (whereof his Son *Don Juan*'s Letter which he writ to his wife *Marſilia*, which they have there to ſhew, is a moſt ſtrong and pregnant witneſs) and that the leaſt of theſe crimes are capable to ruin a greater perſonage than himſelf. That he could caſt no miſt of deluſion before Gods eyes, though he artificially endeavoured and laboured to caſt a veil before theirs; that the ſhedding of innocent blood was a crying Sin, which deſpight of ſorcery and of hell, would (in God's due time) draw down vengeance to Earth from Heaven on their Authors. That if he were guilty of his accuſation, he had no better plea than confeſſion, nor ſafer remedy than repentance. That contrition is the true mark of a true Servant of God, and though we fall by nature to ſin as being men, yet we ſhould riſe again to grace and righteouſneſs as being Chriſtians. That to deny our crimes, is to augment them, and conſequently their puniſhments, both in Earth, and in Hell; and that he was not a Chriſtian, but an Infidel, who would attempt to ſave his life with the loſs of his Soul, with many other religious exhortations concurring and looking that way.

But all this notwithſtanding, *Idiaques* his Faith and Conſcience, was yet ſo ſtrong with Satan, and therefore ſo weak with God, that he left no excuſe, policy or evaſion uninvented to blear the eyes of theſe Corigadors, and ſo to make his innocency to paſs current with them. But his eloquence and aſſeverations cannot prevail with the ſolidity of their Judgments, for God will not ſuffer them to be led away with words, nor ſeduced or deluded with ſhadows: But from the circumference of circumſtances, they now flie to the centre of truth, and to the Author and giver, yea to the life and ſoul thereof, God. So they again adjudg him to the rack for his ſecond accuſation of Murther, as they formerly had done to him for his firſt. At the pronouncing of which ſentence, If we may judge of his heart by his face, he ſeemed to be much afflicted, appalled and daunted, which his Judges perceiving, before they expoſe him to his torments, they in honour to his Age and quality, but far more to Truth and Juſtice, (whom they know to be two Daughters of Heaven) they now hold it a point of Charity and Piety to ſend him two Divines to his Priſon to work upon his Conſcience and Soul, which

which they do: and God in the depth of his goodness, and the richness of his mercy, was so mercifully propitious and indulgent to him, that he added such efficacy to their perswasions, and power to their exhortations, as at the very sight of the Rack, he with tears in his eyes, then there confessed unto them, that he was innocent of *Marburina*'s murther, but guilty of poysoning his own wife the Lady *Honoria*, for the which he said he most heartily and sorrowfully repented himself. Whereupon his Judges (and the rest present) admiring with wonder and praising God with admiration for the detection of this his foul, bloody and lamentable crime, they pronounce sentence against him; That for expiation thereof, he at eight of the clock the next morning, shall have his head cut off at the place of common execution in that Town, when *Idiaques*, who (yet adhered so much to Satan) that he could never be devested of his sins before he were first deprived of his sinful life, doth yet still flatter himself with some further hope of life, and so he appeals from the judgment and sentence of this Court of *Coimbra* to that of *Santarem*, as being native and resident thereof; as also because he committed his murther there, for which they (not his competent Judges) adjudged him to death: Whereat although the Corigadors of *Coimbra* for the preservation of the priviledges of their Court and Town, do obstinately oppose and vehemently contest it, yet at last well knowing, and being conscious with themselves, that smaller Towns and Courts in *Portugal* are bound and subject to depend on the greater; They therefore making a vertue of necessity, and contenting themselves to give way to that which they cannot remedy, do ordain that *Idiaques* should be conveighed and tryed at *Santarem*.

But yet before they suffer him to depart their Town, they in honour to justice, in wisdom to themselves, and in reputation to their Town and Court, do seriously and religiously charge him in the name and fear of God to declare truly to them, whether his unburied Daughter-in Law *Marsilia* were not likewise accessary with him in poysoning his Wife, the Lady *Honoria*, which at first he strongly denies to them. But then they send away for the two Divines who had formerly dealt with him and his Conscience in Prison, who exhort him to carry a white and candid Soul to Heaven, and threaten him with the torments of Hell-fire if he do not. When with sighs and tears, he confesseth it to them, and that it was he himself who administred that poyson to his Wife, but that his Daughter in Law *Marsilia* bought it for him. So these Judges (upon the validity of this free and solemn confession) in detestation of this her lamentable crime, do reverently resolve to second, and glorifie God in his Judgments towards her, and therefore they presently condemn her dead body to be burnt that afternoon in their Market-street, the common place of execution, which accordingly is then and there performed in presence of a great concourse of people, who infinitely rejoyce that God so miraculously destroyed the life, and their Judges the body of so execrable a female Monster. By this time we must allow and imagine, that old Letcher, and new murtherer *Idiaques* (by vertue of his appeal) is brought to his own City of *Santarem*, and I think either with a ridiculous hope or a prophane and impious resolution to see whether God will punish him there with death, or the Devil preserve and save him from it. He hath many friends in this Court, who are both great and powerful, and therefore builds all his hopes of life, on this reeling quicksand, this snow, this nothing, that his great Estate of mony and lands will undoubtedly act wonders with them for his pardon. But still he hopes, because still the Devil deceives him; He is arrived here at *Santarem*, where this fair City which might heretofore have proved his delight and glory, is now reserved for his shame, and appointed and destined for his confusion; They cannot brook the sight, much less the cohabitation and company of such monsters of nature, and Devils incarnate of men, who glory in making themselves guilty of these foul sins, and crying crimes, Adultery, Incest, and Murther. So that *Idiaques* (who hath made himself a principal of this number, and a monster of Art in these sins) thinking here in *Santarem* to find more mercy and pity during his life, shall find less of both of them after his death. For the criminal Judges of this Court who reverence and honour Justice, because Justice doth daily and reciprocally perform the like to them, do confirm the sentence of *Coimbra*, that the next morning he shall lose his head, but in detestation and execration of these foul and bloody crimes, they add this clause and condition thereto, that both his head and body shall be afterwards burnt, and his ashes thrown in the Air, which gives matter of talk and admiration, not only to *Santarem*, but to all *Portugal*. And thus most pensively and disconsolately is *Idiaques* reconveyed to his Prison, where Church-men are sent him by the Judges of that Court, to direct his soul in her flight and transfiguration from earth to Heaven, whom they find (or at least they make) very humble, mournful and repentant. According to which sentence he is the next morning brought to the place of Execution, which for the greater example and terror to others, and of ignominy to himself, was before his own house, where-

in

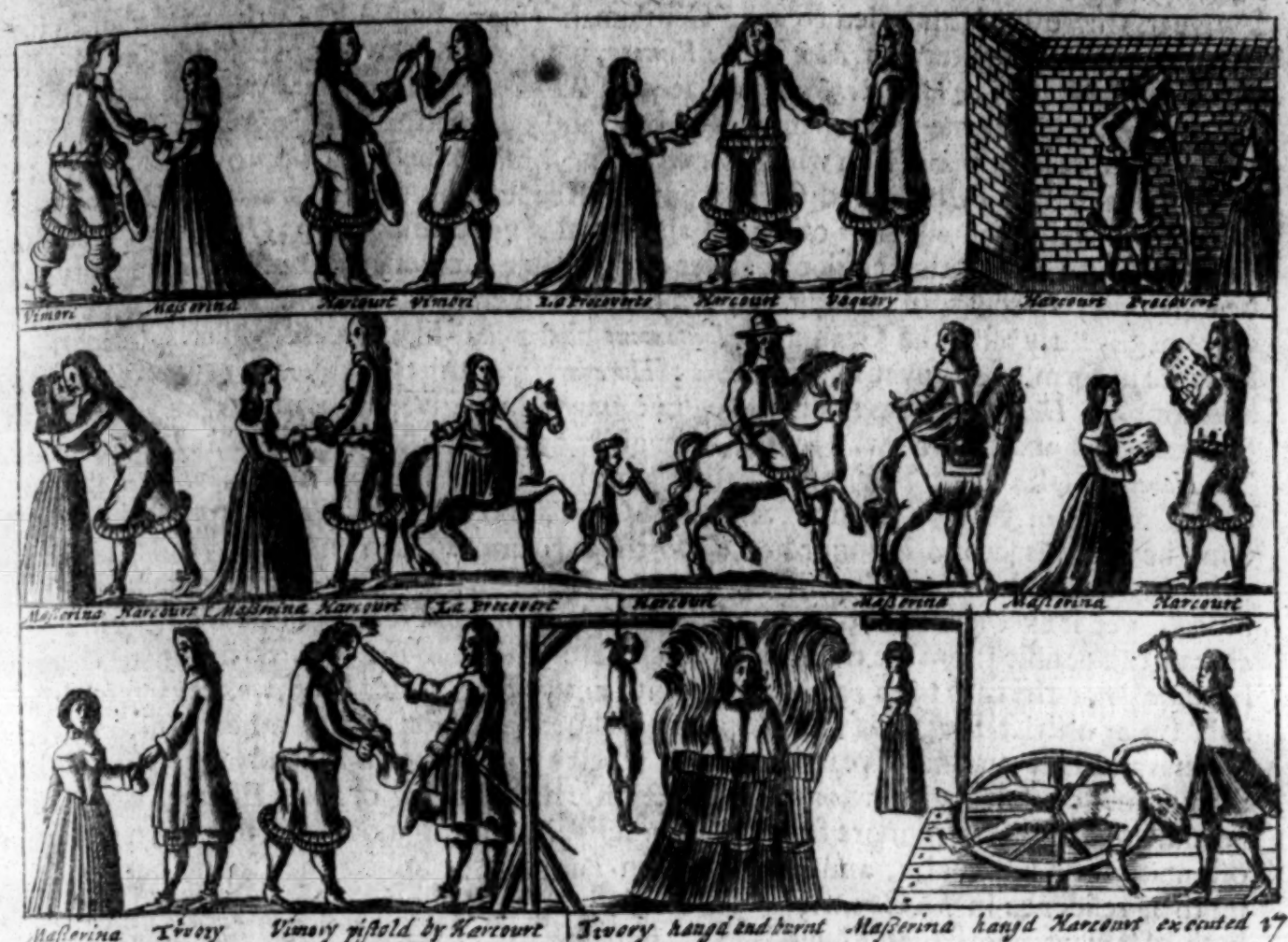
in he had acted and perpetrated all his enormous crimes. Where the Scaffold is no sooner erected, but there flock an infinite number of people from all parts of the City, to be Spectators of this last Scene of his Tragedy. He came to the Scaffold (between two Friers) in a suit of black Taffeta, a Gown of black wrought tuft Taffeta, and a great white set Ruff, which yet could not be whiter than his broad Beard: At his ascent on the Scaffold, his grave aspect and presence engendered as much sorrow and pity, as his beastly crimes did detestation in the hearts and tongues of the people, to whom (after he had a short time kneeled down and prayed) he made a short speech to this effect.

That although the poysoning of his own Wife, and his Adultery with his Son's Wife, were crimes so odious and execrable, as had made him unworthy any longer either to tread on earth or to look up unto Heaven, yet although he deserved no favour of his Judges for his body, he humbly repented, and begged some of God for his Soul; and for the more effectual obtaining thereof, he zealously prayed all those who were present to joyn their Prayers to his. He confessed that it was *Marsilia*'s beauty, which first (at the instigation of the Devil) drew him to that adultery with her, and this poysoning of his own wife *Honoria*, whereof from his heart and soul he now affirmed he implored remission of God, of the Law, of his Son *Don Juan*, and of all the world; and prayed them all to be more godly and less sinful, by his example: and so kneeling down and praying a little while to himself, he rose up, and putting off his Gown, Ruff, and Doublet, which he gave to the Executioner, he binding his head and eyes with his Handkerchief, bad him do his office, which he presently performed, and with one blow of his Sword, made a perpetual double divorce betwixt his head and his shoulders, his body and his soul: when presently, according to his sentence, both his head and his body were then and there burnt and consumed to fire, and his ashes thrown into the Air.

And this was the deplorable life and death of *De Perez*, *Idiaques*, and *Marsilia*, of whom the spectators (according to their several humours and affections) spake diversly, all condemning the bloody cruelty of *DePerez* towards innocent *Mathurina*, and of *Idiaques* towards his virtuous Wife *Honoria*. Again, some pitied, and others execrated *Marsilia*'s youth, beauty, and lust; but both sexes, and all degrees of People (as so many lines terminating in one Center) magnified the providence and Justice of God, in so miraculously and condignly cutting off those monsters of nature, and bloody butchers of man-kind.

And if the curiosity of the Reader will yet farther enquire, what afterwards became of *Don Juan*; The reports of him are different: for at first I heard that his discontent and grief was so great, yea, so extream for the death of his Parents and wife, that he cloistered himself up a *Capuchin* Fryer in their Monastery at *Madrid*: So contrariwise I have since credibly been informed, that he shortly after these disasters left *Spain*, and still lives in *Santarem* in *Portugal* in great honour, welfare, and prosperity; But which of these his resolutions are most inclining and adherent to the truth, it passeth beyond my knowledg, and therefore shall come too short of my affirmation.

The



GOD'S Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

HISTORY XVII.

Harcourt *ſteals away his Brother* Vimory's *wife* Maſſerina, *and keeps her in Adultery; She hireth* Tivoly *(an Italian Mountebank) to poyſon* La Precoverte, *who was* Harcourts *Wife*; Harcourt *kills his Brother* Vimory, *and then marries his widow* Maſſerina; Tivoly *is hanged for a Robbery, and at his Execution accuſeth* Maſſerina *for hiring him to poyſon* La Precoverte, *for the which ſhe is likewiſe hanged.* Noel *(who was* Harcourt's *man) on his death-bed ſuſpecteth and accuſeth his ſaid Maſter for killing of his Brother* Vimory, *whereof* Harcourt *being found guilty, he is broken alive on a Wheel for the ſame.*

MAN being the workmanſhip, and Figurative Image of God, what an odious ſin, yea what an execrable crime it is therefore, for one (out of the heat of his malice or fumes of his revenge) to poyſon) or murther another, ſith Nature doth ſtrongly impugn, and Grace (with a high hand) infinitely contradict it. Therefore, were not our hearts and underſtandings either wholly deprived of common ſenſe, or our Souls of the gracious aſſiſtance and favour of God, we would not thus ſo furiouſly and prophanely make our ſelves guilty of theſe infernal ſins, but rather (with our beſt endeavours) would ſeek to avoid them as Hell, and (with our moſt pious reſolutions) to hate and deteſt them as the Devil himſelf, who is the prime Author and Actor thereof. But ſome ſuch Monſters of Nature, and Diſciples of Satan there are here on Earth. A fearful and lamentable Example whereof, this enſuing Hiſtory will ſhew us. The which may all good Chriſtians read to Gods glory, and remember to the inſtruction of their Souls.

There is a Pariſh termed Saint *Simplician*, a mile from the City of *Sens*, in the Dutchy of

Burgundy (which is honoured with the Title and See of an Archbiſhop) where (within theſe few years) there dwelt and died an aged Gentleman (more Noble by birth, than rich in his Eſtate and Demains) termed *Monſieur de Vimory*, who left only two Sons behind him, the eldeſt named *Monſieur de Harcourt*, and the ſecond *Monſieur de Hautemont*, who were two very Proper young Gentlemen, excellently well bred and qualified, as well in Arts as Arms, or in any other vertue or perfection which was requiſite, both to ſhew and approve themſelves to be the Sons of their Father. And (to content my Reader with their characters) *Harcourt* was tall but not wel-favoured, but of a mild and ſingular good diſpoſition; *Hautemont* was of a middle ſtature, neatly timbered, of a ſweet and amiable countenance, but by nature haſty and head-ſtrong; *Harcourt* had a light Auburn beard, which (like a Country Gentleman) he wore negligently after the Oval-cut; *Hautemont* had a coal-black beard, which Courtier like, he wore in form of an invalled Piramides; *Harcourt* was thirty two years of age, very chaſt and honeſt: *Hautemont* was twenty five, but many times given to women, and already to be debauched and drawn away by any, though but of an indifferent quality and complexion. To *Harcourt* (the eldeſt Son) their Father gave his chiefeſt Mannor-houſe, with eight hundred Crowns of yearly Revenew, and all his Goods and Chattels. To *Hautemont* (his ſecond Son) he gave his ſecond Mannor-houſe, worth four hundred Crowns yearly, and fifteen hundred Crowns in his Purſe, by his Teſtament: Eſtates which though it came ſhort of their blood, yet it exceeded that of moſt of the Gentlemen their Neighbours, and is held in *France* at leaſt the double, if not the treble of as much here with us in *England*. So having neither the happineſs, nor the care to be accompanied with any Siſter or other Brothers, they interchangeably ſwear a ſtrict League of brotherly love and dear affection each to other, which by their Virtues and Honours they ſwear ſhall never receive end, but with the end of their lives. They many times conſult together for the conduction and improving of their Eſtates, which they promiſe to manage with more frugality than luſtre, and with more ſolid diſcretion than vain oſtentation or ſuperfluity, and not to live in *Paris*, or to follow the Court, but to build up their reſidence in the Country. To which end they cut off many unprofitable mouths, both of ſervants, horſes, and hounds, which their Father kept. They likewiſe vow each to other to be wonderful chary and careful in their Marriages, as well fore-ſeeing and knowing it to be the greateſt part of their earthly felicity or miſery. So here we may ſee and obſerve many fair promiſes, rich deſigns and reſolutions, and many ſweet covenants voluntarily drawn up between theſe two Brothers, which if they make good and perform, no doubt but the end thereof will be ſucceſsful and proſperous unto them; or if otherwiſe, the contrary.

But before I wade farther in the ſtream and current of this Hiſtory, I muſt firſt declare, that by the death of *Vimory* the Father, and by the cuſtom of *France*, we muſt now wholly abandon and take away the title of *Hautemont* from the ſecond Brother, futurely to give him that of *Harcourt* the eldeſt, and that from *Harcourt* the eldeſt to give him that of *Vimory* their Father, for, by the right and virtue of the premiſed Reaſons, theſe are now become their proper names and appellations, which the Reader is prayed to obſerve and remember.

A year and half is not fully expired and paſſed away ſince their Father paſt from Earth to Heaven, but the eldeſt Brother *Monſieur de Vimory* being extreamly ambitious and covetous of wealth, and underſtanding that a rich Counſellor of the Court of Parliament of *Dijon*, named *Monſieur de Baſigni* was dead, and had left a very rich widow (of ſome forty years of age) named *Madamoyſelle Maſſerina*, he earneſtly ſeeks her in marriage. She is of ſhort ſtature, corpulent and fat, of a coal-black hair, and if fame towards her be a true and not a tatling goddeſs, ſhe hath, and ſtill is, a lover of *Venus*, and a Votareſs, who often ſacrificeth to *Cupid's* laſcivious Altars and Shrines. *Harcourt* is very averſe and bitter againſt this Match for his Brother. They have many ſerious Conſultations hereon: He alledgeth to him the inequality of her age and birth in compariſon of his, her corpulency, the ill-getting of her Husbands goods, who was held to be a corrupt Lawyer, and (as the voice of the world went) who gained his wealth by the tears and curſes of many of his ruined and decayed Clients; and when he ſaw that nothing would prevail to diſſwade his brother from her, he rounds him in the Ear, that it was ſpoken and bruted in *Dijon*, that ſhe was not ſo chaſt as rich, nor ſo continent as covetous; *Vimory* is all inraged hereat, and challengeth *Harcourt* his Brother to name the Reporters of this foul ſcandal vomited forth (quoth he) againſt the Virtues and Honour of chaſte *Maſſerina*; *Harcourt* replies, that he ſpeaks it wholly upon fame, no way upon knowledge, much leſs upon belief; ſo *Vimory* being wilfully deaf to his Brother's advice and requeſts, (and preferring *Maſſerina's* wealth

to

to her honeſty) he marries her. But ſhe is ſo wiſe for her ſelf, as firſt (both by promiſe and contract) ſhe ties him to this condition; that he ſhould receive all her Rents, which are ſome twelve hundred Crowns *per Annum*, ſhe to put her ready mony to Uſe into whoſe hands ſhe pleaſeth, and he alſo to have the one half of the intereſt mony, but the Principal ſtill remain in her own right, propriety and poſſeſſion, and as well in her life as death, to be wholly at her own diſpoſing.

Not long after *Harcourt* being at the great Wedding (of a Gentleman his Couſen German) at the City of *Troyes* in *Campagne*, he there at the Balls (or publick dancing) eſpies a moſt ſweet and beautiful young Gentlewoman, whom he preſently fancieth and affects for his Wife: He enquires what ſhe is, and finds her to be named *Mademoyſelle La Precoverte*, Daughter to an aged Gentleman of that City, termed *Monſieur de La Vaquery*. *Harcourt* courts the Daughter, ſeeks the Father; finds the firſt willing, and the ſecon deſirous: but at laſt he plainly and honeſtly informs *Harcourt*, that his Daughter's chiefeſt wealth, are her virtues and beauty; that he hath not much Land, and leſs mony; that he hath two great ſuits of Law, for ſtore of Lands, depending in the Parliament of *Dijon*, which promiſe him ſtore of mony, and that he will futurely impart a great part thereof to him, if he will marry his Daughter, the which (for the preſent) he tells him, he is content to make good and confirm, both by bond and contract. *Harcourt* loves his fair young Miſtreſs *La Precoverte* ſo tenderly and dearly, as he is ready to eſpouſe her on thoſe terms, but he will firſt acquaint his brother *Vimory* therewith, and take his advice therein. *Vimory* informs his brother *Harcourt* that he knows *Monſieur de Vaquery* of *Troyes*, to be a very poor Gentleman, that moſt of his Lands are morgaged out, and in great danger never to be redeemed; that his Law-ſuits are as uncertain as the following thereof chargeable. *Harcourt* extols the beauty of *La Precoverte* to him to the skie; *Vimory* replies, that beauty fades and withers with a ſmall time, and that thoſe who prefer it to wealth, are many times enforced to feed on repentance inſtead of content and joy, and to look poverty in the face inſtead of proſperity. But *Harcourt* having deeply ſetled his affection on *La Precoverte*, he rejecteth this true and wholeſome counſel of his brother, and ſo marries her: When forgetting his former promiſe to his Brother, he in a ſmall time turns a great Prodigal, abandoneth himſelf to all filthy vices, and beaſtly courſe of life, and as a moſt debauched and graceleſs Husband (within one year) he for no cauſe quarrelleth very often with this his fair and dear Wife, than whom, neither *Champagne* nor *Burgundy* had a more beautiful and vertuous young Gentlewoman; ſhe was of ſtature tall and ſlender, of a bright flaxen hair, a gracious eye, a modeſt countenance, a pure Lilly-roſeat complexion, of a mild nature, and ſweet diſpoſition, reſpectfully courteous to all the world, and exceedingly devout and religious towards God, as perpetually making her practice, delight and glory to conſume a great part both of her time and of her ſelf in prayer and in the ſervice of God.

And although ſhe were formerly ſought for in marriage by many as good Gentlemen as *Harcourt*, yet ſhe could fancy none, nor affect any man for her Husband but himſelf. Never Wife was more careful or more deſirous to pleaſe a Husband than ſhe, and as (for one whole year) it was her former content and joy to ſee him to a be provident, kind, and a loving Husband to her, ſo now it is her matchleſs grief and calamity to ſee his good nature prevented, his reſolution tranſported, and his affections drowned in debauched and vicious Company. She leaves no ſweet advice, and courteous Requeſts and Perſwaſions unattempted to reclaim him from theſe his foul vices of Drunkenneſs, Swearing, Dicing, evil Company, and Whoredom; for of no leſs ſins in quality, nor fewer in number, ſhe (with extream grief and ſorrow) ſees him to be guilty. But all this will not prevail, no not her infinite tears and ſighs which many times ſhe ſpends and ſheds to him both at board and bed, yea, and ſometimes on her knees, but ſtill (with a wretched violence and ſinful impetuoſity) he goes on in his vicious courſes, and ungodly life and converſation; neither caring for his health, or his eſtate and means, but wilfully neglects the firſt, and prodigally waſtes and conſumes the ſecond, whereat ſhe wonderfully grieveth and lamenteth. She often requeſteth *Vimory* his Brother, and *La Vaquery* her Father to perſwade and divert him from theſe ungodly courſes and enormous vices, which threatens no leſs than the utter ruin, and inevitable ſhipwrack of all their fortunes; but they likewiſe cannot prevail, although his brother *Vimory* (with whom they live and ſojourn) every hour and time he ſees him, do ſtrongly deal and labour with him to that effect: For now he giving no limits to his vices and prodigalities, he ſells away his Lands peece-meal, whereat his brother *Vimory* ſtormeth very much againſt him, and his vertuous ſweet Wife moſt pitifully weepeth and lamenteth. But as a baſe Gentleman, and a moſt unkind and ungrateful Husband, he laughs at her tears, ſmileth at her ſighs, and con-

temneth and ſcorneth both them and her ſelf. And it now falling out that *La Vaquery* her Father loſing both of his Law ſuits at *Dijon*, where they (by the votes and ſentence of that Court of Parliament) are adjudged againſt him, whereby he was utterly ruined both in his hopes and eſtate for ever; *Harcourt* hereat ſo ſlights and neglects his Wife, as he terms her Beggars brat, threatned to ſend her home to *Troyes* to her Father, and ſetting all at random, cares not what becomes either of himſelf or her, who poor ſweet Gentlewoman is ſo extreamly afflicted, and as it were weighed down with all theſe calamities and miſeries (eſpecially with the vices and diſcourteſies of her Husband) as in her heart ſhe daily wiſheth, and in her Soul hourly prayeth unto God, that ſhe were out of this life, and in Heaven, infinitely lamenting, and a thouſand times a day repenting that ever it was her hard fortune to ſee her Husband, and her woful chance to marry him. But how to remedy or redreſs theſe her miſeries ſhe knows not.

For now do her Husband's vices and prodigalities make him daily grow poorer and poorer, in ſo much (as in leſs than three years) he is become the ſhame of himſelf, the contempt of his enemies, the pity of his Friends and Kinſfolks, and the extream grief of his ſweet and dear Wife, ſo that he hath well near ſpent all, and almoſt left nothing to maintain himſelf, much leſs to maintain her, whoſe griefs are ſo great, and ſorrows ſo infinite, as her Roſeat Cheeks now look thin and pale, her ſweet eyes are become obſcure and dim, yea, and in ſo pitiful and lamentable a manner, that ſhe falls exceedingly ſick, and her diſcontent and diſconſolation is almoſt ſo remedileſs, as ſhe would, but cannot be comforted, for that her Husband, whom ſhe thought would have proved the argument of her joy and proſperity, is now become the cauſe of endleſs grief, and the object of her matchleſs calamity and miſery. Thus leaving her ſorrows, ſighs and tears, to be diminiſhed through time, or diſſipated and defaced by God, The order of our Hiſtory invites and conjures me now again to ſpeak of this her baſe and debauched Husband, who hath many beaſtly and bloody parts to act herein.

Whoſe lewd life and prodigalities enforcing him now to behold poverty, becauſe heretofore he diſdained to look on frugality and providence: ſeeing his wealth waſted, his lands either ſold or mortgaged, himſelf forſaken of his brother and Friends, his reputation loſt, his debts great, his Creditors many, and who now began to grow extream clamorous and ſcandalous to him: He knows not which way to look, or how or where to run himſelf, to find out ſome invention and means to repair the decays and ruines of theſe his miſerable fortunes, and ſo to bear up and ſcrew himſelf again into the eyes and repute of the world. When his neceſſity gaining upon his heart and nature, and Satan upon his Conſcience and Soul, he knowing his Brother's Wife *Maſſerina* to be rich and wanton, he will become ſo unfaithful to his own wife, ſo ingrateful and treacherous to his own Brother, and ſo diſhonorable and ignoble to himſelf, as to attempt to gain her affection from him, and to draw her to his own lewd and laſcivious deſires, whereon his irregular hopes did more than partly grow confident, becauſe he flatters himſelf with this true, yet fooliſh belief, that as he was ſeven years the younger, ſo he was twice ſeven times a properer man than his brother. When taking time at advantage, as his Brother and her Husband *Vimory* were rid to *Dijon*, he finding her in a wonderful pleaſant humour, and exceedingly diſpoſed to be merry, when (God knows) his own ſweet and ſorrowful Wife, was (according to her frequent cuſtom) diſconſolately at her prayers and book in her own Chamber, and her door ſhut to her, then, then, I ſay, he taking his ſaid Siſter-in-Law *Maſſerina* to a window in a private Parlour, he there (for himſelf, or the Devil for him) breaks his mind to her, and is ſo far from ſhame, as he glories to make her acquainted with his deep affection, and laſcivious ſuit to her: Neither doth he fail of his hopes, or they of his voluptuous deſires, for he finds his Siſter-in-Law ſo diſhoneſtly prepared, and ſo luſtfully reſolved and diſpoſed to grant him his deſires, that ſealing her affection to him with many ſmiles, as he did his to her with more kiſſes, ſhe is ſo impudent, ſo graceleſs, as at this very firſt motion, ſhe vows to him ſhe hath not the power to deny him any thing, and therefore moſt cheerfully and willingly gives him her heart and her ſelf, and he doth the like to her, which they mutually ratifie and confirm between them with many private kiſſes, and amorous dalliances, as alſo with many ſecret proteſtations and ſolemn oaths: but becauſe Satan is, therefore God will not be preſent at this their vicious contract, and laſcivious combination.

This *Harcourt* and his Siſter-in-Law *Maſſerina*, having no regard to their honours or reputations; to their hearts or conſciences, to their Souls or to God, he pollutes his Brothers bed in poſſeſſing his Wifes body, and makes it both his delight and practiſe to defile and contami-

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nate his glory, in that of her ſhame, and of his own infamy. And now his pockets and purſe are again fill'd and cram'd with coin, for he gives her kiſſes for her gold, and ſhe returns him gold for his kiſſes. Hereupon he puts himſelf again into new and rich apparel, but he yet is ſo baſe, unkind, and ingrateful to his own ſweet and virtuous Wife, that he will give her neither gold nor new apparel, but permits her to go in her old. But to add more miſeries to her miſery, and more new griefs and calamities to her old, becauſe ſhe is equally an eye-ſore both to himſelf and to her, he will no longer permit her to live with him, that he may the more often and the more freely and ſecurely familiarize with his old Siſter, or rather now with his new love *Maſſerina*. So, without any regard to her birth, or reſpect to her youth and virtues, or without conſidering that God hath made her his Wife, and therefore the other half of himſelf, he ſends her home to her Father at *Troyes*, giving her but a poor little Nagg, and a ragged foot-boy only with ſo much mony as could hardly carry her thither, giving her neither mony nor apparel, nor any thing elſe which was beſeeming or fit for her, although through the black and obſcure clouds of his vices and ingratitude, the bright and relucent Sun-beams of her excellent perfections and virtues in her ſelf, and of her conſtant affection to him, will for ever moſt radiantly reſplend and ſhine to all the world, eſpecially to thoſe who had the honour to know her living, or who ſhall now or hereafter read her Hiſtory after her death. And never were thoſe her ſweet perfections and vertues either more conſpicuous and glorious in her, than now at her enforced exile, and ſorrowful baniſhment and departure from her Husband: For although he were cruelly unkind, or unkindly cruel to her, yet knowing and conſidering him to be her Husband, ſhe therefore holds it her duty and conſcience, ſtill to attend and wait on him as his Wife, and not, either ſo ſoon or ſo ſuddenly to ſeperate her ſelf from him. When her eyes ſee, her judgment knows, her heart doubts, and her ſoul fears, that then more than ever his vices wanted her prayers, and his ſins her virtues and preſence, to ſeek to rectifie and reform them. But although ſhe deſcended ſo low from her ſelf to him in her affection and humility, as with bitter ſighs and tears to caſt her ſelf on her knees, to beg and requeſt him, that, as by the laws of marriage and nature, and of conſcience and grace, ſhe was obliged and bound, ſo that ſhe might enjoy the content and happineſs to live and die with him, being infinitely contented, and extreamly deſirous, as ſhe then affirmed, and again and again repeated and confirmed to him, to participate and bear her part and ſhare, as well in his poverty as proſperity, yet he, as an ignoble Gentleman, and a baſe and vicious Husband, having wholly taken away his heart and affection from this his ſweet and virtuous wife *La Precoverte*, and fully and abſolutely given it to his laſcivious Siſter-in-Law *Maſſerina*, he, I ſay, is ſo hard-hearted, ingrateful and treacherous towards her, as without any reſpect to her tears, or regard to her prayers, he will no way permit her to live with him in S. *Simplician* or *Sens*, at his Brothers, nor yet vouchſafe to be pleaſed to go and live with her at *Troyes* at her Fathers: But here we may obſerve his malice in his diſdain, and his diſdain in his malice towards this dear and ſweet young Gentlewoman his Wife, of whom God knows, and the world ſees, he is no way worthy, for he will grant her neither of theſe her two moſt reaſonable and loving requeſts, but indeed, rather as a Devil than a man, and a Tyrant than a Husband, he with thundering in his looks and ſpeeches, commands her out of his ſight and preſence, without giving her ſo much as one poor kiſs, as he was bound in affection, or, which is yet leſs, a poor farewel at their parting, as he was obliged both in Conſcience and Chriſtianity. So this ſweet diſconſolate Gentlewoman, in a manner breaking her breaſt with her ſighs, and drowning her Cheeks with her tears, only with a poor little Nag and ragged Foot-boy, is by her flinty hearted Husband turned out of his Brother *Vimory*'s houſe at Saint *Simplician*, and ſo in this ſlender manner, and baſe equipage enforced ſoftly, diſcontentedly, and ſorrowfully to ride home to the poor Gentleman her Father at *Troyes*, yea, and ſuch was the malice, and policy of *Harcourt*, her cruel Husband, that this ſudden departure of hers was purpoſely acted when his Brother *Vimory*, and his Wife *Maſſerina* were at another Mannor houſe of his ſome eight leagues off, to the end that they might not ſee, or take leave of her, nor ſhe of them. So allowing our ſweet and ſorrowful *La Precoverte* by this time at *Troyes* with her aforeſaid Father, I will for a time there leave her, to the exerciſe of her patience, to the piety of her Prayers, and to the pleaſure and providence of God.

Now doth our diſloyal and treacherous *Harcourt*, at his pleaſure frolique it out in Saint *Simplician* with his laſcivious Siſter-in-Law and Strumpet *Maſſerina*, yea, they are now grown ſo impudent, ſo careleſs, ſo graceleſs, in theſe their obſcene dalliances, that if *Vimory* the Husband and Maſter do not, yet his ſervants cannot chuſe but take deep notice and exact and perfect Knowledge thereof; Only he obſerves a late alteration in his Brother's fortune; that

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he is become far braver in his Apparel than accuſtomed, and hath more ſtore of Crowns in his Pocket at his command than heretofore, both to play and ſpend at his pleaſure, only from whence this his golden Mine ſhould proceed he knows not; except having heretofore made ſome progreſſion, and experiments in the Chymical Science (or myſtery of Alchymy) he had now found the *Elixir* of the Philoſophers-Stone; but this curioſity in this *Query* proceeds no farther, much leſs his Judgment, but leaſt of all his Suſpicion or Jealouſie.

But the graceleſs vanity and ambition of *Harcourt* will yet fly a pitch and degree higher in the air of ingratitude and treachery towards his Brother *Vimory*. For a little Gold cannot redeem his Lands, nor make up the mony and great breaches of his former prodigalities, neither will a few kiſſes and embraces of that luſtful Dame his Siſter *Maſſerina* appeaſe his unchaſt appetite, or ſatisfie his inſatiable luſt, and laſcivious deſires. Wherefore at one time and caſt, to ſet nature and honour at ſtake, and ſo commanding his heart and thoughts to trample on both of them, without any reſpect or regard to either, he contrives and aſſumes this vicious and treacherous reſolution, that having already taken the actual poſſeſſion of her body, he ſhould then likewiſe do ſo of her gold, yea, of all her whole eſtate, and ſo fly away with her, whoſe Eſtate (through his long diſhoneſt familiarity with her) he now knows to be great, yea far greater than his Brother *Vimory* her Husband either knew or dreamt of; wherefore with much ſuperficial affection, and artificial flattery and inſinuation, he no ſooner breaks this motion to her, but her luſtful heart correſponding with his, and her laſcivious deſires likewiſe aiming and intending that way, ſhe freely gives him her conſent thereunto, and to that end ſhe very ſecretly draws in all her mony and gold, together with all her Plate, Rings, and Jewels, moſt carefully and privately packs it up, and ſo they fly away together, in a morning when her Husband and his Brother was with his Servants gone forth a Hawking and Hunting for all that day, he without ever making his Wife, or ſhe her Husband once acquainted therewith. *Vimory* is amazed, and *La Precoverte* extreamly perplexed and afflicted at the ſtrangeneſs of their (undreamt of) baſe clandeſtine departure: And although (in regard of his affection to his Wife) he were once reſolved to ſend and make after them for their ſtay and apprehenſion; yet at laſt, to avoid the univerſal ſcandal of the world (which thereby inſtead of ſtopping one tongue, would aſſuredly let looſe many) he leaves the ſucceſs of this treacherous Accident to Time, and the due reward and true puniſhment thereof to God. Now the firſt place of ſafety and ſhelter which *Harcourt* and *Maſſerina* fly unto, is the ſtrong City of *Geneva* (which depends not of *France* or *Savoy*, but of God and it ſelf) where they take two Chambers, and live together, having no ſervant at all to attend or follow them, but only *Noel*, who for many years before had been, and ſtill was his man. But to live here in *Geneva* with the more privacy and aſſurance (becauſe they obſerve it to be a City exceeding politiquely, virtuouſly, and religiouſly governed) they find out this excuſe for their ſtay, that he is heir to ſome Lands, which by the death of an Uncle of his, is devolved and fallen to him, in the eſtate and dutchy of *Millan*, betwixt *Pavia* and *Alexandria*: whither he goes to ſell it away, in regard, as he falſly alledgeth, that both this Gentlewoman (whom he reſolves to leave there, and preſently upon his return to marry) and himſelf are Proteſtants, and for a month or ſix weeks, this falſe gloſs, and true impoſture paſſeth current with thoſe of *Geneva*, whom all that time they freely permit and ſuffer to enjoy the Laws and Priviledges of Hoſpitality in their City (and the ſooner and with far leſs ſuſpition and doubt) becauſe they obſerve, they very often frequent their Sermons and Churches, although in their hearts and devotions, God knows, they both are directly Roman Catholicks. But the end of this ſmall time, underſtanding that the two Syndicks, and the reſt of the Magiſtrates of that City began to pry more narrowly into their ſtay, and more nearly into their actions; That they thinking to mock God and their ſouls, and ſo to make Religion only to be a cloak to over-veil their villany, he then and there reſolves to marry her before he go to *Millan*, which indeed affords ſweet muſick to the heart, and melody to the thoughts and mind of this laſcivious dame *Maſſerina*, the which ſhe eſteemed to be the chiefeſt felicity ſhe could deſire upon earth, excuſing the alteration of this his reſolution upon her ſickneſs and indiſpoſition (which alſo was as falſe and counterfeit, as the pretence of their Proteſtant Religion was feigned and hypocritical) and to that end he acquaints the Miniſters and the Ancients of the Church therewith; But they being as regular in their actions as he was exorbitant, and as pious in their intentions as he was prophane in his, queſtion him to ſhew ſome authentical Certificate from that proteſtant Church or Churches in *Poitou*, where they averr they formerly dwelt, that they were both of them Proteſtants by Religion, and that their marriage was honourable and no way clandeſtine; affirming to him, that it was againſt the Rules of their Religion, the Conſtitutions of their Church, and the Laws of

their

their City, to do otherwiſe, either to them, or to any ſtrangers whatſoever: Which *Harcourt* well perceiving, he now comes too ſhort in his Arithmetick, and having none to ſhew them in that nature, he ſweats under the ſaddle, and ſo ſlacks his importunacy therein, and puts it off with a ſpecious excuſed dilatory delay; When acquainting his *Maſſerina* therewith, they both are equally afflicted and grieved, thus to ſee their hopes nipt, and their expectations and deſires of Marriage fruſtrated, and blaſted in the very bud and bloſſoms; and now they ſee that their abode and ſtay in *Geneva*, neither can, nor muſt be long. But here betides them another unlooked for accident, which will ſpeedily tranſport them thence.

It is the pleaſure and mercy of God, that *Noel* (*Harcourts* man) is not a little grieved in heart, and afflicted in mind, to ſee his Maſter guilty of this foul and treacherous crime, in ſtealing away *Maſſerina* his Brothers Wife, and entertaining and uſing her as his own. He knows how infinitely this their adultery is diſpleaſing to God, and odious to men, and how oppoſite and repugnant it is to Grace and Nature. Wherefore holding it a trouble to his mind, a vexation to his heart, and a ſcruple to his conſcience any longer to attend and follow them, becauſe he is aſſured, that the divine Juſtice and vengeance of God, will never permit them to go long either undetected or unpuniſhed. He calling to his remembrance the ſweet virtues and chaſtity of his Miſtreſs *La Precoverte*, and (by oppoſition and Antitheſis) comparing them to the foul vices and whoredoms of *Maſſerina*, he out of his duty to the firſt, and deteſtation to the ſecond, though a bad Servant to his Maſter, yet was a good Chriſtian to God, gives his Miſtreſs *La Precoverte*, very ſecret intelligence of his Maſter's laſcivious reſiding and living here in *Geneva* with *Maſſerina*, whereof he ſends her word, he is a very ſorrowful and unwilling eye witneſs, and ſo leaves the reformation thereof, firſt to God, and then to her ſelf. Our virtuous ſweet Gentlewoman *La Precoverte*, is wonderfully afflicted and grieved, at this foul crime of Adultery betwixt her Husband, and his Siſter *Maſſerina*, whereat her chaſt heart towards him, and her pure and religious Soul towards God, makes her ſend many tears to Earth, and ſighs to Heaven. Once ſhe thought to acquaint her Brother *Vimory* herewith, but then fearing that his juſt choler might peradventure exaſperate him againſt her Husband, ſhe again as ſoon forſakes that opinion and intent, as holding it more diſcretion and ſafety to be ſilent herein towards him. And yet conſulting her griefs and afflictions with God (whoſe ſacred advice and aſſiſtance how to bear her ſelf in this action and accident ſhe religiouſly implores) ſhe at laſt deems it a part both of her affection, duty, and conſcience, to uſe her beſt zeal and endeavours, to reclaim them from this their abominable, and beaſtly courſe of life. And in regard her poverty, weakneſs, and ſickneſs will not (according to her deſires and wiſhes) permit her to ride over to them in Priſon to *Geneva*, ſhe therefore commits and impoſeth that charge to her Pen, to write both to her Husband *Harcourt*, as alſo to his lewd Siſter, or rather his laſcivious Strumpet *Maſſerina*, to ſee if her Letters (by the permiſſion and providence of God) may prevail with their hearts and ſouls to reform and draw them home, the which ſhe purpoſely and expreſly ſends by a confident Meſſenger, and with the greateſt ſecrecy ſhe poſſibly can deviſe.

Her Letter to her Husband intimated this.

LA PRECOVERTE to HARCOURT.

YOur flight and Adultery with that graceleſs Strumpet Maſſerina, *is ſo diſpleaſing to God; as I cannot but wonder that his divine Juſtice will permit* Geneva, *or any other place of the world, to contain you without puniſhing you for it; yea, when in this foul crime of yours, I conſider her by my ſelf, and you by your Brother* Vimory, *I find that his grief proves my ſhame, and my ſhame his grief, and that you and her are the true cauſes of both. I have examined my thoughts and actions, my heart and ſoul, and cannot conceive that I have any way deſerved this your ingratitude towards me, and therefore fail not to certifie me why and wherefore you have undertaken this vitious and lewd courſe of life, which in the end will aſſuredly produce thy miſery, as now already it doth your infamy, except your contrition to God, do ſpeedily redeem it. And in regard that you are my Husband, and that I both hope and believe it to be the firſt fault in this kind and nature, I therefore hold you more worthy of my pity than of my hatred, and of my prayers than of my curſes. So if you will abandon your deboſhed Siſter, and come home and live with me who am thy chaſt and ſorrowful wife, my arms and heart ſhall be as open as ever they were, both to receive and forgive you, yea, I will wholly forget what is paſt, and prepare my ſelf to welcome you home, with a thouſand ſmiles and kiſſes, if you will reſolve and remember henceforth to love me as much, as formerly (without cauſe or reaſon) you have neglected and hated me.*

LA PRECOVERTE.

Her

Her Letter to *Maſſerina* bewrayed theſe Paſſions.

LA PERCOVERTE to MASSERINA.

NO longer Siſter, but lewd Strumpet? was it not enough for thee to abuſe thine own Husband, but that thou muſt likewiſe bereave me of mine, who is his own and only Brother? as if a ſingle ſin and ingratitude, could not content thy laſcivious luſt, to ſatisfie thy inordinate deſires; but that thy impiety to God, and prophaneneſs and obſcenity to thy ſelf, ſhould make thee guilty of ſo foul a crime as Adultery, and which is worſe, of ſo foul and baſe Adultery, as comes very near to the worſt kind of Inceſt; whereof thy thoughts and heart can inform thee, and thy Conſcience and Soul aſſure thee, it will hereafter make thee as truly miſerable, as now thou falſly thinkeſt thy ſelf happy. Wherefore triumph not, to have made my grief thy glory, and my affliction thy felicity, for God (who is as juſt, as powerful) will requite my wrongs in thy Perſon, and when thou leaſt dreameſt thereof, his Divine puniſhment will ſharply ſcourge and revenge thy laſcivious pleaſures, except thou deject and proſtrate thy ſelf at the feet of his ſacred mercy with true contrition, and at the Altar of his ſaving Grace with unfeigned repentance for the ſame, by reſtoring my Husband to me, and thy ſelf to thine; and by making thy peace with God, whom ſo highly and hainouſly thou haſt therein offended; which if thou do, thou mayeſt then re-eſtabliſh thy fortunes, and reedeem thy reputation, or elſe for ever aſſuredly ruin both them and thy ſelf. So if I ſee thee to imbrace this chaſte, and to follow this virtuous and religious courſe, I will again aſſume the name of a Siſter, and leave that of a Strumpet, towards thee, yea, I will wholly forget theſe thy (almoſt unpardonable) wrongs and diſgraces which thou offereſt me, and for ever bury them in perpetual ſilence, and eternal oblivion.

LA PRECOVERTE.

The Meſſenger arriving at *Geneva*, he firſt finds out *Noel*, and then ſecretly delivers theſe two Letters to *Harcourt* and *Maſſerina*, who much muſing and more wondring thereat, withdrawing themſelves into their Inner Chamber, they there break up the Seals and peruſe them; whereat their hearts were galled, and their conſciences ſo netled and ſtung, as they cannot refrain from bluſhing for meer ſhame, and then again, from not looking pale with meer anger thereat. Thus looking ſtedfaſtly each on other, their own guiltineſs doth for the time preſent, ſomewhat afflict and perplex them. *Harcourt* wondereth at his Wifes boldneſs in writing to him; and *Maſſerina* is not a little diſmayed and daunted, to ſee that her Husband hath not written unto her. *Harcourt* is diſcontented with his Wifes peremptory Letter, *Maſſerina* is apprehenſive and fearful of her Husbands ſilence, when again changing their conceits and thoughts which inconſtantly alter, and extravagantly range, without any intrinſecal peace, or tranquility; *Harcourt* thinking of his Brother *Vimory*'s ſilence, attributes it to contempt and hatred, and *Maſſerina* contemplating and ruminating on his Siſter *La Precoverte*'s choler, imputes it to extream grief, ſorrow and indignation; But at laſt conſulting together hereon, they both of them concur and fall upon this reſolution; that to colour out their laſcivious life, they by their anſwer to her, muſt overveil it with much ſeeming chaſtity, and pretended ſanctity and piety. And the better to prevent any danger which may proceed from *Vimory*'s ſilence, or revenge, they muſt remove from *Geneva*, and ſpeedily reſolve to forſake and leave it; When fear giving life to their deſpair, and deſpair adding wings to their fear, they call for Pen and Paper, and each return *La Precoverte* their ſeveral anſwers by her own Meſſenger, who had ſtrict charge and command for her, to ſee them, but not to dare to ſpeak or exchange a word with either of them, the which (according to his duty) he very honeſtly and punctually performed, only to ſhew her gratefulneſs to honeſt *Noel*, ſhe gave preciſe order to him to render him many hearty thanks from her for his true reſpect and fidelity towards her, which ſhe could never forget nor leave unrecompenſed, and yet all this while neither *Harcourt* nor *Maſſerina* were any way ſuſpitious that it was their man *Noel*, which gave *La Precoverte* intelligence of their reſidence in *Geneva*.

Harcourts Letter to his Wife was in theſe terms.

HARCOURT to LA PRECOVERTE.

DO not raſhly and unjuſtly torment thy ſelf with jealouſie at my abſence, for thou ſhalt find as much joy thereof at my return, as now thou believeſt and feareſt the contrary. I have vowed to

accompany

accompany my Sister-in-Law Masserina *to our Lady of* Loretto, *which is the best Saint of the best Country of the World,* Italy, *(whither we are now setting forwards from this town of* Geneva; *) to which holy Lady and blessed Saint, her Oraison for her Husband, and mine for thee, are and shall be as repleat of pure affection and piety, as thou imagineſt they are of iniquity and prophanneſs. True it is, I committed an errour in not acquainting thee with my departure, which I perceive thou eſteemeſt a crime; but when ſhortly I ſhall be ſo happy to enjoy thy ſweet company and preſence, then my juſt reaſons will juſtly enforce thee both to know and acknowledge, that that pretended crime of mine is leſs than an error, and this error leſs than nothing. And thou wilt be yet farther inquiſitive why, or from whence our Journey was firſt derived. I pray let theſe general terms content thy fear, and ſatisfie thy Jealouſie, that it was her devotion and Conſcience to God, not my deſire or affection to her which gave life and birth to it; therefore I hold it rather an unmerited cruelty, then a condign penance, either for my heart to be tied to ask forgiveneſs of thee, or my Soul of God for this thy pretended crime of mine, whereof I am as innocent as thy Fear and Jealouſie deems me guilty. Therefore I allow of thy piety, I accept of thy Prayers, yea, and I rejoyce in thy affection to entertain, and thy reſolution to welcome me home with thy ſmiles and kiſſes when I come, the which ſhall be, if not ſo ſhortly as thou expecteſt or I deſire: yet as ſoon as Reputation and good ſpeed ſhall permit.*

HARCOURT.

Masserina's Letter to her Sister-in-Law carried theſe Lines.

MASSERINA to LA PERCOVERTE.

MY departure and abſence hath neither wronged mine own Husband nor abuſed thine, for it is my pure zeal to God, and not any laſcivious luſt in my ſelf which drew me to this devotion to ſee Loretto, *and him (through his goodneſs) to the reſolution honourably to accompany me thither, and therefore my heart defies that foul ſin of Adultery, and my ſoul deteſts that odious one of Inceſt, whereof I am far more innocent than thou thinkeſt me guilty. I am ſorry for thy grief, and I grieve for thy affliction, and am ſo far from triumphing in the one, or glorying in the other, as I have given that to my thoughts with paſſion, and this to my mind with compaſſion, although I confeſs I have ſmall reaſon to place it ſo near me, in regard thy jealouſie is the ſole author, and my fidelity and chaſtity no way the cauſe thereof; wherefore I am ſo far from fearing, as I love God's Juſtice, becauſe as in other ſins, I have offended his Divine Majeſty, ſo I am ſure that in this I have no way incurred or merited his indignation, and do moſt freely refer my reputation and fortune to his ſacred pleaſure, but not to thy ſecret diſcontents and ill grounded choler, from which (by the plea of a juſt proviſo) I have all the reaſons in the world to appeal, as alſo for that foul ſcandal and infamous Epithet of a Strumpet, which I thought thee too virtuous once to conceive, much leſs to name, but leaſt of all for one Siſter-in-Law (without cauſe or reaſon) to give to another: But thou art* La Precoverte, *therefore I forget this ingrateful crime of thine, and I am* Maſſerina, *therefore I freely and abſolutely forgive it, and to do thee as much right as thou haſt done me wrong, I will ſilence it in eternal obſcurity and oblivion.*

MASSERINA.

And is it not worthy of our obſervation, or rather of our deteſtation, to ſee how impiouſly theſe prophane wretches deny this their Adultery towards God, and alſo to *La Precoverte*, whom they have ſo hainouſly offended therewith, and which to Heaven and Earth, to God and his Angels, and to their own Hearts and Conſciences are nevertheleſs as apparent as the Sun in his brighteſt Meridian, yea, had they not wilfully fled from God, and preſumptuouſly abandoned themſelves to Satan, to contrive ſuch irreligious excuſes, and to frame ſuch ungodly Apologies for theſe their foul crimes and offences, and ſo to make Hypocriſie the veil of their Adultery, and the cloak to cover it from the light and ſight of the world: And is it not a reſolution worthy of a halter in this world, and of Hell-fire in that to come, to attempt marriage, when the wife of the one, and the husband of the other, are in perfect ſtrength, and full of life and health, (eſpecially *Maſſerina's* Husband *Vimory*) as but right now to their ſhame, not to their glory, they underſtand by *La Precoverte's* Letters to them. To the Magiſtrates of *Geneva*, they are firm Proteſtants, and as they pretended, ſo they then (as they conſtantly affirmed) intended to live and die. To *La Precoverte* in their Letters they are found Roman Catholicks, and in the ſublimity and ſingularity of their zeal travelling towards the Lady of *Loretto*, in devotion. O wretched Chriſtians, or indeed rather O miſerable wretches, thus with your hypocriſie to think to deceive God, when therein you only deceive your own ſelves and Souls. For can there be a greater miſery found by us on earth, or ſent us by the Devil from Hell than to make Religion (which of it ſelf is a precious and ſovereign Antidote) to become a fatal

drug, and a pernicious ingredient to poyſon, not to preſerve our ſouls, and ſo only to delight our earthly humours and affections, and to pleaſe our carnal deſires, and concupiſcences? of all ſorts of men (after the Atheiſt and the Murtherer) the Hypocrite is the verieſt Devil upon earth, and he is ſo much the more wretched and execrable, in that he guilds over his ſpeeches, life and actions with the ſeeming ſhew of piety and devotion, when God and his ulcerated conſcience know, that he is nothing leſs. To be luke-warm in Religion, is to be prophane not Religious: And as wine mixt with water is neither wine nor water, ſo he that is of two Religions is of neither. For God who is ſtill jealous of his own honour, and of our ſalvation, will not only our Souls but our hearts to ſerve him, and not only our hearts, but alſo our tongues to glorifie him, that is to ſay, all our actions, and all our affections, not a piece of our heart, but will have our whole heart; and not an angle or corner of our Soul, but our whole Soul: For in matters of his Divine Worſhip and Service, (which conſiſts in that of our Faith, and of his glory) he will not admit of any Rival or Competitor; nor be ſerved, in any other manner, than as he hath taught us by his ſacred Word and Commandments, and inſtructed us by his holy Prophets, and bleſſed Apoſtles.

But again to *Harcourt* and *Maſſerina*; Whoſe laſcivious hearts and lewd Conſcience not permitting them to reſt in aſſurance, or reſide in ſecurity any where, the very day after they had diſpatched the meſſenger with their Letters to *La Precoverte*, (holding *Geneva* no place for them, nor they for *Geneva*) they truſs up baggage, and ſo with much ſecrecy leave it, and direct their courſe to the great and famous City of *Lyons* (ſome two and twenty leagues thence) and which is the frontier Town of *France*, and there they think to ſhrowd themſelves among that great affluence and confluence of People which inhabit and aboad there from divers parts: and they make choice to live in this frontier City, becauſe it is near to *Savoy*, where if any danger ſhould chance to betide or befal them, they might ſpeedily and ſafely retire themſelves there, and ſo lay hold on the Law and priviledge of Nations, which is inviolable throughout all the world. At their arrival at *Lyons* they take their Chambers and reſidence near the Arſenal, though for the two firſt nights they lie in *Flanders* ſtreet. They have not been in *Lyons* fifteen days, but there befel them an accident very worthy both of our obſervation, and of their remembrance, which was thus; a Gentleman of the City of *Tholouſe* named *De Blaiſe*, having ſome few days before treacheronſly killed his eldeſt Brother *Monſieur de Barry* in the high way as they were travelling together, upon a quarrel which fell out between them, for having debauched and clandeſtinely ſtollen away his ſaid elder Brother *De Barry*'s wife from him, and conveyed and tranſported her away with him: There was a privy ſearch then made in *Lyons*, when that ſame night *Harcourt* and *Maſſerina* were upon ſuſpition apprehended for them, and laid in ſure keeping. But the next morning before the Seneſchal and Procurer Fiſcal, they juſtified their Innocency, by many who knew *De Blaiſe*, and ſo were cleared, but yet it gave them both a hot Camiſado and fearful Alarum, and left an ominous impreſſion in their hearts and minds, whereof (for the conformity of the circumſtances of of this action with their own) had they had the Grace to have made good uſe, they had not (hereafter) made themſelves ſo famouſly infamous, nor conſequently this their Hiſtory ſo prodigiouſly deplorable.

Harcourt and *Maſſerina* whiles they ſtay here in *Lyons*, (as guilt is ſtill accompanyed with fear) do ſeldom go forth of their Lodgings, and when they do, they (for their better ſafety) diſguiſe themſelves in different Apparel; and for her part ſhe goes ſtill cloſe masked, and muffled up in her Taffeta coyff. Yea, both of them make it their practice to frequent the fields often, but the Churches and ſtreets ſeldom, as if their foul crime of Adultery had made them unworthy the Communion of God's Saints, and conſequently all good company too worthy for them. He exceedingly fears his Brother *Vimory*'s ſilence and revenge, and ſhe highly envieth and diſdaineth her Siſter-in Law *La Precoverte*'s jealouſie, and ſtill that diſgraceful word of Strumpet (which ſhe upbraided her with, and obtruded to her in her Letter) ſtrikes and ſinks deeply in her heart and remembrance; in ſuch ſort, that it ſo poſſeſſeth her thoughts with malice, and takes up her mind with choler and fierce indignation, as ſhe vows her ſelf not thus to let it paſs in ſilence, or to vaniſh and die away in oblivion, quite contrary to that which her late Letter to her Siſter *La Precoverte* promiſed and ſpake. And here it is that the Devil firſt begins to take poſſeſſion of her, and by degrees to ſeize upon her Soul, and to make her wholly to forſake God. For knowing *La Precoverte* to be Wife to her Brother-in-Law and lover *Harcourt*, (whom ſhe affects a thouſand times dearer than her own Husband, yea, than her own life) ſhe is therefore ſo great a beam to her eye, ſo ſharp a thorn to her heart, and ſo bitter a corroſive to her content, as ſhe not only aſſumes bad thoughts, but bad blood againſt her: For

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vowing that none ſhall ſhare with her in his affection, ſhe forgetting her Conſcience and Soul, Heaven and God, is ſpeedily reſolved to cauſe her to be poyſoned, her inraged malice being capable of no other excuſe or reaſon but this, that it is impoſſible ſhe can reap any perfect felicity or content in earth, till ſhe have diſpatcht and ſent her to Heaven. To which end ſhe inſinuates her ſelf into the acquaintance of two Apothecaries of that City, and deals with them ſeverally and ſecretly to effect this helliſh buſineſs, for the which ſhe promiſed either of them a hundred crowns of the ſum in hand, and as much more when they have effected it, and fifty more to defray the charge of their journey; But the Devil hath made her ſo crafty and ſubtle, as ſhe ſtill retains from them, the name *Maſſerina*, and the place *Troyes* where the party dwelt: there are good and bad men of all Countries, Faculties and Profeſſions; theſe two Apothecaries are as honeſt as ſhe is wretched, and as religious and charitable as ſhe is prophane and bloody; ſo the one denies her requeſt with diſdain and choler, and the other with charity and compaſſion, alledging her many pious conſiderations and reaſons to diſſwade her from this foul and bloody act, the execution thereof, though tacitly, yet infallibly threatneth (ſays he) no leſs than the utter ſubverſion of her fortunes, and the ruin and confuſion of her life in this world, if not likewiſe of her ſoul in that to come: So ſhe being hereat a little galled and ſtung in Conſcience, to ſee that this great City of *Lyons* affords poyſon, but no poyſoners, to act and finiſh this her bloody project: the Devil hath yet notwithſtand, made her ſo curious in her malice, and ſo induſtrious and reſolute in her revenge, as enquiring whether there were any Italian Emperick, or Mountebank in that City (whom ſhe thought might be made fit and flexible to her bloody deſires and intents,) ſhe is advertiſed, that there departed one hence ſome eight days ſince, who is gone to reſide this Spring of the year at the Baths at *Pougges*, a mile from the City of *Nevers*, his name being *Seignior Baptiſta Tivoly*, (whom I conjecture may derive his ſirname from that pleaſant ſmall Town of *Tivoly*, ſome twenty ſmall miles from *Rome*, wherein there are many Cardinals, country Pallaces, or houſes of pleaſure) being very skilful in Minerals, and in extracting the ſpirits and quinteſſence of divers other vegetives; of a vain-glorious, and ambitious humour and diſpoſition, and yet of very poor eſtate and means, and ſuch a one, as indeed *Maſſerina* holds every way a fit agent and inſtrument for her turn and purpoſe.

She is glad of this advertiſment, and will neither give nor receive any truce from her heart, or her heart from her revenge, before ſhe hath ſeen and ſpoken with *Tivoly*, the which to effect, ſhe to *Harcourt* pretends a ſudden ach in her right arm, and ſo upon good advice tells him that ſhe is very deſirous to go to the Bathes of *Pougges* by *Nevers*, there to ſtay ſome fifteen or twenty days at fartheſt; *Harcourt* (no way once dreaming of her inveterate malice, and far leſs of her revengeful and bloody intents towards the ſafety and life of his wife *La Precoverte*) approves of her reſolution and journey, but intreats her to be wonderful careful of her ſelf, her health and ſafety, and profereth to accompany her himſelf: She with many kiſſes dearly thanks him for his care of her and affection to her herein; anſwereth him that his ſtay in *Lyons* will make her journey the more ſafe and ſhort, ſo ſhe accepts of the man for the Maſter, and only takes *Noel* along with her, who reſpects her ſo well, as he cares not for her ſight, much leſs of her company: She arrives at *Nevers*, and (impatient of all delay) the next morning finds out *Tivoly* at *Pougges*, being a very tall man; of a coal-black beard, and of a wan and ſullen countenance, ſhe by his Phyſiognomy judgeth that her hopes will not be deceived of him: The ſecond day ſhe breaks with him about her helliſh buſineſs, and finds him tractable to her devilliſh intents: They proceed to this lamentable bargain, and ſhe is to give him one hundred Crowns in his hand, and and a faithful promiſe of a hundred and fifty more when he hath effected it, as alſo fifty Crowns for the charge of his journey, the which ſhe limits at fifteen days; ſo having ſetled this her buſineſs, ſhe now names the party to *Tivoly*, whom ſhe will have him to poyſon, *La Precoverte* to be the woman, who reſides and dwells with her Father *Mounſieur La Vaquery*, a poor Gentleman in the City of *Troyes* in *Campaign*, and ſhe a young Gentlewoman of ſome twenty years of age, of a flaxen hair, and very ſickly. When giving him a ſmall Saphyr Ring from her finger, ſhe therewith ſwears him both to the performance, and to the ſecreſie of this murther; the which, armed by the Devil, he doth. When being exceeding glad of this bloody employment, which brings him ſtore of gold, the which he eſteems the Elixir of his heart, and the felicity and glory of his life, and which indeed, was the main buſineſs that brought him on this ſide the Alpes, from *Italy* to *France*. Thus without any fear of God, or thought of Heaven or Hell, theſe murtherous and damnable miſcreants have concluded and ſhut up this their bloody bargain. Our poor ſweet *La Precoverte*, having received her Husbands Letter from *Geneva*, and conſidering the Contents thereof, as alſo that of her

Sister-in-Law *Masserina*, she knows not what to think either of their Letters or of themselves; she sees her Letter to promise much zeal and devotion to God, and his much affection to her, and yet remembring his former unkindness, I may say cruelty towards her, as also the manner of their base and clandestine departure, then she thinks the first to be false, and the second feigned, and therefore conceives she hath far more reason to despair than to hope either of their Innocency, or their return; But this is her resolution; *Harcourt* is her Husband therefore she will still love him dearly; she is his Wife, and therefore she will for ever pray for him, and his prosperity religiously. Thus hoping, and many times (with many heavy sighs and bitter tears) wishing and desiring his happy return and vertuous reformation, she in his absence lives pensively and sorrowfully with her Father, rather as a widow than a wife, and such is her miserable estate, and poor and sorrowful fortune, that she well knows not whether she may more grieve or rejoyce that God hitherto hath given her no Child: For, ah me, she is so invironed with afflictions, so encompassed with calamities, so assaulted with sickness, and so weighed down with sadness and disconsolation, as she reputes her life worse than death, and either wisheth her Husband at home with her, or her self in Heaven with God.

But alas, alas, dear sweet young Gentlewoman, little dost thou think or dream (now thou desirest death) what a hellish plot there is contrived and intended against thy life by these two bloody Factors and Agents of the Devil, *Tivoly*, and thy Sister *Masserina*: O *Masserina, Masserina*! the disgrace of thy name, the infamy of thy family, the shame of thy time, and the scandal of thy sex. O how I want words not tears, to condemn thy cruel rage, and to execrate thy infernal malice and fury, thus to resolve to imbrew thy guilty hands in the innocent blood of thy chast and vertuous Sister in-Law, *La Precoverte*! For was it not sin and lust enough for thee to have heretofore bereaved her of the love and presence of her Husband, but that thou wilt now be so wretched and inhumane, as likewise to rob her of her life? O grief, O shame, O pity, that thou shouldest once dare to think thereof, much less to attempt it, I mean so lamentable a crime, and so bloody a fact, which assure thy self, as there is a God in Heaven, will never go long unpunished on Earth.

But I must proceed in this sad and mournful History, and therefore with an unwilling and trembling resolution, I am enforced to declare that this limb of the Devil, *Tivoly*, rides away to *Troyes*, where he speedily and secretly makes profession of his Empery. When understanding that *Monsieur de le Vaquery* is constantly in the City, he (with an Italian impudence and policy) soon skrews and insinuates himself into his company. And as it is the vanity of our times, and the weakness and imbecility of our judgments (in any profession whatsoever) still to prefer and respect strangers before our own Countrymen: so *Monsieur de le Vaquery*, hearing this Italian to devour Latin at his pleasure, and rather to vomit than utter forth whole Catalogues of Physical phrases, which he had stollen, not learnt from *Aristotle*, *Galen*, and *Paracelsus*, his ignorance believes him to be very learned, and therefore he holds him a most fit Physician to cure his Daughter *La Precoverte* of her Consumption, whereinto (as before) she was deeply and dangerously fallen, by the unparalleld griefs and sorrows which she conceived for her Husbands former unkindness to her, but more especially for his present absence and flight with his lascivious Sister *Masserina*. So (in a most unhappy hour) her Father *La Vaquery* mentioneth it to *Tivoly*: which (being the only occasion and opportunity he gaped for) he freely promiseth him his best art and skill for her recovery, and the next day goes home to the house with him, and visiteth his Daughter: He finds her to be weak, lean, and pale, the which serves the better for his turn, to colour out this his bloody purpose to her. When (if there had been any humanity in his thoughts, any grace in his heart, or any spark of religion or piety in his Soul) the very sight of this sweet, this harmless, this beautiful young Gentlewoman would have moved him to compassion, and not with hellish cruelty to resolve to poyson her. But his sinful heart, his seared Conscience, and his ulcerated and virulent Soul had (in favour of Gold) made this compact with the Devil, and therefore he will advance, and not retire in this his infernal resolution. He feels her pulse, casts her estate in an Urinal, receives thirty Crowns of her Father for her cure, and so bidding her to be of good comfort, he administreth her two Pills, three mornings following, whereof (harmless sweet Gentlewoman) within three days after she suddenly dies in her bed by night: *Tivoly* affirming to her sorrowful Father and Friends, that before he came to her, the violence and inveteracy of her Consumption, had turned all her blood into water, and exhausted and extenuated all the radical humours of her life; which opinion of this base and bloody Italian Mountebank, passed currant with the simplicity of his belief and their judgments: So he burieth his Daughter, and with her his chiefest earthly delight and joy. Within three days after that this sorrowful and lamentable Tragedy

gedy was acted, this Monster, this Devil incarnate *Tivoly* leaves *Troyes*, and posts away to *Nevers*, where he ravisheth *Masserina*'s heart with the joyful news and assurance of *La Precoverte*'s death and burial, of whom he receives his other hundred and fifty Crowns, the which according to her promise, she fails not presently to pay him down. And here again they solemnly swear secrecy each to other of this their bloody fact.

Wretched *Masserina* feasting her heart with joy, and surfeiting her thoughts with content to see the rival and competitor in her loves, *La Precoverte* thus dispatched and sent to Heaven; She now thinking to domineer alone in her *Harcourt*'s heart and affection, esteems her self a degree nearer to him in marriage, that so of his Sister she may become his wife. For this is the felicity and content whereat her heart aimeth, and the delectation and joy wherein her desires and wishes terminate. But her husband's *Vimory*'s life doth dash these joys of hers in pieces, as soon as she conceives them, and strangles them, if not in their birth, yet in their cradle. She finds *Nevers* to be a pleasant City, and *Pougges* a delightful little place to live in, and when the Spring is past and the great confluence of people retired and gone home, to be a place of far more safety for them than *Lyons*. Yea, she affects and loves it far the better, because here it was she first heard and understood of *La Precoverte*'s death, which as yet for a time she closely conceals to her self; Wherefore she sends *Noel* (her man) to *Lyons* to his Master, and by her letter prays him speedily to come and live with her at *Nevers*, which she affirms to him is a pleasant City, and that there she attends his arrival and company with much affection and impatiency.

Harcourt, to please his sweet-heart Sister *Masserina*, leaves *Lyons*, and comes to her at *Nevers*, where with thanks and kisses, she joyfully welcomes him, telling him that these bathes of *Pougges*, have perfectly freed her of her ach; but in her heart and mind she well knows, it is the death of *La Precoverte*, and not those bathes, which hath both cured her doubts and secured her fears. They have not lived in *Nevers* and *Pougges* above three weeks since his arrival, until they there (but by what means I know not) understand of *La Precoverte*'s death, whereat he seems nothing sorrowful, but she extreamly glad and joyful. And by this time, which is at least a whole year since their flight and departure from Saint *Simplicien* and *Sens*, they in their Travels and other gifts and expences, have consumed and expended a pretty sum of their mony. In all which time we must understand that *Vimory* hates his Wife and Brother so exceedingly, as he (in contempt of their crimes and detestation of their treacherous ingratitude) scorns either to look or send after them; but the only revenge which he useth towards him in his absence, he pretends a great sum of mony to be due to him from him, and in compensation thereof, seizeth upon the Remainder of his lands, and by Order of Justice gathereth up, and collects his rents from his Tenants, to his own use and behoof. Which extreamly grieves *Harcourt*, and afflicts *Masserina*, who (by this time) seeing in what obscurity and considering in what continual fear and danger they live in; as their lalcivious affection, so their irregular desires, and irregious resolutions, look one and the same way, which is to send her Husband, and his Brother *Vimory* to Heaven after his Wife *La Precoverte*, yea so resolute are they in these bloody intentions and desires, as they wish and pray for it with zeal, and desire it with passion and impatiency. And now their malice is grown so resolute, and their resolution so graceless in their contemplation and conceiving of this bloody fact, as they bewray it each to other. *Masserina* vows to him that she can reap no true content, either in her life or conscience, before, of his Sister he make her his Wife; Nor I, replies *Harcourt*, before my Brother *Vimory* be in Heaven, and I marry thee and be thy Husband here in Earth. When (as a bloody Courtelan and Strumpet) she gives him many thanks and kisses for this his affection to her, and malice to his Brother *Vimory* for her sake, when (working upon the advantage of time, occasion and opportunity) she tells him that in her opinion the shortest and surest way is to dispatch him by poyson. *Harcourt* dislikes her judgment and plot, as holding it no way safe in taking away his Brother's life to entrust and hazard his own at the courtesie of a stranger (at which speech of his, she blusheth and palleth, as being conscious and memorative of what she had lately caused to be perpetrated by *Tivoly*.) Therefore he thinks to acquaint and employ his own man *Noel* in this bloody business, and protereth him two hundred Crowns, and forty more of yearly pension during his life, if he will Pistol his Brother *Vimory* to death as he is walking in the fields But *Noel* is too honest a man, and too good a Christian to stab at the majesty of God, in killing man his creature and Image, and absolutely denies his Master, and although he be a poor man, yet he rejects his offer, as resolving never to purchase wealth, or preferment at so dear a rate, as the price of innocent blood: whereat his Master bites his lip for discontent and anger. So conjures him to perpetual secrecy and silence of this proposition and business, which *Noel* promiseth, but swears

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not. Hereupon *Harcourt* to approach nearer *Sens*, he and *Maſſerina* leave *Nevers*, and very ſecretly by little journies (and the greateſt part by night) came to *Maſcon*, and there his heart ſtrikes a bargain with the Devil, and the Devil with his Soul and reſolutions, to ride over himſelf to *Sens*, and there with his own hands to Piſtol his Brother *Vimory* to death in the fields, or if his Bullets miſs him, then to finiſh and perpetrate it with his own Sword. O wretched Gentleman, O execrable Brother, thus to make thy Hope and Charity prove Bankrupt to thy Soul, and thy Faith unto God!

But nothing will prevail with *Harcourt*, to diſſwade him from this bloody buſineſs; Whereunto the damnable treachery and malice of *Maſſerina* impetuouſly precipitates and haſtens him onwards, although it be againſt her own Husband. So he leaves *Maſcon*, and in a diſguiſed beard, and poor ſute of Apparel, comes to Saint *Simplician*, purpoſely leaving *Sens* a little on his left hand. Where waiting for his Brother *Vimory*, at the end of a pleaſant Wood of his, a little mile from his houſe, where he knew he was accuſtomed to walk alone by himſelf ſolitarily; He perſonating and acting the part of a poor begging Souldier, and counterfeiting his Tongue as well as his Beard and Apparel, with his Hat in his hand (eſpying his Brother) he goes towards him with an humble reſolution, and requeſteth an Alms of him. Which *Vimory* ſeeing and hearing, he in meer charity and compaſſion of him, becauſe he ſaw him to be, though a poor, yet a proper man, and which is more, a Soldier, draws forth his purſe, and whiles he looks therein for ſome ſmall piece of ſilver, *Harcourt* (as a Diſciple of the Devil) very ſoftly draws out his Piſtol out of his left ſleeve (which he covered with his Hat) and having charged it with two Bullets, he lets fly at him, and ſo ſhoots him in the trunk of his body a little under the heart, of which two wounds he preſently fell dead to the ground, being as unfortunate in his death, as his Brother was miſerable and diabolical in giving it him: for he only fetched two groans, but had neither the power or happineſs to ſpeak one word; and the Devil (in the cataſtrophe of this mournful Tragedy) was ſo ſtrong with *Harcourt*, as his malice towards his Brother *Vimory*, exceeded not only malice but rage and fury it ſelf, for fearing he was yet not dead, he twice ran him thorow the body with his Sword. When leaving his breathleſs body all goring in his hot reeking blood, he with all poſſible celerity takes his horſe (which he had tied out of ſight, to a tree not far off) and ſo with all poſſible ſpeed gallops away to his now intended Wife *Maſſerina* at *Maſcon*, who triumphs with joy at the relation of this good news, the which to her, yea, to them both, is equally pleaſing and delectable. But God will not permit that theſe wretched joys and triumphs of theirs ſhall laſt long.

This cruel murther of *Monſieur Vimory* is ſome two hours after known at his Houſe and Pariſh of Saint *Simplician*, as alſo in the City of *Sens*, and ſo diſperſed over all *Burgundy*, and the Murtherers narrowly ſought after, but in vain; *Harcourt* and *Maſſerina* meet with theſe reports at *Maſcon*, but they hold it diſcretion and ſafety, a ſmall time longer, to conceal themſelves ſecretly in that Town, and ſo to ſuffer the heat of this news to paſs over, and be blown away. But at the end of two Months *Harcourt* (ſetting a milk-white face upon his bloody Fact) arrives at *Sens*, and from thence to his Mannor-houſe of Saint *Simplician*, which now by the death of his Brother *Vimory*, who died without iſſue, wholly devolved and fell to him; who having formerly played the Devil in murthering his ſaid Brother, he now as infernally plays the Hypocrite in mourning for his death, making ſo wonderful an outward ſhew and demonſtration of ſorrow for the ſame, as he and all his Servants are dighted in blacks. A Month after he ſends for his good Siſter-in-Law *Maſſerina*, who comes home to him, and they ſeem ſo abſolutely ſtrange each to other, as if they had never ſeen one another during all the long time of their abſence, and ſhe likewiſe ſeems to drown her ſelf in her tears, and is likewiſe all in blacks for the death of her Husband; But God in his due time will pull off this their falſe mask, and detect and revenge both their horrible Sins of Adultery and Murther. Now as cloſe as they conceal this their diſhonourable flight and departure, yet it is diſcovered and found out, and held ſo odious, ſo foul, to all the Gentlemen and Ladies their Neighbours (who yet know nothing of their Murthers) as they diſdain to welcome them home, or (which is leſs) to ſee them, which they both are inforced with grief to obſerve, as holding it to be the reflection of their own diſgrace and ſcandal. The which henceforth to prevent, they within two Months after, ſend for their Ghoſtly Fathers, as alſo for two Jeſuits, and the Vicar of their Pariſh, and acquaint them with their deſires and reſolutions to marry: But theſe Eccleſiaſticks affirm it to be directly oppoſite to the Rules and Canons of the holy Catholique Roman Church, for one Brother to marry the widow of another, as alſo

alſo againſt the written Law of God; and therefore they utterly ſeek both to perſwade and diſſwade them from it, as being wholly unlawful and ungodly, and ſo refuſe to cónſent thereto, much leſs to perform it without a diſpenſation from the Pope, or his *Nuntio* now reſident at *Paris*. They cauſe the *Nuntio* to be dealt with about it, but he peremptorily refuſeth it; But in favour of mony, and ſtrong friends, within three months they procure it from *Rome*, and ſo they are ſpeedily married; now thinking and withal believing and triumphing, that this their Nuptial knot hath power to deface and redeem all their former Adulteries, and now wholly wiped off their diſgrace and ſcandal with the World. And therefore in their own vain and impious conceits, they are ſecure and abound in wealth, delight and pleaſure; but as yet they have not made their peace with God.

Come we therefore firſt to the detection and diſcovery of theſe their bloody crimes of murther, and then to the condign puniſhments which they received for the ſame: Whereof the manner briefly is thus. 'Tis many times the pleaſure and providence of God to puniſh one ſin by another, yea, and ſometimes one ſin for another, the which we ſhall now ſee apparent in this their bloody and helliſh Italian Mountebank *Tivoly*, who repairing to the great Fair of *Sens* and there beginning to profeſs his Empery to a rich Goldſmiths Wife of that City named *Monſieur de Boys*, he the third day ſtole a ſmall casket of Jewels and Rings from him out of a Cupboard, (the lock whereof he cunningly pickt, and ſhut again) valued at four thouſand Crowns, and the ſame night fled upon that Robbery towards *Maſcon*, thinking there to put himſelf on the River of *Soan*, and ſo to ſlip down to *Lyons*, and from thence over the Alpes into *Italy*. *De Boys* makes a ſpeedy and curious reſearch for this thief, whom as yet he could not find, or diſcover; when hearing of this Mountebank *Tivoly* his ſudden departure and flight, he takes him to be his thief, purſues him in perſon, and within four Leagues of *Maſcon*, apprehends him, (having to that end brought two Provoſts (or Sheriffs) men with him in their Coats, with their Piſtols at Saddle-bow, to aſſiſt him), *De Boys* finds many of the Jewels and Rings about *Tivoly*, and divers others wanting, the which he could never recover: So being brought back to *Sens*, he was firſt impriſoned, and then examined by the *Seneſchal* and the Procurer Fiſcal: When having neither cauſe, nor colour to deny this robbery of his, he therefore freely confeſſed it, the Devil ſtill aſſuring, or rather betraying his hopes, confidence and Judgment; That it is very poſſible, and he thinks it very probable and feaſible to corrupt his Judges with ſome of the Jewels which he had cloſely conceal'd and hid about him; But, he ſhall ſpeedily ſee the contrary.

For they ſeeing this Italian Emperick (by his own confeſſion) guilty of this great and remarkable robbery, they condemn him to be hanged the very next day for the ſame. So having a Cordelier (or gray Frye) ſent him that night to Priſon to prepare his ſoul for Heaven; He the next morning (according to his ſentence of condemnation) is brought to execution: Where on the Ladder, he (to free his Conſcience and Soul) doth inſtantly and ſorrowfully confeſs, that he had formerly poyſoned *Madamoyſelle La Precoverte*, daughter to *Monſieur de la Vaquery* of *Troyes*, and that he was hired to do it by the Lady *Maſſerina*, of whom at *Pougges* he received two hundred and fifty Crowns and a ſmall Saphir Ring to perform it, as alſo fifty Crowns more, which ſhe gave him for his charges from *Nevers* to *Troyes*; and ſo he dies in the conſtant confeſſion of this his foul and lamentable murther; and is hanged for his Robbery: And his body afterwards burnt for deſtroying and poyſoning this young Gentlewoman *La Precoverte*, whom many Gentlemen and Ladies there preſent well knew, and exceedingly bewailed for the goodneſs of her ſweat nature and pure beauty, as alſo for the excelleny of her honourable perfections and religious virtues; and although the Spectators of this wretch *Tivoly* his death expected ſome ſpeech from him, at the taking of his laſt farewel of this world, yet (beſides his former confeſſion) he ſpeak nothing, but mumbled out ſome few words to himſelf, which were not underſtood; And thus he lived wretchedly as he dyed miſerably, giving no teſtimony of his contrition or ſorrow to the World, or any ſpark of grief, or repentance, toward God.

Now before his Body was fully conſumed to Aſhes, This our Wretched and bloody Gentlewoman *Maſſerina*, together with her old Lover but new Husband *Harcourt*, are (by order of the Judges of *Sens*) apprehended and taken Priſoners in their own houſe of *Saint Simplician*, as they were walking and kiſſing together, without any thought of danger, much leſs of death. They hereat look each on other with grief and aſtoniſhment, eſpecially *Maſſerina*, who underſtanding (by ſome of thoſe who apprehend them) That

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it was the Italian Mountebank *Tivoly*, who at his Execution accused her, but not her Husband *Harcourt* for having and causing him to poyson her Sister *La Precoverte*, she then sees her self to be a dead woman, and no hope left her in the world of her life, but every way a firm assurance and confidence of her death; yet seeing *Tivoly* dead, she resolves to stand upon her Justification. She is all in Tears at this her lamentable disaster, curseth the name and memory of *Tivoly* for ruining her, with himself; and now, when it is too late, she blames her self of indiscretion, for neglecting, and not dealing effectually with *Tivoly* in Prison, to conceal this her fact and name.

As for her Husband *Harcourt*, he (knowing himself absolutely innocent of this Murther) he grieves not for the death of his first Wife *La Precoverte*, but now extreamly mourneth and lamenteth to think of this, of the second Wife *Masserina*, for live he fears she cannot. He bids her yet be of good comfort, and wispereth her secreetly in her Ear, that he will give all his Estate and Means to save her life, or else that he will die with her; she thanks him with a world of sighs and tears, and rounds him as privately in his Ear with many deep Oaths and Asseverations, that her Tongue shall never dare to speak any one word or syllable to her Judg. which shall tend to the prejudice of his reputation, safety or life; and so they are by their apprehenders seperated; and when severally conveyed to the Prison of *Sens*, *Masserina* is first arraigned by the Judges, where (according to her former resolution) she (not with tears but with high words and speeches) stands upon her Innocency and Justification, they inform her how strongly *Tivoly* at his death declared she had given him two hundred and fifty Crowns, a Saphyr Ring, and fifty Crowns more to pay her charges at *Pougget*, and how he at her instigation, and in favour of this her Gold poysoned *La Precoverte* at her Father *Monsieur de Vaquery*'s house at *Troyes*, she terms *Tivoly* witch and devil, yea worse than a thousand devils, thus to accuse her fallely of this Murther of her Sister *Precoverte*, whereof she vows to God and the world, to Earth and Heaven, that she is as innocent as that damned Italian was guilty thereof; but the Judges (notwithstanding all these her great fumes and cracks) do presently condemn her to the rack, the which as soon as she saw and considered the sharp nature of those exquisite torments, then God was so merciful to her Soul by his grace, though she was not so heretofore to her body by the perpetration of her foul sins, that she would not permit her tender dainty Limbs to be exposed to the misery of those cruel tortures, but then and there confesseth her self to be the Author of poysoning *La Precoverte* her Sister, as *Tivoly* was the actor thereof, when being here by her Judges farther demanded whether her last Husband *Harcourt* were not likewise accessary with her in poysoning of his first Wife *La Precoverte*, she with much assurance and constancy clears him hereof, and is so kind and loving to him, as she speaks not a word to them, of his Pistoling to death of her Husband his Brother *Vimory*: So for this foul and bloody fact of hers, she is condemned to be hanged the next morning and for that night again returned to Prison, where she and her sorrowful Husband, make great suit to the Judges that they may for a short time see and speak one with the other, but it will not be granted them; when *Harcourt* being as confident of his own life, as he was of his Wive's death, making secret proffer (by some friends of his) to the Judges, of all his Lands, and demanded to save his wife, but they (resembling themselves) do so much fear God, and reverence and honour the sacred Name of Justice, as they are deaf to his requests.

The next morning (according to her Sentence) she is brought to the place of her Execution, but (at her earnest and importunate request) so early, that very few People were present at her death, where being ascended the Ladder, she there again cursed the name, and execrated the memory of that wretched Villain *Tivoly*, and wished much prosperity and happiness to her Husband *Harcourt*, when turning her Eye about, and seeing a Cousen German of his his there present, named *Monsieur de Pierpoint*, she calls him to her, and is so vain at this last period (as it were) of her life, as she takes off her Glove and Braceler from her right hand and arm, and prays him to deliver it to his Cousen and her Husband *Harcourt*, and to assure him from her that she died, his most loving and constant Wife, which *Monsieur Pierpoint* faithfully promised her to perform; then a Subordinate Officer of Justice being there to see her die, tells her that he was now commanded by the Judges his Superiours, to tell her, that she being now to leave Earth, and so ready to ascend into Heaven, they prayed her in the name and fear of God to declare to all those who were present, if her Husband *Harcourt*, yea or no, had any hand, or were knowing or accessary with her in the poysoning of his first Wife *La Precoverte*, and that she should do piously and Christianly to discover

diſcover the truth thereof, which would undoubtedly tend to Gods glory, and the ſalvation of her own Soul: When ſhe ſolemnly vowed to him, and to all the people that her Husband *Harcourt* never knew, nor in thought, word, or deed, was any way acceſſary, knowing, or conſenting with her or *Tivoly*, in poyſoning of his Wife, and this which ſhe now ſpake was the pure truth, as ſhe hoped for Heaven; and now after a few tears, ſhe moſt vainly and idly fell praiſing and commending of him, eſpecially how tenderly and dearly he loved her, with other ridiculous and impertinent ſpeeches tending that way, which I hold, every way, unworthy of my mention or repetition; but had not the grace either to look up to Heaven, or to God with repentance, or the goodneſs to look down into her own heart, conſcience or Soul, with contrition or ſorrow for all thoſe her foul Adulteries and Murthers; neither to pray to God for her ſelf, or to requeſt thoſe who were preſent to pray to God for her: And ſo ſhe was turned over, all wondering and grieving at her bloody crime, and therefore ſome few lamenting or ſorrowing for this her infamous death: But ſhe there ſpeaks not a word, or the ſhadow of a word, either of her Husbands *Harcourt*'s piſtolling to death of his Brother her firſt Husband *Vimory*, or of her knowledge thereof or conſent thereunto.

Now though *Harcourt* ſeemed outwardly very ſorrowful for this ſhameful death of his Wife *Maſſerina*, yet he is inwardly exceeding joyful, that her ſilence at her death of murthering his Brother *Vimory*, hath preſerved his life with his reputation, and his reputation with his life; Whereupon being that day freed and acquitted by the Judges of *Sens*; both of his pretended crime, as alſo of his impriſonment; He compoſing his countenance equally betwixt joy and ſorrow, returns to his houſe of Saint *Simplician*, where now thinking himſelf abſolutely diſcharged and cleared of all theſe his former Adulteries, as alſo of his late cruel murthering of his Brother; He within two, or at moſt within three Months after his Wife *Maſſerina*'s Execution caſts off his mourning apparel, (which he wore for her death) and neither thinking of his Soul or his Conſcience, or of Heaven or Hell, he flants and froliques it out in brave apparel, and becauſe he is now fortunately arrived to be chief Lord and Maſter of a great Eſtate both in Lands and Mony, therefore he thinks it not his pride, but his glory, and not his vanity but his generoſity to dight and put himſelf now into far richer Apparel than ever formerly he had done, whereof all the Gentlemen his Neighbours, yea, all the City of *Sens* (with no little wonder) took eſpecial notice thereof: Yea, he is ſo far from once dreaming or think either of his Murthering of his Brother *Vimory*, or of the deplorable and untimely ends of his two Wives, with as much vanity, and with far more haſte than diſcretion or conſideration, he now ſpeedily reſolves to take and marry a third. But his hopes will deceive him, becauſe God in his ſacred juſtice and judgment will deceive his hopes

For, when he thinks himſelf ſecure and ſafe, not only from the danger, but likewiſe from the ſuſpition of any fatal or diſaſterous accident which can poſſibly befal him; then, the triumphant Power of God's revenge will ſuddenly and ſoundly ſurpriſe him. His honeſt man *Noel*, (with an obſervant eye, and a conſcionable, and ſorrowful heart) hath heard of *La Precoverte*'s poyſoning, and of *Vimory*'s piſtolling to death, and hath likewiſe ſeen the hanging both of *Tivoly*, and of his laſt Miſtreſs *Maſſerina*. In all which ſeveral accidents, as one way he wondereth at the malice of Satan, So another way he cannot but infinitely admire and applaud the juſt judgments of the Lord: He likewiſe knows what his maſter *Harcourt* is to him and he to his Maſter, and in the time of his Service and attendance under him, and what different and ſeveral paſſages of buſineſs and ſecrets have paſt betwixt them: He hath remarked far more vices than virtues in his Maſter, whereat he much grieveth, but he was infinitely more enforced than deſirous either to ſee or know them, and this again doth exceedingly rejoyce him: He well knows that fidelity is the glory of a Servant, and yet it is a continual ſenſible grief to his heart, and vexation to his Soul, to ſee that his Maſter ſerves God no better: He doth not deſire to know things (which concern his ſaid Maſter) whereof he is ignorant, but doth wiſh and pray to God that he were ignorant of many things which he knows, and of more which he fears; and being very often perplexed in his mind with the reluctation of theſe different cauſes and their as different effects, he cannot but in the end ſatisfie himſelf with this reſolution; That as *Harcourt* is his Earthly Maſter, ſo God is his Heavenly Maſter. But here betides an unexpected and unwiſhed Accident to this *Noel*, which will ſpeedily try of what temper and metal both himſelf, his heart, his conſcience and his Soul is made, and what infinite diſparity there is betwixt Earth and Heaven.

By the pleaſure and viſitation of God, he is ſuddenly taken extream ſick of a peſtilent fever, but not in his Maſter *Harcourt*'s Houſe, but in his own Father's houſe, who dwelt ſome

four leagues thence at a Parish called *Saint Lazare*, and his Physician yeilding him a dead man, he, as a religious Roman Catholick, takes the Extream Unction, and then prepares himself to die: But he is so moral, and so good a Christian, as (the premises considered) he resolves to carry his Conscience pure, and his Soul white and unspotted to Heaven. He prays his Father therefore, that he will speedily ride to *Sens* (in whose Jurisdiction *Saint Lazare* was) and to pray two of the three Judges to come over to him, for that he hath a great Secret to reveal them now on his death-bed, which conduceth to the glory of God, the service of the King, and the good of his own Soul. His Father accordingly rides to *Sens*, and brings two of those Judges speedily with him to his Son's beds side, to whom (in presence of three or four more of his Father's Neighbours) he, very sick in body but perfectly sound in mind, tells them, that his Master *Harcourt* would (heretofore) have had him pistol his Brother *Vimory* to death, and proffered him two hundred Crowns in Mony, and forty Crowns Annuity during his life to perfotm it, but he refused it, and knowing the said *Mounsieur de Vimory* to be since murthered by a Pistol, he therefore verily belives that it is either his said Master, or some other for him, which is guilty of that lamentable Murther, the true detection whereof (he says) he leaves to God and to them, and within half an hour after (yea before they were departed his Father's house) this *Noel* dies.

Hereupon, these Judges wondering at the providence of God, in the evidence of this dying man for the discovery of this lamentable murther, They speedily send away their Officers who apprehend *Harcourt* in his own house of *Saint Simplician*, carowsing and frolicking it in his best Wine, in company of three or four of his deboshed Consorts and Companions, and so they bring him to *Sens*: Where lying in Prison that night, the next morning the Judges of that City cause him to be arraigned before them; and charge him with pistolling of his Brother *Monsieur de Vimory* to death, which (fortified and armed by the Devil) he strongly and stoutly denies; they read his man *Noel's* dying Evidences against him, to prove it: So they adjudg him the fiery torment of the Scorpions, for the vindication of this truth, the which he endured with a wonderful fortitude and constancy, and still denies it; When their heart being prompted from Heaven, and their Souls from God, That he was yet the undoubted murtherer of his Brother, they the second time adjudged him to the Rack, whereon permitting himself to be fastened, and the tormentors giving a good touch at him, God is more merciful to his Soul, than his tortures are to his body, and so with tears in his eyes, he confessed that it was he he which pistolled his Brother *Vimory* to death, and which afterwards ran him twice thorow the Body with his Rapier: whereupon for this bloody and unnatural fact of his, his Judges (without any regard to his extraction or quality) condemn him the next afternoon between four and five of the Clock, to be broken alive on the Wheel at the publick place of Execution: Some few Gentlemen his Kinsfolks solicite his reprival, because as yet they despair not of his pardon, but their labours prove vain, and they purchase no reputation in seeking it, for now all *Sens* and the adjacent Country cry fie on him, and on his foul and enormous Crimes of Adultery and Fratricide.

So the next day, (at the hour and place appointed) he is brought to his Execution, where a mighty concourse of People, both of *Sens* and the adjacent Country, flock to see this Monster of nature take his last farewel of the World. Being mounted on the Scaffold, in a Tawny Sattin sute with a Gold Edge, He confesseth himself guilty of murthering his Brother *Vimory*, and yet he grieves far more for the death of his last wife *Masserina* than he doth for that of his first, *La Precoverte*: He demands forgiveness of God, and the World, for this his foul crime of Fratricide, and prays all who were there present to pray to Almighty God for the salvation of his Soul, and that they become charitable and Religious, and less bloody and prophane, by his example. So commending his Soul unto God, his body to the Earth from whence it came, and marking himself three or four times with the sign of the Cross, he willingly suffers the Executioner to fasten his Legs and Arms upon the Wheel, the which as soon he breaks with his Iron Bar; until he have seized upon death, and death on him.

And thus were the wretched lives, and miserable and yet deserved deaths of these our cruel and inhuman, graceless Murtherers; and in this manner did the Triumphs of God's Revenge justly surprise them to their shame, and cut them off to their Confusion. May we read this History to God's glory, and as often meditate thereon to our own particular reformation and instruction.

The

GOD'S Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY XVIII.

Romeo (*the Lacquy of* Borlary) *kills* Radegonda, *the Chamber-maid of the Lady* Feliſanna *in the ſtreet, and is hanged for the ſame*; Borlary *afterwards hireth* Caſtruchio (*an Apothecary*) *to poyſon her Husband* Seignior Planeze: *for the which* Caſtruchio *is hanged, and his body thrown into the River, and* Borlary *is beheaded, and then burnt.*

IT is a thouſand griefs and pities, to ſee that Chriſtians, who are honoured with that glorious title and appellation, ſhould ſo wilfully and wretchedly loſe it, by imbrewing their guilty hands in the innocent blood of their Chriſtian Brethren, and thereby to bereave our ſelves of that rich ornament, and ineſtimable Jewel, which God (in his Son Chriſt Jeſus) hath ſent us for the planting of our Faith; and given us for the extirpation of our prophaneneſs, and rooting out of our Impiety. But this is the ſubtle malice, and malicious ſubtilty of Satan, (the profeſſed enemy and Arch-Traytor of our ſouls) as alſo of his infernal Agents and Factors, who thereby make themſelves the fire-brands and incendiaries of their own felicity and ſafety; and becauſe the examples of the wicked, do ſtrike apprehenſion and fear to the godly, and that the puniſhment and death of murtherers, doth fortifie the Charity, and foment and confirm the Innocency of the living; Therefore (for that Reaſon, and to this end,) I have purpoſely given this next Hiſtory a place in my Book, wherein we ſhall ſee Choler, Malice, and Revenge, to act many deplorable and bloody parts: Let us read it with a jealous fear and a Chriſtian fortitude, and ſo we ſhall aſſuredly hate this foul and crying Sin in others, and religiouſly, and conſtantly avoid it in our ſelves.

The foundation of this Hiſtory, is laid in the fair and famous City of *Verona*, (anciently a great Colony of the *Romans*, ſince a free Eſtate of it ſelf, but now dependant and ſubject to the Eſtate and Seigniory of *Venice*) wherein there lately dwelt an old Gentleman being a widower, and one of the chieſeſt and nobleſt families of that City, named Seignior *Fabritius Miniata*, who was rich in Lands, but exceeding wealthy in mony, (whereof he had put a great and remarkable Sum in the bank of *Venice*); he had one only Child, a daughter of ſome eighteen years of age, named *Dona Feliſanna*, who was wonderful fair, and a moſt lovely ſweet Creature; tall and ſlender of ſtature, of yellow golden hair, and ſanguine damask Roſe complexion: Now as her beauty was every way anſwerable to her birth and extraction, no leſs were her ſingular virtues and ſweet perfections to her beauty, and as wealth, beauty and virtue concurring and meeting together, are three powerful lures, and attractive Adamants to draw the deſires and affections of many noble Gentlemen to ſeek her in marriage; So two of her chief Suitors and who chiefly flattered their hopes to enjoy this ſweet and precious Jewel of nature, and who ſtood in beſt poſſibility to bear away her affection and her ſelf, was *Seignior Thomas Planeze*, a brave young Gentleman of the Neighbour City of *Mantova*, of a ſweet preſence, and proper comely feature, of ſome twenty five years old, not very rich, yet endued with competent means to maintain himſelf like himſelf, but infinitely well bred, and adorned and honoured with all thoſe generous parts and endowments which are requiſite to make the Gallants of our times compleat; and the other *Seignior Juan de Borlary*, a very rich Gentleman in the ſame City of *Verona*, a proper man of countenance, but of perſonage ſomewhat crook-backt, and much Camber leg'd, and drawing towards forty years of age; but of education, conditions and qualities ſo ignorant and uncivil, as he ſeemed to be rather a Citizen than a Gentleman, or indeed more a Clown than a Citizen, and yet otherwiſe of metal and courage enough. And that we may the more apparently ſee, and perfectly know, upon what terms they both ſtand, as well in the opinion of the Father, as the affection of the Daughter, *Miniata* is infinitely deſirous of *Borlary* for his Son-in-Law, but not of *Planeze*; and *Feliſanna* is exceedingly affected to take *Planeze* for her Husband, but not *Borlary*; which they both perceiving, whiles *Borlary* intends to ſeek the affection and conſent of the Father before that of the Daughter; *Planeze* takes a contrary courſe, reſolves to ſeek and prefer that of the Daughter before the Father. The regard of *Borlary* his wealth, and of *Planeze*'s poverty with a covetous *Miniata*, like a furious ſtream, or impetuous Torrent, bears down all other regards and conſiderations before it. But the conſideration and reſpect of *Borlary* his deformed perſonage, and then that of *Planeze*'s ſweet feature and deportment with amorous *Feliſanna*, as a delicious charm, and heart-raviſhing extaſie, ſweeps away all other regards and reſpects whatſoever: the Father bids *Borlary* to be couragious and cheerful, and then he ſhall not fail to have his Daughter for his Wife; But the Daughter wills *Planeze* to be diſcreet and conſtant, and then ſhe will not fail to take him for her Husband; *Miniata* to ſhew his love to *Borlary*, forbids *Planeze* his houſe and the company of his Daughter; *Feliſanna* to reveal her dear and fervent affection to *Planeze*, aſſureth him he ſhall often enjoy both her ſight and company, but confidently if not peremptorily, prohibits *Borlary* to approach her preſence. Thus whiles *Borlary* often frequenteth and converſeth with the Father publickly, no leſs, or indeed far oftner doth *Planeze* privately, and whiles the firſt hath more cauſe to deſpair, than reaſon to hope of her affection and conſent to be his wife, the ſecond hath all the reaſons and cauſes of the world, not only to hope, but to aſſure himſelf thereof; But the patience of a little time, will ſhortly reſolve our curioſity, whereunto theſe different affections will tend, and what the event and iſſue will be of theſe their oppoſite intentions and reſolutions.

But becauſe the ambition and wiſdom of *Borlary* will make it conſpicuous and apparent to his Miſtreſs, That there is much difference betwixt him and *Planeze*, as there is between her ſelf, and her Chamber-maid *Radegonda*; He therefore ſeeing that he cannot hitherto gain her by the perſwaſion of her Father, now hopes and attempts it by this her maids ſolicitation; as holding her to be a fit inſtrument for the compaſſing of his deſires, and a proper Agent for the perfecting and crowning of his wiſhes, becauſe his beſt genius and intelligence informeth him, that ſhe hath a great power, and bears a great ſtroak and ſway with her Miſtreſs: But we ſhall ſhortly ſee, and he too ſoon find the contrary, and that theſe his ill grounded hopes and undervaluing attempt of his, will both deceive his ambition, and betray his wiſdom and judgment. Now to gain this her Chamber-maid *Radegonda* to his will, that thereby with the more facility and cheerfulneſs, ſhe may obtain him her Miſtreſs, her favour and affection: He bribes her with ſilver and gold, and many other gifts, if not too coſtly for his giving, yet

I am sure too rich for her receiving, and in requital thereof she with her tongue promiseth him her best power and assistance towards her Mistress, but in her heart intends the contrary, which is directed to betray him; He sends likewise by her to his love, and her Mistress, divers curious rich Presents and two Letters, and prays her to take time at advantage, and so to deliver them to her from him; the which likewise she faithfully promiseth, but yet intends nothing less, so she holds it rather a virtue than a vice, to keep those Presents for her self, and to give the Letters to his Corrival *Planeze*, to whom (by solemn Oath) she had formerly ingaged her best art and power, and her chiefest assistance. Which policy, or rather which fallacy of hers is not so secretly born betwixt *Planeze* and her self, but *Borlary* (by some sinister accidental means) hath perfect notice thereof, which he takes so unkindly at *Radegonda*'s hands, as (consulting more with passion than reason) his heart is so inflamed with Choler, and his resolution with revenge against her, that (impatient of all delays) he sends for her one afternoon to meet him at th' Amphitheatre, and from thence goes with her to the next street to a friend's house of his, where ascending a Chamber, and bolting the door within side to him, he (with choler and threats) chargeth her with this her ingrateful infidelity and treachery toward him; when drawing all the truth from her, by making her self a witness against her self, as well of the delivery of his Letters to *Planeze*, as also of keeping her presents for her self, and that her Mistress and he are solemnly contracted each to other: He there, in meer revenge to her, and in malice and disdain to her Mistress, pulls off her head attire, and very basely and violently cuts away all her hair, and throws it into the fire, notwithstanding that *Radegonda* first fell on her knees, and with infinite tears and prayers besought him to the contrary; But as he hath made it an act of his revenge to *Radegonda*, and of his disdain to her Lady, his unkind Mistress *Felisanna*, so he now likewise resolves to make it one of his justifications to the world. Poor *Radegonda* is all in tears and choler at this her disgraceful accident received of *Borlary*, and no less, but rather far more is her young Lady and Mistress *Felisanna*, the grief of the one ingendring the choler of the other, yea, this ignoble and malicious fact of his doth so deeply stick in her heart and mind, and so extreamly exasperateth her against him, as she makes her lover *Planeze* acquainted therewith, (who notwithstanding her Father's prohibition) was then descended his Coach, and ascended the Parlour to visit her. *Planeze* wondreth and grieves at this incivil and base indignity of *Borlary* towards *Radegonda*, which he every way sees can no way but reflect on the other part of himself *Felisanna*, and so consequently on himself: When (being in her presence) the passions of his affection, and the fumes of his revenge so far eclipse and transport his judgment, as he freely proffereth her his Sword, and self, to right *Radegonda*'s wrong on the person and life of *Borlary*, the which courtesie and noble affection and respect of his, *Felisanna* takes most lovingly and kindly of him, but yet loves him so tenderly and dearly, that by no means she will permit him to ingage; much less to hazard himself in this trivial quarrel; which being (as he affirmed) more feminine than masculine, did therefore more properly belong to her own deciding and requital, the which (in that regard) she prayed him wholly to leave and refer to her self.

Borlary (by some of *Miniata*'s domestique servants whom in favour of money he hath made to be his friendly Spies and intelligencers) hears hereof, and especially takes notice of *Planeze*'s forwardness to fight with him for the quarrel of a poor Chamber-maid, so seeing that he could hope for nothing but despair in his affection from *Felisanna*, he takes this so ill from *Planeze*, (who although he be his rival and competitor, yet being in a manner but a stranger to him) that he cannot, he will not be out-braved by this *Mantovesse* in any point of courage or valour, and therefore to prevent his insulting and daring generosity, and to give him a touch and taste of his own, He the next morning by his Lacquy *Romeo* sends him this Challenge.

BORLARY to PLANEZE.

IN regard thou couldest not content thy self to bereave me of the Lady Felilanna, *whose sweet beauty and virtues are by far more dear and precious to me than my life, but that (with much ostentation and malice) thou likewise makest it thy Trophee and Glory, to offer her the sacrifice of my death, only for the trivial respect of her Chamber-maids hair; Therefore because thou makest so small an esteem of my life; my reputation invites, and mine honour conjures me to see what care thou wilt have for the defence and preservation of thine own. To which end, I pray thee to meet me to morrow (betwixt five and six of the clock in the afternoon) with thy single Rapier without Seconds, in the first meadow without the Venisensa-gate of this City, where I will attend thy arrival, with much zeal and impatien-*

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cy: Thou art Noble enough to be so generous, and I generous enough to try if thou wilt appear, and approve thy self so Noble.

BORLARY.

The Lady *Felisanna* well knowing *Romeo* to be *Borlary* his Lacquy, and seeing him deliver a letter to her Lover *Planeze*, which she feareth to be some Challenge, she thereat (adorning and beautifying her Lilly cheeks with a Rosea t blush) prays him to tell her what *Bolary* his letter contained; When (his own honour getting the supremacy of his affection towards her) he tells her, that *Borlary* therein only requested him, to meet him the next day in the *Domo* (which is the Cathedral Church of that City, dedicated to *Saint Athanasius*) the which he is now going to grant him in his answer. But *Felisanna*, still jealous and fearful, prays him to shew her those two Letters, which he pleasantly puts off with some kisses, and yet her blood and heart so freezeth within her with fear, as she useth the best power of her art, and the chiefest art of her affection, to conjure him not to fall out, much less to fight with *Borlary*, at their meeting in the Church. *Planeze* tells her he is too religious to be so prophane to distain and pollute that sacred place with the effusion of Christian blood, because it is the Temple of Prayer, the house of God, and therefore every way fitter for a peaceful attonement and reconciliation, than for a contentious quarrel. Now (as the malice of men is finite, but of women infinite) *Felisanna* seeing her *Planeze* going to write his Letter, revenge and choler being then extravagantly predominant in her looks and resolutions, she hastily steps down into a Chamber next to the Garden, where she sends for *Borlary*'s Lacquy *Romeo*, and causeth three of her Grooms (whom she had purposely placed there) by force and violence to cut off his right Ear; which they presently do notwithstanding that he used a thousand intreaties and prayers to her to divert her from this her unworthy and malicious fact, and then hastily departing from him, she spake this to him: Tell thy Master *Borlary*, that I have caused thine ear to be cut off, to requite the affront and disgrace which he offered me in cutting off my Chamber-maid *Radegunda*'s hair.

Planeze having secretly to himself read *Borlary* his challenge: He thinks so honourably of himself, and so disgracefully of him, as he not a little wondereth to see, that he hath the courage to write to him, much less the resolution to fight with him; When grieving that he cannot now have the felicity and honour to make tryal of his valour to himself, and affection to his Mistress upon a more generous Spirit, and noble Personage than *Borlary*, he accepts his challenge, and in this answer promiseth him to meet him and perform it, the which he honourably conceals from *Felisanna*'s fear and jealousie, and so sealing up his Letter, he goes down to deliver it to *Borlary* his Lacquy, and resolves to dispeed and hasten his return, but contrary to his expectation he finds this Lacquy *Romeo* bitterly storming and weeping; and so demanding the cause thereof, he then and there by a Gentleman his servant, is first informed of the Lacquy's disgrace, and of the manner thereof as we have understood; *Planeze* is wonderfully grieved at this disasterous accident, but love prescribes so powerful a law to his discretion, as he is enforced to bear up with the time, and so to dissemble it, and when in the language of a Victory and a triumph *Felisanna* acquaints him therewith, he holds it discretion, rather to wink at it, and dissemble it with silence, than to remember it with choler or reprehension towards her; So he to acquit his ignorance, reputation, and honour herein towards *Borlary*, calls his Lacquy again, and vows and protesteth to him, as he is a Gentleman, that he is free from being any way knowing or accessary to this his disgrace and disaster, and bids him to assure his Master from him, that he is every way Innocent hereof, the which he would have signified to him in writing, but that his Letter was sealed before he knew it, and so giving him some crowns to wash down his anger and sorrow, he then takes leave of him.

Romeo says little, but thinks the more; and as he disdaineth to bewray any appearance of grief hereat, so he cannot cloak that of his choler nor overveil or smother that of revenge, in their fatal effects, which time will too soon produce.

Romeo in great hast and more choler, arrives to his Master *Borlary*'s presence, gives him *Planeze*'s Letter, who very speedily and hastily breaking up the seals thereof, finds therein these lines.

PLANEZE to BORLARY.

I Acknowledge it to be rather thy misfortune than my merits that induceth the fair and virtuous Lady Felisanna *to give her affection to me, and not to thy self, the which as a rich treasure, and precious Jewel I do not only esteem equal to my self, but a thousand degrees above it, and therefore it*

was

was with much affection and zeal to her, and with no oſtentation or malice to thy ſelf, that I tendered her my beſt ſervice, to right her of the ignoble wrong which thou didſt offer to her Chamber-maid Radegonda. *In which regard, becauſe thou purpoſely giveſt a ſiniſter conſtruction to my intent therein, and art ſo ambitiouſly reſolute to hazard thy honour and life in hope of the loſs of mine, I do therefore freely and cheerfully accept of thy Challenge, and my impatience and zeal ſhall anticipate thine before I perform it; wherein if my Rapier give not the lye to my blood, my misfortune to my Rapier; thou ſhalt find me enough noble and generous to attempt this Duel for thy ſake, and to finiſh thoſe of greater danger for the Lady* Feliſanna's *ſake, who I freely profeſs is the Empreſs of my affections, and till death ſhall be the Queen Regent of my deſires and wiſhes.*

PLANEZE.

Borlary hath no ſooner peruſed and ore-read the Letter of *Planeze*, but finding his Challenge accepted, he is exceeding glad and joyful thereof, as if his glory conſiſted in his ſhame, and his ſafety in his danger. Then his Lacquy *Romeo* acquaints him with his diſgrace, acted, ſaith he, wholly by *Dona Feliſanda*, and no way as he vows and thinks by the conſent or knowledge of *Planeze*, and ſo relates all that he or ſhe chargeth him to report unto him: The which *Borlary* hearing and underſtanding, he extreamly ſtorms to ſee his own affront and diſgrace offered and brought home unto him in that of his Lacquy: When having other affairs and buſineſs in his head, he contents himſelf for that time to give him ſome Gold, thereby the ſooner to make him forget the loſs of his Ear, which his locks better than his looks could never overvail and cover.

Theſe two inconſiderate Gentlemen, (being infinitely more ambitious to preſerve their honours than their lives, and more careful of their reputation towards the fooliſh people of the world, than of their Souls towards God) are now fitting of their Rapiers and Chirurgions, to diſpatch this their raſh enterprize and irreligious buſineſs, and it is not the leaſt part of *Planezes* diſcretion and care to play the Mercury, and now to blind the *Argus* eyes of *Feliſanna*'s fear and vigilancy, and how to ſee a beginning and end to this Duel with his generoſity and fame, that he be no way diſturbed or prevented by her in the performance thereof: The prefixed hour being come, *Borlary* (with his Chirurgion) as Challenger, comes firſt into the field, I mean into the Meadow, the deſigned place and theatre where they intend to act this bloody Tragedy, and he hath not ſtayed half a quarter of an hour, but *Planeze* the Challenged arrives there likewiſe with his Chirurgion: When their malice is ſo furious, and their courages ſo inflamed each againſt other, as paſſing over their ſaluting ceremonies without a ceremony, they putting themſelves into their ſhirts, do both of them draw, and ſo approach each other. At their firſt coming up, *Planeze* runs *Borlary* through the left thigh, and *Borlary* him in the right ſhoulder, and the ſight of their ſcarlet blood upon their white ſhirts doth rather revive than quench their courages. At their ſecond meeting, *Borlary* runs *Planeze* into the right arm of a large and deep wound, and *Planeze* dies not in debt for it, but requites it with a dangerous one in the ſmall of the belly, which went near to prove mortal, for it fetcht much blood from him, made him begin to faint and ſtagger, ſo being both of them well near out of breath, they make a ſtand to breathe and take the benefit of the air, but their hearts and animoſity are ſo great, as they will not deſiſt or leave off, but now begin afreſh to redouble their blows and courages, and here they traverſe their ground to gain the advantage of the Sun, with far more adviſement and diſcretion than before. Now at this their third coming up, *Borlary* preſents *Planeze* with a furious thruſt, but he very actively and nimbly wards it off him, and in exchange runs *Borlary* into the neck, a little wide of his throat-bowl: Whereat *Planeze* inſtantly cloſing with him, he fairly attempting to whip up his heels, but that *Borlary* his ſtrength prevented *Planeze*'s agility: When each having the other by the coller of their ſhirts with one hand, and their Rapiers in the other, as they are ſtriving and ſtruggling together, God (more out of his gracious goodneſs and mercy, than of their deſires and wiſhes) is pleaſed that neither of them ſhall for this time die. For the Earl of *Lucerna* riding poſt (with three Gentlemen in his company) from *Venice* toward *Turin*, chanced to eſpy and ſee them in the Meadow, almoſt all covered over with ſweat, blood, and duſt, when he and they leaping from their Horſes, he very honourably and charitably runs to them and parts them; offering them his beſt power and a pretty parcel of his time, to end and ſhut up their differences in a friendly attonement and reconciliation, but ſo inveterate and ſtrong (by this time) is their malice each to other, as he found it no way feaſeable, but impoſſible to effect it. So this brave and honourable Earl contents himſelf, to re-

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conduct and see them safe into the City, where privately leaving them to their future fortunes, he again takes horse away. Our two Duellists having first thanked him for his noble courtesie towards them, but otherwise they are exceeding grieved to see the Victory pull'd out of their hands, for the vanity and impiety of either of them flattered and bounded their hopes, and with no less ambition and felicity than each their own life, and either of them the death of his adversary. But as they are grateful to the Earl of *Lucerna* for this his honourable courtesie towards them; yet they are so irreligious as they look not up to Heaven, nor once have the grace to think on God, much less to thank his divine Majesty, for now so mercifully and so graciously withdrawing them as it were from the very jaws of death; but still they retain their malice, and cherish and foment their revenge each to other, especially *Borlary* to *Planeze*, for it is a continual private grief and a secret Corrosive to his content and mind, to see that he is enforced to wear the Willow-Garland, and that *Planeze* must bear away his fair and beautiful Mistress *Felisanna* from him: but we will for a little time leave them to their thoughts and their thoughts to God, and so again speak of *Romeo*, the Lacquy of *Borlary*, who is a wretched and most execrable villain, and comes now to act a bloody and woful part in this History.

For we must here understand, that this lewd Lacquy *Romeo*, is so extreamly incensed with choler and inraged with malice against the Lady *Felisanna* for the loss of his Ear, as (being seduced and incouraged by the Devil) he was once of the mind to have murthered her in the street, the very first time he had met or seen her; but then again respecting his Master *Borlary* whom he knew affected her tenderly and dearly, he forlook that opinion of his, and resolved to wreak his wrath and indignation upon her three servants, who were the Actors of cutting off his Ear, as she was the Author thereof; But then again remembring that he knew them not, nor any of them, for that they were all purposely masked and disguised; He then swaps a bargain with the Devil, and the Devil with him, that the storm of this his malice and revenge should assuredly fall on *Radegonda* her Chamber maid, from whom it originally proceeded, and from this resolution he is so execrably prophane and bloody, as he vows that neither Heaven or Earth, God or Man shall divert him.

But as Envy cannot prove so pernicious an enemy to others as to her self, so Revenge will in the end assuredly make us miserable, as first it falsely promised to make us happy.

Romeo continueth still resolute in his rage, and implacable in his Revenge towards *Radegonda* (and yet poor innocent harmless soul, she was not so as much guilty of a bad thought, much less of a bad action or office towards him, and therefore least deserved this his revenge,) when waiting many nights for her, as she issued forth in the street on her Lady's errand, he at last in a dark night found her, and there slew her with his Rapier, giving her four several wounds, whereof he might have spared the three last, because the very first was mortal, and thereupon betook himself to his heels, and fled through the streets, where the people flocked together at the report and knowledge of this lamentable Murther; but God is so exasperated at this foul and lamentable fact of his, (as in his Star-chamber of Heaven) he hath ordained and decreed, that *Romeo* shall instantly receive condign punishment for the same, as not deserving to survive it. For running through the streets to provide for his safety and life, he at last took the River of *Adice*, near the old Castle, where thinking to swim over to the other side, or to hide himself in some of the Mill-boats, he was discovered by the Sentinels (for the watch was already set) and the news of this Murther was by this time resounded and ecchoing in all parts of City. The Souldiers of the Castle suspected him to be Murtherer, they send a Boat after him and apprehend him; so by the criminal Judges he is committed to Prison for that night, and being the next morning accused by *Seignior Miniata* by way of torture, and the Lady *Filisanna* his Daughter by legal order for the murthering of her Chamber-maid *Radegonda*, he without any thought or fear, or shew of sorrow or repentance, freely confesseth it, for the which he is presently condemned to be hanged, and the same day after dinner he was accordingly dispatched and executed, notwithstanding that his Master *Borlary* used his best friends and power, yea and proffered two hundred zechins to save him. Thus we see there was but one poor night between *Romeo*'s taking away *Radegonda*'s life and losing of his own, and between her murthering and his hanging: At his execution he spake not a word either of the loss of his Ear by the Lady *Felisanna*, or of that of *Radegonda*'s Hair by his Master *Borlary*, whereat both of them exceedingly rejoyce, and no less doth *Planeze*. But for the other speeches which this bloody Foot-man delivered on the Ladder at his Execution, they were either so ungodly, or so impertinent, as the relation thereof no way deserves my Pen, or my Readers knowledge.

And

And here to leave the dead Servant *Romeo*, return we again to ſpeak of his living Maſter *Borlary*: who after he had ſpent much time and labour, and as I may ſay, ran his invention and wit out of breath, to ſeek to prevent that *Planeze* might not marry the fair *Feliſanna*, hath notwithſtanding, to his matchleſs grief, and unſeparable ſorrow ſeen that it is all bootleſs and in vain, for by this time, ſhe through the importunity of her tears and prayers hath obtained her Father *Miniata's* conſent, to take and enjoy *Seignior Planeze*, for her Husband: when to both their hearts delight and content, they are ſolemnly married in *Verona*, and in that height of Pomp and bravery as is requiſite to their noble rank and quality; When *Planeze* the more to pleaſe his new wife leaves *Mantoua*, and wholly builds up his reſidence in *Verona* with her, and in her Father *Miniata's* houſe, who never hated him ſo much heretofore, as now he deeply affects and loves him, and to ſay and write the truth he well deſerved that affection of the Father, and this love of the Daughter, ſith the luſtre and virtue of his actions made it apparent to all *Verona*, yea to all *Italy*, that he proved a moſt kind and loving Husband to the one, and a moſt obedient and reſpective Son-in-Law to the other.

Now although *Feliſanna* be thus married to *Planeza*, yet the affection of *Borlary* to her is ſtill ſo far from fading or withering thereat, as it reviveth and flouriſheth at the ſight of her pure and delicate beauty; for thoſe golden treſſes of her hair, thoſe reſplendent rays of her ſparkling eyes, and thoſe delicious Lillies and Roſes of her cheeks do act ſuch wonders in his heart, and his heart in his reſolutions; that his luſt eccliplſing his judgment, and out-braving his diſcretion, he cannot, he will not refrain, to try if he can yet procure and get her to be his friend though not his wife; and ſo futurely to obtain that courteſie from her by the by, which formerly he knew it impoſſible for him to get by the main. To which end his affection or rather his folly giving no truce to his thoughts, nor peace to his mind, becauſe both the one and the other were ſtill ranging and ruminating on *Feliſanna's* ſweet Idea, and delicious feature; He enters into a conſideration and conſultation with himſelf, whether he ſhould bewray his amorous flame to her by himſelf or by ſome other, or either by his pen or his tongue; when after he had propoſed and exchanged many poor reaſons and trivial motives *Pro* and *Con*, he at laſt, reſolves on the laſt, which is to do it by Letters, when hying himſelf to his Cloſet, he traceth her theſe lines, which by a confident friend of his he forthwith ſends her.

BORLARY to FELISANNA.

I Will crave no other witneſs than my ſelf, of my fervent love and conſtant affection to thee; for none can better teſtifie how I always made it my chiefeſt Care and Ambition to make the dignity of my zeal anſwerable to that of thy beauty; and that this might be as truly immortal, as that is divinely rare, and rarely excellent, which to confirm, I have ſealed it with ſome blood, but with more tears, ſo that although thou haſt given thy affection from me to Planeze, *yet my heart and ſoul tells me it is impoſſible to give mine to any but the Lady* Feliſanna. *And becauſe thou canſt not be my wife, therefore I pray be pleaſed to reſolve to live my friend, as in requital I do thy ſervant. I confeſs I am not worthy of thy affection, much leſs to enjoy the ſweet fruit thereof, thy ſweet ſelf; yet becauſe I cannot be more thine than I am, therefore I pray thee make thy ſelf as much mine as thou mayeſt be. Thy heart ſhall not be a truer Secretary to our affections than my tongue, and for the times and places of our meetings, I wholly refer it to thy will and pleaſure, which mine ſhall ever carefully attend, and religiouſly obey. I ſend thee my whole heart incloſed in this Letter, and if thou vouchſafe to return me a piece of thine in exchange, Heaven may, but Earth cannot croſs our affection.*

BORLARY.

The Lady *Feliſanna* receives this letter with much wonder, and ore-reads it with more contempt and Choler; for if ſhe diſdained *Borlary* and his affection when ſhe was a maid, much more doth ſhe now when God and her Husband have made her a wife: Once ſhe was of opinion to have thrown this his letter into the fire, and have anſwered it with diſdain and ſilence, but then again conſidering the vanity of his thoughts, and the obſcenity of his deſires, ſhe conceived he might (peradventure) impute her ſilence to a degree of conſent: and therefore, though not in affection to him, yet in diſcretion and love to her honour, ſhe reſolves to return him an anſwer, when knitting her brows with anger, dipping her pen in Gall and Vinegar, and ſetting a ſharp edg of contempt and Choler on her reſolutions, ſhe haſtily frames this Letter, and gives it to his own Meſſenger to deliver it to *Borlary*: whoſe heart ſteering his

course betwixt hope and fear till he receive it: he first kissing it, and then hastily breaking up the seals thereof, finds that it speaks this language.

FELISANNA to BORLARY.

IF thou want any witness of thy folly, not of thy affection, thy obstinate and vain perseverance herein, of one makes me capable to serve for many. And if thou hadst been as truly careful and ambitious of thine own honour, as thou falsely pretendest to be of my poor beauty, thou wouldest not so often have sacrificed thy shame to my glory, nor so sottishly have cast away thy blood or tears on my contempt: How thou intendest to dispose thy self, I neither desire to know, nor care to understand. But as I have given my soul to God, so God hath given my heart to my Husband Planeze, *from whom neither the malice of Satan or power of Hell shall withdraw it; and therefore as I am* Felisanna, *I detest thy lustful suit, and as* Planeze's *wife, I defie both it and thy self; And thus to be thy friend, thou shalt find me thy friend, but for such servants as thy self, I leave them to their own proper Infamy and Repentance. I make God the Secretary of thy actions, and my Husband of my affections; therefore it shall please me well when I understand that my tongue will recant thy folly, I repent thy discretion towards me, in seeking to erect the Trophees of thy lascivious lust upon the ruins of my poor and candid honour: And I assure thee, that if hereafter thou inspire and fortifie not thy heart with more religious, and less sinful desires and affections, that Earth can, and Heaven will make thee as truly miserable, as now thou thinkest thy self fortunate.*

FELISANNA.

Borlary at the reading of this Letter of *Felisanna*, is so galled with grief, and netled with sorrow, to see his refusal sent him in her disdain, as he knows not to what passions to betake himself for ease, or to what Saint for comfort, for the consideration of her coyness and cruelty, makes his despair to gain so much on his hopes, that once he was minded absolutely to forsake her, and to court her affection no more, but then again his lustful heart and desires, remembring the freshness of her beauty, and the sweetness of her youth, he held himself a coward, every way unworthy to enjoy so fair a Lady, and so sweet an Angel, if he retired upon her first denial, especially because as those Cities and Castles, so those Ladies and Gentlewomen who entertain a parley, are already half won. In which consideration because it many times proves an error in Nature; but still in judgment, to flatter our selves most, with that which we most hope for and desire; He therefore once more resolves to hazard another letter to her, as having some reasons to believe, that his second may perchance obtain that from her which his first could not, for that he knows that most Ladies and Gentlewomen pride themselves with this felicity, to be often sought, and importunately sued unto by their lovers, wherefore resolving once more to try his fortune, and her courtesie, he by his former Messenger greets her with these few lines.

BORLARY to FELISANNA.

THy sweet and excellent beauty hath enkindled so fervent a flame in my heart, that thy late disrespect and contempt of me in thy Letter, is not sufficiently prevalent to make me, so soon, or so slightly to forsake thee. For although thou term my love folly, and my affection obstinacy, yet until thou cease to be fair, find it not strange, if it be impossible for me to cease to be affectionate: Neither do I sacrifice my shame to thy Glory, or cast away my tears on thy contempt, sith I perform it more out of duty than complement, and rather out of true zeal than false hypocrisie. And as the strongest Cities and Castles by the rule of War, so the fairest beauties by that of love, deserve to be honoured with more than one assault or siege; and that Cavalier cannot justly be termed, either a Gentleman, a Souldier or a Lover, who will resolve to be put off with the first repulse, especially from so sweet and so beautiful an enemy as thy self: Neither can it any way breed infamy or repentance in me to be servant to so dear, and slave to so fair a Mistress, because the excellency of thy beauty is every way capable both to confound sense, and to subvert and overthrow reason. Be then but as courteous as thou art fair, and as kind as I am constant, and thou shalt find that I only desire to erect the Trophees of mine honour and glory upon those of my content, to sacrifice my best life at the shrine and altar of thy beauty, and to devote and prostrate my best zeal and service to the feet of thy Commands: which if thou please to grant me, Earth will not make me miserable, but Heaven fortunate.

BORLARY.

The Lady *Felisanna* having received and ore-read this second Letter of *Borlary*, as one way she laughs to see the constancy of his folly, and indiscretion, so another way she storms, and yet grieves to see her self to be both the object and the cause thereof; When returning to the party

party who brought it her, ſhe thinks to vent part of her choler on him, taxeth his audacity and raſhneſs herein, and ſtrictly conjures him to bring her no more of *Borlary* his letters; yea, ſhe is ſo far tranſported with paſſion and choler againſt *Borlary* for ſending them to her, as now ſhe reſolves to anſwer this with ſilence, and henceforth to burn all other which are ſent or brought to her from him, becauſe if his folly make him culpable of ſending, ſhe will not futurely make her ſelf guilty of receiving any more. But here again, her thoughts are taken up with fear, and her heart ſurprized with reſolution and doubt, whether (yea or no) ſhe ſhould ſhew theſe his two Letters to her Husband: For her affection is ſo tender, ſo faithful, ſo conſtant to him, becauſe ſhe likewiſe knows that his is reciprocally ſo to her, that ſhe will rather diſpleaſe her ſelf, than any way diſcontent him, or adminiſter him the leaſt cauſe whatſoever, to run the hazard of his diſpleaſure and indignation. For as by concealing them from his knowledge, ſhe knows this buſineſs will be for ever huſh'd up in ſilence and perpetually buried in oblivion; So contrariwiſe, if either through *Borlary* his malice to her, or indiſcretion to himſelf, it ſhould any way come to her Husband's ear, then ſhe thinks ſhe ſhould give him a juſt cauſe of exception and offence againſt her; Wherein, if the ſubtilty of the Devil ſhould once put his foot, or the malice of any of his members, their tongues or fingers, then his jealouſie might call her Honour and Fidelity in queſtion, and make him ſuſpect and fear her to be diſhoneſt, though heretofore (in heart and ſoul) ſhe confidently believes and knows the contrary: ſhe farther knows, that there is nothing ſo eaſie, as to entertain jealouſie, nor ſo difficult, as to expel it; and therefore, that it is not enough for us to prevent a ſcandal but likewiſe to remove the orginal cauſe thereof: fain ſhe would conceal theſe fooliſh Letters of *Borlary* from her Husband, but yet ſhe doubts it, and willing ſhe is to acquaint him therewith, and yet ſhe fears it. And although her chaſtity and innocency perſwade her to perform the laſt, yet her diſcretion and judgment encourage and prompt her to execute the ſecond; and here our beautiful and virtuous young Wife is perplexed as a Traveller, who meets with two different ways, and knows not which is the beſt for him to take: and her heart and thoughts here in this accident, is as a Ship at Sea, at one time ſurpriſed and met with two contrary winds and tides. For preferring her honour to her life, and he affection to her Husband and his to her before any othe earthly reſpect or felicity whatſoever, ſhe in the intricacy and ambiguity of theſe doubts, wiſheth that *Borlary* had ſlept when he writ and ſent her thoſe Letters, or ſhe when ſhe received and read them. But at laſt conſulting with reaſon and Religion, with her Soul and God, then her chaſtity gives a commanding law to her fear, and her innocency to her doubt; So firſt hoping, and then praying, that nothing herein might breed bad blood in her Husband, or diſturb the tranquility or ſincerity of her marriage; ſhe watching a fit opportunity, ſhews her Husband the firſt Letter of *Borlary* to her, with her anſwer thereof; and then his ſecond Letter, the which ſhe informs him, ſhe anſwered with ſilence and contempt; adding withal, that had ſhe a thouſand lives, as ſhe hath but one, ſhe would cheerfully ſacrifice and loſe them all, before ſhe would be guilty of the leaſt thought to diſtain the honour of his bed, or to break her ſacred vow of Love and Chaſtity, which in preſence of God and his Church, ſhe religiouſly made and gave him in Marriage.

Planeze at the hearing of theſe ſpeeches, and the reading of theſe Letters, doth at one inſtant both bluſh and pale, for as his looks pale with envy towards *Borlary*, to ſee how ſecretly and ſubtilly he endeavoureth to ruin his honour in that of his wifes; ſo he bluſheth for love towards her, to ſee how ſweetly and chaſtly ſhe had demeaned her ſelf in her anſwer to him, as alſo what a wiſe and loving part it was in her ſo punctually and fully to acquaint him therewith; when in requital hereof he gives her many praiſes and kiſſes, extols her chaſtity, and virtues to the Sky, and condemns *Borlary* his luſtful vices to Hell. And although (for the preſent) ſhe finds ſome incongruity in his ſpeeches, and obſerves ſome perturbation in his looks; yet he makes his affection ſo apparent to her, and diſſembleth his hatred and choler towards *Borlary* ſo ſecretly and artificially; that his wife *Feliſanna* wholly repoſing her ſelf upon her own integrity, and her Husbands diſcretion, ſhe (ſweet innocent Lady) little dreams or thinks of any diſaſter which will enſue hereof, much leſs what diſmal effects threaten to proceed from this inconſiderable act of hers, in acquainting her Husband with thoſe Letters. But ſhe will have time enough to ſee it to her grief, and know it to her ſorrow; yea, ſhe will find occaſion enough to repent, but never any means how to remedy it, except it be too late, and which then will meerly prove Phyſick after death.

Planeze (as we have formerly underſtood) is extreamly incenſed againſt *Borlary*, thus to attempt to bereave him of his ſweeteſt Joy, which is his wife's affection, and ſhe of her moſt

precious Jewel, her chaſtity; And although (both in reaſon and Religion) he had far more cauſe to rejoyce than to grieve at this accident, in regard he was both aſſured and confident that his Wives chaſtity triumphed o're *Borlary*'s luſt, and her glory was apparent in his ſhame; for as objects, ſo actions being beſt diſtinguiſhed by their contraries, therefore through the obſcure clouds of *Borlary* his obſcene concupiſcence, that of *Feliſanna*'s Angelical chaſtity, as a bright relucent Sun, ſhined forth moſt radiantly and ſweetly with far more vigor and glory, yet *Planeze* being a man compoſed of corrupt fleſh and blood, and therefore ſubject to paſſions, and thoſe paſſions to errors and imperfections; So he takes a courſe and reſolution herein contrary to all judgment, and to all reaſon, yea, diametrically oppoſite to the rules of Nature, and precepts of Grace. For although his heart be upright in the opinion of his Wives chaſtity and honour, yet as the deareſt and pureſt affections cannot be exempted of ſome ſhadow or ſpice of fear, ſo although his heart looked directly on *Borlary* with malice, he cannot poſſibly refrain, nor retain his thoughts, from glancing ſquint-eyed on his wife with jealouſie. And although he knows it to be a moſt ignoble ingratitude, and irreligious impiety in him, thus to call her honour in queſtion, or (in the beſt ſenſe) to revoke it to doubt, by making any publick ſhew of ſuſpicion or diſtaſte to her, or by ſeeking any private revenge on *Borlary*, yet becauſe her beauty and virtue is a thouſand times dearer to him than his life, and the purity and integrity of her affection to him as dear as his ſoul: he therefore thinks he ſhall not prophane his good opinion of her, nor offer her merits or his own reputation any wrong, if he reſolve to right both her and himſelf on *Borlary*, when conſulting not with reaſon or charity, but with their oppoſites, malice and revenge, he will not be at peace with his heart, nor at truce with his thoughts, before he have fought with *Borlary*, albeit (indeed) his delict and offence towards him, more deſerved his ſcorn than his care, and was every way far more worthy of his oblivion, than of his remembrance. To which end (by a Chirurgion which he had made choice of) he ſends him this challenge.

PLANEZE to BORLARY.

THy crime is ſo foul, and ſo apparent unto me, in ſeeking by thy two laſcivious Letters to diſtain my honour in that of my Wife's chaſtity as nothing but thy life is capable to expiate it, or mine to deface and forget it: Wherefore, if thou have as much courage as thou wanteſt grace, bring thy ſelf, thy Rapier, and thy Chirurgion with thee to morrow at ſix of the clock in the morning in the City Ditch without the outer Gate, which looks towards Breſcia, *and there my ſelf and my Chirurgion (who is bearer hereof) will ſilently and honourably wait for thee. And if thy obſcene heart retain yet any ſpark of generoſity, or any vicious brain of judgment, thou wilt reſolve to perform this my requeſt, and to excuſe my reſolution herein, ſith it is wholly derived from thy laſciviouſneſs, and receives its life and birth from thy treachery.*

PLANEZE.

Borlary receiving and peruſing this Challenge of *Planeze*, he is much grieved and ſorrowful to ſee that *Feliſanna* had ſo little diſcretion for her ſelf, and ſo much hatred againſt him, to ſhew her Husband theſe his Letters, and except ſhe meant to make her ſelf the preſent author, and the cauſe of her future affliction and miſery, he knows not elſe what ſhe intends hereby. But for *Planeze* his ſpleeen and reſolution againſt him, *Borlary* knows it to be both juſt and well grounded in the beſt ſenſe, and in the worſt to be yet a requital of that Challenge and Duel he formerly had preſented him: Only he doth a little admire (if not wonder) that he ſhould now again make trial of his valour and courage, whereof he ſo lately had experience, and taſted. And although he had far more reaſon to reſt aſſured than doubtful, that this ſecond Duel of theirs would not prove ſo fortunate as their firſt, but would rather terminate in one, if not in both of their lives; He yet loves *Feliſanna* ſo dearly, albeit ſhe hate him extreamly, that he will by no means refuſe to fight with her Husband once again for her ſake, yea, and to kill him for his own, if poſſible he can, the Devil making him ſtrong in the vanity of this belief and confidence; that if it prove now his good fortune to kill *Planeze*, that he can then requite and limit his victory with the reward of no leſs happineſs and felicity, than by his death to obtain his widow for his own wife. But this is to write upon the water, and to build Caſtles of vain hopes in the Air, which the leaſt breath of God's mouth, or wind of his noſtrils will eaſily reverſe and blow away. For this is to conſult and reſolve with Satan, and not with God; and therefore no marvel if he ſee his laſcivious deſires to come too ſhort of his ridiculous

diculous hopes, and both his hopes, and deſires herein to end in as much true miſery, as they began in falſe hope of felicity and joy.

So *Borlary* having made a turn or two in his Garden to reſolve upon this buſineſs, which ſo much imported both his honour and life: He at laſt, with joy in his looks, and courage in his countenance, turns to *Planeze* his Chirurgion, whom after he uſed reſpectively and courteouſly, he ſecretly rounds him thus in his Ear; Tell *Seignior Planeze* from me, that I will not fail to meet him to morrow morning, according to his requeſt and expectation, and ſo he diſmiſſeth him, who as ſoon returns this anſwer of *Borlary* to *Planeze*, whom he now finds ſtaying for him in the Church of the Auguſtine Friers, but God knows, with no intent or devotion to prayer, or to invoke his Divine and Sacred Majeſty to divert him from this his intended bloody enterprize, but rather to reconduct home the Lady *Feliſanna* his Wife, who harmleſs ſweet Gentlewoman, was there in that Church, upon the Altar of her heart, proffering up the moſt religious Prayers, and zealous Oriſons of her Soul unto God, without once ſurmiſing or thinking what a mournful and dangerous part her Husband was reſolved to act the next morning to the prejudice of her content, if not to the utter diſſolution and ruin of her Matrimonial joy and felicity. But her Husband *Planeze* bears this buſineſs, and theſe his intentions ſo ſecretly from his Wife, as it was impoſſible for her to have any ſuſpicion, much leſs knowledge of this his next days intended Duel.

The night which brings reſt to others, hath not power to give it to our two inflamed Duelliſts. For the conſideration of their honours and their lives, of their quarrel, and the cauſe thereof, doth equally poſſeſs their brains, and pre-occupate and prevent their eyes of their ſleeping faculties. So preferring their danger to their ſafety, their reſolution to their reſt, and the field to their beds, they (under other pretexts) are not long from it, I mean from the City ditch, the prefixed place of their rendezvous: Which *Planeze* firſt entreth, and there makes half a dozen turns before he have any news of his Contendant or Adverſary *Borlary*, whereof he doth not a little muſe, yet he no ways deſpairs of his coming, becauſe (by late experience) he knows him to be couragious and valiant. But to put *Planeze* his muſing out of doubt, and his doubt out of queſtion, in comes *Borlary* all unbraced and untruſſed, and afar off eſpying *Planeze* in the ditch before him; He (aſhamed of this advantage he had, becauſe of long ſtay) with his Hat in his hand, prays him to excuſe this error of his; affirming it to be the fault of his watch, but not of his heart, which he alledged ſhould ever go true with his Honour and Reputation. When *Planeze* returning his Complement by approving of his Apology, (without any further expoſtulation) they draw, and here fall from words to blows:

At their firſt meeting, *Borlary* gives *Planeze* a wound in the right arm, and *Planeze* requites him with another in his right ſide, which if his Rapier had not met with a rib, it had then undoubtedly ended the quarrel with his life. But although it made him loſe much blood, yet he hath ſtrength and courage enough not to die in his debt for it, only he deſireth *Planeze*, that they may breathe a little, the which he generouſly granteth. At their ſecond coming up, *Planeze* preſents a thruſt to *Borlary*, but he wards it, and runs *Planeze* into his left thigh, of a deep wound, and yet they will not give over, although their Chirurgions do earneſtly pray them to deſiſt, as having now already here ſufficiently teſtified their courage and valour. At their third meeting and joyning, *Borlary* gives *Planeze* a lick o're the forehead, which makes his blood ſtream down his face and eyes, and *Planeze* fully incenſed and prepared to requite it, drives a fair thruſt to *Borlary* his breaſt, but he very dexterouſly and fortunately wards it, beating down the point of *Borlary* his Sword into the ground, and then with much agility, leaps to him, and whips up his heels, who falling upon his own Rapier, breaks it in two pieces; at which unlooked for diſaſter, *Bolary* ſeeing his naked breaſt expoſed to *Planeze* his bloody Rapier, and conſequently his life to lie at his mercy, (without once ſtriving or endeavouring to grabble with his enemy) he (more deſirous to live with ſhame, than to die with honour) deſcends ſo far from true and noble generoſity, as he begs his life of *Planeze*; when (although many hot and jealous ſpirits would gladly have taken hold of this advantage and wreaked the utmoſt of their Gall and Spleen upon the misfortune of this accident) yet *Planeze* is ſo truly noble and generous, as diſdaining to fight with an unarmed man, and ſo to Eclipſe or blemiſh the luſtre of his reputation in killing him who begged his life of him, and when it lay at his pleaſure to give or take it, as he throws away his Rapier, making him promiſe and ſwear he will never henceforth attempt againſt the honour of his Wife; *Planeze* very freely and cheerfully gives him his life: and to ſhew himſelf the more generous in this his courteſie, lends him his hand to raiſe him upon his feet; for which infinite kindneſs, *Borlary* yields him many thanks: When muffling up their faces with their Cloaks they part very good friends, and ſo get themſelves into two of the neareſt houſes of the ſuburbs, very ſecretly

and

and ſilently to dreſs their wounds,and that night they return to their houſes. Where our dear and fair *Feliſanna* underſtanding the manner and cauſe of this Combat betwixt her Husband and *Borlary*, it is impoſſible for me to define whether ſhe wept and ſighed more for the loſs of her Husband's blood, or rejoyced and praiſed God for the ſaving and ſparing of his life.

Yet this Combat of theirs is not ſo ſecretly acted, but in leſs than two days, all *Verona* hath news, and prattles thereof. When meaſuring the firſt Duel of *Planeze* and *Borlary* by the ſecond, and the ſecond by the firſt; They extol *Borlary* his courage to fight with *Planeze*, but infinitely applaud the noble courteſie and generoſity of *Planeze*, in giving *Borlary* his life, when it lay in his power and pleaſure to have taken it from him. And as moſt commended the Lady *Feliſanna* for diſdaining to make ſhipwrak of her honour on the *Scylla* and *Charybdis* of *Borlary* his luſt, and for not ſacrificing her chaſtity to his laſcivious affections and deſires; So, in general, all Gentlemen and Ladies condemn her of indiſcretion, in ſhewing his Letters to her Husband, and acquainting him with his ſuits and deſires, it having been ſufficient for her ſecretly to have given him the repulſe and denial, and her ſelf the glory. Again, there wants not divers, eſpecially the younger ſort of the Nobility and Gentry of *Verona*, who tax *Borlary* of cowardize, in ſhamefully begging his life of *Planeze*, when either his good fortune in ſtrugling, or his piece of Sword in his defence, might peradventure, have preſerved it. Thus every one ſpeaks according to his own fancy and affections.

Borlary having loſt ſo much blood for the affection which he bore to *Feliſanna*, and receivd and reaped nothing from her but diſdain and hatred,he is not a little grieved and vexed hereat. But when he underſtands that he hath now made himſelf the laughter of all *Verona*, in this his cowardly begging of his life of *Planeze*,and that his reputation doth therefore univerſally ſuffer in this action, he is then as it were pierced to the heart with ſorrow, and to the ſoul with ſhame. He knows it were far better for him to be born a Clown, than to be held and eſteemed a Coward, and that having once purchaſed that baſe title, he ſhall difficultly ever loſe it. Yea, whereſoever he goes, he hears and ſees, that his Superiours,his Equals, and his Inferiours, not only prattle at his ſhame, but point at his infamy herein, ſo that he is (in a manner) a ſhame to all Gentlemen, and therefore almoſt a ſhame to himſelf. But ſee here the vanity and impiety of this inconſiderate Gentleman, and if it be not worthy the readers curioſitie, yet it will deſerve his compaſſion and pity, to ſee what uſe, or rather what abuſe he makes of this his imaginary diſhonour: For neither with reaſon, which is the ſoul of his heart,nor with Religion which is the life of his ſoul,doth he once look up to Heaven to thank God for ſo mercifully protecting, and ſo miraculouſly preſerving of his life in theſe two Duels, when he as it were, ſtood on the brink, and in the very jaws of death, and when betwixt his life and his death there was nothing but the point of *Planeze* his Rapier and of his pleaſure. No, no, *Borlary* is too much a man, to be ſo much a Chriſtian, and too much the member of Satan, to be ſo much the child of God: For having formerly given up his heart to the turpitude of laſcivious deſires and luſt; now as a limb and agent of the Devil, he will wholly abandon it to infernal rage and helliſh revenge; for knowing *Planeze* to be both the Author and object of his diſhonour, and the inſtrument and cauſe of his diſgrace, he therefore retains this Diabolical and bloody Aphoriſm in his heart; that as long as he lives, it will live with him, and when he dies it will die with him; and therefore to refreſh his honour out of his infamy, his heart wholly ſacrificing to malice, and his thoughts and reſolutions to revenge, he moſt-ingratefuliy and deſperately reſolves to murther *Planeze*, or at leaſt to cauſe him to be murthered.

Lo, here the woful eſtate, and wretched reſolution of this execrable Gentleman *Borlary*, and what a monſtrous ingratitude and prodigious cruelty is this in him to conſpire his death, of whom (in a manner) he but lately now received his life; he little knows, or (which is worſe) he will not know, that revenge ſtill proves as pernicious, as pleaſing to their Authors, and that murther endeth in as much true miſery, as it begins in falſe content and joy; for it is a bitter oblation and odious ſacrifice to the Lord, who is the God of peace, and the Father of all unity and charity.

But the Devil is ſo familiar a gueſt, and ſo frequent a Councellor to *Borlary*, that he wretchedly vows and execrably ſwears, that *Planeze* ſhall no longer live but die. Once he was of opinion, either to piſtol or ponyard him in the ſtreet by night, but then again, ſeeing the imminency of that danger in the misfortune of his Lacquy *Romeo*, he rejects it as ruinous, and reſolves on poyſon, which he thinks is the ſhorteſt and ſafeſt way for him to ſend him for Heaven, and thinks none ſo fit for his purpoſe to give and adminiſter it to him as *Planeze* his

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own Apothecary *Caſtruchio*, being the more confident in this his choice, becauſe he knew him to be a wonderful poor man, and withal, extreamly vitious and debauched, as neither fearing nor caring for God, but more an Atheiſt than a Chriſtian, and more a Devil than a Catholick, and therefore believes that a little mony will act wonders in his heart and reſolution. Neither doth he fail in his judgment, or deceive himſelf in his hopes of his choice; for he no ſooner proffereth him three hundred Duckatoons, to poyſon *Planeze* (one half in hand, and the other when it is performed) but he accepts thereof, engageth himſelf (by half an oath) ſpeedily to diſpatch and finiſh it, and ſo like two Factors or furies of Hell, both of them ſwear ſecrecy each to other herein.

Borlary longing, and *Caſtruchio* deſiring to finiſh this Tragedy on *Planeze*, that he might likewiſe touch the laſt one hundred and fifty Duckatoons; The Spring approaching, wherein *Planeze* every year for the preſervation of his health, was accuſtomed to take Phyſick of *Caſtruchio*, he no ſooner ſent for him to that effect, but firſt purging, then bleeding him, he then artificially perſwades him to take a Vomit the next morning, whereunto *Planeze* eaſily conſents; ſo he adminiſtring it to him and therein infuſing poyſon, he within ſix days after dies thereof, when *Caſtruchio* demanding his other one hundred and fifty Duckatoons, *Borlary* ſpeedily pays it him with much content, joy and delection: But let the firſt know, and the ſecond remember that it is the price of innocent blood.

The order of our Hiſtory leads us now (as it were by the hand) to our ſorrowful young Widow *Feliſanna*, who poor ſoul, (not dreaming any way in the World either of poyſon or of *Borlary*) is ready to weep her ſelf to death, that ſhe muſt ſurvive and cannot die with her dear and ſweet Husband *Planeze*, and that as one bed, ſo one grave might contain them; yea, her grief is ſo great, and her ſorrow ſo infinite for the loſs of this her other part of her ſelf, that neither her Father, Kinſfolks or friends can poſſibly comfort her; for ſtill ſhe ſees him before her eyes, as if he were not buried in his Grave, but in her heart, or that it was wholly impoſſible for him to die as long as ſhe lives: which exceſs of ſorrows, ſighs and tears of hers ſo withered the Roſes and Lillies of her beauty, and ſo eclipſed the luſtre of her ſparkling eyes, that to the eyes and judgments of all thoſe who ſaw or knew her, ſhe became ſo pale and lean, as ſhe was no longer *Feliſanna*, but only the poor ſick Anatomy of *Feliſanna*.

We have ſeen this wretched Gentleman *Borlary*, and this execrable Apothecary, *Caſtruchio*, commit this horrible murther upon the perſon of noble and generous *Planeze*, and we ſhall not go far, before we ſhall ſee the ſacred Juſtice, and juſt Puniſhments of God to ſurprize and overtake them for the ſame; For God is now reſolved to triumph o're thoſe bloody miſcreants, and although they have ſo cloſely acted and perpetrated this their lamentable murther, as there are no earthly eyes to detect, nor witneſs to give in evidence againſt them for the ſame; yet our good and gracious God, who is the true ſearcher of our hearts and reins, will to his glory and their confuſion bring this to light, by an accident worthy of our deepeſt conſideration, and of our moſt ſerious and religious obſervation: The manner whereof is thus.

This wretched Apothecary *Caſtruchio*, having received his other hundred Duckatoons of *Borlary* (as we have formerly underſtood) for miniſtring this bloody buſineſs, and being (as we know) of a moſt vitious and debauched life, he had already in his riots and prodigalities ſpent and conſumed all his Eſtate: And now this three hundred Duckatoons which he received of *Borlary* for performing this bloody buſineſs, makes him by many degrees far worſe than he was before; For (as by Gods ſacred and ſecret providence) it was impoſſible to proſper with him, ſo his prophane vices and ſins, and his beaſtly pleaſures and prodigalities made it conſume and melt away as Snow againſt the Sun, in ſuch ſort, that it ſeemed to him, that he was a thief to himſelf, and that one of his hands and pockets hourly couzened and betrayed the other; and although for a time he bore this vitious courſe of life very cloſely and ſecret from the eye and knowledge of the world, whereby his credit far exceeded his Eſtate, ſo after the committing of this foul murther, both his eſtate, credit, and all went to wrack and ſpoil, for he left nothing either unſpent or unpawned, and which is yet worſe, he fell into manly arrerages, and debts which at laſt grew ſo clamorous (eſpecially when his prodigal and beaſtly life of whoring, drunkenneſs and dicing, came to be divulged and ſpread to the world) that by three of his greateſt Creditors he is arreſted and clapt into Priſon, and his Shop ſeized on by them, which they find as empty of drugs, as his Maſters heart was of pity, and his Soul of piety: And as it is the nature (or rather the miſery) of Priſons, that where one man virtuouſly improves his life and actions, there a hundred do vitiouſly ruin themſelves, ſo *Caſtruchio*

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being one of this laſt number, he there waſted and conſumeth all that he hath, or which he can poſſibly procure, and in a few weeks reduceth himſelf to ſo extream poverty and beggery, that he is clapt into the common Gaol among the pooreſt ſort of Priſoners, who live by the alms and charity of well diſpoſed people, his clothes being all tottered and torn, having no bed to lie on, nor hardly bread to ſuffice nature, or to maintain life, being abandoned of all his friends and acquaintance, who will rather ſee him ſtarve and die than relieve him; And yet in all theſe extremities, and at the very loweſt ebb of theſe his wants and miſeries, he will yet neither look down into his Conſcience, heart and Soul with ſorrow, nor up to Heaven or to God with repentance for all his ſins and vices, eſpecially not for this his cruel and lamentable poyſoning of *Planeze*, which are the true reaſons and the efficient cauſes of theſe his miſerable calamies and afflictions, yea his wants and miſeries are ſo great and infinite here in Priſon, that none whoſoever will come thither to ſee him, much leſs to pity him, and leaſt of all to relieve him. Only *Dorilla* (a filthy old Baud of his) more out of importunacy to her, than of courteſie or charity to him, although ſhe diſdain to go her ſelf into priſon to ſee *Caſtruchio*, yet ſhe is contented ſometimes to ſend him her Son *Bernardo*, a boy of ſome ſixteen years of age to go of his errands; ſo his neceſſity making his invention pregnant and clear-ſighted, after he had tried all his friends and acquaintance with Notes and Letters, which return ſtill empty fiſted, his memory at the laſt falls and pitcheth on *Borlary*, who (for the bloody reaſon formerly mentioned) he thinks the only fit man of the world to redreſs his wants, and to relieve his weather-beaten fortunes, and to him he often ſends *Bernardo* with many pitiful requeſts and intreaties for mony, but to write to him he dares not.

Borlary conſidering that he hath far more cauſe and reaſon to love *Caſtruchio* than to hate him, for that (by vertue of the premiſes) he ſees his own life to lie at the mercy of his tongue; although he rather wiſh him in Heaven than in Priſon, yet being extreamly covetous, and yet holding himſelf both in conſcience and diſcretion bound to relieve him; he therefore ſends him ſome ſmall ſums of mony, but no way enough to buy him Clothes, or to maintain his former prodigalities, but rather hardly ſufficient to maintain life in him, much leſs to cheriſh or pamper him. And ſo often doth *Caſtruchio* ſend the boy *Bernardo* to *Borlary* for money, that at laſt being weary thereof, and reſolute to part with no more money (God here makes his covetouſneſs partly the means to chalk out a way to his own confuſion) and he is reſolved neither to ſpeak nor ſee *Bernardo*, and to that effect gives order to his Servants: when little *Bernardo* ſeeing that he wears out his time, and his ſhoes in vain, to hunt after *Borlary*, whom he knows will not be ſpoken with by him: he tells *Caſtruchio* he will provide himſelf of another Meſſenger towards *Borlary*, for he will go no more to him, becauſe he ſees it is wholly impoſſible for him to ſpeak with him, And at this diſcourteſie of *Borlary*, *Caſtruchio* doth now bite his lip with diſcontent, and hang his head for anger, and from henceforth he begins to aſſume bad blood, and to conceive dangerous thoughts againſt him, but as yet the conſideration of his own ſafety or danger makes him patient and ſilent; But God will not have him to continue ſo long, for almoſt preſently we ſhall ſee his patience burſt forth into violence and impetuoſity, and his ſilence break out into extream choler and indignation againſt him.

His old Baud *Dorilla*, (as an expert Hag of her ſinful profeſſion) as often as ſhe hears or knows, that *Caſtruchio* had any mony from *Borlary*, ſo often would ſhe come to the Priſon to him, and ſpeedily carouſe and conſume it with him; but when by her ſon *Bernardo* ſhe ſees his purſe ſhut, that fountain exhauſted, and that her boy could no more ſee *Borlary* but by a wooden face, I mean his door ſhut, then ſhe (reſembling her ſelf) again forſakes *Caſtruchio*, and will neither ſee him nor come near his Priſon, ſo that at laſt he not ſeeing *Bernardo*, not once hearing from *Borlary* in three weeks, or well near a month together, and being ready to periſh, ſtarve and die under the heavy burthen and preſſure of his wants, he earneſtly ſends for *Dorilla* to come to him, and cauſeth her to be informed, that if ſhe will come to him and deliver a letter to a friend of his, he will ſpeedily ſend him ſome ſtore of mony, and then ſhe ſhall have a ſhare and part thereof; ſo when no other reſpect or conſideration will, then this of mony again brings this old filthy Beldam *Dorilla* to the priſon to *Caſtruchio*, who having provided her a Bottle of Wine, and five Gazettaes to drink by the way (thereby the more carefully to effect his buſineſs, he exceedingly incenſed with choler and revenge againſt *Borlary* for this ingratitude towards him) writes him this angry Letter, and deeply chargeth *Dorilla* with ſpeed, care, and ſecreſie to deliver it into *Borlary* his own hands and to no other, which Letter of his ſpake this language.

CASTRU-

CASTRUCHIO to BORLARY.

THou knoweſt that for three hundred Duckatoons which thou gaveſt me, I poyſoned Seignior Planeze *in a Vomit, and wilt thou be ſo hard and cruel-hearted againſt me to ſuffer me to die in Priſon for want of ſo ſmall a ſumm as twenty Duckatoons? I am made of the ſame fleſh and blood as thou art, and although my fortunes be low plunged, yet my heart is ſo high-ſeated and elevated, that I give thee to underſtand that I will rather conſent to be hanged than ſtarved. Wherefore becauſe my Tragedy will infallibly prove thine, if thou mean to prevent the one, and to ſecure thy ſelf from the other, fail not ſpeedily to ſend me the ſaid twenty Duckatoons by this bearer* Dorilla, *whom I have entruſted with my Letter faſt ſealed (and ſo mayeſt thou with thine) but for the ſecret therein (which thou wotteſt of) ſhe is wholly ignorant of it: In performing me this courteſie thou ſhalt not only tye my tongue and pen, but my heart and ſoul to ſilence, or elſe not. Amidſt thy wealth remember my poverty, which if thou forget, God hath reſerved me to make thee know, that thou doeſt not uſe, but abuſe it, and therein thy ſelf.*

CASTRUCHIO.

Dorilla received this Letter of *Caſtruchio*, ſhe puts it into her purſe and promiſeth him her beſt care and fidelity for the delivery thereof to *Seignior Borlary*, although ſhe confeſſeth that ſhe neither knew him nor his houſe: But ſee here the providence and mercy of God which clearly reſplends and ſhines in the deportment and action of this beaſtly old Bawd, for ſhe meeting with ſome of her Gameſters and Goſſips in the ſtreet (though contrary to the cuſtom of *Italy*) away they go to a Tavern, where they all ſwill their heads and brains with Wine, eſpecially *Dorilla*. So the day being far ſpent, her buſineſs for *Caſtruchio* is ended ere begun; for ſhe forgetting her ſelf cannot remember his Letter, but as faſt as her reeling legs will permit her, away ſhe ſpeeds towards her own houſe, which was half a mile off in the City. But when ſhe was in the ſtreets and had a little taken the Air, then ſhe calls *Caſtruchio*'s Letter to mind, and her promiſe to him to deliver it, but to whom (through her cups) ſhe hath quite forgotten; for ſhe cannot once hit on the name *Borlary*. But at laſt remembring the Letter to be in her Purſe and ſhe by this time in the midſt of the City, ſhe takes it out in her hand, and ſeeing a fair, yet ſorrowful young Lady to ſtand at the ſtreet door of her houſe all in mourning Attire, and no body near her, after ſhe had done her duty to her, ſhe reacheth her the Letter, and humbly requeſteth her to tell her the Gentlemans name to whom it was directed, when God out of the Profundity of his Power and Immenſity of his pleaſure, having ſo ordained and ordered it, that this fair young Lady was our ſweet *Feliſanna*, (who for the death of her dear Husband *Planeze*, hath dighted her ſelf all in mourning attire and apparel, thereby the better to make it correſpond with her heart:) Who reading the ſuperſcription thereof, and finding it directed to *Seignior Borlary* (by ſome motion or inſpiration from Heaven) her heart could not refrain from ſending all the blood of her body into her face, when demanding of this woman, From whom this Letter came: *Dorilla* (as drunken in her fidelity and innocency, as ſhe was guilty of drunkenneſs) tells her, that the Letter came from an Apothecary who lay in Priſon, named *Caſtruchio*: At the very repetition of which name, our *Feliſanna* again bluſhed, and then paleth, as if God had ſome news to reveal to her by this Letter, becauſe ſhe remembreth that this *Caſtruchio*, as we have formerly underſtood was the very ſame Apothecary who gave her Husband *Planeze* Phyſick a little before his death; Whereupon ſhe praying *Dorilla* to come with her into her houſe, becauſe ſhe purpoſely and politiquely affirmed ſhe could not read written hand her ſelf, but would pray her Father to do it; ſhe leaves her in the outer Hall, and her ſelf goes into the next room, where breaking up the Seals of this Letter, ſhe at the very firſt ſight had knowledge that her Husband was poyſoned, and by whom, and that God had now miraculouſly revealed it to her through the ignorance and drunkenneſs of this old woman, ſhe for meer grief and ſorrow, is ready to fall to the ground in a ſwound, had not her Father and ſome of his Servants, who over-hearing her paſſionate out-cries, come ſpeedily to her aſſiſtance; which yet could not awake *Dorilla*, who had no ſooner ſate her ſelf down in a chair in the Hall, but being top heavy with Wine, ſhe preſently fell aſleep. *Miniata* rouſing up his fainting and ſorrowful Daughter, brought her again to her ſelf; and ſeeing her in a bitter agony and paſſion of ſorrow, demands of her the cauſe thereof: When the briniſh tears trickling down her vermillion cheeks, ſhe croſſing her arms, and fixing her eyes towards Heaven, had the will, but not the power to ſpeak a word to him, but reacheth him the Letter to read; *Miniata* peruſing it, is as much aſtoniſhed with grief, as his Daughter is afflicted with ſorrow at this poyſoning of her Husband and his Son-in-Law *Planeze*; ſo in-

quiring of her who brought her this Letter, she after many sighs and pauses tells him, that it was the mercy and providence of the Lord, who sent it her by a drunken woman, who was forth in the Hall: they both go to her, and finding her fast sleeping and snoring, *Miniata* pulls her by the sleeve and wakes her, and then demands of her, before his Daughter and servants, where, and from whence she had this Letter; who as drunken as this Bawd is, she is constant in her first speech and confession to *Felisanna*, that she had it from *Castruchio* an Apothecary who lay in Prison, but she had forgotten to whom she was to deliver it, and then prays them both to deliver and give her back her Letter again. But *Miniata* seeing and knowing that it was the immediate finger of God which thus strangely had revealed this Murther of his Son-in-Law *Planeze*, he calls in two Gentlewomen his next Neighbours to comfort his Daughter *Felisanna*, and so leaving *Dorilla* to the Guard of two of his servants, he (with two other Gentlemen his Neighbours) takes his Coach, and having *Castruchio's* Letter in his hand, he drives away to the Stat-house, where he finds out the Podestate and Prefect of the City, and shewing him the Letter which revealed the poysoning and Poysoners of *Planeze* his Son-in-Law, they (in honour to Justice, and out of their respect to the sorrowful Lady his Daughter) take their Coaches, and return with *Miniata* home to his house: Where they examine the Lady *Felisanna*, and then *Dorilla*, who is constant in her first Deposition. Whereat these grave and old personages, wondring and admiring, that a Gentleman of *Borlary* his rank and quality, should make himself the guilty and bloody Author of so foul a murther; they likewise (admiring and blessing Gods providence in the detection thereof) do presently send away their Isbiers (or Sergeants) to apprehend *Borlary*; and so they go to their *Forum* (or seat of Justice) and speedily send away for *Castruchio*, to be brought from the Prison before them: Who at the very first news of their accusation of him, and the producing of his Letter to *Borlary*, curseth the person and name of this old Bawd *Dorilla*, who is the prime Author of his overthrow and death, and then confesseth himself to be the Actor, and *Seignior Borlary* to be the Author, cause, and instigator of this his poysoning of *Planeze*; but never puts his hand on his conscience and soul, that the strange detection of this lamentable murther came directly from Heaven, and from God.

The Sergeants (by order from the Podestate and Prefect) find *Borlary* in his own house ruffling in a new rich sute of Apparel, of black Sattin, trimmed with Gold-buttons, which he that day put on, and the next was determined to ride to the City of *Bergamo*, to seek in marriage a very rich young Widow, whose Husband lately died, drowning himself (as it were) in pleasure and security, without so much as once thinking of his poysoning of *Planeze*, or how he was revealed to be the Author thereof by *Castruchio* his Letter, sent unto him by *Dorilla*: He is amazed and astonished at this his apprehension, now beating his breast, and then repenting (when it was too late) that ever he imbrewed his hands in the innocent blood of *Planeze*. So both himself and *Castruchio* are brought to the Stat-house, where the Podestate and Prefect first examine them apart, and then confront them each with other. Where finding, that neither of them deny, but both of them do confess themselves guilty of this foul murther, they pronounce sentence of death against them, and condemn *Borlary* to have his head cut off, and then his body to be burnt, and *Castruchio* to be hanged, and his body to be thrown into the River of *Addice*, whereon he was first taken, the which, the next morning, was accordingly executed. All *Verona* is, as it were, but one tongue to talk and prattle of this foul and lamentable murther, and especially of God's miraculous detection thereof by this drunken Bawd *Dorilla*, who having heretofore often brought *Castruchio* to Whores willingly, now at last she brings him to the Gallows against her will. In the morning they are brought to their execution, where there flock and resort a world of Spectators from all parts of the City. And although the charity of their Judges send them Priests and Friers to direct their Souls for Heaven, yet this miserable wretch, *Castruchio* seeming no way repentant and sorrowful for this his foul fact, uttered a short Prayer to himself, and so caused the Top-man to turn him over, which he did, and within two hours after his body was thrown into the River. But for *Borlary*, he came to the Scaffold better resolved and prepared, for with grief in his looks, and tears in his eyes, he thereupon delivered this short and religious speech.

That he grieved in his heart, and was sorrowful in his Soul, for this lamentable murther of his, committed on the person of *Planeze*, as also for seducing of *Castruchio* to effect it by poyson, for whose death he affirmed, he was likewise exceedingly afflicted and sorrowful; That it was the Temptations of the Flesh and the Devil, who first drew him fulfully to affect the fair, chast, and virtuous Lady, *Felisanna*, and consequently to murther her Husband, in full hope afterwards to obtain her for his wife, or for his Courtesan

teſan: That he was infinitely ſorrowful for theſe his enormous crimes, for the which he religiouſly asked forgiveneſs, firſt of God, and then of the Lady *Feliſanna*, and likewiſe prayed all thoſe that were there preſent, to pray unto God for his Soul; that he was more careful of his reputation towards men, than of his ſalvation towards God; and that his neglect of Prayer, and of the participation of the bleſſed Sacrament of the Euchariſt, was the original cauſe of this his miſery. So again commending himſelf to the Prayers, and recommending his ſinful, yet ſorrowful ſoul into the hands of his Redeemer, the Sword of the Executioner at one blow made a perpetual divorce between his Soul and his body, which pious and courteous ſpeech of his, was as great a conſolation to the vertuous, at his death; as that of *Caſtruchio* was a terrour to the vicious Spectators and Auditors: So to confirm the ſentence, the dead body of *Borlary* is preſently burnt.

And thus was the bloody lives and deſerved deaths of theſe three irreligious and unfortunate perſons: Of *Romeo* the Lacquy. Of *Borlary* the Gentleman; and of *Caſtruchio* the Apothecary. And in this manner did the juſtice of the Lord of Hoſts (in due time) juſtly triumph o're their execrable crimes in their ſharp puniſhments, and ſhameful ends. Pray we that we may read this their Hiſtory with fear, and, as religious and Godly Chriſtians, remember their lamentable murthers with horrour and deteſtation.

GOD'S Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

HISTORY XIX.

Baumarays *and his Brother* Montagne, *kill* Champigny *and* Marin (*his Second*) *in a Duel*; Blancheville (*the widow of* Champigny) *in revenge thereof, hireth* Le Valley (*ſervant to* Beaumarays) *to murther his ſaid Maſter with a Piſtol, which he doth; for the which* Le Valley *is broken on the Wheel, and* Blancheville *hanged for the ſame.*

LET all Religious Chriſtians examine their hearts and ſouls, with what face we can tread on Earth, or look up to Heaven, when we ſtab at the Majeſty of God, in killing and murthering Man, his Image, a bloody crime, ſo repugnant to nature, as reaſon abhors it, a ſcarlet and crying ſin ſo oppoſite to Grace, as God and his Angels deteſt it. And yet if ever Europe were ſtained or ſubmerged with it, now it is; for as a ſwift current, or rather as a furious torrent, it now flows, and overflows in moſt Kingdoms, Countries and Cities thereof, inſomuch as (in deſpight of divine and human Laws) it is now (almoſt) generally grown to a wretched cuſtom, and that almoſt to a ſecond nature. A fatal example whereof, this enſuing Hiſtory will report and relate us. Wherein God's Juſtice hath ſo ſharply and ſeverely puniſhed the perpetraters thereof, that if we either acknowledge God for our Father, or our ſelves for his children and ſervants, it will teach us to be leſs revengeful, and more charitable by their unfortunate ends, and deplorable judgments.

I will now relate a ſad and bloody Hiſtory, which betided in the fair City of *Chartres* (the Capital of the fertile Country of *Beauſſe*) ſo famous for her ſumptuous Cathedral Church, dedicated to the bleſſed *Virgin Mary*, as alſo that *Henry* the Fourth (that great King, and unparalleld Captain of *France*) during the combuſtions of the League, was (deſpight of the League) crowned therein. In which fair and pleaſant City, as there ſtill dwell ſome Noble-

men,

men and many Gentlemen, in reſpect of the ſweet air, and goodly Champaign Country thereabouts (ſecond for that to no other in *France*.) So of late years there reſided two rich and brave young Gentlemen, well deſcended, being both of them heirs to their two deceaſed Fathers. The one of them named *Mounſieur de Champigny*, and the other *Mounſieur de Beaumarays*, and their Demains and Lands lay within ſeven Leagues of this City, in the way towards *Vendoſme*. Now the better to ſee them in their true and natural Characters; They were both of them tall and ſlender, and of fair and ſanguine complexions, and very near of an age; For *Champigny* was twenty ſix years old, and *Beaumarays* twenty four, and yet the laſt had a Beard, and the firſt none; and of the two, *Champigny* was by far the richer, but *Beaumarays* the nobler deſcended. Now to lay this Hiſtory upon its proper ſeat, and natural foundation, we muſt underſtand that there was a very rich Counſeller of the Preſidial-Court of *Chartres*, named *Mounſieur de Roſaire*, whoſe wife being dead, left him no other child, but one fair young Daughter, of the age of ſome eighteen years, named *Madamoyſelle de Blancheville*, very tall and ſlender of ſtature, and of a wan and pale complexion, and a coal black hair and eye-brows, and of deportment and geſture infinitely proud, coy, and imperious, to whom at one time both theſe our two Gentlemen, *Champigny* and *Beaumarays* were importunate Sutors, and paſſionate Rivals to marry her, inſomuch as the one of them could difficultly be abſent from the Fathers houſe, and Daughters company, but the other was preſent, which ingendred ſome malice, but more emulation between them. But in the end (after a whole years re-ſearch and more) as the Willow was deſtined and reſerved for *Beaumarays*, ſo was the Laurel for *Champigny*; for, to his joy, *Blancheville*'s deſire, and her Fathers content he marries her. Whereat *Beaumarays*, knowing his Birth to be more noble and his breeding far more generous than that of *Champigny*) though not in outward ſhew, yet in inward ſenſe) was extreamly diſcontented and ſorrowful, but remedy it he could not.

In ſuch, and the like refuſing accidents, diſcretion is ever far better than paſſion, and contempt than care. But *Beamarays* cannot, or at leaſt will not, be of this temper. He forſakes reaſon to fly to choler, and ſo loſeth his real and ſolid judgment, in the Labyrinth of her imaginary beauty. For being at ſupper in company of ſome five or ſix Gentlemen, where mention was made of *Blancheville*, he tranſported with malice and revenge toward her, forgat himſelf ſo far, as (between jeſt and earneſt) to let fall theſe indiſcreet and raſh words, *That ſhe was more diſdainful than chaſte*; a ſpeech which he ſhall have time enough both to remember and repent. The honour of Ladies and Gentlewomen ought ſtill to be dear and precious to all Gentlemen of Honour, becauſe their loſs thereof can ſeldom be repaired, but never ſo well or ſo fully recovered, but that there ſtill remains ſome ſtain or blemiſh thereof. This underſerved ſcandal of *Beaumarays* to his *Quondam*-Miſtreſs, *Blancheville*, falls not to the ground, for the iniquity of our times, and the depravation of our manners are ſuch, as there are few companies without a fool or a Traitor to their friends, and ſome are accompanied with both. *Mounſieur Marin*, a Gentleman of *Chartres* (more vain than honeſt) will make himſelf one of this laſt number, for he being ambitiouſly deſirous to skrew himſelf into the favour and familiarity of *Blancheville* (whom from her infancy he affected and loved) reports and tells her this ſpeech of *Beaumarays*, whereat ſhe is exceedingly incenſed and exaſperated: But for that time (as a true woman) ſhe diſſembles her malice and revenge towards him, and ſo rakes up the memory thereof in the embers of ſilence; but yet with this condition and reſervation, that hereafter ſhe will take a time to make it flame forth (towards him) with more violence and impetuoſity.

In the mean time, there falls out an unexpected and untimely difference between her Husband and *Beaumarays*, whereat ſhe is ſo far from grieving, as ſhe rejoyceth: *Beaumarays* quarrelleth with him for his priority and precedency of ſeats in the Church (as being both of one Pariſh) as alſo for that he takes the holy Bread firſt, and goes before him in all Proceſſions, as pretending it due to him by his right of extraction and propriety. *Champigny* is of too high a grain to yeild that to him which he never yeilded, and is therefore reſolute to juſtifie his equality of birth, and conſequently not to wrong his Anceſtors in himſelf. When ſeeing *Beaumarays* paſſionately bent to maintain and preſerve that which he had undertaken, he flies to Juſtice, and ſo preſently puts him in ſuit of Law for the ſame in the Préſidial Court of that City. *Blancheville* (whoſe pride in her ſelf exceeded her birth, and whoſe malice and revenge towards *Beaumarays*, at the leaſt ſurmounted her diſcretion and reaſon) brings no water to quench, but oyl to inflame this quarrel betwixt him and her husband, when ſeeing them already entred into a deep proceſs of Law, ſhe diſdaining to ſee her ſelf thus abuſed, and her husband thus wronged by him, can reap no truce of her thoughts, nor they any peace of her choler, before ſhe have written him theſe lines.

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BLANCHEVILLE to BEAUMRAYS.

WAS it not enough for thee to have heretofore wronged mine honour in thy falſe and ſcandalous ſpeeches to Monſieur Marin, *and others, but that thou muſt now attempt to diſgrace my Husband in the Church? And becauſe theſe crimes of thine are ſo unjuſt and odious, as they deſerve acknowledgment and ſatisfaction from a far better Gentleman than thy ſelf; therefore I ſpeedily expect the performance thereof from thee, either by thy Letter or preſence, which if thou deny us, we will make thee know, what it is, to abuſe thy ſelf and us, in points of theſe high natures; whereof the firſt cannot, the ſecond will not admit of any other excuſe or expiation. But to write thee now the truth of my mind, as thou haſt heretofore vented me the malice of thy heart, I have not as yet acquainted my Husband herewith, or with this my Letter. Conſider therefore ſeriouſly with thy ſelf, what thou haſt to do herein, for the vindecation of my honour, and thine own diſcretion, and as ſoon as I receive thine anſwer and reſolution, I will not fail ſpeedily to return thee mine.*

BLANCHEVILLE.

Having written this her Letter, ſhe is irreſolute with her ſelf, by whom to ſend it him; but at laſt ſhe ſends it by her Chamber-maid *Martha*, to whom only ſhe entruſteth this great ſecret, and chargeth her to deliver it to *Beaumarays* his own hands, and to crave his anſwer thereof. *Martha* being a witty fair maid, of ſome two and twenty years of age, goes to *Beaumarays* houſe, and ſpeaks with a young man of his, named *Le Valley*, who tells her, that his Maſter is now buſie with two Gentlemen in his Study, and that ſhe ſhall immediatly ſpeak with him as ſoon as they depart. In the interim, his eyes cannot refrain from amorouſly gazing and ranging upon the excellency of her bluſhing beauty, and upon her ſweet Vermilion cheeks, great roling eyes, and flaxen hair, wherewith his heart at the very firſt encounter, is ſurprized and raviſhed. Here *Le Valley* kiſſeth and rekiſſeth *Martha*; and entertains her with much prattle, and many pleaſant love-ſpeeches, yea, then and there loves her ſo dearly, as he vows ſhe ſhall remain his Miſtreſs, and he her ſervant till death. So ſome half an hour after the two Gentlemen take leave of his maſter, and then *La Valley* brings *Martha* to him, who orderly delivers him her Miſtreſſes Letter and meſſage: ſo he wondring at the laſt, receives the firſt, leaves her in the Hall with his man *La Valley*, and ſo ſteps to his Study, and with much admiration, and more laughter, peruſeth this Letter. Here he accuſeth his own indiſcretion, in ſpeaking againſt *Blancheville*'s chaſtity, and exceedingly condemneth *Marins* treachery in revealing to her. Once he was opinion to have returned her his anſwer by Letter, but at laſt ſcorning her and that reſolution, he then contrariwiſe reſolves to anſwer her with ſilence, and ſo ſteps forth to *Martha*, and with a diſdainful frowning look, bids her tell her miſtreſs from him, that her malicious proud, and fooliſh Letter ſhall have no other anſwer from him, but contempt and ſilence. *Martha* yet holds it her duty to pray him for his anſwer in writing to her miſtreſs, but *Beaumarays* his firſt reſolution is his laſt; ſo ſhe departeth from him infinitely diſcontented. But the Maſter is not ſo unkind to *Martha*, as his man *La Valley* is courteous; for he being deeply enamoured of her beauty, brings her the one half of her way home, and goes into a Mercers ſhop, buys her a fair pair of Gloves; and as the pledg of his future affection, beſtows them on her, the which (without farther excuſe or ceremony) ſhe thankfully accepteth, and promiſeth him to wear them for his ſake. *Martha* returning home to her Lady and Miſtreſs, ſhe delivers her *Beaumarays* his anſwer, *verbatim* as he told it her, but no Letter. *Blancheville* ſeeing her ſelf thus wronged and ſlighted of him, in that he diſdaineth to give her any ſatisfaction, and which is worſe, that he peremptorily refuſeth and ſcorneth to anſwer her Letter; ſhe is ſo ſtrangely tranſported with malice and choler towards him for the ſame, as ſhe vows to cry quittance, and to be revenged of him; but as yet ſhe knows not in what manner to perform and perpetrate it: only ſhe again reſolves not as yet to acquaint her Husband therewith, but to attend and watch for ſome deſired opportunity.

Two years are almoſt paſt away, wherein *Beaumarays* and *Champigny* (to their great coſt and charge) do vehemently conteſt in Law about their Church-quarrel for precedency, but they do it far more out of malice towards themſelves, than any way of piety towards God, And as moſt of the great Judicial Courts of *France* are too too frequently oppreſſed with Law-ſutes of this nature; ſo I may affirm with as much truth as pity, that this is a fatal rock, whereon many hot contentious *French* ſpirits do moſt inconſiderately ſuffer ſhipwrack. At the end of which time (as the loſs of the one party proves ſtill the gain of the other) the Preſidial Court of *Chartres* pronounceth ſentence in favour of *Beaumarays*, adjudging him the

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him the precedency in the Church, and condemning *Champigny* in five hundred Crowns Charge and damage, to *Beaumarays*. This thundering ſentence ſo prejudicial and contrary to *Champigny* his proud wives hopes and expectation, drives him into extream choler, and her out of all patience towards *Champigny*. He bites his lip with grief, and his wife is enflamed with rage at the report and knowledge hereof: And although he were once minded to appeal from this ſentence of the Preſidial Court of *Chartres*, to the Court of Parliament at *Paris*, yet being powerfully diverted by his beſt friends, he as ſoon abandoneth as embraceth that reſolution. He cannot ſee *Beaumarays* but with envy, nor his wife hear ſpeak of him, but with infinite malice and deteſtation. She is all bent on revenge towards him, and with her ſpeeches and actions, both day and night precipitates her Husband onwards to it. And now her old grudge and malice againſt him begins afreſh to revive and floriſh, and now ſhe thinks it a very fit time and opportunity, to acquaint her Husband with *Beaumarays* his baſe and ſcandalous ſpeeches againſt her honour, the which with much paſſion, and many tears ſhe effects, and alſo ſhews him the Copy of her Letter, which ſhe ſent him by her maid *Martha*, whereunto ſhe informs him, he diſdainfully returned her no anſwer, but contempt and ſilence. *Champigny* is ſo deeply incenſed hereat againſt *Beaumarays*, as his wife needs not many words or circumſtances to induce and perſwade him to revenge it on him: When preſently he being as incapable of delay, as of better advice and counſel, he finds out *Marin*, who (more in love to *Blancheville*, than in hatred to *Beaumarays*) confirms as much to him, as he would have him affirm. Now, as *Blancheville* thinks that her Husband *Champigny* will queſtion *Beaumarays* by the Law of Juſtice, for this his crime towards her: He (as a valiant and Generous Gentleman) flies a higher pitch, and aſſumes a contrary reſolution, to do it by that of his ſword. When having prayed and procured *Marin* to be his Second, and they both agreeing to fight on horſe-back, he (conſulting with nature, and not with grace) the very next morning by *Seron* his foot-man, ſends *Beaumarays* this Challenge.

CHAMPIGNY to BEAUMARAYS.

AS thy knowledge is Judge, ſo Mounſieur Marin *is witneſs, what baſe and ignoble ſpeeches thou haſt falſly vomited forth againſt the honour and chaſtity of my wife. And becauſe crimes of this nature are ſtill odious to men, and execrable to God, and no way to be tolerated by a friend, much leſs to be digeſted and ſuffered by a Husband: Therefore thank thy ſelf, if (for reparation hereof) thy folly now call on my valour, to invite thee and thy Second, to meet me and mine, with your Swords on horſe-back, on Tueſday next, betwixt ſix and ſeven in the morning, without the North-hedge of the very firſt Vineyard beyond the River, where you ſhall find we will attend you, and comparing the equity of my cauſe, to the injuſtice and infidelity of thine, it makes me fully confident, that the iſſue of this Duel will prove glorious for me, and ſhameful and ruinous for thy ſelf.*

CHAMPIGNY.

Seron (according to his charge and duty) finds out *Beaumarays* in his own houſe, and very ſecretly gives him his Maſters Letter; who much muſing thereat, ſteps to the window, and there privately reads it to himſelf: When bluſhing and ſmiling to ſee the bold folly of *Champigny*, the fooliſh malice of his wife *Blancheville*, and the baſe treachery of *Marin* towards him; he is ſo couragious and generous, as he diſdains to be out braved by any man whatſoever in the point of honour, (which he eſteems far dearer and precious than his life): eſpecially by *Champigny*, whom he holds to be much his inferiour in valour and blood. He therefore trips to his Study, and writes *Champigny* this Letter, the which he returns by his foot-man in anſwer of his.

BEAUMARAYS to CHAMPIGNY.

AS I will not make my ſelf Judge, ſo I deſire not to be Witneſs either of thy wifes chaſtity or unchaſtity. It is ſufficient for me to leave her to her ſelf, and her ſelf to thee; Marin *ſhall have time enough to repent his treachery towards me, and thou to exchange thy jealouſie into Judgment. But becauſe I ſee thy choler now exceeds all the bounds of reaſon, for that thou art ſo inconſiderately and raſhly audacious, to ſeek and preſerve thy wifes honour with the loſs and ruin of mine; know therefore, that to cheriſh and maintain it equally with my life, I cheerfully accept thy challenge, and do hereby give thee to underſtand, that I with my ſecond, will at the time and place appointed, meet thee and thine on horſe back, where we doubt not but to acquit our ſelves, as our ſelves, and to make thee and thine acknowledge, that our Swords are compoſed of a good temper, and our hearts of a better; and conſequenſly, that you may, perchance, meet with your ſuperiours, as well in valour as in blood and extraction.*

BEAUMARAYS.

He

He hath no ſooner ended this his Letter, but he preſently begins to think of his ſecond, when calling to mind, that his own younger Brother *Le Montagne*, (a young Gentleman of ſome twenty years of age) is brave and valiant, and that he hath already fought two Duels, and in both of them came off with honour, he ſends for him to his cloſet, and there ſhews him *Champigny* his challenge, and his anſwer thereunto, and demands of him if he have any ſtomack to ſecond him at this feaſt; his Brother *Montagne* highly applauds his generous reſolution for accepting this challenge, thanks him for the honour and favour he now doth him, in making him his ſecond; vows, that if he had many lives as he hath but one, he is ready to ſacrifice them all at his feet and ſervice, and couragiouſly tells him, he ſhould have taken it for a ſenſible affront, diſgrace, and injury, if he had made choice of any other than himſelf: So they both prepare their Horſes, Swords, and courages againſt the approaching time, and no leſs doth *Champigny* and *Marin*,

Beaumarays and his Brother *Montagne* conceal this buſineſs from all the world; and *Champigny* bears it ſo cloſe and ſecret, as he makes not his ambitious and malicious Wife acquainted therewith, but in favour of his love to her beauty, and reputation to himſelf, ſmothers it up in ſilence. *Tueſday* morning being come, our four impatient champions are in the field at their rendezvous, firſt arrived *Champigny* and *Marin*, and preſently after them, *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne*, all of them being bravely mounted upon neighing and trampling courſers: At their entrance, *Marin* comes with a ſoft trot towards *Beaumarays*, thinking to apologize himſelf to him; But *Beaumarays* is ſo brave and generous, as he is deaf to his ſpeeches, and will not hear him, but tells him, that it is Sword not Tongues, which muſt now decide their difference, and prove him innocent or guilty; So *Marin* miſſing of his aim, he returns again upon the ſame trot to *Champigny*, and now, according to the order and nature of Duels, it is ordered between theſe four deſperate Gentlemen, that their principals ſhall ſearch the ſeconds, and the ſeconds the principals, to ſee whether their doublets were any more than Sword-proof, but they might well have ſaved themſelves that labour, for they are all of them too noble and valiant, any way to taint their reputations and honours with the leaſt ſhadow or tincture of cowardice, ſo they caſt off their doublets, divide themſelves, and then draw, and the firſt that muſt and will try their fortunes, are *Champigny* and *Beaumarays* (who being ſome fourſcore paces off) they give ſpurs and reins to their horſes, and part as ſwift as the wind, or rather ſo furiouſly and ſuddenly, as two claps of thunder, or flaſhes of lightning: At their firſt encounter, *Beaumarays* runs *Champigny* through his ſhirt-band, into his right ſide of his neck, and *Champigny* him into his left ſhoulder, whereat reciprocally inflamed as Lyons, they make ſhort turns with their horſes, and ſo fall to it amain with their ſwords, when again *Beaumarays* gives *Champigny* two other wounds, and he returns him one in counter-exchange, whereof neither of them being mortal, they again divide themſelves to breathe, which having done, and both of them as yet unſatisfied, they meet the ſecond time; at which cloſe, *Champigny* miſſeth *Beaumarays*, and hurts his horſe in the neck, but *Beaumarays* gives *Champigny* a lick with his Sword ore his forehead, (which bled exceedingly) but yet they are too couragious to deſiſt, as ſcorning, rather than caring for the number of their wounds. They to it again the third time, which proves as fortunate for *Beaumarais*, as fatal to *Champigny*; for as his Horſe ſtumbleth on his fore-feet, *Beaumarais* in his bending, runs him thorow the body, a little above his left Pap, where his Sword meeting and cutting the ſtrings of his heart, he preſently, in a fainting and faltering language ſpake theſe his laſt words; *Beaumarais, I forgive thee my death, and God be merciful unto my Soul*, and with the ſame, fell ſtark dead from his horſe to the ground; When *Beaumarais*, as a noble Gentleman, leapt preſently from his horſe to his aſſiſtance, and ſo did his own ſecond, *Marin*, but their charity and care to him was in vain, for already life had forſaken his body, and conſequently, his ſoul was fled to his place: So he lies there gored in his blood, and whiles *Marin* was covering of his breathleſs body with his Cloak, *Beaumarais* ſheaths up his Sword, and with hands and eyes elevated to Heaven, rendereth thanks to God for this his victory.

No ſooner hath *Montagne* congratulated with his brother *Beaumarais* for his good fortune, but with a heart and courage worthy of himſelf, he calls out to his Rival *Marin*, and bids him prepare to fight; When his Brother *Beaumarais* notwithſtanding his loſs of much blood, doth infinitely deſire to ſpare his Brother *Montagne* from fightning with *Marin*, and ſo to perform it himſelf. But *Montagne* is too couragious and generous either to underſtand this motion, or to reliſh this language from his Brother, and ſo in hot words and high terms he peremptorily tells him: *That he came to fight with* Marin, *and fight he would*: whereupon his Brother *Beaumarais* gives him his prayers, commits him to his good fortune, and ſo with his Cloak muffled about him ſits down a Spectator to their combat: When *Montagne* remounting

mounting his Steed, he calls out again to *Marin* and bids him to prepare to fight.

Marin no way appalled or daunted with the unfortunate diſaſter of his principal, but rather the more exaſperated and incouraged thereat, he as a valiant Gentleman vows to ſell and requite his death dearly on the life of his adverſary *Montagne*: to which end they divide themſelves and draw, and ſo part each towards other, I know not whether with more ſwiftneſs or courage; At their firſt encounter *Marin* runs *Montagne* into the ſmall of the belly of a ſlight wound, and in exchange he cuts *Marin* a great ſlaſh on his left cheek, which hangs down and bleeds exceedingly; When preſently cloſing again, *Montagne* runs *Marin* into the right thigh, and he him in requital into the right arm, and then they divide themſelves to take breath, and for all theſe their wounds being as yet incapable to appeaſe or ſatisfie their courages, they preſently determine again to fall to it with bravery and reſolution; When behold the Marqueſs of *Bellary* (the Titular King of *Ivetot*) with two Lords his ſons, and their train paſſeth that way from *Chartres* to go to *Paris*, and ſeeing two Gentleman on Horſeback in their ſhirts with their Swords drawn, he judgeth it a Duel, when he and his two Sons gallop into the little meddow joyning to the Vineyard to prevent and part them, but they came too late, for *Montagne* and *Marin* ſeeing them ſwiftly galloping towards them, they (to prevent them) with more haſt than good ſpeed, ſet Spurs to their horſes the ſooner, at this their ſecond meeting *Montagne* warding *Marin*'s ſword, and putting it by, doth at the very ſame inſtant run him thorow the body a little below his Navel, of which mortal wound he fell preſently from his Horſe dead to the ground, uttering only theſe wordss: O Mountagne *thou haſt ſlain me: Thou haſt ſlain me, God receive my Soul*: and then and there without ſpeaking a word more, immediatly died.

No ſooner hath *Montagne* wiped and ſheathed up his Sword, but his joyful Brother *Beaumarays* gallops up to him, and cheerfully congratulates with him for the ſame: When inſtanty the Marqueſs of *Bellary*, and the two Lords his Sons, arrive to them though a little too late; They are aſtoniſhed to ſee two proper Gentlemen lie there ſlain in the field, and reeking in their hot blood; when turning to *Beaumarays* and his Brother *Montagne*, whom they knew, they congratulate with them for their victories, and the Marqueſs, as briefly as his time and their wounds will permit, enquires of them the cauſe of their quarrel, and the manner and particulars of their combat, whereof being fully informed and ſatisfied by them, he ſends the dead bodies of *Champigny* and *Marin* to *Chartres* in his Coach; And underſtanding by *Beaumarays* and his Brother *Montagne*, that for the preſervation of their ſafeties and lives, they were reſolved to leave *Chartres* and *Beauſſe*, and ſo thwarting o're *Normandy* by *Evereux* and *Leſieux*, to imbark themſelves for *Caen*, and thence to paſs the Seas into *England*, till their friends in their abſence had procured their grace and pardons from the King, as alſo that they were deſtitute both of Chirurgions to dreſs their wounds, and of a guide to conduct them thither; He very nobly gave them his own Chirurgion and guide, and promiſing them likewiſe to labour with the King to the utmoſt of his power, for their peace, he paſſeth on his Journey, and commits them to their beſt fortune. A ſingular, yea, an honourable courteſie of this brave old Marqueſs of *Bellary*, whoſe deſerts and fame I ſhould much wrong, if I gave not the relation and memory of his name a place in this Hiſtory.

Whiles thus the Marqueſs of *Bellary* is travelling towards *Paris*, and *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne* poſting for *Caen*, come we briefly to *Chartres*, which now reſounds and rattles with the report and iſſue of this combat, where Gentlemen and Citizens, and all (according to their paſſions and affections) ſpeak differently thereof; ſome condemn the vanity of *Beaumarays*, others the folly and treachery of *Marin*, but all do highly extol the courage and generoſity of *Champigny* and *Montagne*. But leave we them to their cenſures, and come we again to ſpeak of *Blancheville*, who takes the news of this untimely death of her Husband ſo tenderly and ſorrowfully, that ſhe is ready to drown her ſelf in tears; It is not only a grief to her heart to ſee, but a terrour to her conſcience, to know, that her Husband *Champigny*, and her friend *Marin*, have both of them loſt their lives for her ſake, and when again ſhe falls on the conſideration and remembrance, that the firſt died by the hand and Sword of *Beaumarays*, her mortal enemy, and the ſecond by that of his Brother *Montagne*, then ſhe is again ready to burſt her heart and breaſt with ſighing thereat. She is ſo uncapable of Counſel, as ſhe will hear of no conſolation, nor ſpeak of any thing but of her malice and revenge towards *Beaumarays*; and to write the truth, this implacable wrath and revenge of hers to him, takes up all her thoughts and ſpeeches, her contemplations and actions, and both her time and her ſelf. To which end ſhe converts moſt of her Corn and Wine into mony; goes to *Paris*, caſts her ſelf at the King's feet, and to the feet of that great and illuſtrious Court of *Parliament* for Juſtice, againſt *Beaumarays*, the murtherer of her Husband, the which a-

gain and again, ſhe aloud reſounds and ecchoes forth to their ears; yea, her rage is ſo great, and her malice ſo outragious towards him, that notwithſtanding his body is abſent, yet ſhe ſpends five hundred Crowns in Law to have him according to the Law and Cuſtom of *France* to be hanged up in *effigie*: But although her ſuit be juſt, yet (by reaſon of his great friends in Court) ſhe ſees her ſelf ſo unfortunate, that ſhe cannot obtain it. Whereupon, after twelve months vain ſtay in *Paris*, and a profuſe expenſe of mony, ſhe (with much grief and ſorrow) ſecretly vows to her ſelf, that if ever he returns again to *Chartres*, or which is more, into *France*, that ſhe her ſelf will be both his Judge and Executioner, by revenging her Husbands death in his, and from this helliſh reſolution of hers, ſhe deeply ſwears, that neither Earth nor Heaven ſhall divert her.

Now, to follow the natural ſtream and tide of this Hiſtory: We muſt again bring *Beaumarays* and his Brother *Montagne* on the Stage thereof: For the Reader muſt underſtand, that their wounds being dreſſed and ſecured, having beſtowed both their horſes on the Chirurgion and guide, the two ſervants of the aforeſaid Marqueſs of *Bellary*, and likewiſe written him a thankful Letter for his honourable courteſie extended to them, and therewith likewiſe prayed to ſolicite the King for their Grace and pardon in their abſence, they privately (without any followers) embark themſelves upon an Engliſh Veſſel at *Caen*, and ſo with a proſperous gale arrive at *Rie*, and from thence take horſe for *London*, where they ſettle up their abode and reſidence, from whence *Beaumarays* ſends to *Chartres* for two of his Footmen, and his Brother *Montagne* for one of his, which come over to *London* to them ſome ſix weeks after, and bring their Maſters word how earneſtly and violently their adverſaries follow the rigour and ſeverity of the Law againſt them in *Paris*, but eſpecially againſt *Beaumarays*; they receive theſe advertiſements from their ſervants and friends, rather with grief than contempt, and therefore to prevent their malice, and their own diſgrace and danger, they often write from *London* to *Paris*, to the Marqueſs of *Bellary*, and likewiſe to the Biſhop of *Chartres* (their dear friend and Kinſman) to haſten their pardons from the King: So that Noble Lord, and this Reverend Prelate, pitying their danger and abſence as much as they wiſh their ſafety and return, take time at advantage, and the King in a well diſpoſed humour, and ſo do moſt effectually and powerfully acquaint his Majeſty, how theſe two abſent Gentlemen and Brothers, *Beaumarays* and *Montagne*, were without juſt cauſe or reaſon, provoked to this unfortunate combat by their Adverſaries, that they were the Challenged, not the Challengers: that heretofore they had never committed any act unworthy either of their honour, or of themſelves: That they had formerly received many wounds in his Majeſties Wars; and that their valour and courage was ſuch, that in theſe times, which threatned more trouble than promiſed Peace, they would undoubtedly prove happy and neceſſary members for his ſervice, with many other prevailing motives and reaſons conducing that way; which at laſt ſo weigh down the heart and mind of the King, that he freely conceded and gave them their pardons under his great Seal, the which to make the more authentical, they cauſed them to be enregiſtred and confirmed by the Court of Parliament of *Paris*, and thereupon both the Marqueſs and Biſhop joyntly and ſpeedily write to them thereof from *Paris*. And after ſome few months of their ſtay in *London*, they ſend them over theſe their Pardons, which are delivered to them by the Earl of *Tillieres*, then ordinary Embaſſadour there for this preſent French King, *Lewis* XIII. the which they receive with infinite honour, content, and joy.

This good news of theirs makes them now like the air of *France*, better than that of *England*. So they ſpeedily pack up their baggage, leave *London*, and with all celerity poſt away to *Dover*, *Calis*, and *Paris*. Where being arrived, the firſt thing they do, they find out the Marqueſs of *Bellary*, and the Biſhop of *Chartres*, to whom they owe their peace, as they do their lives to the King: to whom they expreſs a thouſand demonſtrations of thankfulneſs for this their honour and favour ſhewed them. They likewiſe burn with deſire to teſtifie ſo much, to the King, when the Marqueſs, ſeconded by the Biſhop, preſents them to his Majeſty, who falling to his feet, he gives them his Royal hand to kiſs. They can better expreſs their thankfulneſs in deeds than words to him, and in language of their ſwords, than in that of their tongues: Only they tell his Majeſty, that having received their lives of his meer clemency and Royal favour, they moſt humbly therefore implore him to grant them the favour and honour, that they may ſpend and end them in his ſervice. He allows of their zeal and humility, and to redouble his favour, he gives them again his Hand to kiſs, adding farther to them, that it is rather likely than impoſſible, that he ſhall ſhortly have occaſion to uſe their Swords and Service, and ſo diſmiſſeth them.

Theſe our two Brothers remain a month in *Paris*, wherein almoſt daily they render their thankful reſpects and ſervice to the Marqueſs and Biſhop, at the end whereof leaving their

duties

duties, and receiving their commands, they take horſe and return home for *Chartres*, (from which by reaſon of their diſaſter they have been ſo long abſent) where all their Kinſfolks and Friends welcome them home with infinite delight and joy, yea, almoſt all *Chartres* and the Gentlemen thereabouts, exceedingly rejoyce at their fortunate and ſafe returns. Only the Parents of *Marin* do envy *Montagne* deeply, and *Blancheville* the ſorrowful and incenſed Widow of *Champigny* hates *Beaumarays* deadly. As for *Montagne*, he makes ſuch good means and friends, that in leſs than two months he obtains a perfect reconciliation of the firſt; but although *Beaumarays* have made many fair overtures and proffers of atonement by his friends to the ſecond, yet in ſix months he ſees it wholly impoſſible for him to procure it of her, and which is worſe, ſhe is ſtill ſo outragious and revengeful towards him, that he thinks he never ſhall; for ſhe diſdains to ſee him, and ſcorns to hear of him: and ſtill her malice and indignation againſt him, makes her conſtant in her former helliſh and bloody reſolution, that by one means or other ſhe will e're long murther him, as he hath her Husband: A fearful and moſt execrable reſolution, every way unworthy the heart of a Gentlewoman, and far more the Soul of a Chriſtian.

In the former part of this Hiſtory we have underſtood the affection of *Le Valley* (*Beaumarays* his man) to *Martha*, *Blancheville*'s Chamber maid. In the middle thereof we have remarked and ſeen the implacable intended malice and revenge of *Blancheville* towards *Beaumarays*. And we ſhall not go far before the end hereof will inform us what mournful fruits, and deplorable effects, theſe different accidents and perſons will procure us.

As there is no love to that of a man, ſo I am of opinion, that there is no malice comparable to that of a woman, and if the truth deceive not my judgment herein, I believe we ſhall ſhortly ſee the Antitheſis of this Poſition made good and verified in the perſons of *Le Valley*, and *Blancheville*. For whiles *Le Valley* is lovingly thinking and inventing all poſſible means how he may marry *Martha*; ſo is *Blancheville* maliciouſly pondering and ruminating with her ſelf how or by what means or agents ſhe may murther *Beaumarays*. Thus we ſee that the heart of the firſt it is full of kindneſs and courteſie, as the mind and reſolutions of the ſecond is of cruelty and blood. Now the Reader for his better information, will I hope remember, that in all this time of two years and upwards, ſince *Le Valley* firſt ſaw and ſpake with his ſweet-heart *Martha*, in his Maſter's houſe, that there hath paſt many love tokens between them, but as yet he could never draw her conſent to marry him; for ſtill ſhe tells him that ſhe loves her Miſtreſs ſo dearly, that ſhe will not depart from her ſervice, nor wed any man, without her free conſent, and therefore that they have far more reaſon to doubt than hope of this match between them, conſidering the lamentable accident and diſaſter which hath paſt between their Maſters. *Le Valley* ſeeing he muſt firſt win the Miſtreſs, before he can wed the maid, with his ſweet-hearts advice, reſolves to ſeek *Blancheville*'s conſent thereto, the which he doth in fair and orderly terms. *Blancheville* who had formerly heard an inkling how dearly *Le Valley* affected her maid *Martha* in the way of Marriage, now by this motion thereof to her ſelf, ſhe is fully confirmed thereof. When obſerving more paſſion than judgment, as well in his affection to her maid, as in his ſpeeches to her ſelf; ſhe preſently (being induſtrious in her malice, and vigilant in her revenge towards *Beaumarays*) forgets God and all Goodneſs; abandoneth all Chriſtianity and humanity, and ſo the Devil brings her a plot, or elſe her own heart and head fetch it from Hell. She thinks that this poor ſervant *Le Valley*, is a fit agent and inſtrument for her, either to poyſon or piſtol his Maſter *Beaumarays* to death, and that his love to her maid *Martha*, and his conſideration of her freſh youth and beauty, is a ſufficient bait, and powerful lure to make him undertake and perform it, and hereon ſhe ſettles up her bloody reſolution. To which end *Blancheville* having already ſufficiently woven this treachery in her heart, and cloſely and finely ſpun it in her brains, ſhe politickly gives *Le Valley* more hope than deſpair, that he ſhall ſhortly marry her maid *Martha*; only ſhe tells him ſhe muſt confer with her, to ſee how ſhe ſtands affected to him, and that if he repair to her again at the end of the week, ſhe will then aſſuredly give him ſuch an anſwer, as ſhe doubts not but will content and pleaſe him, or elſe the fault ſhall be his: But to conclude her ſpeech, ſhe chargeth him not to ſpeak or utter a word hereof to his Maſter *Beaumarays*, all which *Le Valley* faithfully promiſeth her to perform. He goes from the Miſtreſs to the maid, and reports what ſhe hath told and ſpoken, ſo theſe young folks flatter themſelves, that they very ſhortly ſhall be man and wife. *Blancheville* (whoſe heart and mind runs wholly upon a bloody revenge againſt *Beaumarays*) no ſooner underſtands that *Le Valley* is gone forth her doors, but ſhe ſends for her maid *Martha* into her Chamber, where (no way acquainting her with her bloody intent and policy) ſhe chargeth her to ſwear that ſhe will never marry *Le Valley* without her free conſent, and that in the end ſhe ſhall not repent the following of her advice and counſel herein, which *Martha* ſolemnly doth, whereof this malicious and vindictive Dame exceedingly glad and ſatisfied.

gain and again, ſhe aloud reſounds and ecchoes forth to their ears; yea, her rage is ſo great, and her malice ſo outragious towards him, that notwithſtanding his body is abſent, yet ſhe ſpends five hundred Crowns in Law to have him according to the Law and Cuſtom of *France* to be hanged up in *effigie*: But although her ſuit be juſt, yet (by reaſon of his great friends in Court) ſhe ſees her ſelf ſo unfortunate, that ſhe cannot obtain it. Whereupon, after twelve months vain ſtay in *Paris*, and a profuſe expenſe of mony, ſhe (with much grief and ſorrow) ſecretly vows to her ſelf, that if ever he returns again to *Chartres*, or which is more, into *France*, that ſhe her ſelf will be both his Judge and Executioner, by revenging her Husbands death in his, and from this helliſh reſolution of hers, ſhe deeply ſwears, that neither Earth nor Heaven ſhall divert her.

Now, to follow the natural ſtream and tide of this Hiſtory: We muſt again bring *Beaumarays* and his Brother *Montagne* on the Stage thereof: For the Reader muſt underſtand, that their wounds being dreſſed and ſecured, having beſtowed both their horſes on the Chirurgion and guide, the two ſervants of the aforeſaid Marqueſs of *Bellary*, and likewiſe written him a thankful Letter for his honourable courteſie extended to them, and therewith likewiſe prayed to ſolicite the King for their Grace and pardon in their abſence, they privately (without any followers) embark themſelves upon an Engliſh Veſſel at *Caen*, and ſo with a proſperous gale arrive at *Rie*, and from thence take horſe for *London*, where they ſettle up their abode and reſidence, from whence *Beaumarays* ſends to *Chartres* for two of his Footmen, and his Brother *Montagne* for one of his, which come over to *London* to them ſome ſix weeks after, and bring their Maſters word how earneſtly and violently their adverſaries follow the rigour and ſeverity of the Law againſt them in *Paris*, but eſpecially againſt *Beaumarays*; they receive theſe advertiſements from their ſervants and friends, rather with grief than contempt, and therefore to prevent their malice, and their own diſgrace and danger, they often write from *London* to *Paris*, to the Marqueſs of *Bellary*, and likewiſe to the Biſhop of *Chartres* (their dear friend and Kinſman) to haſten their pardons from the King: So that Noble Lord, and this Reverend Prelate, pitying their danger and abſence as much as they wiſh their ſafety and return, take time at advantage, and the King in a well diſpoſed humour, and ſo do moſt effectually and powerfully acquaint his Majeſty, how theſe two abſent Gentlemen and Brothers, *Beaumarays* and *Montagne*, were without juſt cauſe or reaſon, provoked to this unfortunate combat by their Adverſaries, that they were the Challenged, not the Challengers: that heretofore they had never committed any act unworthy either of their honour, or of themſelves: That they had formerly received many wounds in his Majeſties Wars; and that their valour and courage was ſuch, that in theſe times, which threatned more trouble than promiſed Peace, they would undoubtedly prove happy and neceſſary members for his ſervice, with many other prevailing motives and reaſons conducing that way; which at laſt ſo weigh down the heart and mind of the King, that he freely conceded and gave them their pardons under his great Seal, the which to make the more authentical, they cauſed them to be enregiſtred and confirmed by the Court of Parliament of *Paris*, and thereupon both the Marqueſs and Biſhop joyntly and ſpeedily write to them thereof from *Paris*. And after ſome few months of their ſtay in *London*, they ſend them over theſe their Pardons, which are delivered to them by the Earl of *Tillieres*, then ordinary Embaſſadour there for this preſent French King, *Lewis* XIII. the which they receive with infinite honour, content, and joy.

This good news of theirs makes them now like the air of *France*, better than that of *England*. So they ſpeedily pack up their baggage, leave *London*, and with all celerity poſt away to *Dover*, *Calis*, and *Paris*. Where being arrived, the firſt thing they do, they find out the Marqueſs of *Bellary*, and the Biſhop of *Chartres*, to whom they owe their peace, as they do their lives to the King: to whom they expreſs a thouſand demonſtrations of thankfulneſs for this their honour and favour ſhewed them. They likewiſe burn with deſire to teſtifie ſo much, to the King, when the Marqueſs, ſeconded by the Biſhop, preſents them to his Majeſty, who falling to his feet, he gives them his Royal hand to kiſs. They can better expreſs their thankfulneſs in deeds than words to him, and in language of their ſwords, than in that of their tongues: Only they tell his Majeſty, that having received their lives of his meer clemency and Royal favour, they moſt humbly therefore implore him to grant them the favour and honour, that they may ſpend and end them in his ſervice. He allows of their zeal and humility, and to redouble his favour, he gives them again his Hand to kiſs, adding farther to them, that it is rather likely than impoſſible, that he ſhall ſhortly have occaſion to uſe their Swords and Service, and ſo diſmiſſeth them.

Theſe our two Brothers remain a month in *Paris*, wherein almoſt daily they render their thankful reſpects and ſervice to the Marqueſs and Biſhop, at the end whereof leaving their

duties

duties, and receiving their commands, they take horſe and return home for *Chartres*, (from which by reaſon of their diſaſter they have been ſo long abſent) where all their Kinſfolks and Friends welcome them home with infinite delight and joy, yea, almoſt all *Chartres* and the Gentlemen thereabouts, exceedingly rejoyce at their fortunate and ſafe returns. Only the Parents of *Marin* do envy *Montagne* deeply, and *Blancheville* the ſorrowful and incenſed Widow of *Champigny* hates *Beaumarays* deadly. As for *Montagne*, he makes ſuch good means and friends, that in leſs than two months he obtains a perfect reconciliation of the firſt; but although *Beaumarays* have made many fair overtures and proffers of atonement by his friends to the ſecond, yet in ſix months he ſees it wholly impoſſible for him to procure it of her, and which is worſe, ſhe is ſtill ſo outragious and revengeful towards him, that he thinks he never ſhall; for ſhe diſdains to ſee him, and ſcorns to hear of him: and ſtill her malice and indignation againſt him, makes her conſtant in her former helliſh and bloody reſolution, that by one means or other ſhe will e're long murther him, as he hath her Husband: A fearful and moſt execrable reſolution, every way unworthy the heart of a Gentlewoman, and far more the Soul of a Chriſtian.

In the former part of this Hiſtory we have underſtood the affection of *Le Valley* (*Beaumarays* his man) to *Martha*, *Blancheville*'s Chamber maid. In the middle thereof we have remarked and ſeen the implacable intended malice and revenge of *Blancheville* towards *Beaumarays*. And we ſhall not go far before the end hereof will inform us what mournful fruits, and deplorable effects, theſe different accidents and perſons will procure us.

As there is no love to that of a man, ſo I am of opinion, that there is no malice comparable to that of a woman, and if the truth deceive not my judgment herein, I believe we ſhall ſhortly ſee the Antitheſis of this Poſition made good and verified in the perſons of *Le Valley*, and *Blancheville*. For whiles *Le Valley* is lovingly thinking and inventing all poſſible means how he may marry *Martha*; ſo is *Blancheville* maliciouſly pondering and ruminating with her ſelf how or by what means or agents ſhe may murther *Beaumarays*. Thus we ſee that the heart of the firſt it is full of kindneſs and courteſie, as the mind and reſolutions of the ſecond is of cruelty and blood. Now the Reader for his better information, will I hope remember, that in all this time of two years and upwards, ſince *Le Valley* firſt ſaw and ſpake with his ſweet-heart *Martha*, in his Maſter's houſe, that there hath paſt many love tokens between them, but as yet he could never draw her conſent to marry him; for ſtill ſhe tells him that ſhe loves her Miſtreſs ſo dearly, that ſhe will not depart from her ſervice, nor wed any man, without her free conſent, and therefore that they have far more reaſon to doubt than hope of this match between them, conſidering the lamentable accident and diſaſter which hath paſt between their Maſters. *Le Valley* ſeeing he muſt firſt win the Miſtreſs, before he can wed the maid, with his ſweet-hearts advice, reſolves to ſeek *Blancheville*'s conſent thereto, the which he doth in fair and orderly terms. *Blancheville* who had formerly heard an inkling how dearly *Le Valley* affected her maid *Martha* in the way of Marriage, now by this motion thereof to her ſelf, ſhe is fully confirmed thereof. When obſerving more paſſion than judgment, as well in his affection to her maid, as in his ſpeeches to her ſelf; ſhe preſently (being induſtrious in her malice, and vigilant in her revenge towards *Beaumarays*) forgets God and all Goodneſs; abandoneth all Chriſtianity and humanity, and ſo the Devil brings her a plot, or elſe her own heart and head fetch it from Hell. She thinks that this poor ſervant *Le Valley*, is a fit agent and inſtrument for her, either to poyſon or piſtol his Maſter *Beaumarays* to death, and that his love to her maid *Martha*, and his conſideration of her freſh youth and beauty, is a ſufficient bait, and powerful lure to make him undertake and perform it, and hereon ſhe ſettles up her bloody reſolution. To which end *Blancheville* having already ſufficiently woven this treachery in her heart, and cloſely and finely ſpun it in her brains, ſhe politickly gives *Le Valley* more hope than deſpair, that he ſhall ſhortly marry her maid *Martha*; only ſhe tells him ſhe muſt confer with her, to ſee how ſhe ſtands affected to him, and that if he repair to her again at the end of the week, ſhe will then aſſuredly give him ſuch an anſwer, as ſhe doubts not but will content and pleaſe him, or elſe the fault ſhall be his: But to conclude her ſpeech, ſhe chargeth him not to ſpeak or utter a word hereof to his Maſter *Beaumarays*, all which *Le Valley* faithfully promiſeth her to perform. He goes from the Miſtreſs to the maid, and reports what ſhe hath told and ſpoken, ſo theſe young folks flatter themſelves, that they very ſhortly ſhall be man and wife. *Blancheville* (whoſe heart and mind runs wholly upon a bloody revenge againſt *Beaumarays*) no ſooner underſtands that *Le Valley* is gone forth her doors, but ſhe ſends for her maid *Martha* into her Chamber, where (no way acquainting her with her bloody intent and policy) ſhe chargeth her to ſwear that ſhe will never marry *Le Valley* without her free conſent, and that in the end ſhe ſhall not repent the following of her advice and counſel herein, which *Martha* ſolemnly doth, whereof this malicious and vindictive Dame exceedingly glad and ſatisfied.

The end of the week being come, away comes *Le Valley* to his ſweet heart *Martha*, to know if ſhe be ſhortly reſolved to marry him, who having been perfectly taught her leſſon, tells him plainly, that ſhe will be his wife, conditionally that he can gain her Miſtreſs *Blancheville*'s conſent thereunto, but never without it; whereof he being exceeding joyful, he giving her many kiſſes, intreats her to bring him to her Miſtreſs, and that he hopes to receive pleaſing news from her, to both their contents. *Blancheville* (with much longing impatiency (attends his coming, and receives and welcomes him into her Cloſet with a cheerful countenance, where bolting the door, this helliſh *Erynnis* (not Heavenly *Urania*) paſſionately tells him, that it ſhall be impoſſible for him ever to enjoy or marry her maid *Martha*, except he firſt ſwear to her to perform a ſecret buſineſs for her, which infinitely concerns her content and ſervice. *Le Valley* deſires to know of her what it is, but ſhe firſt ſwears him to ſecrecy herein, both from *Martha*, and from all the world, the which he freely ſwears: When *Blancheville* (with hypocritical, yea with diabolical tears in her eyes) being inſtructed and prompted by the Devil, repreſenteth unto him, how fouly his Maſter *Beaumarays* had firſt wronged her chaſtity and honour, then abuſed her husband in the Church, and afterwards killed him in the field, and therefore that he ſhould not only marry her maid *Martha*, but that ſhe would likewiſe give him three hundred Crowns of marriage mony with her, if for her ſake,) and at her requeſt) he would kill his ſaid Maſter, either by Poyſon, Ponyard, or Piſtol, of which ſum ſhe told him he ſhould have the one half in hand, and the other when he had performed it, the which if he refuſed to do, ſhe ſwore by her part of Heaven, that he ſhould never marry her, nor come near her.

Le Valley is amazed and aſtoniſhed at this bloody propoſition and requeſt of hers, the which ſhe might well perceive by the diſtraction of his looks, and the perturbation of his countenance. He tells her, that although he loves *Martha* far dearer than his life, yet he cannot find in his heart to kill the pooreſt Chriſtian in the World, much leſs ſo good and ſo dear a Maſter as *Beaumarays* was to him. *Blancheville* (being now as ſubtil in her malice, as ſhe was malicious in her revenge towards *Beaumarays*) ſhews *Le Valley* the three hundred Crowns in fair Gold, which was far more than ever before he had ſeen; Tells him what a dear friend ſhe will ever remain to him and his wife, and (in a word) leaves no lure unpractiſed, nor charm unattempted, to draw him to the enterprize of this deplorable, and to the execution of this helliſh fact. But finding him as frozen as ſhe was fiery therein, ſhe bids him to takes a weeks time to conſider thereof, then to bring her his laſt reſolution, and withal to remember his oath of ſecrecy herein from all the world, both which points he conſtantly promiſeth her to perform. As he deſcends the ſtairs from her, his ſweet heart *Martha* comes preſently to him to know the mind and reſolution of her Miſtreſs, whom he thinks good then to ſatisfie with this pleaſing anſwer, that he hopes a ſmall time will work and compaſs both their deſires: So after a few kiſſes and embraces, they for that time take leave each of other. He is no ſooner returned home, but his heart is as penſive and ſorrowful, as his mind and brain is perplexed and troubled for the cauſe thereof. He conſults with himſelf and his reſolutions are as different as his deſires. He cannot as yet find in his heart to kill his Maſter, and yet he can reſolve rather to die, than to loſe *Martha* his Miſtreſs. True it is, that the ſight of the Lady *Blancheville*'s Gold doth act wonders in his heart, but far more the ſight and remembrance of *Martha*'s ſweet youth and delicious beauty; So the firſt tempts him exceedingly, the ſecond extreamly, and the Devil in both of them infinitely, yet notwithſtanding, his faith and ſoul are ſo ſtrong with God, that hitherto he cannot conſent to be drawn to imbrue his hands in the innocent blood of his Maſter. But here befalls an unexpected accident which violently precipitates and throws him headlong on the contrary reſolution.

His Maſter *Beaumarays* (not for want of any reſpect or love to *Blancheville*, but becauſe he perfectly knew ſhe extreamly hated him) having formerly charged his man *Le Valley*, that he ſhould not frequent her houſe, nor no more dare to ſeek her maid *Martha* in marriage, the which he confidently promiſed him he would. He now underſtands that contrary thereunto, his man *Le Valley* the very day before was there, and continued ſtill an earneſt ſuitor to her; ſo he hereupon calls him to him, and gives him five or ſix ſound boxes on the Ears, for his diſobeying him, and vows that if he ever any more return thither, and ſeek *Martha* in marriage he would utterly caſhier him, and wholly diſcharge him from his ſervice. *Le Valley* not accuſtomed to receive blows of his Maſter, was ſo extreamly incenſed hereat, as diſdaining the blows from his Maſter, and his Maſter for the blows ſake, they engender ſuch bad blooy in him, as he preſently ſtrikes a bargain, firſt with his choler, then with the Devil, that he would now adhere to the requeſt of *Blancheville*, and ſo ſpeedily return his Maſter a ſharp requital and bloody revenge for the ſame; and indeed from that time forward he never looked on him but with an eye of hatred and deteſtation.

So

So without farther delay, the ſame night as ſoon as his Maſter was gone to his bed, he trips away to *Blancheville*'s houſe, informs her at large what had paſt betwixt his maſter and himſelf, and therefore aſſures her that he is fully and conſtantly reſolved to murther him within three or four days, if ſhe would perform her promiſe to him, to give him the three hundred Crowns and that alſo within a Month after he ſhall marry *Martha*, whereat *Blancheville* being beyond meaſure joyful, ſhe faithfully and ſolemnly ſweats to him the performance thereof, when (as a pledg of the reſt) ſhe preſently pays him down the firſt hundred and fifty in Gold, the which *Le Valley* joyfully purſeth up. But the Receipt thereof ſhall coſt dear.

From the intended matter of the murther of *Beaumarays*, theſe two agents of Satan and Hell, *Blancheville* and *Le Valley*, proceed to the manner thereof, ſhe propoſeth that infernal drug, poyſon; but he rejecteth it, as dangerous to be bought, and difficult to be applied. And becauſe ſhe diſlikes to have him ponyard'd, therefore they both conclude and agree, that he ſhall piſtol him to death: and this is their definitive, cruel, and helliſh reſolution. *Le Valley* having thus diſpatcht his buſineſs with *Blancheville*, and taken leave with kiſſes of his ſweet *Martha*, (who poor ſoul is as innocent, as they two are wholly and ſolely guilty of this deplorable conſpiration) he puts a cheeerful countenance on his revengeful heart, ſo returns home, and the very next day gets his Maſters pocket Piſtol, which he loads with a brace of Bullets, and watcheth every day and hour for a deſired opportunity to ſend him to Heaven. So the third after Monſieur *Montagne* going abroad a hawking with his Brothers Hawks and Spaniels, and taking almoſt all his men-ſervants with him, and leaving *Le Valley* to wait and attend on his Maſter, then and there this fatal occaſion anſwered his prodigious expectation. For that very fore noon, his Maſter *Beaumarays* coming from the houſe of Office, he calls up *Le Valley* to him in his chamber to truſs his points, which wretched Villain he is buſie in performing, but alas, in a moſt barbarous and bloody manner: For as that good and NobleGentleman thought of no hing leſs than of his danger of death, then this Monſter of nature fingering his hind points with his left hand, very ſofdly drew his Piſtol out of his pocket with his right, and then and there (with an infernal courage and audacity) ſhot him into the Reins of his back, nearly oppoſite to his heart, whereof he preſently fell down dead to the ground, without having either the power or happineſs to utter one prayer or word whatſoever, but only two or three ſmall fainting, or indeed dying groans.

This bloody and execrable wretched *La Valley*, ſeeing his Maſter dead, he triumphs in his good fortune, to ſee what a brave butcher he had proved himſelf in ſo ſpeedily and neatly diſpatching him. When to put the better varniſh on his villany, and ſo to make it appear to the world, that his Maſter was his own murtherer, he taketh the Piſtol and placeth it in his dead right hand, and lays the Key of the Chamber upon the Table, and the door having a ſtrong Spring-lock pulls and ſhuts it faſt after him. When again, to make his innocency the more clear and conſpicuous to the world, he ſpeedily and ſecretly taking a horſe out of the Stable, a Hawk on his fiſt, and a Spaniel at his heels, and ſo very joyfully gallops away to the fields, where (after ſome hour at leaſt, or hour and half at moſt) he finds out Monſieur *Montagne*, and tells him his Maſter diſpatcht him to him with a freſh Hawk, which was his beſt and chieſeſt Goſhawk. They Hawk all day together, and *Le Valley* (as accuſtomed is very officious and diligent to Monſieur *Montagne*; who towards night returns home to *Chartres*, having (between them all) taken eight Partriges, and one Phefant: he arrives at his Brother's houſe, where miſſing him, he gives the Phefant and four of the Patriges to the Cook to dreſs for their Supper: when afterwards again miſſing his Brother *Beaumarays*, and enquiring for him, the menial ſervants of the out-houſes tell him they ſaw him not to day. Supper being preparing, and the Table covered, he ſends up *Le Valley* to look him in his Chamber, who returns this anſwer, that his Maſter is not there, but the door is ſhut: *Montagne* marvelleth at his Brother's long and unnaccuſtomed abſence, and ſo do all his Servants. They find his Cloak, Rapier and Belt, hanging on a pin in the Hall, and therefore deeming him not far, but at ſome Neighbour's houſe, he ſends *Le Valley* one way, and the reſt of the ſervants to other places to find him out; but whiles they ſeek after him, *Le Valley* (favoured by the night) trips away ſpeedily to the Lady *Blancheville*'s houſe, and there moſt briefly and ſecretly acquaints her how bravely he hath diſpatched his Maſter that forenoon. She cannot contain her ſelf for joy of this ſweet news, nor expreſs it to him in leſs than a kiſs, he ſays he will tell her the reſt to morrow night, and then come and receive the remainder of her promiſe to him, the which ſhe again and again ſwears to him, ſhe will perform it with a ſurpluſage and advantage, ſo kiſſeth his ſweet-heart *Martha*, and again diſpeeds himſelf home: Where he and the reſt of the ſervants who were ſent into the ſtreets, return *Montagne* no news

of

of their Maſter and his Brother : Supper being more than fully ready, his long miſſing of him, doth at laſt bring him much doubt, and ſome ſuſpicion and fear of his welfare. It runs ſtiff in his mind; that he may be yet aſleep in his Chamber ; wherefore he aſcends thither with *Le Valley*, and others of his ſervants, who call aloud, and bounce amain at the door, but they hear no anſwer nor ſpeech of him, the which doth the more augment his doubt, and redouble his fear of his Brother : At laſt he commands them to force and break open the door, but it being exceeding thick and ſtrong, they cannot. *Montagne*'s tender care of his Brother, doth by this time infinitely increaſe his fear of him, which at laſt ſo powerfully ſurpriſeth him, that he preſently commands a Ladder to be erected to his Brother's Chamber Window towards the Garden, and ſends up one of his Lacquies with a Torch to look into the Chamber, the Lacquy forced open the Caſement, and then thruſt in his Torch firſt, and his head after, which he ſpeedily withdrawing, very paſſionately crieth out : That his Maſter hath murthered himſelf with a Piſtol, and lies there dead all gored in his blood. *Montagne* at this lamentable news tares his hair, weeps, and cries out amain for ſorrow thereof, and ſo do all his ſervants. Among whom *Le Valley* is obſerved to be one of the moſt, who weeps and cries mightily thereat. *Montagne* being almoſt as dead with grief and ſorrow hereat, as his Brother *Beaumarays* was with wounds; he bids the Lacquy to tare down the Caſement, and to enter and unlock the door, which he doth : So he with *Le Valley*, and the reſt of the ſervants, aſcend and enter the Chamber, where (to their unexpreſſible grief and ſorrow) they ſee this mournful and murthered perſonage, with the diſcharged Piſtol faſt in his hand, and the Key of the Chamber-door on the Table, as hath been already expreſſed. Once *Montagne* thought that his Brother might be robbed and killed by Thieves, but ſeeing all his Trunks faſt locked; and then opening his Study door, and finding all his Gold, Silver and Jewels there in good order, he abandons that ſuſpition and Jealouſie, and then both he and they all believe, that he hath abſolutely murthered himſelf. The report of this Tragical and ſorrowful accident ſounds loud through the ſtreets of *Chartres*. *Montagne* ſends for the Kings Attorney, and the Fiſcal to ſee, and Chirurgions to viſit his dead Brothers body, they all concur and agree in opinion with *Montagne* and his ſervants, and ſo generally affirm and conclude, That *Beaumarays* hath (with his little Piſtol) ſhot himſelf into the back with a brace of Bullets, whereof he died, which is ſweet muſick and melody to *Le Valley*, but his worm-wood and gall comes after : And now *Montagne* with all requiſite order, ſtate and decency, ſolemnizeth his Brother's Funerals, and not only all *Chartres* but all *Beauſſe*, and all Gentlemen who knew him, yea, the Biſhop of *Chartres*, the Marqueſs of *Bellary*, and the King himſelf much lamented and bewailed the unfortunate loſs of this noble and valiant Gentleman.

The grief and ſorrow of *Montagne* for his Brother's untimely death, is the joy and felicity of *Le Valley* and *Blancheville* ; for as he triumphs, ſo for her part, ſhe is extreamly delighted and raviſhed with this ſweet news, as at their next meeting (which is the very next night) ſhe gives him his hundred and fifty Crowns, and becauſe he hath diſpatched his Maſter *Beaumarays* ſo ſpeedily and ſecretly, ſhe therefore takes a Diamond Ring off her finger (worth one hundred Crowns) and likwiſe gives it him : When to make good her oath and promiſe to him (as alſo to make his pretended joy compleat) the very ſame day month after, marrieth him to her maid *Martha*, but marriages that are founded and cemented with innocent blood, never have proſperous ends. Now is *Blancheville* proud in her revenge for the death of her mortal enemy *Beaumarays*, and now likewiſe is *Le Valley* (in his conceit and mind rapt up into the third heaven of joy, in injoying his fair and ſweet Wife *Martha*; and neither of them hath the conſcience to think of, or the grace to repent this foul and bloody Fact of theirs; Which, (when they leaſt dream thereof) we ſhall ſee God in his ſacred mercy in Juſtice, will ſpeedily detect, revenge and puniſh, as the ſequel thereof will declare and inform us.

As the matter and manner of the detection of this lamentable murther of *Beaumarays* proceed primarily from God, ſo did it ſecondly from his ſorrowful Brother *Montagne*, who wanting all other witneſſes and evidence (and wholly guided by ſacred power, and ſwayed by Divine influence) was led to it by four remarkable circumſtances and conſiderations, every way worthy of our knowledge, and retention. The firſt was his finding and peruſing of *Blancheville*'s Letter to his Brother *Beaumarays* (which formerly we have ſeen) wherein he obſerved a wonderful deal of inveterate malice towards him from her : The ſecond was *Le Valley*'s ſudden marrying of her Chamber-maid *Martha*, by the which he conceived, that that ſuſpition ſtrongly reflected on her, and this on him : The third was from the ſight of the

the Diamond-Ring which *Le Valley* wore on his finger (being the ſame which we have formerly ſeen *Blancheville* to give him) for *Montagne* believing that he had ſtoln it from his dead Brother, his Maſter, he challenged him for it by order of Law, when *Le Valley* to clear himſelf of this pretended Theft, was inforced to inform both him and the Judges, that it was given him in marriage with his wife, by the Lady *Blancheville* her Miſtreſs: the which confeſſion of his, indeed added much ſuſpicion and jealouſie of them both to the heart and mind of *Montagne*, as believing that it muſt be ſome extraordinary tye and ſervice, which ſhould make *Le Vallay* capable to deſerve ſo great a bounty and reward of her. But the fourth and laſt conſideration was far more powerful and prevalent with him than all the three former, to ground his ſuſpition againſt *Le Vally* for this murthering of his Brother, and wherein the Reader may deſervedly admire and wonder at the celeſtial providence and juſtice of God, which moſt miraculouſly and divinely appears herein; for the ſame day two months after the murther of *Beaumarays*, and the ſame day month that *Le Valley* married his Wife *Martha*, it pleaſed the Lord (in his ſecret pleaſure and juſtice) to ſend him a Gangrene in his right hand; which beginning to extend and ſpread, his Chirurgions, to ſave his life, adviſed his ſaid hand to be ſpeedily cut off, which was accordingly performed.

This ſudden cutting off of *Le Valley*'s right hand, by advice of his Chirurgions, brings terror to him, fear to *Blancheville*, and aſtoniſhment and admiration to *Montagne*, who (led by the immediate ſpirit and finger of God) doth now confidently believe, that it was that hand of his which piſtolled his Brother to death, and that it might be rather probable than impoſſible, that *Blancheville* might be the Author, and he the Actor of this cruel murther. Wherefore grounding this his ſtrong ſuſpition upon the piety and innocency of his Brothers life and diſpoſition, as alſo on his own tour former premiſed ſerious conſiderations and circumſtances, he neither can nor will take any contrary Law or peace of his thoughts; but goes to the *Seneſchal*, and King's Attorney of that City, and accuſeth *Le Valley* to be the murtherer of his Brother *Beaumarays*.

The wiſe and prudent Judges, advertiſed the Preſidial Court thereof likewiſe: So they preſently cauſed him to be apprehended and impriſoned for the ſame; they charge him with this cruel murther committed on the perſon of his Maſter, but he ſtoutly denies it with many fearful Oaths and Imprecations: But his crime being greater than his Apology, they adjudg him to the Rack, where in the midſt of his tortures, God ſo deals with his heart and prevails with his Soul, that he confeſſed, it was he who murthered his Maſter *Beaumarays* with a Piſtol charged with a brace of Bullets, and that he was hired to perform it by the Lady *Blancheville*, who gave him three hundred Crowns in gold, and a Diamond Ring to effect and finiſh it. At the relation and confeſſion whereof, *Montague* and the Judges exceedingly admire and wonder, and being by them again demanded if his Wife *Martha* were not likewiſe acceſſary with them in this murther, he freely and conſtantly told them that ſhe was not, and that he would take it on his death, that ſhe was every way as innocent, as himſelf and *Blancheville* her Miſtreſs were guilty thereof.

The Judges of this Court ſpeedily ſend Serjeants away to apprehend *Blancheville*, who is ſo far from the apprehenſion or fear of any danger, as ſhe dreams not thereof: They find her in her own houſe playing on her Lute, and ſinging in company of many Gentlemen and Gentlewomen her friends: The Serjeants ſeize on her, and tell her her accuſation and crime, whereat ſhe is amazed and weeps exceedingly, and no leſs do thoſe who are with her: She is brought before her Judges, who ſtrongly accuſe her for being the Author of this cruel murther of *Beaumarays*, and acquaint her with *Le Valley*'s full and free confeſſion thereof, as we have formerly underſtood: When here, ſometimes with tears, and then again with paſſion and choler, ſhe tells the Judges, That *Le Valley* is a devil and a villain thus to accuſe her falſly: That ſhe never gave him a Ring, or three hundred Crowns to do it, and takes God to witneſs that ſhe is not guilty, but wholly innocent of that murther.

But this poor and paſſionate Apology of hers will not paſs current with her Lyncie-eyed Judges who cauſe her to be confronted with *Le Valley*, who ſtands firm to his former accuſation againſt her, and yet her faith is ſo weak with God, and ſo ſtrong with Satan, as with many cries and curſes ſhe again and again cries out and proteſteth of her Innocency: They produce her Ring and part of her Gold, but ſhe boldly denies, and ſtoutly forſwears both: So they preſently adjudge her to the Rack, whereto with much conſtancy ſhe permits her ſelf to be faſtned: but at the very firſt touch and wrench thereof, her dainty delicate limbs not able to brook thoſe exquiſite torments, God was pleaſed to be ſo gracious and merciful to her ſoul, as ſhe preſently (with many tears) cries out that ſhe was the guilty Author of this horrible murther, and ſo in all points and circumſtances concurs and agrees with *Le Valley*'s depoſition and accuſation againſt her: Here her Judges again demand of her if her Maid

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Martha were ever acceſſary or conſenting with her and *Le Valley* in this their bloody Fact, but ſhe vows to them, that upon peril of her Soul, ſhe was abſolute ignorant thereof, ſo hereupon this our inhuman Lady *Blancheville* is again loſed from the Rack, and brought away to the Tribunal of Juſtice, and ſo likewiſe is *Le Valley*, where *Montagne* and the King's Attorney preſently crave judgment of the Preſidents againſt theſe two murtherers, who after a long and religious ſpeech which they made, both to them and to all who were preſent upon this bloody fact and crime of theirs, They conclude and adjudg *Le Valley*, the very next day to be broken on the Wheel alive, and *Blancheville* then likewiſe to be hanged, which gave matter of Univerſal ſpeech and admiration to all *Chartres* and *Beauſſe*.

We have ſeen the perpetration and detection of this inhuman and lamentable Murther, committed by theſe two unfortunate Wretches *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*: And now (by the mercy and juſtice of God) we are come to ſee the Triumphs of his Revenge to fight againſt them in their condign puniſhments for the ſame. They by their Judges are that afternoon returned again to their priſons, and the ſame night are there effectually dealt with by Divines, who (out of Chriſtian Charity) direct and prepare their ſouls for heaven. So the next morning, about ten of the clock, they are brought to the common place of Execution in *Chartres*, where a world of people attend to be Spectators of theſe their unfortunate ends and deplorable Tragedies: And firſt *De Valley* aſcends the Scaffold, who is ſad and penſive, and ſays little elſe in effect but this, that it was partly *Blancheville*'s Gold, but chiefly his love to her Maid, his Wife *Martha*, which firſt drew him to murder his dear Maſter *Beaumarays*, whereof he affirmed he was now heartily repentant and ſorrowful, and beſought the Lord to pardon him: He here took it to his death, that his ſaid Wife *Martha* was every way innocent of this murther, and therefore beſeeched *Mounſieur Montagne* to be good and charitable to her after his death, whom he likewiſe prayed to forgive him, when uttering a few *Ave Maries* to himſelf, and often marking himſelf with the ſign of the Croſs: He was by his Executioner preſently broken on the Wheel, whereof he immediatly died.

Le Valley was no ſooner diſpatched, but up comes our Femal Monſter *Blancheville* on the Ladder, whoſe youth and beauty drew pity from the hearts, and tears from the eyes of moſt of her Spectators: in her countenance ſhe was very ſad and mournful, and yet I am enforced to confeſs this truth of her, (that in the laſt Scene and Act of her life) her Pride and Vanity ſo far uſurped on her judgment, her piety and her Soul, that ſhe came here to take her laſt leave of the world, apparalled in a rich black Satin Gown, a Crimſon damask Petticoat laid with white Satin guards, a rich cutwork falling Band, her hair all ſtrewed with ſweet Powder, decked with white Ribband Knots and Roſes, and a ſnow white pair of Gloves on her hands, ſo ſhe there craves leave of the people to ſpeak a few words before ſhe dies, which with a well compoſed countenance and behaviour, ſhe doth in theſe terms.

She ſaid that her dear and tender affection to her Husband *Champigny* occaſioned her deadly hatred and malice to *Beaumarays*, and that as ſoon as he had ſlain him in the field, ſhe in revenge thereof inſtantly vowed to ſend him to Heaven after him: She affirmed, that ſhe was now ſorrowful from her heart and ſoul, that ſhe had cauſed *Le Valley* to kill this his Maſter; alſo that ſhe was ſo unfortunate and miſerable, as now to ſee him die for her ſake and ſervice, in requital whereof ſhe gave all her apparel, and ſome of her Plate and Jewels to her old maid, now his new Wife *Martha*, whom ſhe affirmed in preſence of God and his Angels, was no way guilty or conſenting to this lamentable murther, which ſhe beſeeched the Lord to pardon and forgive her: ſhe likewiſe beſought *Montagne* and *Martha* to forgive her, and entreated all who were preſent to pray to God for her ſoul: ſhe conjured all Ladies and Gentlewomen who were ſorrowful eye-witneſſes of her untimely death, to beware by her unfortunate example, and ſo to hate Malice and Revenge in themſelves as much as ſhe loved it: When again praying all her Spectators to pray to God for her, ſhe after a few *Pater-noſters*, and *Ave Maries* was turned over.

And thus was this lamentable, and yet deſerved death of theſe two bloody Wretches, *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*, and in this ſharp manner did God juſtly revenge and puniſh this their horrible crime of murther: Whoſe untimely and unfortunate deaths left much grief to their living Parents and Friends, and generally to all who either ſaw or knew them. May we read this their Hiſtory, firſt to the honour of God, and then to our own Inſtruction and Reformation: That the ſight and remembrance of theſe their puniſhments may deter us from the impiety and inhumanity of perpetrating the like bloody crimes, *Amen*.

God's

GOD'S Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY XX.

Lorenzo *murthereth his Wife* Fermia: *He ſome twenty years after (as altogether unknown) robbeth his (and her) Son* Thomaſo: *who likewiſe (not knowing* Lorenzo *to be his Father) doth accuſe him for that robbery; for which he is hanged.*

THoſe who (by the pernicious inſtigation and fatal temptation of Satan) do wilfully imbrue their hands in innocent blood, and ſo make themſelves guilty of Murther, are no longer men, but have prodigiouſly metamorphoſed themſelves into the nature and quality of devils. And as after this their crime, they are worthy of all true Chriſtians deteſtation, ſo moſt commonly (without Gods ſaving grace and mercy) their hearts are ſo obdurated with impenitency of ſecurity, and their ſouls ſeared up and abandoned to all kinds of Atheiſtical prophaneneſs and impiety, that they are ſo far from thinking of God, as they believe there is no God; and ſo far from fearing of his Judgments and puniſhments, as they are deſperately confident they have not deſerved any: But becauſe their hearts and actions are as tranſparent to God's eyes and knowledge, as God's decrees and reſolutions are inviſible to theirs, therefore (deſpight this their blindneſs and the Devils malice and ſubtilty to obſcure and conceal it) this world will afford them no true peace, nor this life produce them any perfect tranquility. But whereſoever they go or live, their guilty thoughts and conſciences, as ſo many helliſh blood-hounds, will inceſſantly purſue and follow them, till in the end they drag them to condign ſhame, miſery and confuſion for the ſame: Which this ſubſequent Hiſtory will verifie and make good to us, in a wretched and execrable perſonage, whom it mournfully preſents to our view and conſideration. Let us read it in the fear of God, that we may weigh that benefit by it which becomes good Chriſtians to make.

It is not the meanneſs of the perſonages, but the greatneſs and eminency of Gods Judgments, which hath prevailed with me to give this Hiſtory a place among my others: The which to draw from the head-ſpring, and original, we muſt underſtand, that in ITALY, (the Garden of Europe, as Europe is that of the whole world) and in the City of *Genoua*, (ſeated upon the Mediterranean Sea, which the Italians for the ſumptuouſneſs and ſtatelineſs of her buildings, do juſtly ſtile and intitle, Proud *Genoua*) near to the Arſenal upon the Key, there dwelt (of late years) a proper tall Young Mah, of a coal-black Hair, ſome twenty five years old, named *Andrea Lorenzo*, who by his Trade was a Baker, and was now become Maſter of his Profeſſion, and kept both his Oven and Shop to himſelf; wherein he was ſo induſtrious and provident, that in a ſhort time he became one of the prime Bakers of that City, and wrought to many Ships and Galleys of this Eſtate and Seigniory: He in a few years grew rich, was proffered many wives, of the Daughters of many wealthy Bakers and other Artificers of *Genoua*: but he was ſtill covetous, and ſo addicted to the world, as he could fancy none, nor as yet be reſolved and perſwaded to ſeek any Maid or Widow in Marriage, ſith he knew it to be one of the greateſt and moſt important actions of our life, and which infallibly draws with it, either our chiefeſt earthly felicity or miſery.

But as marriages are made in Heaven, before conſummated on Earth; So *Lorenzo* going on a time to the City of *Savona*, which (both by Sea and Land) is ſome twenty little miles from *Genoua*; and heretofore was a free City and Eſtate of it ſelf, but now ſwallowed up by the power and opulency of that of *Genoua*; he there fell in love with a rich Vintners Daughter, her Father named *Juan Baptiſta Moron*, and ſhe *Fermia Moron*, who was a lovely beautiful young Maiden, of ſome eighteen years of age, being tall and ſlender, of a pale complexion, and a bright yellow Hair, but exceeding vertuous and religious, and endowed with many ſweet qualities and perfections; who although ſhe were ſought in marriage by divers rich young men, of very good families of that City, with the worſt of whom (either for eſtate or extraction) *Lorenzo* might no ways compare, yet ſhe could fancy none but him, and he above all the men of the world ſhe (ſecretly in her heart and mind) deſired might be her Husband. *Lorenzo* (with order and diſcretion) ſeeks *Fermia* in marriage of her Father *Moron*, who is too ſtrong of purſe, and too high of humour to match his Daughter to a Baker, or to any other mechanical Profeſſion, and ſo gives him a flat and peremptory denial. But *Lorenzo* finds his Daughter more courteous and kind to his deſires, for ſhe being as deeply enamoured of his perſonage, as he was of her beauty and virtues, after a journey or two which he had made to her at *Savona*, ſhe conſents and yeilds to him to be his wife, conditionally that he can obtain her fathers good will thereunto, but not otherwiſe; which *Lorenzo* yet feared and doubted would prove a difficult task for him to compaſs and procure; for her Father knowing *Fermia* to be his own and only child and Daughter, and that her beauty and vertuous education, together with the conſideration of his own wealth and eſtate, made her every way capable of a far better Husband than *Lorenzo*. As alſo that his Daughter, in reaſon and religion, and by the Laws of Heaven and Earth, was bound to yeild him all duty and obedience (becauſe of him ſhe had formerly received both life and being,) therefore he was reſolute that *Lorenzo* ſhould not have his Daughter to wife, neither would he ever hearken to accept, or conſent to take him for his Son-in Law.

Lorenzo having thus obtained the heart and purchaſed the affection of his ſweet and dear *Fermia*, he now (out of his fervent deſire and zeal to ſee her made his wife, and himſelf her Husband) makes it both his ambition and care (according to her order) to draw her Father *Moron* to conſent thereunto, wherein the more importunate, humble, and dutiful he (both by himſelf and friends) is to *Moron*, the more imperious, averſe, and obſtinate he is to *Lorenzo*, as diſdaining any farther to hear of this his ſute and motion for his Daughter. But *Lorenzo* loves the Daughter too tenderly and dearly thus to be put off with the firſt repulſe and denial of her Father, and ſo (notwithſtanding) he again perſevereth in his ſute towards him, with equal humility and reſolution: He requeſteth his conſent to their affections with prayers; and his Daughter *Fermia* (having formerly acquainted her Father with her dear and inviolable love to *Lorenzo*) ſhe now prays him thereto with tears: But (as one who had wholly wedded himſelf to the ſingularity of his own reſolution and pleaſure) he again proudly refuſeth him with diſdain, and peremptorily rejecteth her with choler and indignation, and ſo ſecretly vows to himſelf, and publickly ſwears to them that he will firſt die, and ſalute his Grave, before ever he will permit him to marry his Daughter. Which unkind anſwer and thundering reſolution of his, proves the extream grief of his Daughter

Fermia,

Fermia, and infinite affection and sorrow of her lover *Lorenzo*, who hereupon are inforced to bear up with the time, yea and to make a vertue of neceſſity, by ſeperating their bodies, but not their hearts and affections. So he returns to *Genoua*, and ſhe lives and remains with her father in *Savona*, having no other comfort left them in their abſence, but hope, nor no other conſolation, but ſometimes do viſit each other with their Letters, which they do.

Old *Moron* now finds his young Daughter *Fermia*, far more penſive, reſerved, and ſorrowful than heretofore, and therefore although he grieve to ſee her affection intangled with this Baker *Lorenzo*, yet he rejoyceth to ſee, that he comes to *Savona*, as alſo to underſtand that his Daughter has no way ingaged her ſelf to him in promiſe of marriage, but with the condition of his free will and conſent thereto, which as heretofore ſo now again, he deeply ſwears, he will never be drawn or perſwaded to grant. And the ſooner and better eternally and fully to daſh theſe their irregular loves and affection, he thinks it fit for him to provide and requiſite to preſent his Daughter with another Husband: To which end he gives her the choice of two or three proper young men, and of very good families in *Savona*, but ſhe will have none of them, for her affection is ſo deeply fixed, and conſtantly ſettled on *Lorenzo*, that ſay her Father what he will, or do he or they what they can, he can hardly draw her to ſee, much leſs to ſpeak with any one of them: Whereat he calls her fooliſh Gigglet, and fond Girl, and ſwears that he will wholly renounce her for his Daughter, and abſolutely diſinherit her, and leave her a beggar, if ſhe marry *Lorenzo*, and then and there flies from her in rage and choler, and leaves her to her ſelf, to entertain her diſconſolate and ſad thoughts, with a world of ſighs and tears.

As for the Letters which paſs from *Genoua* to *Savona*, and then are alſo returned from *Savona* to *Genoua*, between theſe our two Lovers, *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, deeming them impertinent to this our Hiſtory, I have therefore purpoſely excluded, and for order and brevities ſake omitted them: The which entertained their time, and took up their affections and patience ſo long, that three years are now paſt and blown over, ſince they firſt ſaw each other, and ſince *Lorenzo* firſt motioned *Moron* for his conſent to marry his Daughter, during all which long tract of time, which to theſe our two young Lovers ſeemed at leaſt ſo many ages; the Reader is prayed to underſtand and take notice, that *Lorenzo* hath made five or ſix journeys from *Genoua* to *Savona*, to ſee his *Fermia*, and hath importunately requeſted her father *Moron* for his conſent, and that at leaſt many times ſhe likewiſe hath imployed all her Parents and friends towards him, yea, and hath been more often on her bended knees to him to beg it, but all theſe their requeſts and ſolicitations towards him prove vain.

When *Lorenzo* at laſt conſidering and remembring, that he had uſed all the lawful means he could poſſibly invent, and *Fermia* all her beſt endeavours and intentions which lay in her mortal power to draw her father *Moron* to their deſires and wiſhes of marriages, and that neither they, nor all the world, could prevail with him, he thinks it now high time (as well for the ſettling of his fortunes and trade, as alſo for the confirmation of his hearts content) to lay cloſe ſiege to his *Fermia*, that (notwithſtanding her Fathers refuſals) ſhe would conſent and yeild to marry him, and ſo very ſecretly by night to leave him and *Savona*, and to come live and die with himſelf in *Genoua*, telling her, that although he had never a Duckatoon of marriage mony with her from her father, yet that God had given him eſtate and means enough to maintain her and his family, in full and plentiful proſperity, and that he would be a thouſand times more tender and careful of her than of his own life. Thus with a world of ſweet words and ſugred promiſes and perſwaſions, this ſweet and fair young maiden (contrary to her former wholſome, virtuous, and obedient reſolution) is at laſt, drawn and tempted away by him, now to prove diſobedient to her Father, yea, and to forſake and flie away both from his houſe and himſelf. So *Lorenzo* having to that end ſecretly provided himſelf of a fine ſmall Frigot, of four Oars on each ſide, he therewith comes by night into the key of *Savona*, (which the policy of the Genoueſſes, have dammed up, and made uncapable of ſhips of burthen, that thereby all the trade and commerce by Sea, may to their arrive to their own Capital City) where giving notice to *Fermia* of his being there, ſhe in the dead time of the night, when her Father and his Servants were faſt aſleep, and all things being huſhed up in ſilence, ſeemed to conſpire to her raſh and inconſiderate eſcape, ſhe by the Garden-door, iſſued forth to *Lorenzo*, who there received her with much joy, and many kiſſes, and ſo conducts her to the Frigot, where the wind proving very fair, they hoiſe up ſail, and early the next morning are at *Genoua*; where *Lorenzo* conducts her to St. *Saviours* Church, and there very ſecretly eſpouſeth and marries her. But, O *Fermia*, how I pity thy youth and beauty, thy innocency and indiſcretion, thy few years, and many virtues, thy affection and misfortune, and thine ignorance and credulity, ſo raſhly and diſobediently

to flie from *Savona* to *Genoua*, and to take away thy ſelf from thy Father, purpoſely to give thy ſelf in marriage to *Lorenzo*, for which indiſcreet and diſobedient fact of thine, it is not unpoſſible for thee to ſee this enſuing poſition verified and confirmed in thy ſelf, *That there is nothing ſo eaſie in young people as to commit errors, nor ſo difficult as to repair them.*

Whiles thus our young married couple celebrate their nuptials in *Genoua* with delight and joy, old *Moron* the Father, grieves and ſtorms thereat in *Savona*, for the ſudden flight of his Daughter: When fearing and believing that *Lorenzo* had ſtoll'n her away, he ſecretly makes enquiry thereof at his houſe of *Genoua*, from whence he hath perfect notice, that ſhe is there, and married to him; Whereat he paſſionately converts his grief into choler, both againſt her and him (and in regard of this their diſgrace and diſhonour offered him) moſt conſtantly vows to himſelf, and to all who are near him, that they ſhall never touch nor enjoy the value of one Duckatoon of all his Eſtate and wealth, as long as he or they live, and that he will not once ſend after them, nor ever hereafter ſee them, which ſharp vow and bitter ſentence againſt our *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, we ſhall be enforced to ſee him too carefully to keep, and to ſeverely and punctually to perform.

Some ten days after this marriage of *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, when their wedding joys, and pleaſures had given them ſome truce and time to conſider of their worldly affairs, becauſe they know and repute it folly, to think to be able wholly to live by love, *Lorenzo* conſidering the injury and diſgrace which he had offered his Father-in-Law *Moron* in this action, and therefore very deſirous yet now again to ſeek his conſent and good will to this their Marriage, that thereby he may participate and ſhare of ſome part of his wealth, he determineth ſhortly to ride over to *Savona* to him, and with his beſt reſpects and duty to comply and labour with him for a reconciliation; and yet nevertheleſs he thinks it very fit, and holds it moſt expedient, that his wife in the mean time, ſhould firſt excuſe her ſelf to her Father by her Letter, the which ſhe doth in theſe terms.

FERMIA to MORON.

ALthough the cauſe and manner of my departure from you and from your houſe make me more worthy of your indignation than of your pardon, yet when you ſhall pleaſe to remember that you are my Father, and my ſelf your child and Daughter, and that God and his holy Church, hath of Lorenzo *my Friend, now made him my Husband; and alſo that for the term of three whole years, I with tears and prayers, came many times proſtrate to you on my bended knees to obtain your conſent thereunto; then I hope you will at leaſt excuſe, if not wholly forget and pardon this error of mine: Or if theſe reaſons be not powerful enough to intercede with your diſpleaſure, I moſt humbly beſeech you further to conſider, that herein I have neither blemiſhed nor diſgraced your reputation with any point of diſhonour; For as I came to my Husband's bed a pure Virgin, ſo I will live and die with him a chaſt wife; and that as this clandeſtine flight and marriage of mine was the firſt, ſo it ſhall be the laſt act of my diſobedience towards you. Some ſmall portion of your wealth at our firſt beginning, will do my Husband and ſelf a great deal of good in our Trade, but this I leave, as at your conſideration, ſo to your pleaſure; Only in all humility and duty (as low as the earth or lower if I could) I deſire your bleſſing to me, and implore your prayers to God for me, the which in religion you cannot, and in nature I hope you will not deny me. My Husband will ſhortly ſecond this Letter of mine to you with his preſence, and will then commit that task to his tongue, which I have now obediently impoſed and commanded to my pen. my prayers and hopes, and his promiſes and virtues do aſſure me, that (in his reſpects and ſervice to you) you ſhall ever find him to be as much your ſervant as your ſon-in-Law. God ever proſper your age, with health, and bleſs your health with proſperity.*

FERMIA.

Moron received this Letter in *Savona*, and underſtanding by the Meſſenger who brought it, that it came from his Daughter *Fermia*, from *Genoua*, he was at firſt in ſuch a frer and fume of choler thereat, as once he thought to have thrown it into the fire, without vouchſafing to read it: But after he had made three or four turns in his Parlour, and ſo ſomewhat abated the violence of his paſſion and choler, he then procures ſo much time from his pleaſure, and ſo much patience from himſelf, as he breaks up the ſeals thereof, and peruſeth it, the which as ſoon as he had performed, he in preſence of the meſſenger who brought it, rares the Letter in pieces, and then (all enraged with choler) throws it into the fire; when again turning himſelf to him, he bad him tell the Giggle his Daughter, *that her carriage had been ſo baſe, diſobedient, and ingrateful to him, that he diſdained to return her any anſwer to her Letter, and very ſorry that he had ſo much deſcended from himſelf, as to have received and read it*; When without once enquiring of him how his Daughter did, yea, without giving the Meſſenger any reward,

reward, or, which is leſs, without making him drink, he haſtily and cholerickly flings from him, and will no more ſee or ſpeak with him; who returning to *Genoua*, and reporting to *Lorenzo* and his wife what cold entertainment his Letter and himſelf had of his Father *Moron* in *Savona*; ſhe grieves and ſtorms thereat publickly, and he privately, and at their firſt relation and knowledge of this their Fathers unkindneſs in anſwering her Letter with ſilence, they look each on other with countenances, compoſed partly of diſcontent, and partly of ſorrow, and for her part, ſhe cannot refrain from tears, till at laſt, her Husband *Lorenzo* ſteps to her, when (as much to diſſipate her grief, and to diſſemble his own) he gives her many ſmiles, and comforts her with theſe ſpeeches.

That according to her promiſe (in her Letter) to her Father, he will the next week go over to him, and then will bear himſelf ſo reſpectively towards him, that he hopes his preſence ſhall purchaſe his affection, which her Letter could not, ſo ſhe hereat remains better ſatisfied than her Husband contented with this harſh carriage, and unkind reſolution of their Father towards him.

Now ſome eight days after, *Lorenzo* rides over to *Savona*, (handſomly clad, and rather above than below his quality) and putting up his horſe in an Inn, he a little before ſupper time goes to his father-in-Law, *Moron*'s houſe, where inquiring of his ſervants for him, they tell him he is in his Chamber; when deſirous to ſee and ſpeak with him, one of them ſteps up to him, and informs him thereof; Whereat *Moron* ſtarting up, as if he had been ſuddenly awaked out of a dream, he at the firſt mention and name of *Lorenzo*, but eſpecially of that of his Son-in-law *Lorenzo*, bolts himſelf faſt in his Chamber, and then calling up his Servants to him he ſtaidly chargeth to deny his being within to *Lorenzo*, and as ſoon as he is gone forth, to ſhut the doors againſt him, and at any hand, not to admit him into his houſe, for that his pleaſure and reſolution is, neither to ſee nor ſpeak with him. *Lorenzo* bites his lip at this baffle of his ſervants, firſt to ſay their Maſter, his Father-in-Law was within, and then in one breath to contradict and deny it. When for that time he holds it diſcretion to depart, goes to his Hoſtery (or Inn) to Supper, and returns thither again ſpeedily after, but finds the ſame anſwer. So then fearing the truth, that his Father-in-Law was (infallibly) within, and yet would not be within, he returns to his lodging, and in much choler, betakes himſelf to his bed: But this diſcourteſie of his Father-in-Law will not permit him any ſound reſt, but only affords him many broken diſcontented ſlumbers. The next morning, very early, he returns thither again, to ſee and ſpeak with him, but the firſt proved the laſt anſwer of his ſervants, whereat *Lorenzo* (all netled with choler and anger) takes horſe and rides away for *Genoua*.

Allow we him by this time returned to *Genoua*, where he truly and fully relates to his Wife *Fermia* the diſcourteſie of her Father towards him, from point to point, as we have formerly underſtood, which (poor ſweet ſoul) exceedingly grieves her heart, and infinitely perplexeth her mind and thoughts, but how to remedy it ſhe knows not; for as ſhe knows, ſhe (by her diſobedient flight and marriage againſt her Fathers conſent) hath committed a great fault towards him, ſo now ſhe ſees, that (of neceſſity) ſhe muſt own and make the beſt of it: When he comforting his wife with encouragement, and ſhe reciprocally encouraging him with comfort, they refer the iſſue of this their father's pleaſure or diſpleaſure unto God; but yet rather hoping than deſpairing, that a little time will make him more tractable and flexible to their deſires, they paſs away their time merrily and ſweetly together, he proving a courteous and loving Husband to her, and ſhe a kind and dutiful Wife to him. He exceeding provident to get and thrive by his trade, and ſhe as careful in her houſe and family, to ſave what he gets, and thus in ſix months after, they neither go nor ſend to their Father, thinking and hoping, that although it be unlikely, yet it is not impoſſible but that hereafter of his own free accord and good diſpoſition and nature, he may ſhortly change his diſpleaſure into courteſie, and his malice into affection towards them: But as yet, they ſtill find the contrary, for all this time, he never ſends to them, nor ſo much as once hearkens after them.

At the end of ſix months *Lorenzo* prays his wife *Fermia* to ride over to *Savona* to ſee what alteration this long time hath wrought in her Father's affection, and ſo recommends her portion from him to her care and remembrance, but reſolves not to write to him becauſe of his unkindneſs to him at his laſt being at *Savona*. *Fermia* (more in obedience to her Husband, than out of her own willingneſs or deſire) accepts of this journey, but ſtill ſhe fears that ſhe ſhall find her Father to be one and the ſame man in his diſcontent and diſpleaſure againſt them. But yet in regard ſhe is his own fleſh and blood, his only Child, and therefore a great part of himſelf, ſhe yet flatters her ſelf with this hope, that he cannot be ſo unnatural to her, as he was unkind to her Husband. She comes to *Savona*; but look what entertainment her

Husband

Husband *Lorenzo* found from her Father, the ſame in all reſpects and points doth ſhe, and no otherwiſe : For he will neither ſpeak with her, no nor ſee, nor permit her, either to lie, eat, or drink in his houſe, but moſt uncourteouſly and unnaturally cauſeth his doors to be faſt ſhut againſt her ; yea, and to add cruelty to his unkindneſs, he is extream angry with his ſervants, for daring to admit her to ſpeak with him, and with her Aunt *Aleyna* (his own Siſter) for receiving and lodging her.

Our ſweet *Fermia* the Daughter is extreamly perplexed, afflicted, and grieved at this her Father's bitter unkindneſs and cruelty towards her, the which ſhe ſeals with many ſighs, and confirms with infinite Rivolets of tears which trickle down her beautiful cheeks, as ſo many pearled drops of dew on bluſhing and fragrant damask-Roſes: When again imploying her aforeſaid Aunt *Aleyna*, and likewiſe intreating father *Bernardin de Monte*, her fathers own ghoſtly Father, to perſwade him in her behalf, which they do. But at laſt ſeeing the requeſts of the one bootleſs, and the ſpiritual exhortations of the other vain and to no effect, then, as ſhe came from *Genoua* to *Savona*, with ſome hope and joy, ſo ſhe is again conſtrained to return from *Savona* to *Genoua*, with infinite grief and deſpair ; Where from point to point (betwixt anger and tears ſhe relates to her Husband *Lorenzo* the unnatural diſcourteſie which her Father had offered her : Whereat, as before, ſo now he again diſſembleth his diſcontent thereof, and with many ſweet Speeches, and ſome few Kiſſes, ſeeks to comfort and pacifie : But ſtill the remembrance hereof ſticks deep in her mind, and yet far deeper in his thoughts : for the knowledg of his Father-in Law *Moron*'s diſcourteſie firſt offered to himſelf, and now to his Wife in *Savona*, being known and reported to many of his neighbours and friends in *Genoua*, they ſcoff and taunt at his fooliſh Ambition, in marrying and ſtealing away his Wife, and in all Companies which he frequenteth, they give him this quip, that he had done far wiſer to have married a poor Trades-mans Daughter in *Genoua* with a ſmall portion, than a rich Vintners in *Savona* with nothing ; Which fooliſh and malicious ſpeech of theirs, falls not ſo eaſily from his memory as from their tongues, but leaves an impreſſion therein. For from henceforth *Lorenzo* of a wiſe man proves himſelf a fool ; of an honeſt man, a knave ; and ſo of a good Chriſtian to God, an extream bad Husband both to his Wife and to himſelf : For now ſeeing the mountains of his hopes of a rich Wife turned to Mole-hills, and they to nothing through his Father's diſpleaſure and unkindneſs to them, he looks not on his Wife with ſo kind and reſpective an eye as heretofore, although poor harmleſs young woman, ſhe knows far better to lament and grieve, than how to remedy her father's cruelty towards them : But this is but the beginning of his ingratitude and her unfortunacy, for before a whole year be paſt ſince their Marriage, her husband ſo far forgets his love to his wife, his regard to himſelf, and his reputation and credit to the world, as he firſt begins to ſlight her, and then to neglect both himſelf and his Profeſſion : And here now it is, that Idleneſs begins firſt to enter into his hands, Vice into his heart, and Sin into his Soul ; and here it is, that he firſt falls into bad courſes, and wicked Company, from whence in the end (I fear) will proceed nothing but ſhame, repentance, and confuſion of all ſides.

He who formerly prayed often with his Wife and Family in his houſe, and was a devout and religious frequenter of his Church, now he is ſo dangerouſly fled from God, and ſo deſperately following the devil, as he ſcorns the Church, and will neither pray himſelf at home with his Wife, nor (which is worſe) permit or ſuffer her to do it at home with her Family : He hath forgotten her dear affection and conſtancy to him, and how ſhe hath incurred her Father's indignation for making him her Husband, and her ſelf his Wife : He hath forgotten his former oaths and promiſes of his tender affection and conſtant love to her, and how that in life and death he would live and die more hers than his own ; He hath forgotten how for his ſake, and for the fervent love ſhe bore him, that ſhe forſook divers rich young men of *Savona*, who were every way his Superiours in Birth, Wealth, and profeſſion: Or elſe if he did remember it, he would not thus ſlight her by day, or lie from her by night in lewd and laſcivious Company, ſpending both his time, his means, and himſelf, upon Panders, Bawds, and Strumpets ; from which ungodly life and ſinful converſation, neither her Prayers, intreaties, requeſts, perſwaſions, ſighs or tears can poſſibly reclaim him ; but let all things run at random and confuſion without order, care, or conſideration, ſo that within the compaſs of one whole year and half, his Trade is neglected, his Credit crackt, his Reputation loſt, his Eſtate ſpent, and nothing left, either to maintain himſelf, or relieve her, but grief, ſorrow deſpair, and miſery. She ſets all his beſt friends, and moſt vertuous acquaintance to convert him from this his abominable life, yea, ſhe holds it more ſhame than ſin, to acquaint his Confeſſor therewith, who taking a fit time, deals roundly with him for his reformation, and fails not to paint out his ſins and vices, as alſo their deſerved puniſhments in their fouleſt and moſt hideous colours : but ſtill her Husband

band *Lorenzo* is ſo ſtrongly linked to the devil, and ſo firmly wedded to his beaſtly vices and enormities, that all the world cannot diſſwade or divert him from them; and ſtill he is ſo far from abandoning and forſaking them, as he adds new to his old: for the Devil hath now taught him to delight in curſing and ſwearing; for in his ſpeeches and actions, he uſes many fearful oaths and deſperate execrations: he begins to revile her, and to give her foul language, terming her begger, and her Father villain, and that he is bound to curſe them both, becauſe (ſaith he) they have beggered him; when God and his ſinful ſoul and conſcience well know, that there is nothing more untrue or falſe: For if his piety towards God, or his care and providence of himſelf and his family had equalized hers, he had then made himſelf as happy as now he is miſerable, and ſhe as joyful, as now we ſee her diſconſolate and ſorrowful, and then no doubt, but time and God would have drawn her Father *Moron* to have beſtowed ſome portion on him with his wife, whereas now the knowledge of his impious life and laſcivious prodigalities doth juſtly occaſion him to the contrary. Again, here befalls another accident which brings our ſorrowful *Fermia*, new grief, vexation, and tears: for ſhe ſees her ſelf great, yea quick with Child by her Husband *Lorenzo*, ſo as that which ſhe once hoped would have been the argument of her joy, now proves the cauſe of her affliction and ſorrow; for his vices have ſcarce left her wherewith to maintain her ſelf; and therefore it grieves her to think and conſider, that hereafter ſhe ſhall not be able to maintain her Child when God in his appointed time ſhall ſend it her; for he hath conſumed his eſtate, and ſpent, ſold and pawn'd all his beſt houſhold-ſtuff and apparel, that almoſt they have nothing to give themſelves maintenance, hardly bread: But yet ſtill how lewd and irregular ſoever *Lorenzo* be, his virtuous and ſorrowful wife *Fermia* ſerves God duly and truly, and ſpends a great part of her time in prayer, ſtill beſeeching the Lord to give her patience, and to forgive her husband all his foul ſins towards him, and cruel ingratitude towards her ſelf: When, in the midſt of this her poverty and miſery, once ſhe thought to have left her Husband in *Genoua*, and to have caſt her ſelf at her Fathers feet in *Savona*, that he would pardon, receive and entertain her: But then again conſidering his flinty heart and cruelty towards her, and that he would rather contemn than pity her youth and miſery, but eſpecially calling to mind her duty to her husband, and her Oath given him in marriage, in the preſence of God and his Church, for better, for worſe, for richer, for poorer; Then, I ſay, the conſideration and remembrance thereof, is ſo ſtrong a tye to her Conſcience, and ſo ſtrict an obligation to her Soul, that ſhe thinks his vices and poverty, have now more need of her aſſiſtance, prayers and company, than of her abſence: So, as a vertuous wife, and a religious Chriſtian ſhe will not conſent to forſake and leave him, but reſolves to ſtay and live with him, to ſee what the Lord is pleaſed to impoſe on her, and (for his ſins and hers) what afflictions and miſeries he hath ordained and decreed for them. And yet being deſirous to draw hope and comfort any way, becauſe ſhe finds grief and deſpair from all parts, ſhe reſolves to acquaint her father with her calamities, as alſo (earneſtly and humbly) to pray him to relieve them, the which ſhe doth in this her ſorrowful Letter to him, which ſhe ſends him ſafely to *Savona*,

FERMIA to MORON.

I Now find to my grief, and know to my ſhame and repentance, that my diſobedience in marrying Lorenzo *againſt your conſent and without your bleſſing, is the reaſon why God hath thus puniſhed me with a bad Husband in him, whoſe fervent affection to me is ſo ſoon forgotten and frozen; and whoſe virtues in himſelf are ſo ſuddenly and ſinfully exchanged into vices, that his prodigality hath ſpent and conſumed all his Eſtate, and left not wherewith either to give himſelf or me maintenance: In which regard becauſe my afflictions are ſo great, and my miſeries ſo infinite, that I rather deſerve your pity than your diſpleaſure; Therefore if not for my ſake who am your living Daughter, yet for my mothers ſake and remembrance, who is your dead wife; either give my Husband means to ſet up his old trade and forſake his new vices in* Genoua, *or elſe take me home to live with you again in* Savona, *and if you will not in Nature reſpect me as your Daughter, yet in compaſſion entertain me as your Hand maid, and I moſt humbly and religiouſly beſeech you to conſider with your ſelf, to what great wants and neceſſities I am now reduced, ſith I write you this my Letter rather with tears than Ink: God direct your heart to my relief and conſolation, as mine is eternally devoted to your ſervice, and conſecrated to his glory.*

FERMIA.

Her Father *Moron* after a long conſultation and reluctation with himſelf, whether he ſhould read or reject this Letter of his Daughter; He at laſt (having formerly underſtood of her Husbands prodigality, and her poverty and miſery) breaks up the Seals thereof and peruſeth it, and ſurely if there had been any ſpark of humanity or reaſon, or of good nature or pity in him at all, his former knowledge of her miſeries and now this preſent aſſurance and confirmation thereof, ſhould have perſwaded him to grant her, if not the firſt, yet the ſecond

of

of her requeſts, which was to receive her, and give her maintenance: but he is ſtill ſo hard-hearted to her as he will neither relieve her wants, nor pity her afflictions, but (more out of hatred than affection to her) thinks he hath done enough in ſending her not his Love, but this his ſharp Letter in anſwer of hers.

MORON to FERMIA.

IF thy husband prove not to thy liking, thou haſt juſt reaſon to thank thy ſelf, and condemn thine own temerity and diſobedience in chooſing him, and if his affection be ſo ſoon forgotten or frozen to thee, it is a juſt puniſhment of God, becauſe thine was ſo firſt to me, whereof as that is the effect, ſo doubtleſs this is the prime and original cauſe thereof, and as his vices and prodigality have ſpent all his Eſtate, ſo I have not ſo little judgment (though thou ſo ſmall underſtanding) to think that mine ſhall redeem it (which upon the whole) were then to imitate and ſecond him in his folly, and conſequently to make my ſelf guilty in conſuming it. And becauſe thou fleddeſt with him without my knowledge from Savona *to* Genoua, *and didſt there marry him without my conſent, therefore it is neither thy grief nor miſery, or thy ſhame and repentance, which ſhall induce me either to reſpect or pity thee as my Daughter, or which is leſs, to relieve and entertain thee as my handmaid; you both are young enough to work and labour for your living, as thy mother and my ſelf did for ours, and therefore know thy youth deſerves no compaſſion from my age, and if this will not ſatisfie thee, then the beſt advice and counſel which I can or will give thee, is, that thou continually direct thy prayers to God for thy relief and conſolation: and herein thou wilt then ſerve thy ſelf, pleaſe me, and glorifie him: And as thou regardeſt my Commands, or deſireſt my bleſſing, let me neither ſee thee, nor hereafter hear any more of thy vain and fooliſh Letters.* MORON.

The receit of this her Fathers unkind and cruel Letter to her, doth at one time kill both her hopes with deſpair, and her heart with grief; or if that do not, then the mad tyranny, and new cruelty of her debauched Husband doth: for now contrary to nature, beyond reaſon and oppoſite to Grace, he many times beats her; ſhe is all in teats hereat, uſeth all poſſible means to reclaim him from his new vices to his old virtues: She continually perſwades him fairly with exhortations, ſweetly with ſighs, and dearly with tears, yea poor ſweet young woman, ſhe many times caſts her ſelf at his feet, and with arms croſſed, her hands elevated towards Heaven, her hair diſhevelled and dangled about her cheeks, and her pearled tears bedewing the Lillies of her mournful and diſconſolate countenance, begs him to forſake his vices to himſelf, and his undeſerved unkindneſs and cruelty towards her: But all this is in vain, for he proves deaf to her requeſts and prayers, and blind to her ſighs and tears. He hath no longer money to buy Corn, and is ſo far from ſelling bread to others, as he hath ſcarce enough to give to himſelf, and to his great bellied wife: And as for his ſervants he is inforced to put them all away: His vanity to himſelf and cruelty to his wife is too too lamentably notorious and remarkable; for when he wants mony, he beats her, if ſhe will not preſently ſupply his wants, and furniſh his expences. Now in the midſt of all her griefs and miſeries, God ſends her a fair young Son, of whom the Father is not worthy, no nor of his vertuous wife who bore it: For had not the care, affection, and charity of her neighbours been far greater than that of her Husband to her, both the mother had miſcarried, and the child periſhed in the ſharp throws and agony of her delivery; and the name of this her little Son, whom ſhe cauſeth to be chriſtened in a very poor manner and ceremony, is *Thomaſo*: Nay ſhe is ſo poor as ſhe hath nothing but rags to cover him with, and therefore with much grief and ſhame, ſhe begs poor linnen clouts of her Neighbours to keep him clean and ſweet: when it is waking, ſhe looks and kiſſeth it often with joy, but when it ſleeps or ſucks, then ſhe grieves that it is ſo unfortunate both in a wicked Father, and in a poor diſconſolate Mother, who hath more means to lament and pity, than milk to feed and nouriſh it: She often ſhews her husband his child, and importunately begs him henceforth to have a more provident care of himſelf for his childs ſake, and of his child for his own ſake. But as a lewd Husband and too degenerate a Father doth neither love nor care for either, but hates both of them; yea, his vices and cruelty makes her ſorrow ſo infinite, that ſhe reputes her ſelf a burthen to her ſelf, and a thouſand times wiſheth ſhe were in Heaven: And one time among the reſt after her husband without cauſe had given her many bitter words and ſome ſharp and cruel blows, her Child being in its Cradle, he gone forth, from choler ſhe falls down on her knees to prayer; the which ſo ſoon as ſhe had ended, and her child awaking and crying, ſhe takes it up in her arms, and mournfully ſitting down on the floor by her bed ſide, (ſhe weeping as faſt as her poor Infant-babe ſucked) having bolted her chamber-door, was over-heard by one of her Neighbours ('twixt whom and her ſelf there was but a Wainſcot entercloſe and partition) to pronounce theſe (or the like) ſorrowful ſpeeches to her ſelf.

O poor *Fermia*, it had been an infinite happineſs for thee if thou hadſt never ſeen thy Huſband

band *Lorenzo*, or periſhed and ſunk in the Sea when thou fleddeſt with him from *Savona* to *Genona*, before he was thy Husband. For ſurely thou haſt great cauſe to think, and reaſon to believe, that this cruelty of his towards thee, is a juſt plague and puniſhment ſent thee from God for diſobeying thy Father, in marrying without his conſent and bleſſing; with whom when thou livedſt ſingle, thou hadſt ſo much felicity and joy, as thou kneweſt not what belonged to ſorrow and miſery, and now living a wife to this thy Husband, thou art enforced to taſte ſo much grief and miſery, as thou knoweſt no more what belongs to joy and felicity. Then thou didſt ſurfeit with the choice of the coſtlieſt meats and viands, and now thou art ready to ſtarve meerly for want of bread: Then thy apparel was rich, but now rent and torn: Then thy beauty made thee ſought in marriage by divers, and now thy griefs and ſorrows have defaced and withered it, thou art contemned and hated of him who married thee: For can thy griefs be matched, or thy actions and ſorrows paralel'd, when thou haſt a Husband who neither fears nor ſerves God, who will neither go to Church or pray himſelf, or permit or ſuffer thee to do it; and who is far from loving thee, as he loves nothing better than to hate, revile, and beat thee: For (aye me) he drowns himſelf and his wits in wine, and keeps whores to thy Noſe, ſpends all his eſtate upon them, and upon Bawds, Panders and Drunkards (the Off-ſcum and Caterpillars of the world) with whom he conſumes his time and himſelf, making night day, and day night in theſe his beaſtly revels, and obſcene voluptuouſneſs, and upon whom he hath ſpent ſo much, as he hath now nothing left either to ſpend, or maintain himſelf and thee; yea, thy miſeries are ſo great, and thy afflictions and ſorrows ſo ſharp and infinite, that thou haſt no parent left to ſuccour or relieve thee, and which is leſs, no friend who will aſſiſt or comfort thee. Poor young woman, and diſconſolate ſorrowful wife that thou art, it were a bleſſed happineſs and a happy bleſſing for thee that thou hadſt been unborn or unmarried. Alas, alas, thy mother died too ſoon for thee when thou wert but young, and therefore ſhe cannot, and thy Father lives (and is exceeding rich) yet hates thee ſo much as he will not aſſiſt and relieve thee. And as all thy kinsfolks refuſe to lend or ſend thee any comfort in theſe thy wants and calamities, ſo thoſe who profeſſed themſelves thy friends in thy proſperity, will not now either ſee thee in thy poverty, or know thee in thy miſery. When again and again looking on her pretty babe, and giving it many tender kiſſes (her tears interrupting her words, and her ſighs again cutting her tears in pieces) ſhe continueth her ſpeech thus: And thou my ſweet babe, what ſhall I ſay to thee, ſith almoſt I can do nothing for thee, for I have no food to give my ſelf, how then can I give milk to thee? and yet I love thee ſo dearly and ſo tenderly, that although thy unkind and cruel Father hate me ſo deadly, yet I will ſtarve my ſelf before thou ſhalt want; yea, I will cheerfully work, and (if occaſion ſerve) beg my ſelf to death, to get ſuſtenance and neceſſaries for the preſervation of thy life. For live thou my ſweet babe as happy as thy poor mother is miſerable and unfortunate: And if I die before thee (as I hope I ſhall not live long) ſay thou hadſt a Mother who loved thee ten thouſand times dearer than her own life, and who was rich in care and affection, though poor in Eſtate and means to maintain thee. And if I leave thee nothing behind me, (becauſe I have now nothing left me either to give or leave thee) yet I will give thee my bleſſing, and leave thee heir to theſe my moſt religious prayers; That God in his divineſt favour and mercy will not pour down his wrath and puniſhment on thee, but that thou mayſt live to be as happy in thy virtues, as I fear thy Father will be miſerable in his vices, and as true a ſervant and inſtrument of God's glory, as (with grief and tears) I ſee he is of his own diſgrace and diſhonour.

Neither is our virtuous *Fermia* deceived in the cloſe of this her paſſionate and preſaging ſpeech towards her Husband, for he continues his odious and ungodly courſe of life both towards God and her, and now (as well in his freſh as his drunken humours) makes it his practice to revile, and his delight and glory to beat her: who notwithſtanding yet thinking and hoping to work ſome good in him, through the ſight of this poor infant his Son; She often ſhews it to him, and with ſighs and tears prays him to leave off this his ſinful life towards God, and theſe his cruel courſes and actions towards her ſelf. But he is ſtill the ſame man, yea, he is ſo wretchedly debauched and vicious, as he will not endure to think of making himſelf better, and to ſay the truth, I believe and think that the Devil cannot poſſibly make him worſe; the which his poor ſorrowful wife perceiving, as alſo that her child being now by this time almoſt two years old, ſhe hath not wherewithal in the world to maintain it in meat or clothes, ſhe is inforced to make a virtue of neceſſity, and ſo works exceeding hard with her Needle, thereby to give life to her ſelf and to her pretty young Son; and yet ſay ſhe what ſhe will with ſighs, and do ſhe what ſhe can with tears, her Husband ſtill forcibly takes

away the two parts of the poor profit, and ſmall revenue of her labours, both from her ſelf, and her little Son *Thomaſo*, not caring if they ſtarve or die, ſo he have to maintain his vicious expences among his lewd Conſorts and Companions, yea, her miſeries and wants are now ſo great, and her affection to her child ſo dear and tender, that when ſhe hath no means to ſet her ſelf to work, nor can procure any from others, then (though to her matchleſs grief and ſhame) ſhe deſcends ſo far from her ſelf, as ſhamefully and ſecretly in remote ſtreets and Churches, ſhe begs the alms and charity of ſome well diſpoſed people for their ſubſiſtance and maintenance. But at length, when ſhe ſees that her Husband is informed and acquainted therewith, and that he is ſo inhumane in himſelf, and ſo cruel-hearted to her and her Son, that he likewiſe takes theſe ſmall monies away from her, which in effect is to take bread out of their mouths, and life out of their bodies): then not knowing what in the world to do, or which way to wind or turn her ſelf any longer to maintain her Son, which (by many degrees) ſhe loves better than her ſelf, ſhe reſolves to write to her Father to take him home at *Savona*, and maintain him, which ſhe doth by this her enſuing Letter, which carried him this humble language and petition.

FERMIA to MORON.

THE increaſe of my Husband's vices are thoſe of my wants and miſeries, which are now grown ſo extream and infinite, that I have not clothes nor food left to maintain my ſelf, nor my poor little Son Thomaſo, *nor ſcarce to give life to us. And conſidering that I am your Daughter (yea your only child) methinks both in Nature and Chriſtianity, that my Father ſhould not ſee me driven to theſe ſharp and bitter extremities, without relieving me, eſpecially, becauſe as heretofore, ſo now my ſighs beg it of you with humility for charities ſake, and my tears with ſorrow for Gods ſake. Or if yet your heart will not diſſolve into pity, or relent into compaſſion towards me, at leaſt let it towards my poor and pretty young child, whom now with prayers and tears I beſeech you to take from me and maintain, though not as a great part of me, yet as a little piece of your ſelf, and whom God (in his ſacred power and ſecret providence) may (for his honour and glory) reſerve to be as much happineſs to you, as I your ſorrowful Daughter, and his poor Mother ſee my ſelf born to affliction and miſery: God will requite this your charity to him, and thereby I ſhall the ſooner forget your unnatural unkindneſs and cruelty towards my ſelf. And ſo may you live in as much proſperity, as I fear I ſhall ſhortly die in extream indigence and miſery.*

FERMIA.

Her Father *Moron* receiveth and peruſeth this third Letter of his Daughter *Fermia*, whereat being yet nothing moved in Charity, or touched in compaſſion towards her, but only towards her young Son (and his grand-child) *Thomaſo*, he returns her this ſhort Anſwer.

MORON to FERMIA.

I See thou art both wilful and obſtinate in diſobeying my commands, with thy Letters; wherein I believe thou takeſt more glory, than either I conceive grief at the relation of thy wants, or ſorrow at the repetition of my miſeries, the which I am ſo far from relieving, as I only pity it as I am thy Father, but not as thou art my Daughter. And yet becauſe thy young Son Thomaſo *is as innocent as thou art guilty of my diſpleaſure and indignation, therefore give him to this bearer whom I have purpoſely ſent, to receive him of thee, and I will ſee whether it be the pleaſure of God that I ſhall be as happy in him as I am unfortunate in thy ſelf, and if in his ſacred providence he hath ordained and decreed that he prove as great a comfort to thy age, as thou art a croſs and calamity to mine, which if it prove ſo, then give God the only praiſe and Glory, which is the beſt uſe and requital which thou canſt make, or I deſire.*

MORON.

Our poor and deſolate *Fermia* having received and over-read her Fathers Letter, although ſhe be wonderful ſorrowful at the perſeverance of his cruelty towards her ſelf, yet ſhe is infinitely glad and joyful at his compaſſion and kindneſs towards her young Son, whom apparelling the very beſt that poſſibly ſhe could (which God knows is ragged and mean and poor) ſhe (with a thouſand ſighs, tears, prayers, bleſſings, and kiſſes) gives him to her Father's Meſſenger, to whoſe affection and education, as alſo to God's gracious protection and preſervation, ſhe religiouſly recommends him; when (to her exceeding grief and ſenſible

ſible affliction) ſhe ſees it out of her poſſible power once to perſwade her Husband *Lorenzo* either to kiſs or to ſee him at his departure, as if it were no part of his affection to bleſs it, or of his duty to pray to God to bleſs it, much leſs to kiſs it at parting. A moſt unkind and unnatural part of a Father to his ſweet and pretty young Son. Which ſtrange and diſcourteous ingratitude of his, it is not impoſſible for us to ſee God as ſtrangely both to requite and revenge.

Sorrowful *Fermia* having thus ſent away her little Son *Thomaſo* to her Father *Moron* at *Savona*, ſhe the very ſame night dreams in her poor Bed and Houſe in *Geneva*, that ſhe ſhall never be ſo happy to ſee him again; when being awaked, and remembring this her ſorrowful and ſad dream, ſhe for meer grief bitterly weeps thereat, and although ſhe would, yet ſhe cannot poſſibly forget or ſuppreſs the remembrance thereof, or once put it out of her mind; ſo that thinking her ſelf fortunate in placing this her little Son with her Father, and his Grandfather, ſhe is now very penſive and ſorrowful for his abſence, becauſe ſhe can no longer ſee him, play with him, and kiſs him, and is infinitely diſconſolate and mournful when ſhe thinks of her dream of him. In the mean time her lewd Husband grows from bad to worſe, ſo that her cohabitation is a bondage with him, and her marriage and wedlock but an indenture of ſlavery, and a contract of miſery under him. Such is her incomparable grief, ſuch her unparallel'd afflictions and calamities.

Five years our diſconſolate *Fermia* lives in this miſery, and miſerable poverty with her Husband, and yet all the whole world cannot perſwade her Father *Moron* to take her home to him and maintain her. She hath no conſolation left her but prayers, nor remedy but enforced patience; ſo ſhe arms her ſelf with the laſt, and adorneth her ſelf with the firſt. She was contented to beg for the maintenance of her little Son *Thomaſo*, but now being eaſed of that burthen ſhe will give it over, ſo ſhe works hard to get her hard and poor living, which yet ſhe cannot get ſo faſt as her Husband ſpends it prodigally and laſciviouſly. Her care and virtues make her the pity, as his lewdneſs and vices make him the ſcorn and contempt of their Neighbours. So while ſhe ſits at home cloſe at her needle in poor apparel, he idlely wanders abroad until he have brought his apparel to raggs, and himſelf almoſt to nakedneſs. And here it is her wretched Husband *Lorenzo* now firſt begins to hearken to the Devil, yea, to prove a very Devil himſelf, towards this his dear and virtuous Wife; for he enters into a conſultation with himſelf that if he were once rid of his Wife *Fermia*, he might marry ſome other with a good portion to maintain him, and ſo again ſet up his Trade of Baking, which now had forſaken him, becauſe he had vitiouſly and unfaithfully forſaken it. When his faith being as weak with God, as his infamous life and vices were odious to the World, he aſſumed a bloody and damnable reſolution to murther her, and hereunto the Devil is ſtill at his elbow to provoke and egg him onward, and continually blows the coals to this his malice and indignation againſt her: So neither his mind nor heart, his conſcience nor ſoul cannot divert him from this fearful enterprize, and lamentable bloody buſineſs. The which to perform and perpetrate, he on a great holiday (which was the Purification of the Bleſſed Virgin *Mary*) takes her with him into a Vineyard ſome half a mile from the City of *Geneva* under colour to recreate themſelves, and to take the air, which God knows, ſhe poor ſoul, takes for a great, becauſe an unaccuſtomed favour and courteſie at his hands; where ſhe moſt lovingly and willingly goes with him, and there feigning himſelf faſt aſleep, and ſhe (innocent harmleſs young woman) then and there ſlept ſoundly, and every way being as devoid of fear, as he was of grace, he with a barbarous and diabolical cruelty, (ſeeing the coaſt clear) ſoftly riſeth up and cuts her throat, without giving her the power, time or happineſs to utter one word before her death; Where leaving her weltering and goring in her blood, he ſpeedily and politickly enters *Geneva* by a contrary gate, thereby to avoid all ſuſpicion of this his bloody and damnable fact.

The very ſame night this her breathleſs murthered body is found out by ſome of *Geneva*, who accidentally walked that way, and they cauſing it to be brought to the City, it is known by ſome of *Lorenzo*'s Neighbours, to be his Wife *Fermia*, whereat to add the better cloak to his knavery, and ſhadow to his villany, he ſeems to be wonderfully ſad, and paſſionately ſorrowful for the ſame, and ſo requeſteth the Criminal Officers, both in and about the City to make curious reſearch and enquiry for the murtherers of his Wife, which they do; but this hypocritical ſadneſs and falſe ſorrow of his, though (to the eye of the world) it prevail for a time, yet (to that of God's mercy and Juſtice) in the end, it ſhall little avail him: ſo he gives her a poor and obſcure burial, every way unworthy the ſweetneſs of her beauties, and the excellency of her vertues: her Father *Moron* hath ſpeedy notice of this deplorable death of his Daughter, who conſidering how ſhe had caſt away her ſelf upon ſo bad a Hus-

a Husband as *Lorenzo*, though outwardly he seem to bewail and lament it, yet inwardly he cares not so much for it; and for her little Son *Thomaso*, his few years dispenceth with his capacity from understanding, much less from lamenting and mourning for this disasterous end of his Mother. A month after the cruel murther and burial of this virtuous, yet unfortunate young woman *Fermia*, her bloody and execrable Husband *Lorenzo*, (is yet so devoid of grace) as he goes to *Savona* to request his Father-in-Law *Moron*, to give him some maintenance, in regard he had no portion from him with his Wife his Daughter, as also to see his Son *Thomaso*. But *Moron* by his servants, sends him a peremptory refusal to both these his requests, and so will neither see him, nor suffer him to see his Son, but absolutely for ever forbids him his house: Whereat *Lorenzo* all in choler leaves *Savona* and returns to *Geneva*, where selling away his wife's old Clothes to provide him new, he seeks many Maidens and Widows in marriage, but the fame of his bad life, and infamous carriage and deportment with his late Wife, is so fresh and great, that they all disdain him; so that utterly despairing ever to raise himself and his fortunes by marriage, he forsakes and leaves *Geneva*, inrolls himself a *Bandetti*, and for many years together practiseth that thievish profession, to the which we will leave him, and speak a little of his young and little Son *Thomaso*.

Old *Moron* Trains up this his Grand-child *Thomaso*, very vertuously and industriously, and at the age of fourteen years, he bids him choose and embrace any trade he best liketh: When *Thomaso* exceedingly delighting in Limning, Graving, and Imagery, he becomes a Goldsmith, and in our five years after, is become a singular expert and skilful workman in his trade. His Grand-father loves him dearly and tenderly, and intends to make him his heir, but *Thomaso* (led as I think, by the immediate hand and providence of God, or out of his own natural inclination) being of a gadding humour to travel abroad, and see other Cities and Countries, and having a particular itching desire to see *Rome*, (which he understood is one of the very prime and chief places of the World for rich and curious Goldsmiths); he finding a *French* ship of *Marseilles* (which by contrary winds stopt in the Road of *Savona* bound up for *Civita Vechia*, very secretly packs up his trunk and trinkets, and so goes along in that Ship: Now as soon as his Grand-father *Moron* understands hereof, he very much grieves at this his rash and sudden departure: So *Thomaso* arrives at *Civita Vechia*, goes up to *Hostia* by Sea, and thence on the River *Tiber* to *Rome*, where he becomes a singular ingenious Goldsmith, and thrives so well, (as after a few years) he there keeps Shop for himself, and constantly builds up his residence. In all this long tract and progression of time, which (my true information tells me) is at least twenty four years, his Father *Lorenzo* continues a thievish *Bandetti* in the state of *Geneva* and *Luca*, where he commits so many leud robberies and strange rapines, depredations and thefts, as that country at last becomes too hot for him, and he too obnoxious for it, so he leaves it, and travelleth into *Tuscany*, and to the fair and famous City of *Florence*, which is the Metropolis thereof, where with the monies he had gotten by the revenues of his robberies, he again sets up his old trade of a Baker; in which profession he knew himself expert and excellent, and here he setleth himself to live and dwell, takes a fair commodious house, and looks out hard for some rich old Maiden, or young Widow to make his new Wife; *but God will prevent his thoughts, and frustrate his designs and desires herein*: For, as yet his bloody thoughts have not made their peace with his soul, nor his soul with his All-seeing and righteous God for the cruel murthering of his old Wife *Fermia*, which as an impetuous storm and fierce tempest, will suddenly befal him, when he least dreams or thinks hereof, yea, by a manner so strange, and an accident so miraculous, that former ages, have seldom, if ever parallel'd, or given us a president hereof; and wherein the Power and Providence, the Mercy and Justice of God resplends with infinite lustre and admiration; and therefore in my poor judgment and opinion, I deem it most worthy of our observations, as we are men, and of our remembrance as we are Christians.

Charles, now Cardinal of *Medices*, going up to *Rome* to receive his Hat of this present Pope *Urban* VIII. and *Cosmos* the great Duke of *Florence* his Brother (in honour to him and their Illustrious blood and family, whereof they are now chief) resolving to make his entry and abode in that City of *Rome* to be stately and magnificent; he causeth his House and Train in all points to be composed of double Officers and Servants, to whom he gives rich and costly Liveries, and among others our *Lorenzo* is found out, elected and pricked down to be one of his Bakers for his own trencher in that Journey, where in *Rome* he flants it out most gallantly and bravely in rich Apparel, and is still most deboished and prodigal in his expences before any other of the Cardinals menial Servants, without ever any more thinking or dreaming of the murthering of his Wife *Fermia*, but rather absolutly believes, that as he, so God had wholly buried the remembrance of that bloody fact of his in perpetual silence and oblivion:

but

but the Devil will deceive his hopes. For now that lamentable murther of his cries aloud to Heaven, and to God for vengeance; wherein we shall behold and see, that it is the Providence and Pleasure of God, many times to punish one sin in and by another, yea, and sometimes one sin for another, as reserving it in the secret Will and inscrutable Providence, to punish Capital offenders, whereof Murtherers are infallibly the greatest; both when, where, and how he pleaseth; for earthly and sinful eyes have neither the power to pry into his heavenly decrees, nor our mind and capacity to dive into his divine actions and resolution, because many times he accelerateth or delayeth their punishments, as they shall stand most fit and requisite for his Justice and their crimes.

When therefore, the Panders and Strumpets, and the new pride and bravery of our *Lorenzo* had eaten out all his money and credit in *Rome*, and that (to his grief) he now saw, that by no possible means he could procure or borrow any more there, being infinitly unwilling to let his vice and prodigality strike sail, and so as he vainly and foolishly thinks to disgrace his Lord Cardinal's service instead of honouring it: He once was minded and resolved to steal some gold out of the Argentiers or Pay-masters Trunk. But then consulting with his judgment and discretion, and finding that attempt to be full of danger, ingratitude, and infamy: He buries that resolution as soon as it was born, and then gives conception and life to another, which was to steal some pieces of Plate out of a young Goldsmiths shop there in *Rome* with whom he was familiarly acquainted, and whose shop and company, he (with divers others of his fellows) very often haunted and frequented since his coming to *Rome*: The which watching, and taking his time he doth, and from him takes away two fair rich guilt Chalices and a curious small gold Crucifix set with a few Saphirs and Emeralds, all amounting to the value of four hundred and fifty Duckatoons. This young Goldsmith (whose name we shall anon know) is amazed at this great loss, when being guided and directed by the immediate finger of God, he knows not whom to suspect or accuse for this robbery but *Lorenzo* the Cardinal of *Florence* his Baker: whom he saw, and observed did very often and too familiarly frequent his shop, and far the more doth he fortifie and increase this his suspicion of him, because then making a curious inquiry and research of his former life and actions, he found both the one and the other in all points so vicious and debauched, as we have formerly understood, only the murther of his Wife *Fermia* excepted, which as yet none but God and himself knew: Whereupon well knowing that he lay not in his Lord Cardinals Palace, which as all others are priviledged or Sanctuaries, but in a Taylors house near adjoyning: he with an Officer searched his Chamber and Trunk, wherein he found one of his Chalices, but not the other, or the gold Crucifix, which *Lorenzo* immediately had both sold to pay his, and to put some double Pistols in his pockets for his vain and prodigal expences; which hunting after this his thief *Lorenzo* he presently finds him, commits him to prison, and accuseth him to the Captain and Judges of *Rome*: who upon knowledge and sight of one of the Chalices found in *Lorenzo*'s Trunk, and also upon his confession of having sold away the other, and likewise the Crucifix of gold, they condemn him to be hanged the very next day for the same. *Lorenzo* (bitterly weeping and fuming at this his disaster) doth most humbly sue and petition the Lord Cardinal his Master to beg his life of the Pope, who considering him to be a base Companion, and no Gentleman, and his fact (during this his service) to be very foul and scandalous; He is too Noble and Wise to attempt or undertake it, and therefore becomes deaf to his requests; whereupon *Lorenzo* is that night returned to his prison, where he hath leisure though not time enough to think upon his conscience and soul, upon the baseness of this his robbery, and the foulness and bloodiness of murthering his Wife *Fermia*.

The next morning he is brought to his death, at the common place of execution at the Bridge-foot, in a little walled Court close to the Castle of *Saint Angelo*, where a world of people flock from all parts of *Rome* to see the Cardinal of *Florence* his Baker take his last leave of the world, being the night before prepared by a Fryer, in his souls journey towards Heaven, as soon as he ascended the Ladder, he there confesseth this his robbery: And likewise that his name was *Andrea Lorenzo*, and that he (about some twenty and three years since) murthered his own Wife, named *Fermia Moron* in a Vineyard near *Geneva*, whereof he saith he will no longer charge his soul: The which the young Goldsmith (whose name was *Thomaso Lorenzo* over hearing) he presently burst forth into tears, and very passionately and sorrowfully crys out, that this man on the Ladder is his own Father; and that *Fermia Moron* was his own Mother, and therefore he with a world of sobs, sighs, and tears prayeth the Officers, and then the Executioner of Justice to forbear, and leave the prisoner for a small while, which accordingly they do: When at the descent of his Father from the Ladder,

Thomaso

Thomaſo (in preſence of all that huge number of people who were preſent) throws himſelf at his feet, and ſeeming to drown himſelf in his tears for ſorrow, confeſſeth himſelf to be his Son, and acknowledgeth *Fermia Moron* to be his Mother, and therefore prays him to forgive him this his innocent ingratitude towards him, in ſeeking his death of whom he had received his own life: And although the conſideration of his Mother's lamentable murther doth pierce him to the heart with grief, yet knowing him likewiſe to be his Father, and himſelf his Son, he freely and willingly offers the Captain of *Rome*, and the Judges all his Eſtate to ſave his Father's life, but this his robbery is ſo foul, and that former murther of his ſo inhumane and lamentable, yea, ſo odious to God and the World, and ſo execrable to Men and Angels, that none will preſume to dare to ſpeak in his behalf: So the next day *Lorenzo* is hanged, having firſt freely forgiven his Son *Thomaſo*, and intreated him likewiſe to forgive him for murthering of his Mother, and for any other thing elſe, he at his death ſaid little; but curſed the name and memory of that miſerable and covetous wretch his Father-in-Law *Moron*, whoſe unkindneſs and cruelty he ſaid had occaſioned and brought him to all this miſery. But he ſpake not a word of his grief or ſorrow for having murthered his Wife *Fermia Moron*; only he ſaid and believed that this his untimely death was a juſt revenge and puniſhment of God to him for the ſame.

The common ſort of the ſpectators and people of *Rome*, ſeemed to tax the Cardinal of *Florence* his Maſter for not ſaving this his Bakers life; but the wiſer and more religious ſort, applauded his generoſity and piety for not attempting it from the Pope: but all do admire and wonder at God's ſacred providence and divine Juſtice in making the Son the cauſe and inſtrument of his Father's hanging for murthering of his Mother, the which indeed gave cauſe of ſpeech and matter of wonder at *Rome*, *Geneva*, *Savona*, and *Florence*, yea, to all *Italy*. And thus was the wicked life and deſerved death of this bloody Villain *Lorenzo*, and in this manner did the Juſtice of the Lord triumph o're his crime in his puniſhment. And as for his Son *Thomaſo* (the Goldſmith) after this infamous and ſcandalous death of his Father, he could no longer content himſelf to live at *Rome*, but returned to *Savona* to his Grandfather *Moron*, who received him with many demonſtrations of Joy and affection, and after his death made him ſole Heir to all his Wealth and Eſtate.

To God be all the Glory.

FINIS.

THE TRIUMPHS OF GOD'S REVENGE Against the Crying and Execrable SIN OF MURTHER

EXPRESSED

In Thirty ſeveral Tragical Hiſtories (digeſted into Six Books) which contain great variety of mournful and memorable Accidents, Amorous, Moral, and Divine.

BOOK. V.

Written by *JOHN REYNOLDS*

LONDON,

Printed for *Ben. Griffin* and *Sam. Keble*. 1702.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

(And truly Noble)

Francis Lord Ruſſel,

Baron of *Thornhaugh*, and Earl of *Bedford*.

Right Honourable,

WHEN I had the honour to refer to that Valiant, Wiſe, and Honeſt Nobleman, Arthur *Lord* Chicheſter, *Baron of* Belfaſt (*whoſe ſublime merits do here juſtly deſerve and challenge this Teſtimony from my Duty, that he was too good for Earth, and therefore is now ſo ſoon crowned a Saint in Heaven*) I then had firſt the happineſs to know and to be known of your Honour at your Cheſwick; In whom (*becauſe I ever held it a far leſs crime to ſpeak the truth, than either to ſilence or diſſemble it*) I then found ſo many Prints and Stamps of true Honour, and Characters of ancient Goodneſs and Nobility, that (*with a pleaſing content and delectation*) I was enforced to be again and again enamoured of Vertue and Honour for your ſake, and reciprocally, to love and reſpect your Lordſhip for both their ſakes. Since when, (*out of your Generoſity, not my expectation or deſerts*) your Honour was pleaſed to confer a favour on me, the which though you forget, yet the remembrance thereof I will (*with equal zeal, and Ambition*) ſtrive to make as eternal, as I know my ſelf to be mortal and tranſitory. You are a Religious Chriſtian, and a true-hearted Engliſhman; and therefore as it is your Glory, ſo it is our Happineſs, that you are both a conſtant Lover of God and his Church; and a firm and faithful Honourer of your Prince and Country: and you are now Lord Lieutenant (*under our Gracious Sovereign*) of that famous County of Devon, and fair and honourable City of Exceſter, to which I owe my Nativity; and in both which the Ruſſels (*Earls of* Bedford) your Noble Anceſtors have condignly left behind them many honourable Trophees of their Valour, and ſweet and precious perfumes of their Vertue.

These Premiſes being ſo powerful in truth, and ſo conſiderable and prevalent in reaſon, I therefore flatter my ſelf with this hope, that your Honour will attribute it rather to Duty, than Preſumption in me, if I now publickly attempt to profer and ſacrifice up ſomething to the Honour of your illuſtrious Name, and to the Dignity of your reſplendent Vertues: Miſſing therefore of that deſired happineſs (by ſome rare or elaborate piece) ſufficiently to teſtifie to your Lordſhip and the whole world, what you are to me in the height of Honour, and what I am, and deſire to be found

of you in the lowneſs of Obſervance *and* Humility; *It will therefore be no leſs my Felicity, than your Goodneſs, if you vouchſafe to accept and patronize this my Fifth Book of foreign* Tragical Hiſtories, *and alſo pleaſe to permit them to travel and ſeek their Fortunes abroad in the World, under the auſpicious Planet, and authentical Paſsport of your Noble Protection: Wherein you may behold and ſee, how ſoundly how ſacredly, the Juſtice of God meets with this crying and ſcarlet Sin of* Murther, *which (in theſe our depraved, and ſinful times) do in contempt of the Laws of* Heaven *and* Earth, *make ſo lamentable and ſo prodigious a progreſſion; and how ſharply and ſeverely it (deſervedly) puniſheth (thoſe Butchers, and Monſters of Nature) the perpetrators thereof; And if I may borrow (for I deſire not to uſurp) any part of your Lordſhip's hours of leiſure, to give firſt to the Knowledge, and then to the Contemplation of theſe Hiſtories, and the ſeveral Accidents which they report and relate: I ſhall then triumph in my good fortune, as having obtained that* Honour *and* Favour, *which I ingenuouſly acknowledge, I am far more capable to deſire than deſerve.*

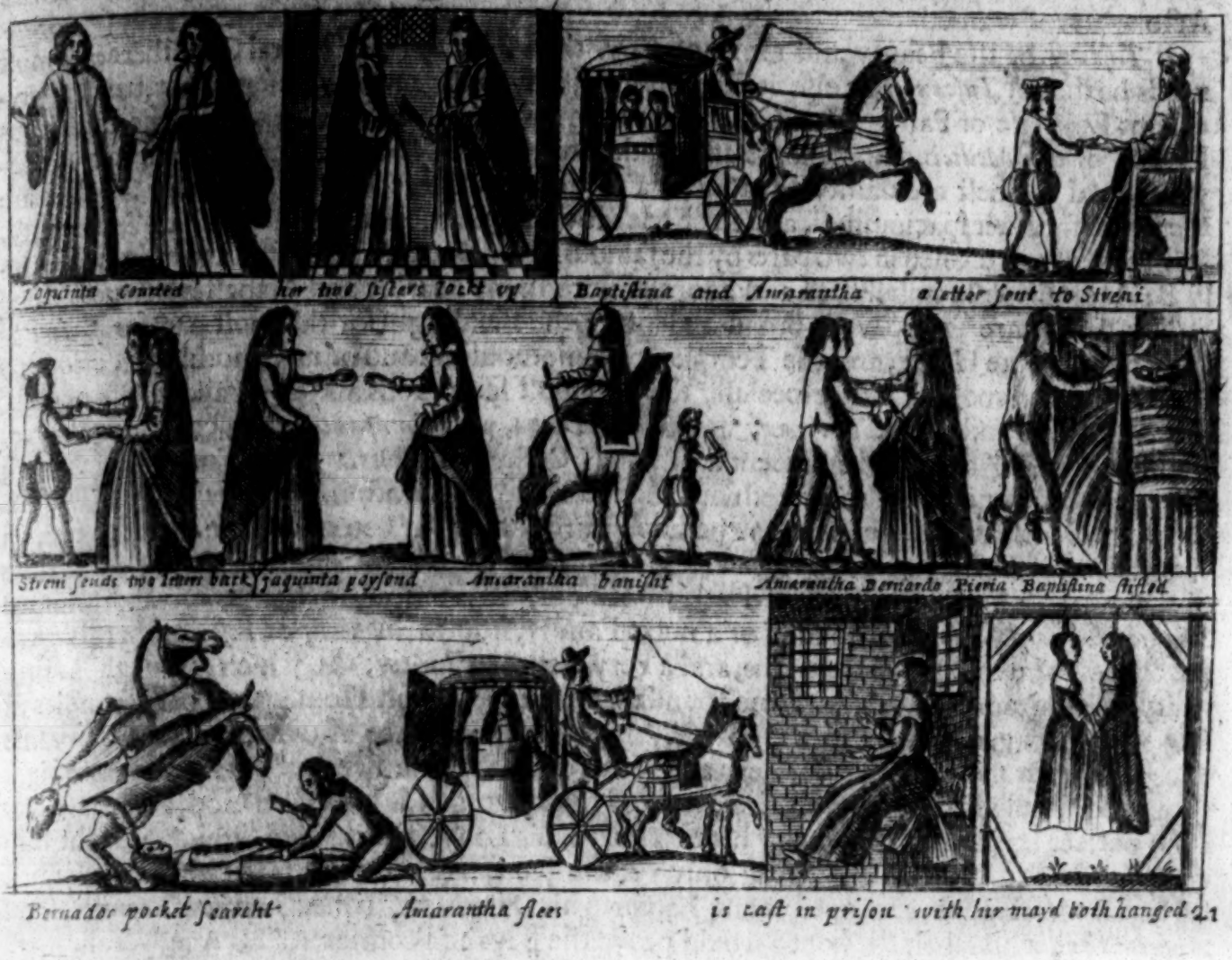
I come now to implore pardon of your Honour *for this my Preſumption, in inſcribing and adventuring ſo mean a work to your Noble acquaintance. And I have ended this my Epiſtle, as ſoon as began, to aſſure you, That I will ever (religiouſly) pray unto God to accumulate all proſperities and bleſſings on your* Honour; *as alſo on your moſt Virtuous* Counteſs, *and ſucceſſively on your Honourable and Flouriſhing Poſterity, who now promiſe no leſs than a happy and famous perpetuity to your thrice Noble Name and Family.*

Your Honours truly devoted and

moſt Humble Servant,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

The



The Triumph of God's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY XXI.

Baptiſtina *and* Amarantha *poyſon their eldeſt Siſter* Jaquinta, *after which* Amarantha *cauſeth her ſervants* Barnardo *and* Pieria, *to ſtifle her Elder Siſter* Baptiſtina *in her Bed*; Barnardo *flying, breaks his neck with the fall of his Horſe.* Pieria *is hanged, ſo likewiſe is* Amarantha, *and her body after burnt.* Barnardo *being buried, his body is again taken up, hanged to the Gallows by his feet, then burnt, and his Aſhes thrown into the air.*

THE Golden times being paſt, what doth this Iron or flinty age of ours produce but Thorns for Roſes and Brambles for Lillies, I mean bloody and barbarous acts in ſtead of deeds of Compaſſion and works of Charity; not but that Chriſtianity (as a fair and glorious vail) covereth the face of *Europe*, as the firmament of Heaven doth that of Earth; and that (by the mercy of God) there are now great variety of Learned and Godly Preachers, whō (by the ſanctity of their lives, and the purity of their Doctrine) ſpend the greateſt part both of their time, and of themſelves, to propagate Virtue and Piety in us, and conſequently to root out vice and Sin from among us. But it is the vanity of our thoughts, the corruption of our depraved Natures, the infirmity of our Judgments, the weakneſs of our Faith, the coldneſs of our Zeal, and our neglect of prayer, which ſometimes (O that I might not ſay too too often (tranſporteth our ſelves beyond our ſelves, and our reſolutions and actions beyond the bounds of reaſon, yea and violently carrieth us to deſperate and inhumane attempts, which this next deplorable Hiſtory will ſo apparently and perſpicuouſly verifie unto us, that we ſhall difficulty read it without ſighs, nor underſtand it without tears; at leaſt if we have but the ſparks of ſo much

Charity in our hearts, and Piety in our Souls, as the unfortunate Authors, and miſerable Actors hereof wanted.

If *Tuſcany* be the beauty and glory of *Italy*, then *Florence* (the Capital City thereof) muſt needs be that of *Tuſcany*; or elſe it could not ſo juſtly and generally deſerve that true and excellent Epithete of Fair: It is a City which hath given both Life and Being to the Illuſtrious Family of the *Medicis*, (or, as ſome affirm, they to it.) The worſt Grounds about it are Vineyards, and the beſt are dainty Meadows, and delicate Gardens, or rather their Gardens are Meadows for their ſpaciouſneſs, and their Meadows are Gardens for their fertility and beauty. It is divided and croſſed in two parts by the famous River *Arno*, and that River again by two ſtately Bridges curiouſly imbeliſhed and adorned with many Marble and Alabaſter Statues. The Streets hereof are well paved, broad and long; the Buildings (for the moſt part) rather Palaces than private Houſe, and the Temples for ſumptuouſneſs and beauty, nothing inferiour to the beſt, and richeſt of *Italy*, eſpecially the two moſt ſumptuous and unparallel'd Chappels of the *Baptiſtaria*, and Saint *Lorenzo*, as alſo the *Domo*, and *Campanella* (which is the Tower) thereof, it being a moſt magnificent and ſtately Cathedral Church, which not only catcheth our eye with wonder, but ſurprizeth our thoughts with admiration, as all our Engliſh Noblemen and Gentlemen Travellers, do (peradventure) know far better than my ſelf: I ſay, in this rich and fair City of *Florence*, near the Church of the *Dominican* Friers, in the latter days of the great Duke *Ferdinand*, there dwelt an ancient, vertuous, and generous Cavalier, named *Seignior Leonardo Streni*, deſcended of a noble Family, near to the City of *Piſtoia*, where his Anceſtors left him many fair Demeans, and a very rich Patrimony, the which (through his Frugality, Virtue, and wiſdom, the true foundation of the chiefeſt Houſes, and beſt Families of *Italy* (he managed and improved ſo well, that within the ſpace of twenty years, he became exceeding rich and opulent. But near about this time, that the ſweetneſs of his content might receive ſome check of bitter affliction, to ſhew him that man is ſubject to God, and that there is no perfect or permanent felicity here on Earth, his Lady *Alcidina* died, which brought him much ſorrow and affliction, having only yet this Joy and Conſolation left him, that he had by her in marriage, three proper young Ladies to his Daughters, named *Jaquinta*, *Baptiſtina*, and *Amarantha*; who albeit, he hoped would prove the ſtays and comforts of his Age, yet they will futurely afford him far leſs felicity, and more miſery than he can expect, or my Readers (as yet) any way conceive or imagine: the which, to approve and verifie, they are by me prayed to underſtand, and remember, that theſe two youngeſt Daughters *Baptiſtina*, and *Amarantha*, are wonderful fair and beautiful, of a reaſonable tall ſtature, very ſtreight and ſlender; but *Jaquinta*, the eldeſt Daughter, is of a brown complexion, ſhort and crook-back'd, but ſhe hath this ſleight, that her Tailour's art ſerves to over-vail the defects, and to cover the deficiency of her Nature; and ſhe her ſelf hath the skill to put on freſh tincture and complexion on her face, vices which the purity and ſimplicity of former ages were not acquainted with, or elſe purpoſely diſdained and hated, although the Pride and Vanity of theſe our times do ambitiouſly allow and practiſe them. Again, *Jaquinta* is proud and ſtately, *Baptiſtina* cholerick, ſullen, and revengeful; and *Aramantha* (to the eye and judgment of the World) pleaſant and courteous. Have we but a little patience, and we ſhall ſhortly ſee each of theſe three Siſters, appear in their true colours, and in very different ways to act their ſeveral Parts upon the Stage and Theatre of this their Hiſtory.

Streni ſeeing himſelf a widower, not ſo much favoured of God to have any Son to enjoy his Name and Lands, and all his three Daughters to be now capable of Marriage, He (as a provident and loving Father) holds it a great point of affection and diſcretion in him now to leave his Mannor Houſe of *Cardura* near *Piſtoia*, and to betake himſelf to live and reſide in *Florence*, hoping thereby with leſs difficulty, and far more advantage, to look out and provide fit Husbands for his Daughters, anſwerable to their Rank and Degree; which Diſpoſition and Reſolution of his pleaſed them well, and adminiſtred them cauſe of great content and joy, ſith it is now grown to a cuſtom, and an habit, that young Ladies and Gentlewomen do infinitely deſire to live in great Towns and Cities, where they may ſee, and be ſeen; and eſpecially in thoſe of *Italy*, more than in any Country of the World, where the whole Nobility and Gentry make all their abode and reſidence, the which indeed is one of the main points, and eſſential reaſons, why their Cities are ſo rich, populous, and fair.

Thus we ſee *Streni* and his three Daughters by this time come to *Florence*, and dwell (as I have formerly ſaid) near the Monaſtery of the *Dominican* Friers, where his wealth, Birth, and Port, cauſe him to be Viſited and frequented of the beſt and nobleſt ſort of that City, and as the time of his reſidence, ſo to the number of his acquaintance encreaſeth, for virtue is capable to purchaſe Friends every where, and his wealth and Daughters beauties like ſo

many

many powerful Lures and Adamants draw many young gallant Gentlemen to his Houſe to ſee and ſerve them: Where although *Baptiſtina* and *Amarantha*, are beloved and ſought in marriage of many, yet their Father is reſolute to marry their eldeſt Siſter *Jaquinta* firſt; wherefore when any Noblemen or Gentlemen come to his Houſe, ſhe is to be ſeen, and courted, but *Baptiſtina* and *Amarantha* are mewed and locked up in a Chamber. They grieve hereat, but they can neither alter nor remedy this their Father's reſolution, for his word muſt be the Oracle, and his will their Law. Now before I proceed farther in the dilation of this Hiſtory, as I one way commend *Streni* his reſolution to marry his eldeſt Daughter firſt; ſo yet, in approving his diſcretion for her preferment, I muſt nevertheleſs tax his want of affection, in hindring that of his two youngeſt Daughters; For as it was a courteſie of him to have *Jaquinta* ſeen of Sutors, ſo it was a degree of diſ-reſpect, I may ſay, of cruelty, in him to confine *Baptiſtina* and *Amarantha* as Priſoners to their Chambers, when divers of them came purpoſely and honourably to his Houſe, both to ſee and ſeek them in marriage.

But *Jaquinta* (armed with her Father's Love and Authority) grows extreamly imperious and ſtately: She triumpheth in conceit to ſee her ſelf preferred of her Father before her Siſters. She ſees her two Siſters *Baptiſtina* and *Amarantha* are ſued and ſought for in marriage by divers Cavaliers, and the very conſideration hereof grieves, and the remembrance afflicts her: but withal ſhe obſerves, that they dare not diſobey, or contradict their Father's command to affect or ſpeak with any, and therefore the very knowledge and remembrance hereof again rejoyceth her. As it is a happineſs for us to purchaſe friends, ſo it is a miſery to loſe them. Her Siſters Love her, but ſhe loves not them: they are as unworthy of her hatred, as ſhe is of their affection. Nature (indeed) hath given her the prerogative, and priviledge, but yet ſhe ſhould conſider, that they are her Siſters, and not her Servants, and that their blood is hers, and hers theirs. It is an argument of diſcretion and inſolency, for one brother or ſiſter to think themſelves better than another. But many Gentlewomen who are Siſters, eſteem pride a ſecond beauty, or at leaſt an excellent Grace and Ornament to them, and therefore, to prefer and elevate themſelves, they care not how they diſparage and deject others. The beauty of *Baptiſtina* and *Amarantha* is an eye-ſore to *Jaquinta*. The tree of malice never produceth good fruit: It is ſtill a happy virtue for us to check and vanquiſh our own vices. She knows that many Gentlemen love them, but ſees and obſerves with grief that none affect her. Her deſire to marry is ſo immodeſtly licencious and boundleſs, as ſhe could willingly reſolve to accept of any Gentleman for her Husband, that would be content to take her for his Wife: but incontinency proves ſtill a pernicious Counſellor to young Ladies and Gentlewomen. Now as *Cantharides* fly ſtill to the faireſt Flowers, ſo ſhe ſees (and indeed infinitely bites the lip, and grieves to ſee) that all Lovers and Sutors fly to one of theſe her two Siſters, and wholly abandon and forſake her ſelf: but being a woman, ſhe wants not an invention to apply a preſent remedy to this her diſcontent and choler. She muſt have her Siſters beauties and braveries ecclipſed, that hers may appear more bright, and reſplend and ſhine with more luſter and glory: She knows that Cryſtal ſeems precious when Diamonds are not in place; to which end, ſhe very paſſionately, and ſubtilly works upon the affections of her Father, and obtains of him, that as her years, ſo her apparel may excel and exceed that of her Siſters, the which he inconſiderately grants her: and this ſhe receives and conceives to be a ſtep to her advancement, and an obſtacle to theirs. So if they formerly grieved to ſee themſelves impriſoned in a Chamber, whiles ſhe to her content and pleaſure rejoyceth both to ſee, and to be ſeen of Gentlemen; ſo now their diſcontent thereof grows into choler and their choler into rage, to ſee their elder Siſter *Jaquinta* not only to ſtep ſome degrees beyond them, but likewiſe many beyond her ſelf in her apparel.

It is ever a wiſe and diſcreet virtue in Parents to diſtribute their favours and affections equally to their children, or if they chance to affect one better than others, at leaſt that they be ſo reſerved and cautious as to conceal it ſecretly to themſeles, that the reſt may neither perceive nor know it. That *Streni* ſought to marry *Jaquinta* before *Baptiſtina* and *Amarantha* (as I formerly have ſaid) he did well: but yet to make them loſe when they might find and gain a fortune, was withal to be indiſcreet, if not unnatural. Mens fancies and affections in marriage are many times counſelled and led by the Eye, as the eye is by the Heart. Some will priſe and affect beauty without virtue, others virtue, without beauty; but where both meet and concurr, it doth not only pleaſe, but delight, and ſo joyntly ſympathize to make each other excellent. Many of the beſt and nobleſt Cavaliers of *Florence* love *Baptiſtina* and *Amarantha*, but not *Jaquinta*; or if they ſeem to court *Jaquinta*, it is but with a reſerved hope and intent to enjoy the ſight and company of *Baptiſtina* and *Amarantha*, but as jealouſie and malice

malice have always for our eyes instead of two; so it is at least a torment, if not many deaths, to *Jaquinta*, to see her two Sisters to live and be beloved of all Suitors, and her self of none; the which to prevent, and so to stop the progress of their Triumphs, and consequently of her own discontent and affliction, she (not desirous to have two such Stars of beauty to appear and shine together in the Firmament of her Father's House in *Florence*) doth so secretly undermine, and so cunningly prevail with him, as her two Sisters (when they least dream or think thereof) are by his order and command suddenly sent away by Coach to his Countrey-House of *Cardura* near *Pistoia* (whereof we have already made mention) notwithstanding all their requests, sighs and tears to the contrary, and there by his appointment to be privately and disconsolately shut up, from any access or conversation of any man whatsoever, and under the charge and custody of an old ill-favoured Beldam (sometimes their School-Mistress) named *Dona Malevola*.

Baptistina and *Amarantha*, being enforced to banishment from *Florence* to *Cardura*, believed that it proceeded as well by the pride and malice of their Sister *Jaquinta*, as by the severity of their Father; they know not from what Saint to implore aid or assistance, or from what point of their Art or Invention to expect for hope for redress hereof; but at length (being constrained to make a Virtue of Necessity) they brook this their disgrace, with as much patience as they may, no way doubting (much less despairing) but that a little time will work a great alteration in their Estates and Fortunes. But seeing a month past over, and their Keeper *Malevola* still more and more bent to restrain them of their liberty, without suffering them to see or speak with any stranger, or any stranger with them, they at last recollect, and pluck up their spirits to themselves, and resolve to write a fair Letter to their Father, and a peremptory one to their Sister *Jaquinta*, to procure their return to *Florence*, which they do, and send it by one *Barnardo*, a trusty Servant of theirs; That to their Father spake thus,

BAPTISTINA and AMARANTHA to STRENI.

IT is with much astonishment and grief to us, that you have so suddenly banished us from your presence, and from Florence, *to live here rather as Prisoners than your Daughters, in your Country-house of* Cardura; *And having the honour to be so great a part of your self, we do not a little wonder, what our Errors or Crimes should be, that we must be enforced to be deprived of that felicity, and suffer this misery. If we have been sought unto by any Noblemen or Gentlemen, it hath been in the way of marriage, and therefore in that of honour, and yet we have still so strictly tyed our fancies to our Duties, and our affections to our obedience towards you, that in least degree we have not swerv'd from your Consent, but have done, and do still inviolably make your pleasure therein our resolution, and your will and command our Law. But we are confident that although you are the cause, yet our Sister* Jaquinta *is the sole Author of this our sorrowful and immerited Sequestration, Who, (peradventure) in regard that her beauty comes short of ours, that her malice therefore must not only exceed the bounds of Reason, but of Nature. And although she alledge her Priviledge and Prerogative of years against us, yet because our blood is as good as hers, and our hearts and Education no worse, therefore we beseech you to be so favourable and kind to us, that in regard her Malice and Pride hath made her our Accuser, and which is worse, our Enemy, that you will not make her our Judge, but that we may speedily re-obtain the happiness to return and live with you in* Florence, *without which we shall assuredly either live here in Despair, or shortly die in Discontent and Misery: Which request of ours is so just and equal, as you cannot deny it to us, either in affection or nature, much less in reason or pity. God ever bless you with happiness, and make us happy in your blessing.*

BAPTISTINA.
AMARANTHA.

Their Letter to their Sister *Jaquinta* depainted their passions.

BAPTISTINA and AMARANTHA to JAQUINTA.

HAving curiously examined our thoughts and actions, we cannot find the least shadows of cause much less of Reason, why thou shouldst sharply exasperate our Father against us, so suddenly to banish and exile us from Florence *to* Cardura, *neither do we think, it is for that we are fairer than thy self, but that thou art more malicious than we, which hath occasioned thee, and thou precipitated him, to this sharp resolution against me. If thou art desirous of a Husband, let it content*

thee,

thee, that as yet we no way intend or deſire to become Wives to any, and therefore if thou wilt not believe us, at leaſt believe this truth from us, that thou haſt far more reaſon to doubt thine own haſte, than any way to ſuſpect or fear ours therein: for whiles thou prayeſt for a Husband, we will firſt make it our Prayers to God, that we may be capable and happy to deſerve good ones. We adviſe thee therefore in Love, and counſel thee in Affection and Charity, to conſider ſeriouſly with thy ſelf, that we are thy Siſters, not thy Servants, much leſs thine Enemies; and in that regard that we are as unworthy of thy malice, as unwilling and uncapable to digeſt it, becauſe the priority of thy years can no way juſtly introduce an inequality in our blood: And if thou wilt not inforce us to degenerate from our ſelves, and conſequently from the nature and affection of Siſters, thou ſhalt do us great right, and to thy ſelf more reaſon, to cauſe our Father to recal us home to him, with as much celerity and favour, as he ſent us away from him with diſcourteſie and indignation.

BAPTISTINA.
AMARANTHA.

The Lackey *Bernardo* arriving at *Florence*, and having delivered theſe two Letters to *Streni* and *Jaquinta*, they breaking up the ſeals thereof, peruſed and read over their Contents; when he ſmiling to ſee the indiſcretion of theſe his two Daughters, attributed this their diſobedience towards him, and their diſcontent towards their Siſter *Jaquinta*, rather to ignorance and ſimplicity, than to malice, and yet he could not but wonder at this their bold and peremptory Letter ſent him; but for *Jaquinta*, ſhe was ſo galled and netled with her two ſiſters inſolent carriage Letter towards her, that it exceedingly troubled and perplexed her; but eſpecially, and far the more, for that ſhe feared that their Letter to her Father might cauſe him to grant their return to *Florence*, the which to her poſſible power ſhe would no way willingly permit or ſuffer, as deſirous to rule and govern her Father alone, and ſo to reign ſole Lady over his humours and houſe, without rivals and competitors: To which end ſhe goes to him, and in the ſofteſt and ſweeteſt terms which either her Art or Malice could invent, ſhe extreamly incenſeth him againſt her Siſters, alledging to him that their ſtay in *Cardura* was neceſſary, and their diſobedient motion for their return to *Florence* too inſolent and inſupportable; and that ſhe hoped with confidence, that he would not permit their malice ſo unjuſtly to fall and reflect on her, becauſe ſhe was as innocent as they guilty thereof: and that for any thought and deſire of a Husband, ſhe vowed ſhe had none, but that his will and pleaſure ſhould in all things be hers, as reſolving both to live under his commands, and die in his favour and ſervice: Which ſugred and treacherous ſpeeches of hers ſo prevailed and vanquiſhed the credulity of her old Father, yea and ſo powerfully wrought and trenched upon his affection, that being all in choler againſt *Baptiſtina* and *Amarantha*, he reſolves with himſelf to return them a ſharp anſwer; and commands *Jaquinta* to do the like, the which they both write and ſend back to them by *Bernardo*, who returning to *Cardura*, he delivereth his two young Ladies and Miſtreſſes theſe two Letters, and they ſpeedily and privately retiring themſelves to a cloſe ſhadowed arbour in the Garden, they there with much earneſt deſire and impatiency, firſt break up that of their Father, wherein contrary to their hopes, but not to their fears, they find this Language.

STRENI to BAPTISTINA and AMARANTHA.

IF it be not purpoſely to croſs your own good fortunes you would not ſo raſhly and peremptorily have attempted to croſs my good intentions and affections towards you, in ſending you to Cardura, *but would have brooked it with as much patience as I ſee you do with diſcontent; and before this act of your diſobedience, now revealed me in your Letter, I held you for my Daughters, not for mine enemies, and mine houſe of* Cardura *to be rather a palace than a priſon for you: ſo if you know how ill thoſe errours of yours become you, you would rather redeem them with repentance and tears, than remember them either with the leaſt thought of delight, or conceit or ſenſe of joy. Nay think with your ſelves what modeſty it was, what wiſdom it is, for your green youth to preſume (or to dare to preſume) to teach my gray age how or when to chooſe you Husbands; when God knows that neither your years nor your diſcretion, do as yet make you capable to think of Husbands: And if you have any judgment remaining in you, then judge, with your ſelves how falſe and incongruous your reaſons are, when in words you pretend to obey my commands, and yet in effects you wilfully oppoſe and contradict them. And having uſed me with ſo ſmall reſpect, ſee again with how much untruth and envy you abuſe your ſiſter* Jaquinta, *who to my knowledge is as innocent of thoſe falſe aſperſions of Pride and Malice towards you, as your ſelves are guilty of them towards her, ſith ſhe loves nothing more, and you affect nothing leſs than humility and charity, their contrarities; for, believe me,*

me, I find her to be your true friend, and your ſelves to be the greateſt and only enemies to your ſelves; for otherwiſe you cannot live in the ſmalleſt degree of deſpair, diſcontent, or miſery, becauſe ſuch is my care of your Education and Maintenance, that no young Ladies of Tuſcany, *and few of* Italy, *of your rank and quality, are brought up in more bravery, delight, and honour: the which my indulgence and affection ſhall ſtill continue to you, if your diſobedience and folly henceforth give me no further motive to the contrary: and therefore as you tender my bleſſing, I charge you to make it your delight and practice to think of God, not of Husbands, of your love to your Siſter* Jaquinta *not of her hatred to you; and of your Prayer-books, your Lutes, and your Needles, and not of ſuch vain conceits, and paſſions, wherewith you have ſtuffed and farced up your Letter to me, the which together with the Copy of this of mine to you, I now incloſe and return to your Governeſs* Malevola, *that ſhe hereafter may be more careful of your conduction and carriage, and that you give more hours to diſcretion and honour, and leſs to idleneſs and vanity, to the end that ſhe ſeeing her fault in yours, ſhe may thereby the better futurely know how to teach, and you know how to learn to reform them. And ſo I beſeech God who hath made you my Daughter, to bleſs, and make you his faithful ſervants.*

STRENI.

They having thus peruſed their Fathers Letter, and ſeen his ſpleen and paſſions towards them, they cannot ſo much accuſe him of choler, as they believe they have reaſon to condemn their ſiſter *Jaquinta* of cruelty towards them; wherefore with more ſpeed than affection, and with more haſte than charity, they likewiſe break up the ſeals of her Letter, wherein ſhe greets them thus.

JAQUINTA to BAPTISTINA and AMARANTHA.

I Am ſo far from incenſing, or precipitating our Father againſt you, as I vow to God, and to you, that his ſending of you from Florence *to* Cardura, *was not only without my conſent, but without my knowledge; and for calling in queſtion either the thought of your beauties, or of my Husbands, you equally wrong me, and the truth therein: for it is that moſt whereof I trouble my heart and mind leaſt; and therefore my haſte to marry comes infinitely ſhort of your jealouſie and fear; and except it be out of your pride and malice, of Siſters to become mine Enemies herein, I know no cauſe in Nature, and leſs reaſon in Grace, why thoſe falſe ſuggeſtions of yours ſhould fall within the compaſs of your conceits, or thoſe untrue ſcandals within the power of your heart and pen, and it is as vain as ridiculous either for your love or counſel ever think to make me believe or conceive the contrary. As for the priority of my years, it ſhall never make me eſteem worſe of you than of my ſelf; for my conſcience to God, and my actions to the world ſhall ſtill make it apparent, that although you contemn my friendſhip, I will yet corroborate and cheriſh yours, and that there ſhall want no good will or zeal in me, that (according to your deſires and expectation) our father do not ſpeedily recal you from* Cardura *to* Florence, *where your preſence ſhall ſtill be my happineſs, and your company my content and felicity: And except your deportment and carriage towards me give me not henceforth juſt cauſe to divert me from this ſiſterly affection and reſolution, I am conſtantly reſolved both to live and die in the ſame.*

JAQUINTA.

Baptiſtina and *Amarantha* having thus read and conſidered theſe two ſeveral Letters of their Father and Siſter *Jaquinta*, they are infinitely incenſed and cholerick to ſee his diſcourteſie, and her diſſimulation and cruelty towards them, in that they muſt be enforced to live a ſolitary country-life in *Cardura*, whiles ſhe triumphs in pride, and flants it out in bravery in *Florence*; and as they much repine and murmur at his diſ-affection, ſo they infinitely diſdain and complain of her imperious courſes and carriage towards them, adding no belief to her Letter, but judging it to be hypocritical. They pity the weakneſs of their Fathers judgment, in ſuffering himſelf to be ſo violently tranſported and carried away by the ſubtil policy and ſecret malice of their ſiſter towards them; wherein altho' their duty and obedience do ſome way excuſe his age, yet their blood and beauty can no way poſſibly diſpence with the pride and malice of her youth, which they hourly ſee confirmed and made apparent in the unaccuſtomed ſtrict and hard uſage of their Governeſs *Malevola* towards them, which with her beſt endeavours and ambition ſought as well to captivate their minds as their perſons, by making her ſelf to be as much their Goaler as their Governeſs; but they vow to requite her unkindneſs, and to revenge their Siſter *Jaquinta*'s cruelty towards them: They ſee her deformity in their beauty, her malice in their love, and her pride in their humility; ſo they alter the courſe of their natural affection, and now decline, inſtead of increaſing, in ſifterly love and charity towards this their ſiſter. To go retrograde in virtue, is to

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go forwards in vice; for as it is the mark, ſo it is the duty of Chriſtians, to render good for evil, but not evil for good: Yea all contrary Examples and Axioms are ill taught, and worſe practiſed, and it is to be feared, that the end thereof will produce at leaſt ſorrow, if not miſery and deſtruction.

But *Baptiſtina* and *Amarantha* are too young and wilful to make good uſe of their ſiſter *Jaquinta*'s bad affection and malicious carriage towards them; for elſe, had they had as much wit as beauty, or as much affection as malice, they would then flie that which they follow, and deteſt this bloody deſign and reſolution of theirs, which they now intend to embrace and put in practice. They are weary of their Siſter's hard uſage of them, they cannot digeſt her imperiouſneſs and pride, and (in all outward ſemblance and appearance) if they ſtay from Marriage till ſhe be married, they may all die Maids, and, as our Engliſh adage goes, *Whip Apes in Hell for Company.* They prefer their beauty before hers, as much as ſhe doth her age before theirs; and deeming it impoſſible for them to have Husbands er'e ſhe be a wife, they thereupon abandon all reaſon and religion, and ſo at one time begin both to deſire and to plot her death; and of theſe two wretched ſiſters, *Baptiſtina* is the moſt forward in this their intended deplorable buſineſs; for ſhe is ſo weak with God, and Satan ſo ſtrong with her, that ſhe ſays often to her ſelf ſhe can reap no content in this world, before her ſiſter *Jaquinta* ſee another. It were better for us not to foreſee a ſin, than ſeeing it, not to prevent, but perpetrate it. To which end, ſhe purpoſely lets fall ſome words to her ſiſter *Amarantha*, tending and bending that way; but *Amarantha* is too courteous to be ſo cruel, and too religious, to be ſo out-ragious and diabolical to any, eſpecially to her ſiſter: Had ſhe lived in this piety, and perſevered in the integrity of this opinion and conſcience, peradventure, her days had ſeen better fortunes, and her end been freed from ſo much miſery. It is not enough for us to be vertuous and godly, except we religiouſly and faithfully continue therein; for conſtancy in all good and pious actions, makes men and women excellent, and of being wholly mortal, to become (in a manner) partly divine. But (to report Truth in her naked colours) *Amarantha* is too weak to reſiſt her Siſter *Baptiſtina*'s ſtrong temptations and perſwaſions. It is an excellent vertue and happineſs in us to have our ears open to good counſel, and ſhut to that which is evil and pernicious; but *Amarantha*, hoping and deſiring to gain a good Husband, makes her in a ſmall time conſent to the loſs of a bad ſiſter; and now ſhe is therefore fully reſolved to joyn with *Baptiſtina* to make *Jaquinta* away. Good God! what cruelty, rage, and barbariſm is it, for two Siſters to reſolve to murther their third! But this is not all; for we ſhall ſee more blood ſpilt upon the Theater of this Hiſtory, before we ſee the Cataſtrophe thereof. The two unnatural young Gentlewomen, having thus ſwapt a bargain with the Devil, to diſpatch their Siſter *Jaquinta*, they conſult on the manner thereof, whether or no they ſhould perform it with Ponyard or Poyſon; but at laſt they agree upon poyſon, but diſagree which of them ſhall adminiſter it to her, and if there were any ſpark of grace remaining in either of theſe two bloody-minded Siſters, it was in *Amarantha*; for ſhe cannot find in her heart or conſcience to do it, and yet ſhe is ſo graceleſs and impious, as ſhe freely gives way to the performance of this bloody Fact: ſo in the end, they fall upon this ungodly reſolution, that lots muſt decide it: thus the Devil holds, and they as his infernal Factors and Agents, draw them, and it falls to *Baptiſtina* to do it. But here er'e they proceed farther in the progreſs of this lamentable buſineſs, and how to execute it; they are now aſſailed with a doubt and difficulty of no mean importance, for as they hold it requiſite for them to perform this murther in *Florence*, ſo they know not how to eſcape from their watchful Governeſs *Malevola* from *Cardura*: But they are Women, and therefore they will be induſtrious in their malice; they are Ladies, and therefore they will be ſwift and ſubtil in their revenge; for having gold (though not their liberty) at their command, they reſolve, that the firſt ſhall ſpeedily procure the ſecond: To which end, they, by their ſervant *Bernardo*, ſecretly hire a Coach for four Duckatoons, the next night to carry them away very cloſely and privately from *Cardura* to *Florence*, and with ſo many more to corrupt the Gardiner to give him the Key of the Garden Poſtern gate; both which (with much care, fidelity, and ſilence) he effecteth, being himſelf only by them appointed to attend, and commanded to accompany them in this their Journey.

Theſe two revengeful ſiſters having thus given order for their eſcape, and ſecretly packed up ſuch things as they held neceſſary to carry with them, aſſoon as their Governeſs *Malevola* was in bed and faſt aſleep, who was as innocent as they were guilty of this their clandeſtine departure, in comes *Bernardo* about midnight to their Chamber-door, to which giving a ſoft knock, they preſently deſcend the ſtairs with him to the Garden, and from thence to the Coach, wherein ſeating themſelves they leave *Cardura*, and ſo with great ſpeed drive away for *Florence*, where they arrive at their Father's houſe, betwixt nine or ten of the clock the

next morning; he much wondering, and their Sister *Jaquinta* extreamly perplexed and grieved at this their sudden and unexpected arrival, they cast themselves at their Father's feet, and crave his blessing and excuse, but he receives them with more anger than joy, and so gives them frowns and checks instead of kisses: he hears their reasons of their unlook'd for departure from *Cardura*, which he rejects both with contempt and choler, sharply reproves their disobedience, and voweth speedily to return them; they answer him, that his presence is the sole felicity and glory of their life, and that they had rather die with him of *Florence*, than live without him in *Cardura*. As for their Sister *Jaquinta*, she dissembles her love to them as they do their malice towards her, for whiles she secretly wisheth them out of *Florence*, so (in counter-change) do they as silently wish and desire her in Heaven: but after a day or two was past over, then their hypocrisie and dissimulation was such each to other, as (to the eye of the world) it seemed they could not be better friends, nor dearer or kinder sisters, than now they were; so artificially could all of them over-veil their malice, and so cunningly could they conceal their different intentions, thereby the better to compose their countenances and speeches. But when *Jaquinta* again perceives that the gallants of *Florence* do afresh repair and flock to her Father's house, purposely to neglect her, and to admire and adore the excellent beauties of these her two younger sisters, then her old jealousie revives, and inflames her new malice towards them; so as with all her power and art, she again secretly tampers with her Father, either to return them again to *Cardura*, or to contract and espouse them to a Nunnery, that she might thereby triumph alone at her pleasure, and being then sole Heir to all his Lands and Estate, might wed her self to the greater fortune, and nobler Husband, and she wanted neither sighs nor tears to draw him to this her earnest desire and resolution.

This is not so secretly born betwixt their Father and Sister *Jaquinta*, but *Baptistina* and *Amarantha* have present and pregnant notice hereof, the which strongly and fully to prevent, they new (encouraged and animated by the Devil) resolve to reduce, and draw their bloody contemplation into action, and so (with more haste than good speed) to dispatch their sister for heaven, because they loved *Florence*, disdained *Cardura*, and above all (from their hearts and souls) infinitely detested to spend and end their days in a Nunnery; when neither having the fear of God in their hearts, nor his Justice or Judgments before their eyes, *Amarantha* buys the poyson, and *Baptistina* administereth it to their sister *Jaquinta* in a Lemmon Posset, which they observed she often used to drink in the Summer time, so that some ten days after she died hereof, when none but God, besides them, was witness of this their unnatural and bloody busness: So they rejoyce as much as their Father grieves and sorrows hereat, and now they are alone, and domineer at their pleasures in their Father's house at *Florence*, without Rivals or Competitors: But God is as just as they are sinful, and therefore they shall reap but poor and miserable fruits of this their bloody victory. For within less than six weeks after the deplorable death of *Jaquinta*, a sudden languishing sickness o'retakes and surpriseth *Baptistina*, so as the white tincture of her face looks yellow, and the fresh Roses and Lillies of her beauty did exceedingly fade, and wither of the Jaundies: A sickness which I think God sent her purposely to punish her for that execrable crime of hers in poysoning her sister. But the beauty of *Baptistina* cannot be so much eclipsed or deformed, as that of *Amarantha* daily grows more deliciously sweet, and sweetly delicious and aimiable; so as all those Nobles and Gallants of *Florence* and *Tuscany*, who come to seek *Strozi* his Daughters in marriage, do infinitely prefer *Amarantha* before *Baptistina*, and passionately desire the first, as much as they now slight and neglect the second. *Baptistina* is not ignorant hereof, but sees it with grief, observes it with sorrow, and remembers it with choler and indignation; and yet she seeks and strives to conceal it from her Father, and to dissemble it to her sister *Amarantha*. She in this wane of her beauty and joys begins now to participate of her dead *Jaquinta*'s living humours and conditions; she is now become the eldest sister, and therefore will not permit or suffer her younger to be her mate, or equal, much less her superior; and although her sickness hath deprived her of a great part of her beauty, yet it hath no way diminished, but rather increased and augmented her desire to marry, she envies the sight and fame of her sister *Amarantha*'s beauty, as much as she lamenteth the decays, and pitieth the ruins of her own; and, both grieves and scorns to see so many Gallants court and seek her in marriage, and none her self: Now as pride and malice (for the most part) are inseparable Companions, so her discontent hereat made her so devillishly malicious, as she secretly vows to her self, that she could almost find in her heart to make *Amarantha* as well a Companion of *Jaquinta*'s Fortune, as of her blood: but God then presenting her first murther to her eyes and remembrance, the Devil was not then enough prevalent or powerful with her to draw her to conceive or commit a second. Thus not being willing to add murther

to

to murther, and ſo to gallop inſtead of pacing to hell and deſtruction, ſhe nevertheleſs determinately reſolves to emulate and imitate the actions of her dead Siſter *Jaquinta*, towards her living one *Amarantha*; and yet ſo to wreak her malice and revenge on her, as cloſely to inſinuate, and under-hand ſurreptitiouſly to prevail with her Father, that ſhe be ſpeedily eclipſed, and again ſent away to *Cardura*, under the guard and cuſtody of *Malevola*, the which ſhe effectually and briefly obtaineth of him; ſo our young and fair *Amarantha* (though infinitely againſt her will) is now enforced to leave *Florence*, and ſuddenly (when ſhe leaſt thought or dreamed thereof) is again confined and baniſhed to *Cardura*: notwithſtanding all her ſighs, tears, and prayers to her Father to the contrary.

Amarantha (with much ſorrow and more indignation) being arrived at *Cardura*, ſhe is not a little perplexed and grieved thereat, but rather exceedingly diſcontented with her Father, and infinitely incenſed againſt her Siſter *Baptiſtina* for the ſame, as well knowing that it wholly proceeded from her meer pride and malice towards her; the which ſhe now doth not conceal, but make apparent to her old Beldam Governeſs *Malevola*, both in her looks, ſpeeches, and actions. She wondreth that her Siſter is ſo inconſiderate of her ſelf, and ſo imperious and bitter towards her; and how it is poſſible for her ſo ſoon to forget either their joynt crime, or their ſeveral dangers, for their ſo inhumanely and cruelly poyſoning their eldeſt Siſter *Jaquinta*; the conſideration and remembrance whereof is of ſo ſharp and bitter digeſtion to her, as her thoughts vow to her heart, and her heart ſwears to the Devil, that ſhe neither can nor will long endure it; yea, the time ſeems ſo irkſome to her, and her ſtay in *Cardura* ſo infinitely long and tedious, as if hours were years, and days ages, that ſhe often thought to ſteal away from thence to *Florence*, either on foot or horſe-back, and ſo to have put her ſelf into ſome diſguiſed apparel, that none ſhould know thereof, before ſhe came to her Father's houſe and preſence: But at laſt conſidering, that her reputation and fortune might ſuffer much in this action, ſhe holds it not amiſs, rather convenient, firſt to write to her Father and Siſter, to ſee if her Letters may prevail with them for her return, the which ſhe doth, and ſends them to them to *Florence* by her old truſty ſervant *Bernardo*

Her Letter to her Father bewrayed theſe paſſions.

AMARANTHA to STRENI.

MY obedience hath not deſerved ſo much contempt and hatred, as that (without cauſe or reaſon) you ſhould thus again baniſh me from Florence *to* Cardura; *and with how much grief and ſorrow I digeſt it, I can better relate with diſcontent, than conceal with patience: How dear your ſight and preſence was, and ever ſhall be to me, if you will not know, and withal remember, God doth; for my ſoul appeals unto him, and my heart to Heaven, that I made it the chiefeſt life of my joy, and the ſweeteſt joy of my life; So as if you are not the cauſe, I am ſure my Siſter* Baptiſtina *is of this (undeſerved) cruelty towards me; who out of her pride, ambition, and malice, ſtrives to be as unnaturally imperious to me, as my deceaſed Siſter* Jaquinta *was both to her ſelf and me. The remedy hereof is every way worthy of you, as you are my Father, and of my ſelf, as God and Nature have made me your Daughter; for if you will not permit me to reſpire and breath the air of* Florence, *I will ſhortly hazard my life to enjoy that of Heaven; For already this my enforced exile hath brought me to extream diſcontent, and that almoſt to utter deſpair.*

AMARANTHA.

Her Letter to her Siſter *Baptiſtina* carried this Meſſage.

AMARANTHA to BAPTISTINA.

COuldſt thou not be contented to live happy in Florence, *but that thou muſt needs conſtrain our Father to make me live miſerable here in* Cardura? *Is our Siſter* Jaquinta's *Blood already cold, or is the memory as well as the manner and cauſe of her death already of thee forgotten, and ſo raked up in the duſt of her Grave? Judge with thy ſelf (if thou art not wholly as devoid of Judgment, as of affection and charity) What a palpable, yea what a groſs and ſottiſh vice it is in thee, hereby to make thy ſelf both guilty of her pride, and Heir apparent to her malice. I remember thoſe ingrateful crimes and vices of hers towards us with pity, and I pity theſe of thy ſelf to me with admiration, in that thou wilt not ſuffer me to live at the courteſie of thy tongue, when thou well knoweſt that thy life ſtands at the mercy of mine; Not that I am either ſo malicious to thee, or ſo uncharitable or undiſcreet to my ſelf to wiſh thee any diſaſter or danger to the prejudice of mine*

own happineſs, and ſafety: For I deſire all peace, affection, and atonement betwixt us; the which if thou wilt grant me, by cauſing our Father to recal me home to Florence, *he ſhall then ſee, and thou aſſuredly find, that I will be as much thy Handmaid as thy Siſter, and that I will far ſooner hope and pray for a good Husband for thee, than for my ſelf: but if thou deny me this courteſie, then blame not me, but thy ſelf, if the event and iſſue of this thy cruelty come too ſhort of thy hopes, and ſo (peradventure) flie a pitch far beyond thy expectation.*

AMARNTHA.

Bernardo being thus charged by his Lady *Amarantha*, for the ſafe and ſpeedy delivery of theſe her two Letters, as alſo to procure her Father's and Siſter's Anſwers to them, he rides away to *Florence*, where he is no ſooner arrived at *Streni* his houſe, but meeting with the young Lady *Baptiſtina*, and thinking to deliver her Letter (whether it were out of haſte, or misfortune, or both) he delivers her her Father's Letter, inſtead of her own, the which ſhe well obſerving, ſhe haſtily and purpoſely breaks up the Seals thereof, and ſilently reads it to her ſelf; whereat growing firſt red with choler, and then again pale with envy, ſhe folds it up, and committing it to her pocket, turns to *Bernardo*, and demands him for her ſiſter *Amarantha*'s Letter to her ſelf; for (quoth ſhe) that which I have already read and peruſed, is hers to my Father; when *Bernardo* (as much amazed at his error, as afflicted at his fooliſh ſimplicity) reading the direction of the ſecond Letter, and finding her ſpeeches and his miſtaking true, he then gives her her own Letter, and deſires back the other for her Father, as alſo both their anſwers thereunto, for his Lady and Miſtreſs *Amarantha*; whereunto, when ſhe had peruſed her own Letter, ſhe (with diſdain in her looks, and malice in her eyes) tears her Father's Letter before *Bernardo*'s face, and then returns him this bitter Anſwer: *Tell that proud Girl thy Miſtreſs from me, that it is my Fathers pleaſure and mine, that ſhe ſhall ſtay in* Cardura *and not ſee* Florence *till ſhe receive other order from us; and for any further anſwer, either from our Father, or my Self, it is both a vanity and a folly for her to expect:* And ſo (in much choler and indignation) ſhe flies from him, and violently throws faſt the door againſt him. *Bernardo* not expecting ſuch ſharp and cold entertainment, and ſeeing it now wholly impoſſible for him to have any acceſs to *Streni*, or anſwer from *Baptiſtina*, he leaves *Florence*, and ſpeedily returns to *Cardura* to his Lady *Amarantha*, to whom he punctually and fully relates the bitter reply, and ſharp and proud anſwer, which her ſiſter *Baptiſtina* had given and ſent her, and leaveth not a ſyllable unrehearſed, but only ſilenceth his miſtaking, in giving of her her Father's Letter inſtead of her own, as right now we underſtood.

Amarantha is all inflamed with choler at this proud and cruel carriage of her ſiſter *Baptiſtina* towards her; yea, the remembrance thereof, ſo tranſported her thoughts with envy, and her heart with revenge againſt her, that ſhe vows ſhe neither can, nor will brook it at her hands; and here, not hearkning either to Reaſon, or Religion, or to her Conſcience or Soul, ſhe now violently ſeduced, and exaſperated by the Devil, doth refreſh and revive her old malice, and reſumes her former pernicious reſolutions to her Siſter *Baptiſtina*: She hath neither the wit, much leſs the grace, to conſider, That choler increaſeth her own torment and miſery, and that if we vanquiſh not our own malice and revenge, it is more to be feared than doubted, that it will in the end both vanquiſh and ruin us. She had formerly conſented to poiſon her eldeſt Siſter *Jaquinta*, and now ſhe likewiſe vows, that ſhe will cauſe her elder Siſter *Baptiſtina* either to be Poyſon'd or Piſtoll'd to death; but which of theſe to make choice of, as yet ſhe is irreſolute, and upon this bloody buſineſs her thoughts run inceſſantly to her heart, as ſo many lines to their centre. O that ſo young a Lady, and ſo ſweet a beauty ſhould make her ſelf acceſſary and guilty of ſo foul and inhumane crimes! but this I may write to her ſhame, and the Reader may pleaſe to obſerve it to his comfort, and retain it to his inſtruction; That had ſhe had the grace to have been formerly ſorrowful and repentant for her firſt Murther, ſhe had then never proceeded ſo far, as to have made her ſelf guilty of contriving and reſolving a ſecond.

Baptiſtina hath a Chamber-maid named *Pieria*, of ſome twenty four years old, who was far more fair than rich, as being Heir to much beauty, though to no lands, or eſtate; and having heretofore for ſome trivial reſpects, ſometimes incurred the anger and diſpleaſure of her Lady, and for the ſame received many a ſharp word, and bitter blow from her, as being a freer Gentlewoman of her hands, than of her purſe: She now accidentally chancing to break a fair rich Looking-glaſs of hers, her Lady doth not only exceedingly beat her, but alſo without pity or humanity draws and drags her by the hair about her chamber, and

then

then again and again kicks her with her foot. *Pieria*'s heart is not so ill lodged, nor her extraction and quality so contemptible, but that she is very sensible of this her disgrace, as holding her fault far inferiour to her correction: and therefore disdaining any longer to serve so cruel a Mistress, she very privatly packs up her apparel, leaves *Florence*, and flies to *Cardura*; forsakes *Baptistina*, and so resolves henceforth to live and die with her younger sister *Amarantha*: But as there are many of both these places, who report that it was only her hatred to *Baptistina*, and her affection to *Amarantha*, which drew her to this resolution; yet there are divers others both of *Florence*, *Cardura*, and *Pistoia*, who (better acquainted with *Pieria* and her secrets) have solidly affirmed to me, that it was wholly affection to *Bernardo*, which was the truest reason, and strongest motive thereof, and the event and issue of this History will confute the first, to confirm this second opinion of these her deliberations and resolutions; For, for the term of at least three or four years heretofore, *Pieria* was known to be passionately in love with *Bernardo*, and she had imployed many friends towards him, to perswade and draw him to marry her; but he was still as averse, as she forward in this suit: For although he were enamoured of her beauty, and loved her tall and slender personage, yet he hated her poverty, and (because of some small Lands and means he had) as he thought himself too good to be her Husband, so she in regard of her beauty, youth, and chastity, both highly and infinitely disdained to be his Strumpet; and indeed the passage and process of these their affections was not from time to time unknown to *Amarantha*. *Pieria* is as welcome to *Amarantha*, as *Baptistina* is sorrowful for her departure; and the youngest sister now entertains her with as much courtesie, as the eldest formerly retained her with cruelty: As for *Bernardo*, he inwardly delights, though outwardy will not seem to rejoyce in her company, and so gives her his eyes, though not his heart; And for *Pieria*, her carriage was so modest, and yet withal so respectful to him, as if she endeavoured to make it her chiefest ambition and glory, that her virtues and chastity should make as true and as perfect a conquest of his heart, as her beauty had of his eyes: As for *Baptistina* (her *quondam* Lady) she is now angry with her self, as soon as she knew of her departure from her; But when she understands that *Pieria* is fled to *Cardura*, and lives with her discontented sister *Amarantha*, then (under hand) she makes strong means for her return again to her service, intimating to her, that she is ready to redeem her former discourtesie towards her, both with acknowledgment and requital. But these her hopes will deceive her, for she will find, that errours are not so soon repaired as committed, and that her want of kindness to her Chamber-maid *Pieria* may in the end (perchance) prove cruelty to her self. *Pieria* is deaf to all those her requests, and endeavours rather to tye her self to *Amarantha* her new affection, than to *Baptistina* her old unkindness, as preferring the courtesie of the first to the choler and indignation of the second. On the other side, *Amarantha* is glad of this resolution of her new maid *Pieria*; for the Devil being still at her elbow, he continually sets fire to her malice, and (as an infernal Incendiary) perpetually blows the coals to her revenge against her sister *Baptistina*; yea, and now he so captivateth her soul, and extinguisheth her devotion and zeal towards heaven, that I write it with pity and sorrow, and not with passion, but compassion, she had neither the power to pray, nor the happiness or grace, either to frequent the Church for God's sake, or to desire God's presence and assistance for her own: No, no, Such thoughts of piety were far from her prophane thoughts and mind; for as her best blood, so her best zeal was now corrupted and polluted with revenge towards her sister. And here, as a wretched Lady and a bloody Sister, she doth yet far worse: For (by the Devils suggestion) she assumes this horrible resolution, not only to engage and hazard her self, but others therein, as if she took a pride, and conceived a glory, not to shipwrack her self alone, but to confound and cast away others with her for company in this prodigious and lamentable business of hers. The manner is thus:

She knows, that by reason of her strict exile in *Cardura*, she must needs employ some Factors and Agents, either to poyson or murther this her Sister *Baptistina* in *Florence*: and therefore she thinks none so fit and proper to attempt and perform it, as her old trusty servant *Bernardo*, and her new Maid *Pieria* his Sweet-heart, whom (by degrees) she purposely draws and obligeth to her by gifts and promises: and her reason for this conceit and opinion of hers, that they will concur with her in this bloody Fact, is derived from this foundation and ground, that Love and Money may easily act wonders in the hearts and minds of those who desire the one, and want the other; as also, for that she perfectly knows, that for many years *Pieria* hath deeply loved *Bernardo*, and dearly desired and wished him for her Husband, and that he hath ever affected her, but only disliked her poverty; Wherefore believing that she would do much for the obtaining of this Husband, and be for preferment and gold, she

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is reſolute in making this her bloody propoſition to them; when, not caring any more to write to her Father, ſhe is now as haſty as bloody, in her malice and revenge towards her Siſter; and ſo impatient of delay, and (without any further conſideration with her ſelf, or conſultation either with her Soul, or with God) ſhe, taking time at advantage, firſt breaks with *Pieria* about this bloody buſineſs, adding withal, that her deſire and reſolution is to have her Siſter *Baptiſtina* ſtifled in her bed, (for now the Devil hath caſt off her reſolutions from Poyſon or Ponyard), to which effect, ſhe promiſeth to gain her *Bernardo* to her Husband, and to give them wherewithal to maintain themſelves well, being married, if ſhe will conſent with him to undertake and perform her requeſt: Which proffers and promiſes of her Lady do ſound ſo ſweetly in poor *Pieria*'s ears, and work ſo deep an impreſſion in her heart, eſpecially that ſhe ſhall hereby enjoy *Bernardo* for her Husband, whom ſhe loves far dearer than her own life, that being wholly vanquiſhed with the conſideration thereof, as alſo inchanted with the ſweet melody of her Ladie's ſugred perſwaſions, ſhe without any fear or thought of God, as an inconſiderate and graceleſs Maiden, yields to her ungodly and inhumane requeſts; who then ſwearing her to ſecrecy, ſhe within a day or two after, likewiſe boardeth her ſervant *Bernardo* upon this bloody buſineſs, the which if he will perform for her, and take *Pieria* to his Wife, ſhe faithfully promiſeth to give him an hundred and fifty Duckatoons of yearly Annuity, during his life; and to remain their true and conſtant friend for ever. At firſt *Bernardo* wondereth and ſtaggereth at the hearing of this cruel and lamentable project, as amazed and aſtoniſhed therear, as if he were now ſo good a Chriſtian, that Grace triumphed above Nature in his heart, and God above Satan in his Soul; but at laſt, being deeply enamoured of *Pieria*'s delicate youth and beauty, which he likes well, and of this yearly ſum of gold for their maintenance in Marriage, which he loves dearly, he forgetting himſelf, and which is worſe, God; without any further rubs or rumination, gives his Lady *Amarantha* his free conſent and promiſe to perform both her requeſts, as well of the murther as marriage. Whereupon ſhe carries him to her Cloſet, and there calls for *Pieria*, and acquaints her with her and her *Bernardo*'s concluſion; ſo in her preſence, they (by joyning of hands) contract themſelves each to other, and then they all three do ſeverally and joyntly ſwear ſecreſie, as alſo punctually to accompliſh this which they have concluded: When this wretched and execrable *Amarantha* (the faſter and ſtronger to tye them to her deſires and their promiſes) opens a Casket of hers, and gives each of them fifty Duckatoons in gold, as a pledge and earneſt-penny of her love to them; and then faithfully promiſeth to reward them with ſo much more as ſoon as they have ſent her Siſter *Baptiſtina* to Heaven; when *Bernardo* and *Pieria* (to teſtifie their thankfulneſs to her) do both vow and ſwear, that herein (as in all things elſe) her will ſhall be their Law, and that their beſt ſervices and beſt lives ſhall for ever be proſtrate to her commands. But they ſhall repent the taking, and *Amarantha* the giving of them this Gold, becauſe it is the price and hire of innocent blood.

This lamentable (becauſe ſinful) compact, being thus ſecretly ſhut up, and impiouſly concluded between theſe three wretched perſonages, then *Bernardo* and *Pieria* fall ſo cloſe and thick to their amorous kiſſes, as being deſirous to become one in body, as already they are in heart and mind, they requeſt their Lady *Amarantha*, that ſhe would pleaſe to permit them to finiſh and conſummate their marriage, before they perpetrate the murther of her Siſter *Baptiſtina*; but ſhe (who was clearer-ſighted in her malice and revenge to her ſaid Siſter, than they in their judgments and affections to themſelves) conſidering that this Seal of their marriage was the great tye and Gordian knot for them to perform and finiſh her deſire, the which, if it were once ſolemnized, then their devotion and zeal thereunto might (peradventure) afterwards either grow cold, or freez, if not ſhortly wither and die away upon the Deſign; ſhe ſtrongly oppoſes and contradicts it, as affirming they ſhall firſt diſpatch her Siſter before they marry: the which *Bernardo* well obſerving and conſidering, he thinks it no folly in him to learn by her, and ſo to make her diſcretion his; and therefore that this murther being once committed, ſhe might after at her pleaſure revoke her verbal Annuity given him, the which to prevent (and ſo to be as wiſe in his Covetouſneſs, as ſhe was cruel and bloody in her bounty) he tells his Lady *Amarantha*, that according to her deſire, he will willingly defer his marriage till then, but withal, humbly requeſts her to give him her promiſed Annuity written and ſigned with her own hand; the which becauſe ſhe cannot well refuſe, ſhe then and there doth in theſe terms:

In

IN conſideration, that my ſervant Bernardo *do eſpouſe, and take to his wife my Chamber-maid* Pieria, *I do promiſe that (after the conſummation thereof) upon my fidelity and honour, I will yearly give and pay unto the ſaid* Bernardo *or his Aſſigns, during all the term of his life, the full and intire ſum of one hundred and fifty Duckatoons of* Florence *money; and in witneſs and teſtimony of this truth, I hereunto ſubſign my Name:*

AMARANTHA.

A promiſe and contract written with more blood than ink, or rather not with ink, but wholly with blood, and which therefore God, in his divine providence, may hereafter produce, and bring to light, to ſerve as a powerful witneſs, and inſtrument of his glory, and peradventure, to the infamy and confuſion of thoſe who gave and received it.

Amarantha having thus given this promiſe to *Bernardo*, and likewiſe received his, and his intended Wifes *Pieria*'s oaths in counter-change, ſhe now thinks with her ſelf, that ſhe muſt again return *Pieria* to *Florence*, and by ſome ſlie hypocriſie, to re inveſt and ſcrew her anew into her old Lady *Baptiſtina*'s ſervice, thereby to be the more able and fit to diſpatch her. Now as ſhe is maliciouſly ruminating on this invention, there falls out an accident which ſeems both to favour her hopes, and to further her deſires and expectation herein: For by this time, *Baptiſtina* writes over to *Malevola* to deal ſecretly and ſeriouſly with *Pieria* for her return to *Florence* to her ſervice, and that ſhe ſhall find her welcome to exceed her expectation and deſires: So the truth is apparant, that *Pieria* (inſtructed by the Premiſes) now needs not many great perſwaſions from *Malevola*, to draw her to conſent to this reſolution; for as ſhe and her *Bernardo* receive the firſt motion of this (unexpected) news with joy, ſo *Amarantha* imbraceth and entertains it with delight; and now their laſt conſultation is held between them, about the concluſion and finiſhing of this mournful buſineſs. To which end, *Pieria* is diſpatched for *Floren.*, and the fifteenth day after, *Bernardo* is likewiſe ſecretly and preciſely to arrive there to her by night, and then is the direct and appointed time for them to cloſe and ſhut up this Tragedy. We muſt now allow and conceive *Pieria* to be again entertained of her old Lady *Baptiſtina* in *Florence*, with much courteſie and joy; and for the ſeal and cement of this their reciprocal reconciliation, her Lady gives her a new black wrought ſilk Gown, and a purple Damask Petticoat, the which (as a treacherous diſſembling wretch) ſhe ſeems to receive of her with much content and thankfulneſs, the which yet we ſhall ſhortly ſee her requite with a moſt inhumane and prodigious ingratitude; for her deſire of marriage, and longing for a Husband, makes her think every hour ten, before the fifteenth day be arrived, and for her late Lady *Amarantha* (who ſees by no other eyes, but by thoſe of malice and revenge towards her Siſter) ſhe thinks every day an age, before ſhe hears of her diſpatch. At the expiration of which time (according to their former agreement) *Bernardo* arrived by night at *Streni* his houſe in *Florence*, and at one of the clock after mid-night, he finds the little Garden door open, and his *Pieria* there purpoſely to receive and welcome him; ſo they begin their meeting with kiſſes. She leads him by the hand to the outer door of her Ladies Chamber, and they two having agreed on the manner how to ſtifle her in her bed, ſhe had there to that purpoſe, provided two pillows, keeps one, and gives him another to effect it: Theſe miſerable wretches (for the more ſecrecy) put off their ſhoes, and out the candles; and the darkneſs of the Moon, and the obſcurity of the night ſeeming to conſpire to their conſpiracy, they ſoftly enter into her Chamber, go one by one ſide, and the other by the other, where unfortunate *Baptiſtina* lying ſoundly aſleeping and ſnoring, they ſtifle her with their pillows, and then a little whiles after, thruſt a handkerchief into her mouth, and their fury and malice was ſo fierce and implacable towards her, as ſhe hath neither ſpace to ſpeak, nor power to ſcreech or to cry. Thus ſhe who had formerly poyſoned her eldeſt Siſter *Fuquinta*, is now alſo cruelly murthered by the treachery of her youngeſt ſiſter *Amarantha*, which makes me to cry out and ſay; *O Lord, as thou art immenſe in thy mercies, ſo thou art inſcrutable in thy judgments, and that therefore, as we ought not, ſo we cannot reſiſt his divine power and eternal pre-ordination.*

Bernardo and *Pieria* (as two limbs of the Devil) having finiſhed this cruel Murther on *Baptiſtina*, they leave her breathleſs body on her bed, and then withdrawing themſelves from her Chamber, they ſoftly pull faſt the door, which had a Spring-lock, and then ſhe ſecretly throws in the key within ſide, at a private hole, or cranny: when her ſweet heart and her ſelf deſcended the ſtairs, and with wonderful ſilence ſtalk away to the Garden, without the Poſtern door whereof, his Horſe tyed up to an Iron Ring in the Wall, awaited and attended him; where with a multitude of kiſſes they part, he faithfully promiſing

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her to return to her again at *Florence* within a month after at moſt, and then to marry her: So whiles *Pieria* now (in the depth and dead of this diſmal night) betakes her ſelf to her bed, and there (as devoid of fear as of grace) ſleeps ſoundly, her Sweet-heart *Bernardo*, that very obſcure night, gallops thorow the ſtreets of *Florence* towards the gate which leads to *Piſtoia*: Where God (in his all-ſeeing providence) cauſeth his horſe to ſtumble, and fall with him to the ground, whereof he broke his neck, and preſently died, and his horſe then riſing, flies from him ſtraglingly in the ſtreets, leaving the breathleſs Corps of *Bernardo* in the ſtreet, having not the happineſs either to cry out or utter one word at this his ſudden and diſaſterous death; God having ſo ordained and decreed in his Star-chamber of Heaven, that although for the murthering of the Lady *Baptiſtina* he deſerved a more ſhameful end, yet that this poor horſe which brought him to *Florence*, ſhould at the ſame time and place be his Executioner, as alſo that there was ſcarce one hour betwen his crime and puniſhment, between her murder and his own death: An act and example of God's Juſtice, worthy of all men to know, and of all Chriſtians moſt eſpecially to remember: ſo ſecret and ſacred are the Judgments of the Lord of Hoſts! All that night *Bernardo*'s dead body lay gored in his blood (which abundantly iſſued forth his mouth) as alſo in the dirt of the ſtreet, uneſpied of any mortal eye; but aſſoon as the morning began to appear thorow the windows of Heaven, then it was found, and likewiſe to be done by the fall off a horſe; whereof his neck, the beholders ſaw, was broken: the which the ſooner they were induced and led to believe, becauſe they likewiſe found a horſe nere him, ſtragling in the ſtreets without his Rider: This his dead body therefore preſently expoſed to the Criminal Judges of that fair and famous City, who forthwith, cauſe his pockets to be ſearched, where, inſtead of gold, they, by the direction of God, find the before nominated promiſe of a yearly Annuity, which we have formerly underſtood *Amarantha* gave him: Whereupon, they knowing the Lady *Amarantha* to be *Seignior Leonardo Streni* his Daughter, and by this Note, confidently believing this dead man to be the ſame *Bernardo*, and he to be *Amarantha*'s ſervant; they (without once ſuſpecting or dreaming of any murther committed by him) hold it a part of their office and duty to acquaint *Streni* herewith. But the news of this dead found Corps ratling thorow the ſtreets of the City, it advanceth this care of theirs, and ſo ſpeedily arrives to *Streni* his houſe before them; whereat *Pieria* (looking for nothing leſs) takes ſo hot alarm of grief, fear, and deſpair, that her guilty thoughts and conſcience (like ſo many Blood-hounds) ſtill purſuing her. She ſeeing this unlook'd for diſaſter and death of her *Bernardo* to be an act of God, and a blow from Heaven, which infallibly predicted both her danger and death; ſhe therefore preſently flies out of doors, and (with much celerity and more fear) betakes her ſelf to the leaſt frequented and moſt remoteſt ſtreets of the City for her ſafety. By this time the Criminal officers are arrived at *Streni* his houſe, whom they acquaint with this mournful accident, ſhewing him this aſſurance of Annuity, and inquire of him if it be the Lady *Amarantha* his Daughter's hand, as alſo the dead Corps, and if this were her ſervant, who (with a countenance compoſed of aſtoniſhment, fear and ſorrow) acknowledgeth to them, that it is his Daughter *Amarantha*'s own hand-writing, and the dead perſonage to be her ſerving-man *Bernardo*: Whereupon they confidently believe, and he ſorrowfully fears, that this Death of his, and that Aſſurance of hers, doth either import or include ſome greater diſaſter and misfortune: Whereupon, they again, modeſtly, yet judicially, demand of him for his Daughter *Amarantha*, and her Chamber maid, *Pieria*, who returns them this anſwer; that the firſt is at his Manor of *Cardura* neer *Piſtoia*, and the ſecond here in this houſe, and now ſecuring his eldeſt Daughter *Baptiſtina*, they demand to ſpeak with *Pieria*, whom he cauſeth to be ſought in all places of his houſe: but ſhe is not to be found, ſo he ſends to look her in his Daughter's Chamber, her Miſtreſs: but his ſervants return and report, that the door of that Chamber is faſt lock'd, and that they can get no ſpeech either of her, or of the Lady *Baptiſtina*; which anſwer of theirs doth exceedingly augment the Jealouſie of the Judges, and the fear of the Father: So they all reſolve to aſcend themſelves to that Chamber, where they aloud again calling both the Lady and her Maid, and hearing no anſwer of either of them, they inſtantly cauſe the door to be forced open; where (contrary to their expectation) they find the Lady *Baptiſtina* dead, and well near cold in her bed, and cauſing her body to be ſecretly ſearched by ſome Chirurgions and neighbour Gentlewomen, they are all of opinion, that ſhe is undoubtedly ſtifled in her Bed, and her face very much black and ſwoln with ſtrugling for life againſt death. They are amazed, and her Father *Streni* almoſt drowned in his ſorrowful tears at the ſight of this deplorable accident and mournful ſpectacle, and therefore what to ſay, or how to bear himſelf herein, he knows not.

But the Judges upon further knowledge and conſideration of the flight of *Pieria*, the death of

of *Bernardo*,) and the promised Annuity of *Amarantha* upon their marriage, (as it were prompted by God) do vehemently suspect and believe, that they all three were undoubtedly consenting and guilty of *Baptistina*'s death, notwithstanding that the key of her Chamber was found thrown in within side: So they presently leave this sorrowful Father to his tears, and, betaking themselves to their seat of Justice, do instantly cause all the gates of the City to be shut, and a strict and curious search to made in all parts thereof, for the apprehension of *Pieria*, which (in their zeal and honour to sacred Justice) they perform with so much care and speed, as within three hours after she is found out, and apprehended in an Aunt's house of hers, who was a poor woman and a Laundress of that City, named *Eleanora Fracasa*.

The Judges being presently advertised hereof, convent her before them, and (by vertue of this annuity) charge both her and her Lover *Bernardo* to be the Actors, and *Amarantha*, to be at least accessary, if not the author with them of murthering of *Baptistina*; she can hardly speak for tears at this her examination, because her sighs still cut her words in pieces; and yet she is so far from grace and repentance, as at first she stoutly denies all, and boldly affirms, That both *Amarantha*, *Bernardo*, and her self, were every way innocent of attempting any thing against *Baptistina*'s life, and that if she were dead, she died only of a natural death by the appointment of God, and no otherwise; and to this answer of hers the Devil had made her so strong, as she added many fearful oaths and deprecations, both for her own and their justification; but yet (notwithstanding this her Apology) these grave and clear-sighted Judges are so far from diminishing, as they augment their suspicion both for her and them, and so they commit her to prison, and forthwith to the Rack. At the pronouncing of which sentence, *Pieria* is much daunted, and seems to let fall some of her former fortitude and constancy, and to burst forth into many passionate tears, sighs and exclamations; but they will nothing avail her: For, seeing her pretended husband *Bernardo* dead, in whom lived the imaginary joys of her heart, she so fainted, as at the very first sight of the Rack (with some tears, and more deep-fetch'd sighs) she confessed to her Judges, that she and *Bernardo* had stifled her Lady *Baptistina* in her bed; but still constantly affirmed, that her sister *Amarantha* was wholly innocent thereof, flattering her self with this hope, that for thus her clearing of her Lady *Amarantha* from this crime and danger, she (in requital thereof) could do no less than be a means to procure a pardon for her life: But these hopes of her will deceive her, and fly as fast from her hereafter, as ever she formerly did from God. So the Judges (in detestation of this her foul and bloody crime) adjudge her to be hanged for the same: but first they send her back to prison, and the very next morning, before break of day, they secretly send away three of their *Isbieres* (or Sergeants) to *Cardura*, to fetch the Lady *Amarantha* to *Florence*, being very confident (notwithstanding *Pieria*'s denyal) that she likewise had a deep finger and share in her sister *Baptistina*'s murther.

Amarantha not dreaming in *Cardura* what had betided in *Florence*, to *Bernardo* and *Pieria*, but flattering her self with much hope and joy, that by this time they had undoubtedly made away her sister *Baptistina*, and consequently that she should shortly revisit *Florence*, and there domineer alone, and obtain some gallant Cavalier of her father for her Husband; she in expectance of her servant *Bernardo* his return, and of his pleasing news, had that day (as it were in a bravery and triumph) purposely dighted her self up in her best attire, and richest apparel, and betaking her self to her chamber, and to that window which looked towards *Florence*, she with a longing desire expecteth every minute when he will arrive; when about ten of the clock before dinner (contrary to expectation) she sees three men to enter into the house, apparelled as Florentines, whereat she much museth and wondereth, as not knowing what they, or their coming should import. These three Sergeants having entered the house, they are brought to the Governess *Malevola*, who brings them to her young Lady *Amarantha* in her chamber; to whom (with a dissembling confidence) they report to her, That Seignior *Strozzi* her Father, hath sent them to conduct and accompany her speedily to *Florence*. *Amarantha* inquired of them for her Father's Letters to that effect, whereunto one of the subtilest of them makes answer very slily and artificially to her, that her Father's haste, and her preferment, would not permit him to write to her, for that he perfectly knew from him, he was now upon matching her to a rich and noble Husband: Her Governess *Malevola* likewise demands of them, if he had not written to her Self; they answer, No, but that he bad them tell her, that he willed her without delay to bring away his daughter *Amarantha* with her, and themselves to *Florence* by Coach, and only one Foot-boy. The Pupil and Governess consult hereon, and the very name of a Husband makes the first as willing, as the second is discontented to go to *Florence* without a Letter; but the policy of the Sergeants so prevail with the simplicity of this young Lady and old Gentlewoman,

that they ſpeedily pack up their trunks, ſo dine, and then take Coach and Horſe, and away for *Florence*; during which ſhort journey, although the mirth and joy of *Amarantha* be great, yet ſhe finds ſo many different reluctations, and extravagant thoughts in her mind, at the abſence and ſilence of her man *Bernardo*, as ſhe cannot poſſibly again refrain from muſing and wondering thereat. They all arrive at *Florence*, where theſe Sergeants (having learnt their parts well, and acting them better) inſtead of *Amarantha*'s Father's houſe, do clap her up cloſe priſoner in the common Goal of that City, notwithſtanding all her prayers and crys, ſighs and tears, to the contrary; and then ſend her Governeſs *Malevola* home to her Father, to adverti ſe him hereof; who tearing the ſnow-white hair off his head and beard at this ſad news, and extreamly fearing the dangerous conſequence of this deplorable accident, he (with tears in his eyes, ſorrow in his looks, and ſighs in his ſpeeches) repairs ſpeedily to the Judges, to whom ſorrowfully and humbly caſting himſelf almoſt as low as their feet, he prays them to think of his age, and of his impriſoned daughter's youth, and that having unfortunately loſt his eldeſt daughter, that they would not deprive him of his youngeſt, nor caſt her life away either upon bare preſumption or circumſtance, or upon the wrongful reports and malice of his and her enemies; But theſe grave and Lynce-eyed Magiſtrates (who look as deeply into the priviledge and dignity of Juſtice, as he doth into the paſſions of paternal affection and nature) cut him off with this ſharp reply, That they honour his age and reſpect his daughter's youth, that ſhe ſhall have juſtice, and that by the Laws of *Florence* he muſt expect no more; with which cold anſwer he returns home to his houſe, as diſconſolate as he came forth ſorrowful, being not permitted, but denied, to ſee or ſpeak with his daughter *Amarantha* in priſon, only he hath permiſſion to bury his murthered daughter *Baptiſtina*: the which he performeth with far more grief and ſorrow than Solemnity.

The truth and decorum of this Hiſtory muſt now invite the Reader to viſit *Amarantha* in priſon, who being here debarred from ſpeaking with any, or any with her, except (thoſe miſerable comforters) her Sergeants and Goalers; ſhe now ſeeing the imminency of her danger, and fearing the aſſurance of her death, for that ſhe heard a ſecret inkling (from the lower Court, through her chamber window) *That her ſiſter* Baptiſtina *was murthered, her Maid* Pieria *impriſoned, and ſhe her ſelf vehemently ſuſpected for the ſame*: She therefore now begins to think of her former bloody crimes with repentance, and of theſe her inhumane cruelties towards her two elder ſiſters with contrition, and ſolemnly vows to God, that if his Divine Majeſty will now pleaſe to ſave her life, ſhe will henceforth religiouſly redeem the firſt and ſecond with repentance. So in the midſt of theſe good thoughts, though vain deſires and wiſhes of hers, ſhe yet ſtill flatters her ſelf with this poor hope, that if her man *Bernardo* be living, then her promiſed annuity to him, written with her own hand is ſtill ſure, and therefore tacitly dead in his cuſtody; and that both he and *Pieria* cannot any way wrong her, without infinitely wronging themſelves, and endangering their own lives: So albeit her Judges have matter of ſuſpicion, yet they can have no cauſe of death againſt her; or if peradventure they have, yet that the power of her Father's greatneſs and friends are ſo prevalent in *Florence* and *Tuſcany*, that if (the worſt fall out) he and they can obtain at leaſt her Reprival for the preſent, if not her pardon for the future. But (contrary to all theſe weak and trivial hopes) the very next morning ſhe is ſent for before her Judges to a private examination, who (after they had made a grave and religious ſpeech to her) they demand her, firſt, If ſhe employed not her ſervant *Bernardo*, and *Pieria* to murther her ſiſter *Baptiſtina*, the which ſhe firmly and conſtantly denies: Secondly, If ſhe had not given an annuity of 150 Duckatoons during his life to marry *Pieria*, the which ſhe likewiſe denies; then they produce and ſhew it her under her own hand-writing, whereat (they meaſuring her heart by her countenance) ſhe ſeems to be ſo much perplexed with ſorrow, and amazed with fear, as ſhe cannot refrain from giving them leſs words, but more tears; Of which her Judges conceiving a good opinion and hope, and therefore deeming themſelves now to be in a fair way, and a direct courſe to obtain the whole truth of this lamentable buſineſs from her) they bethink themſelves of a policy, thereby to effect and compaſs it, which is every way worthy of themſelves and their offices, of their diſcretion and juſtice. They tell *Amarantha*, that in regard of her youth and beauty, and of her Fathers age and nobility, they deſire and intend to ſave her, if ſhe will not wilfully caſt her ſelf away; That her ſafety and life now conſiſteth in her plain confeſſion, and not in her perverſe denial and conteſtation of being acceſſary and conſenting to the murther of her ſiſter *Baptiſtina*. That they have proofs thereof, as clear, and as apparent as the Sun. And that they having cauſed *Pieria* to be executed for the ſame this morning, ſhe confeſſed it to them at her death, yea and died thereon. At which ſpeeches of her Judges, and confeſſion and death of *Pieria*, this

this wretched and unfortunate Lady *Amarantha* (seeing her self so palpably convicted of this her bloody and inhumane crime) being wholly vanquished either with fear towards her self, or choler towards *Pieria*, she falls on her knees to her Judges feet, and (with a great shower of tears) makes her self (by her free confession) to be the prime author of her sister *Baptistina*'s murther; That she had hired *Bernardo* and *Pieria* to perform it, and given him an Annuity of 200 Duckatoons *per Annum*; and to each of them 50 Duckatoons more in hand to that effect, concealing no point or part thereof, as we have already formerly understood: When (contrary to the expectation of her Judges) she most bitterly exclaimed on the name, memory, and ingratitude of this base wretch *Pieria* (for so she then terme'd her) in that she could not be contented to die her self, but also as much, and as maliciously, as in her power, to think likewise to hazard her own life with her. And now our cholerick, and yet sorrowful *Amarantha* (between these two different extreams of hope and fear (lays hold of her Judges late promise and profer'd courtesie to her, to save her; and then there (with many reverences, tears, and wringing of her hands) most humbly beseecheth them for God's sake, and for Honours cause, to be good unto her, and to give her her life, although she confesseth she is most worthy of death, in being so degenerate and bloody minded towards her own Sister. But they (having by this commendable means, and artificial policy, drawn this worm from *Amarantha*'s tongue, I mean this truth from her mouth) are exceeding sorrowful, and as much detest this her barbarous fact, as they pity her descent, youth and beauty; but well knowing with themselves, that God is glorified in the due and true execution of justice upon all capital Malefactors, and especially on Murtherers (who are no less than Monsters of Nature, the disgrace of their times, and the very butchers of Mankind) and that the greatness of their quality and blood doth only serve but to make these crimes of theirs the greater: Therefore (I say) these wise and religious Judges prove deaf to her requests and blind to her tears; and so having first caused her to sign this her confession, and then confronted her with *Pieria*, who now to *Amarantha*'s face confirmed as much as she her self right now confessed and affirmed, they now in expiation of this her cruel murther, adjudge her likewise to be hanged the next day, at the common place of Execution, in company of *Pieria*; although her aged sorrowful Father Seignior *Streni* (being well nigh weighed down to his grave with the extream grief and sorrow of these his misfortunes and calamities) profered the Judges and the Great Duke, the greatest part of his Estate and Lands, to save this his youngest, and now his only Daughter *Amarantha*: But his labour proved lost, and his care and affection vain in this his suit and solicitation, because those learned Judges, and this prudent and noble Duke, grounded their resolutions and pleasures upon this wholsome and true Maxim, That Justice is one of the greatest Colossus's and strongest columns of Kingdoms and Common wealths, and the truest way and means to preserve them in flourishing prosperity and glory; and consequently, that all wilful and premeditated murtherers cannot be either too soon exterminated, or too severely punished, and cut off from the world. So *Amarantha* with more choler than sorrow, and *Pieria* with more fear than choler, are now both sent back to their prisons; and that night *Streni* sends his Daughter, and the Judges send *Pieria* some Friers and Nunns to prepare their souls for Heaven, but (in honour of the truth) I must affirm with equal grief and pity, that both these two female Monsters had their hearts so sealed, and their souls so seared up with impiety, that neither of them could there be perswaded or drawn either to think of repentance, or of God.

Whiles thus *Florence* resounds of these their foul and inhumane crimes, as also of their just condemnations, the next morning about ten of the clock, they are brought to the destin'd place of Execution, there to receive their condign punishments for the same. *Pieria* first mounts the Ladder, who made a short speech at her death, to this effect; that her desire to obtain *Bernardo* for her Husband had chiefly drawn her to commit this murther on her Lady *Baptistina*, and that it was far more her Sister *Amarantha*'s malice to her, than her own, which seduced her to bloody resolution; and that this her own shameful death was not half so grievous to her, as the unfortunate end of her Lover *Bernardo*, whom she there affirmed to the world, and took it to her death, that she loved a thousand times dearer than her own life, with many other vain and ridiculous speeches tending that way, and which savoured more of her fond affection to him, than of any zeal or devotion to God; therefore I hold them every way more worthy of my silence, than of my relation: And so she was turn'd over. To second whose unfortunate and shameful end, now our bloody and execrable *Amarantha* (with far more beauty than contrition, and bravery than repentance) ascends the Ladder: who (to make her infamy the more famous) had purposely dighted and apparelled her self in a plain black Satin Gown, with a silver lace, and a deep lace Cambrick Ruff of a very large

Set, with her hair unvailed, and decked with many Roses of silver Ribband: At her ascent her extraction, beauty and youth, begat as much pity, as her bloody and unnatural crime did detestation, in the eyes and hearts of all her spectators. When, after a pause or two, she (vainly composing her countenance, more with contempt than fear of death) there, to a world of people, who flocked from all parts of the City and Country to see her die (with a wondrous boldness) confessed, That she had not only caused her said Sister *Baptistina* to be stifled in her bed by *Bernardo* and *Pieria*, but that her Sister *Baptistina* and her self had formerly poysoned their elder Sister *Jaquinta*, and that it was only their imperiousness and pride towards her, which drew her to this resolution and revenge against them both; the which she affirmed, she could now as little repent, as heretofore remedy, and that she more sensibly lamented, and grieved for the sorrows of her Father's life, than for the shame and infamy of her own death: When without any shew of repentance, without any speech of God, or which is less, without so much as once looking up towards Heaven, or inviting or praying her spectators to pray God for her soul, she with a graceless resolution, and prophane boldness, conjured her Executioner speedily to perform his office and duty, which, by the command of the Magistrate, he forthwith did. So this wretched *Amarantha* was hanged for her second murther, and then by a second decree and sentence of the criminal Judges, her body is after dinner burnt to ashes for her first; who likewise in honour to Justice, and to the glory of God, do also cause the dead-body of *Bernardo* (for two whole days) to be hanged by his feet in his shirt at the same gallows, and then to be cast into the River *Arno*. And here the Judges also, to shew themselves, themselves, were once of opinion to have unburied *Baptistina*, and likewise to have given her dead body some opprobrious punishment, for being accessary with her sister *Amarantha* to poyson their elder Sister *Jaquinta*; but having no other evidence or proof hereof, but only the testimony of her condemned dying Sister *Amarantha*, whom it was more probable than impossible, she might speak it more out of malice than truth, as also that God had already afflicted a deplorable end and punishment to her, they therefore omitted it. And thus was the deserved ends, and condign punishments of these wretched and execrable murtherers; and in this manner did the just revenge, and sacred justice of God meet and triumph over them and their bloody crimes.

And now here fully to conclude and shut up this History in all its circumstances: The griefs and sorrows of this unfortunate old Father was so great and infinite, for the untimely and deplorable deaths of all these his three only daughters and children, that although Piety and Religion had formerly taught him, that the afflictions of this life are the joys of that to come, yet being wholly vanquished and depressed with all these different bitter crosses and calamities, he left *Florence*, and retired himself to a solitary life in *Cardura*, where he not long survived them, but died very pensively and mournfully.

GOD'S

22

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A SPANISH HISTORY.

HISTORY XXII.

Martino *poiſoneth his brother* Pedro, *and murthereth* Monfredo *in the ſtreet: He afterwards grows mad, and in confeſſion reveals both theſe his murthers to Father* Thomas *his Ghoſtly Father, who afterwards dying, reveals it by his letter to* Ceciliana, *who was Widow to* Monfredo, *and ſiſter to* Pedro *and* Martino. Martino *had firſt his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the ſame.*

AS it is a dangerous wickedneſs to contrive and plot murther, ſo much more it is a wretched and execrable one to finiſh and perpetrate it; for to kill our Chriſtian Brother, who figuratively bears the image of God, is an act ſo odious, as Nature cannot excuſe, and ſo diabolical, as no Clemency can pardon: And yet this Age, and this world is but too plentiful and fertil of ſuch bloody Tigers, and inhumane Monſters, and Butchers of Mankind, as if they had not a Conſcience within them to accuſe them, a God above them to condemn them, and a Hell below them to puniſh them, or as if they had not the ſacred Oracles of God's eternal Word, I mean the Law and the Goſpel, and the bleſſed precepts, and the doctrine of the holy Prophets and Apoſtles; yea, of Chriſt Jeſus himſelf, the great Shepherd and ſacred Biſhop of our Souls, to teach us the rules of mercy, meekneſs and long ſuffering, whiles we live in this vale of miſery here below, and that we muſt embrace and follow peace and charity with all men, if ever we think to participate of the true felicity and joys of Heaven above: But nevertheleſs (yea directly contrary hereunto) this enſuing Hiſtory will produce us one, who tho' ſufficiently inſtructed in the rules of Piety and Charity, yet he wilfully abandoned the firſt, and contemned the ſecond, by cruelly and unnaturally imbrewing his hands in innocent blood, for the which we ſhall ſee, that he in the end ſuffereth a ſevere and ſhameful death. May we read this Hiſtory to the glory of God, and the inſtruction of our ſelves. The

The Scene of this Hiſtory is laid in *Spain*, in the famous Province of old *Caſtile*, and in the fair and ancient City of *Burgos*, where lately dwelt a noble and rich old Gentlewoman, termed Dona *Catherina Autunez* (a Sirname much known, and famous in that City, Province and Kingdom) who had by her deceaſed Husband Don *Roderigo de Ricaldo*, two Sons, Don *Pedro*, and Don *Martino*, and one Daughter named *Dona Ceciliana*. Her eldeſt Son Don *Pedro* was a gallant Cavalier, of ſome eight and twenty years of age, tall and well timbred, by complexion and hair black, and of a ſwart and martial countenance, who for the ſpace of ſeven years, ſerved as a voluntary Gentleman under that wiſe and valiant Commander Don *Gonſalez de Cordova* in *Germany*, and againſt the Lords States of the *Netherlands*, and ſince in the *Valtoline* and *Milaine*, againſt the Griſons and French; in both which wars he left behind him many memorable teſtimonies of his proweſs, and purchaſed divers honourable trophees of true valour and generoſity; but for any other intellectual endowments of the mind, he was no Scholar, but of an indifferent capacity, yet very honeſt, courteous, and affable, particularly to his Friends, and generally to all the world. His Brother Don *Martino* was of ſome four and twenty years of age, ſhort of ſtature, very ſlender but crook back'd, of an *Auburn* hair, a withered face, aſquint eye; of inclination extreamly ſullen, and of diſpoſition and nature envious and revengeful, as deſirous rather to entertain a night quarrel in the ſtreet, than a day combat in the field; but as God is many times pleaſed to countervail and reward the defects of Nature in the body, with ſome rich gifts and perfections of the mind, ſo though not by profeſſion, yet by Education he was an excellent Scholar, of an active and ſharp wit, a fluent tongue, and ſingularly able either to allure or divert, to perſwade or diſſwade, according as the ſtream of his different paſſions and affections led him: Vertues enough relucent and excellent to build a fame, and ſufficient to raiſe an eminent fortune, if his former vices do not too fatally eclipſe the one, and deface the other. Their Siſter *Ceciliana* (aged of ſome twenty years) was of an indifferent height, but growing to corpulency and fatneſs, of a black hair, an amiable brown complexion, of a big rolling eye, and the air of her countenance rather beautifully amorous, than modeſtly beautiful: She was of a nimble wit, of humour pleaſant and facetious, yet ſo reſerved in the external demonſtration thereof, that through her Mother's pious and auſtere Education of her, ſhe (in all outward reſemblance) ſeemed rather to be fit for a Nunnery than a Husband, and more proper to make a Saint than a Wife; but as the face proves not ſtill a true index of the heart, nor our looks and ſpeeches ſtill a true Sybil of our ſouls; ſo how retired ſoever her Mother kept her from the company of men, yet her wanton eye conſpiring with her laſcivious heart, made her the more deſirous thereof: and far the more licentiouſly, in regard ſhe was ſtrictly forbidden it; ſo as (not to contradict or diſſemble the truth) I am here enforced to relate and affirm, that ſhe imparteth her favours upon two or three young Gentlemen of that City, of her private acquaintance, and is more familiar with them, than modeſty can well warrant, or chaſtity allow of. But there is a young Gallant of this City likewiſe (more noble by birth than rich in eſtate and means) named Don *Balthazer de Monfredo*, who (deeming *Ceciliana* as famous for her Chaſtity as for her beauty) bears a ſingular affection to her; yea, his heart and thoughts are ſo fervently intangled in the ſnares of her delicious beauty, that in publick and private, in his deſires and wiſhes, and his ſpeech and actions, he proclaims her to be his Miſtreſs, and himſelf her ſervant; and if he affect and deſire *Ceciliana* for his Wife, no leſs doth ſhe *Monfredo* for her Husband; ſo that they many times by ſtealth meet and confer privately in remote Churches and Chappels, it being rather a prophane, than a religious cuſtom of *Spain* (wherein Heaven is too much made to ſtoop to earth, and Religion to impiety) for men to court their intended wives, and (which is worſe) many times their Courtizans and Strumpets. *Ceciliana* (oftentimes warranted by her Mother's indiſpoſition) can no ſooner take Coach, to enjoy the pleaſure and benefit of the freſh air abroad in the fragrant fields, but *Monfredo* aſſuredly meets her, where leaping from his Coach into hers (and leaving his Page to accompany her waiting Gentlewoman in his own) they at firſt familiarly kiſs and confer, and in a few of theſe meetings at laſt effectually reſolve to give themſelves each to other in the ſacred bonds of marriage, ſo he gives her a rich Diamond Ring, and ſhe reciprocally returns him a pair of gold Bracelets, in token of a marriage, and they then and there (calling God to witneſs) very ſolemnly contract themſelves man and wife, yet for ſome ſolid reaſons, and important conſiderations, which conduce to the better accompliſhing of their deſires, they for a time conclude to bear it ſecretly and ſilently from all the world; and it is concluded and agreed between them, that a month after, and not before, he ſhall attempt to ſeek her publickly in marriage, both of her Mother the Lady *Catherina*, as alſo of her two brothers, Don *Pedro*, and Don *Martino*.

So when this month is paſt over (which to theſe our two Lovers ſeems to be many ages)

Monfredo

Monfredo very fairly and orderly ſeeks her of her mother in marriage, and likewiſe (in terms fit for him to give, and them to receive) acquaints her two brothers with his ſuit and affection to their ſiſter, and with his beſt art and eloquence endeavoureth (on honourable terms) to gain and purchaſe their conſents thereunto. As for her mother, ſhe (preferring wealth to honour, and riches to content) conſidering the weakneſs of *Monfredo*'s eſtate, the death of his Parents, whereby ſhe ſees him deprived of all future hope to raiſe his fortunes, doth abſolutely deny to beſtow her daughter on him in marriage; and the more to bewray her extream diſtaſte of this his ſuit, and diſlike of himſelf, ſhe (with much obſtinacy and choler) forbids him her daughter's company, and (with more incivility and indignation) conjures him to leave and forbear her houſe, telling him ſhe hath already firmly ingaged her word and promiſe to Don *Alonſo Delrio*, that he ſhall ſhortly eſpouſe and marry her. Now although this ſharp anſwer of hers ſeem to nip *Monfredo*'s hopes and deſires in their bloſſoms, yet relying more on the affection and conſtancy of the daughter, than on the power or reſolution of the mother, he again and again (with a moſt reſpective and honourable importunity) ſoliciteth her conſent; but he ſees it loſt labour, becauſe ſhe is reſolute that her firſt ſhall be her laſt anſwer to him herein. As for her brother Don *Pedro*, he loves his ſiſter ſo perfectly, and her content ſo dearly, that he finds him to ſtand well affected to their affections, and in regard of his love to her, and reſpect to him, that he utterly contemns the motion and mention of *Delrio*; and therefore faithfully promiſeth *Monfredo* his beſt aſſiſtance towards his mother for the effecting of their deſires. But for her younger brother, Don *Martino*, he finds a contrary nature and diſpoſition in him; for he never loved, but hated his ſiſter *Ceciliana*, and therefore hates *Monfredo* for her ſake, and loves *Delrio*, becauſe he hears ſhe hates him, and ſo animates his mother againſt them; and thus he gives *Monfredo* cold anſwers, and (the ſooner and better to convert his hope into deſpair) tells him plainly that *Delrio* muſt and ſhall marry his ſiſter, and none but he. Thus *Monfredo* departs, as glad of Don *Pedro*, his love, as he is ſorrowful for his mother and brother Don *Martino*'s hatred. And here (to obſerve the better order in this Hiſtory, and likewiſe to give the curioſity of the Reader the fuller ſatisfaction) it will not be improper, rather pertinent, for us to underſtand, that Don *Delrio* was alſo a well deſcended Gentleman of the ſame city of *Burgos*, rich in Lands and Monies, but at leaſt fifty five years old, having a white head and beard, of a hard and ſowr favour, and exceedingly Baker-legg'd; yet, as old as he was, he was ſo paſſionately enamoured of the freſh and ſweet beauty of *Ceciliana*, that he thought her not too young to be his wife, nor himſelf too old to be her husband; but, led more by his luſt than his judgment, and encouraged by Dona *Catherina* her mother, for that his great lands and wealth wholly inclined and weighed down her affection towards him, he often viſiteth her daughter *Ceciliana*, and with his beſt oratory and power ſeeks and courts her affection in the way of marriage: But ſhe having her heart fixed on *Monfredo*'s youth, and comely feature, ſhe highly ſlights *Delrio*'s frozen age, and diſdained to make her ſelf a *May* to this *December*, becauſe ſhe apparently knew, and perfectly believed, that he was every way fitter for his Grave, than for her Bed, for it was *Monfredo*, and only *Monfredo*, whom her heart had elected and choſen for her ſecond ſelf and Husband: And ſuppoſe (quoth ſhe) that *Monfredo* be not ſo rich as *Delrio*, yet all *Caſtile*, yea all *Spain*, well knows, that by deſcent and generoſity he is far more noble; and that there is as great an Antitheſis and diſparity between the vertues of the firſt, and the defects and imperfections of the laſt, as there is between a Clown and a Captain, a Peaſant and a Prince; therefore let my mother ſay what ſhe will, *Delrio* what he can, or my brother *Martino* what he dare, yet they ſhall ſee, and the world know, that I will be wife to none but *Monfredo*, and that either he, or my grave ſhall be my husband.

But the Lady *Catherina* her mother (notwithſtanding her daughters averſeneſs and obſtinacy) lays her charge and bleſſing upon her to forſake *Monfredo*, and take *Delrio*, urging to her the poverty of the one, and the wealth of the other, what delights and contentments the laſt will give her, and what afflictions and miſery the firſt do threaten her: But the affection of *Ceciliana* is ſtill ſo firmly fixed, and ſtrongly ſettled and cœmented on her *Monfredo*, that ſhe is deaf to theſe requeſts, and blind to theſe reaſons of her mother, in ſeeking to diſſwade her from him, and in conſenting and perſwading her to accept of *Delrio* for her Husband; and although her Mother follow her in all places as her ſhadow, and haunt her at all times as her Ghoſt, to draw her hereunto; yet ſhe ſtill finds her daughter as reſolute to deny, as ſhe is importunate to requeſt it of her, vowing that ſhe will rather wed her ſelf to a Nunnery, than to *Delrio*, whom ſhe ſaith ſhe cannot affect, and therefore peremptorily diſdaineth to marry. Her mother ſeeing her daughter thus conſtantly and wilfully to perſevere in her obſtinacy againſt her deſires, ſhe (with much choler and grief) relates from point to point

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to her ſon Don *Martino*, what had paſt between them; whom ſhe knew did as much love *Delrio*, and hate *Monfredo*, as her eldeſt ſon Don *Pedro*, hated *Delrio*, and loved *Monfredo* for their ſiſter in marriage. *Martino* takes advantage of this occaſion and opportunity, and thinking to give two blows with one ſtone, by croſſing her ſiſter in her affection, and his brother in his deſigns and wiſhes, doth now more than ever incenſe his mother againſt her, alledging that it would be a far greater honour, and leſs ſcandal to their name and houſe, that ſhe were rather married to a Nunnery than a Beggar, and with many powerful reaſons, and artificial perſwaſions, ſtrives to make her inclinable to his project, and flexible to this reſolution of his, as indeed in a little time ſhe doth: For the mother being thus wedded to her will, and therein now confirmed by the ſly policy, and fortified by the ſubtile inſinuation of her ſon Don *Martino*, ſhe hereupon conſtantly reſolves to betake and give her daughter to God and the Church, affirming that ſhe ſhall never reap any true content in her thoughts, nor peace in her heart, before ſhe ſee her cloyſtered up and eſpouſed to a Nunnery. But this compact of theirs is not ſo cloſely carried between them, but the vigilancy of Don *Pedro* (whoſe affection and care aims to give *Monfredo* and his ſiſter content) hath perfect notice and intelligence hereof, the which for a time he holds fit to conceal from them both; when firmly purpoſing to prevent it, and ſo to croſs his mother and brother, who herein delight and glory to croſs him, he bethinks himſelf of an invention (worthy of himſelf) how and which way to effect it. He ſends for Don *Alonſo Delrio* to the Cordeliers Church, and there relates him the friendſhip he bears him him, that he will not ſee him run himſelf into an errour, in ſeeking his ſiſter *Ceciliana* in marriage, whom he knows he cannot poſſibly obtain; ſhe (to his knowledge) being already firmly contracted to *Monfredo*, notwithſtanding all that his mother and brother Don *Martino* have ſaid, or can do to the contrary. *Delrio* heartily thanks Don *Pedro* for the expreſſion of this love to him, the which he affirms he ſhall ever find him ready both to deſerve and requite; when meaſuring the time future by the preſent, and of *Ceciliana*'s blooming youth by his weather-beaten and blaſted age, he vows to Don *Pedro*, that he will henceforth no more deſire or ſeek his ſiſter in marriage, nor yet ſpeak with her, or come near his mother or brother; ſo that buſineſs is for ever daſhed, and receives an end, almoſt as ſoon as beginning. The which Don *Martino* (out of his deep reach and politick pate) underſtanding, and knowing that this falling off of *Delrio*, from farther ſeeking his ſiſter in marriage, proceeded wholly from the ſecret undermining of his brother Don *Pedro*, he is extreamly in choler againſt him for the ſame; and ſo (with more paſſion than diſcretion) goes and chargeth him herewith: Whereupon theſe two brothers fall at great contention and variance, and many bitter words and out-ragious ſpeeches here interchangeably paſs between them, the repetition whereof I think good to bury in ſilence, becauſe it matters not much to give it a place in this Hiſtory; only (to deal on generals) I muſt ſay that Don *Pedro* was high, and Don *Martino* hot, and that the firſt ſpake not ſo much as he dared, and that the laſt dared not ſo much as he ſpake. But this Tongue-combate of theirs was ſo violent and bluſterous, as the iſſue thereof redounding to Don *Pedro*'s glory and generoſity, and to Don *Martino*'s ſhame and baſeneſs; and *Martino* finding that he had more will than power to be now revenged hereof on his brother, he is inflamed with choler and revenge againſt him for the ſame, as, conſulting with Satan, not with God, he his ſo revengeful and inhumane, as he wiſheth his ſaid brother in Heaven, and from thenceforth plotteth with himſelf how to finiſh it; reaſoning thus uncharitably and damnaby with himſelf; That he being dead, and his ſiſter pent and mewed up in a Nunnery, he ſhall then be ſole heir and Lord to all the lands and eſtate which his Father left him.

Thus in the heat of his choler, and the fumes of his revenge againſt his brother Don *Pedro*, he repairs to his mother, informs her how it is, and his policy which hath beaten off *Delrio* from ſeeking his ſiſter *Ceciliana* in marriage, and that through his cloſe treacherous dealing, he hath prevailed with him for ever to abandon her; yea, he here leaves no invention unaſſayed to incenſe his mother againſt his brother, nor means unattempted to inflame her againſt his ſiſter, by ſtill putting her in mind of his raſhneſs towards *Delrio*, and for her diſobedience towards her ſelf; and here (remembring his own avaritious end) doth again modeſtly perſwade, and then again importunately pray his mother to conſtitute her to a Nunnery; whereunto (as we have formerly underſtood) he knows ſhe is already reſolutely bent and reſolved: When ſhe (being vanquiſhed with her own deſires, and his importunity) promiſeth him very ſhortly to effect it. But firſt ſhe ſends for her ſon Don *Pedro*, and in a languge of thunder, rebukes and checks him for his double crime, in diſwading *Delrio* ſo ſuddenly to forſake his ſiſter, and in perſwading her ſo ſtrongly to affect *Monfredo*: adding withal, that

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notwithſtanding his treachery and policy, and her ingrateful diſobedience, to her, ſhe is inviolably reſolved ſhortly to ſend *Monfredo* to ſeek another wife, and to give and betake her to no other Husband than a Nunnery. Don *Pedro*, holding it his duty to entertain this choler and theſe ſpeeches of his Mother rather with modeſty than paſſion, returns her this anſwer, that he hath not ſaid nor done any thing to *Delrio*, but what he can well juſtifie with his obedience to her, and his honour to the whole world; that his affection to his Siſters preſent condition, and care of her future proſperity, makes him aſſume this belief and confidence, that *Delrio* is as unworthy of her, as ſhe is worthily beſtowed on Don *Monfredo*, and therefore that it is both pity and ſhame, that the wealth of the firſt ſhould be preferred to the nobility and generoſity of the ſecond; he prays her to conſider, that as *Ceciliana* is her Daughter, ſo ſhe is his Siſter, and that he is ſo well acquainted with her diſpoſition and ſecrets, as not to diſſemble her the truth, he holds her far more fit to make a Wife than a Nun, and a Nunnery (every way) to be improper for her, and ſhe for it; that he is not ignorant that it is the policy, or rather the malice of his Brother Don *Martino*, which hath wrought theſe falſe impreſſions in her belief againſt himſelf, and this her uncharitable reſolution againſt his Siſter, for which baſe treachery and ingratitude of his, if he thought him as worthy of his care, as he knows he is of his ſcorn, he would not fail to call him to a ſtrict account for the ſame, but that Nature and Grace preſcribe him contrary rules. Dona *Catherina* being far more capable to diſtaſte, than to reliſh this bold anſwer of her Son Don *Pedro*, and contenting her ſelf to have now delivered him her mind and reſolution at full, ſhe leaves him, and finds out his Brother *Martino*, to whom ſhe punctually relates what had paſſed between her and his Brother Don *Pedro*; whereat he is afreſh ſo netled with choler, and inflamed with revenge againſt him, as what before he hath deſperately plotted and reſolved againſt his life, he now vows and ſwears ſhortly to execute, whereat his bloody thoughts (without intermiſſion) aim and tend, and next thereunto he deſires nothing ſo much, as to ſee his Siſter made a vowed and vailed Siſter.

Whiles thus his Mother and himſelf are deep in conference, and buſie in conſultation how to effect and compaſs theſe their different deſigns; Don *Pedro* goes to his Siſter *Ceciliana*, finds out *Monfredo*, and to them both ſincerely delivers what had paſt between his Mother, his Brother and himſelf, in their behalf; yea it is a jeſt (both worthy and well beſeeming his laughter) to ſee how between earneſt and jeſt he tells his Siſter (in preſence of her lover *Monfredo*) that ſhe muſt ſhortly prepare her ſelf for a Nunnery, for that their brother Don *Martino* hath decreed it, and their mother Dona *Catherina* ſworn it: At this pleaſant paſſage and conceipt of Don *Pedro*, *Ceciliana* cannot refrain from bluſhing, nor *Monfredo* from ſmiling: For looking each on other with the eyes of one and the ſame tender affection and conſtancy, he ſmiles to ſee her bluſh, and ſhe again bluſheth to ſee him ſmile hereat; here ſhe tells her brother Don *Pedro* plainly, and her lover *Monfredo* pleaſantly, that ſhe will deceive her mothers hopes, and her brother Don *Martino*'s deſires, in thinking to make her a Cloyſtered Siſter, when again metamorphoſing the ſnow white Lillies of her cheeks into bluſhing Damask Roſes, ſhe with a modeſt pleaſantneſs, directing her ſpeech to *Monfredo* (who then lovingly led her in the Garden by her arm) tells him, that his houſe ſhould be the Nunnery, his arms the Cloyſter, and himſelf the Saint, to whom (till death) ſhe was ready to profer up, and ſacrifice both her affection and her ſelf; that as ſhe did not hate, but love, the profeſſion of a Nun in others, ſo for his ſake ſhe could not love, but hate it in her ſelf, adding withal, that for proof and confirmation hereof (if it were his pleaſure) ſhe was both ready and willing to put her ſelf into his protection, and to repoſe her honour in the confidence of his faithful affection and integrity towards her.

Monfredo firſt kiſſing her, then infinitely thanking her for this true demonſtration of her dear and conſtant affection to him, when again intermixing kiſſes with ſmiles, and ſmiles with kiſſes, he ſwears to her, in preſence of God, and her brother Don *Pedro*, that if the Lady her mother wholly abandon her, or reſolve to commit her to a Nunnery, he will receive and entertain her in his poor houſe with delight and joy, and preſerve her honour equally with his own life, and that in all things (as well for the time preſent, as the future) he will ſteer his actions by the ſtar of her deſire, and the compaſs of her preſent brother Don *Pedro*'s commands: For which free and faithful courteſie of his, *Ceciliana* thanks him, and no leſs doth Don *Pedro*, who in requital hereof makes him a general and generous tender of his beſt power and ſervice to act and conſummate his deſires; and ſo for that time, and with this reſolution they part each from other, leaving the progreſs of their affections, and the ſucceſs thereof partly to time, but chiefly to God, whom they all religiouſly invocate to bleſs their deſigns in hand.

Leave we them for a while and come we now again (curſorily) to ſpeak of their Mother Dona *Catherina*, and of Don *Martino* their Brother, who being the Oracle from whom ſhe derives and directs all her reſolutions, ſhe is ſtill conſtant to her ſelf, and therefore ſtill vehemently bent againſt her Son Don *Pedro*, her Daughter *Ceciliana* and *Monfredo*, ſwearing both ſolemnly and ſeriouſly, that ſhe will rather die than live to ſee him her Son-in-Law: And yet whatſoever Don *Martino* doth ſay, or can alledge to her to the contrary, ſhe yet loves Don *Alonſo Delrio* ſo well, and her Daughter *Ceciliana* ſo dearly, that before ſhe will attempt to Cloyſter her up in a Nunnery ſhe hoping to reclaim him to affect her, and to revive her ſuit of marriage, doth by a Gentleman her ſervant ſend him this Letter.

CATHERINA to DELRIO.

I Am wholly ignorant why thou thus forſakeſt thy affection and ſuit to my Daughter Ceciliana, *whereof, before I am reſolved by thee, I have many reaſons to ſuſpect and think, that it was as feigned as thy Promiſes and Oaths pretended to be fervent. Sure I am, that as Envy cannot eclipſe the fame of her vertues towards the world, ſo Truth dares not contradict the ſincerity of my well-wiſhes and affections towards thee, in deſiring to make thee her Husband, and her thy Wife. Her poor beauty (which thou ſo often ſworeſt, thy heart ſo dearly admired and adored) hath loſt no part of its luſtre, but is the ſame ſtill; and ſo am I, who have ever wiſhed, and ever will faithfully deſire, that of all men in the world, thy ſelf only may live to enjoy it. If thou think her affection be bent any other way, thou doeſt her no right, but offer a palpable wrong to thy own judgment, and to my knowledge. Or if thou imagine the Portion to be but ſmall, which I have promiſed to give, and thou to receive with her in marriage, thou ſhalt command that augmentation from me, which none but thy ſelf ſhall ever have cauſe to requeſt, or power to obtain; yea, thou ſhalt find, that for the finiſhing and ſummating of ſo good a work (which thou ſo much deſerveſt, and I ſo much deſire) I will willingly be contented to enrich her fortunes with the impoveriſhing of mine own. If thou ſend me thine Anſwer hereunto, I ſhall take it for an argument of thy unkindneſs: But if thou bring it thy ſelf, I will eſteem it as one of thy true reſpects and affections to me.*

CATHERINA.

Don *Martino* being ſolicited and charged by his Lady Mother likewiſe to write effectually to *Delrio*, to return to ſeek his Siſter *Ceciliana* in marriage, yet notwithſtanding, drawn thereunto for his own covetous ends, ſecretly to deſire and wiſh that he might never marry her, but ſhe a Nunnery; he therefore to that effect writes and ſends him a moſt diſſembling and hypocritical Letter by the ſame meſſenger, to accompany hers, but he is ſo reſerved and fine, as he purpoſely conceals the ſight and reading thereof from his Mother. This Letter of his, which was as falſe and double as himſelf, reported this language.

MARTINO to DELRIO.

MY duty ever obliging me to eſteem my Mothers requeſts as commands, I therefore adventure thee this Letter, as deſiring to know who or what hath ſo ſuddenly withdrawn thee, or thy affection from my Siſter Ceciliana. *Thou canſt not be ignorant of my hearty well wiſhes and love to thee in obtaining her to thy wife; and yet it is not poſſible for thee to conceive, much leſs believe the hundredth part of the better ſpeeches, which I have been inforced to receive and pack up, from her and my Brother Don* Pedro, *for deſiring and wiſhing it. I know, that inforced affections prove commonly more fatal than fortunate; and more ruinous than proſperous; therefore I am ſo far from any more perſwading thee to ſeek her in marriage, that I leave each of you to your ſelves and both unto God. And to the end thou mayſt ſee how much the Lady my Mother affects thy ſuit, and diſtaſtes that of* Monfredo *to my Siſter, ſhe upon thy forbearance and abſence hath vowed unto God, that, if thou be not, he ſhall not, but a Nunnery muſt be her Husband. My Mother is deſirous to ſee thee, and my ſelf to ſpeak with thee; but becauſe marriages ought firſt to be made in Heaven, before conſummated on Earth, therefore thou knoweſt far better than my ſelf, that in all actions (eſpecially in marriage) it is the duty of a Chriſtian to wait on God's ſecret providence, and to attend his ſecret pleaſure with patience.*

MARTINO.

Delrio receives and reads these two Letters, and (consulting them with his judgment) finds that they look two different ways; for Dona *Catherina* the Mother would marry her Daughter to himself, but not to *Monfredo*, and her Son *Martino* aims, and desireth to have her married to a Nunnery, and not to himself; wherein wealth and covetousness are the chiefest ends and ambition of both, without having any respect to the young Ladies content, or regard to her satisfaction; and although the speech which Don *Pedro* delivered him in the Cordeliers (or Gray Friers) Church, have so much wrought with his affection, and so powerfully prevailed with his resolution, that he will no further seek *Ceciliana* in marriage, yet in common courtesie and civility, he holds himself bound to answer their two Letters: the which he doth, and returns them by their own Messenger. That to the Lady *Catherina* had these words,

DELRIO to CATHERINA.

THough you suspect my sincerity, yet if you will believe the truth, you shall find, that the affection which I intended the Lady Ceciliana *your Daughter was fervent, not feigned; and because you are desirous to know the reasons why I forbear to seek her in marriage, I can give you no other but this, that I know she is too worthy to be my Wife, and believe that I am not worthy enough to be her Husband: So though envy should dare to be so ignorant, yet it cannot possible be so malicious, either to eclipse the lustre of her beauty, or the fame of her vertues, sith the one is so sweet a grace to the other, and both so precious ornaments to her self, that infinite others beside my self, hold it as great a prophaneness not to adore the last, as a happiness to see and admire the first. For your affection in desiring my self hers, and she mine in marriage, I can give you no other requital, but thanks for the present, and my prayers and service for the future. How your Daughter hath or will dispose of her affection, God and her self best know; and therefore I shall do her right, and your knowledge and my judgment no wrong, rather to proclaim my ignorance, than my curiosity herein: But this I assure you, that if hers to me had equalized mine to hers, I should then thankfully have taken, and joyfully received her with a far less portion than you would have given me with her. To your self I wish much prosperity, and to the Lady your Daughter all happiness. I must return you this mine answer by your own servant, and whether you make it an argument of my unkindness, or affection; in pleasing your self you shall no way displease me.*

DELRIO.

His Letter to Don *Martino* spake thus.

DELRIO to MARTINO.

I Have (by my Letter) given the Lady thy Mother the reasons why I desist from any further seeking thy Sister Ceciliana *in marriage; and because I know she will acquaint thee therewith, therefore I hope they will suffice both for thee and her. I am as thankful to thee for thy well wishes, to have obtained her for my Wife, as I grieve to understand that thou hast received any bitter speeches, either from her or thy Brother Don* Pedro, *for my sake: It rejoyceth me to see thee of the opinion, that inforced marriages prove commonly fatal and ruinous, in which belief and truth, if thou and thy Mother persevere, I hope you will espouse your Sister to Don* Monfredo, *and not to a Nunnery, because (if I am not mis-informed) her affections suggest and assure her, that she shall receive as much content from the first, as misery from the second. As thy Mother is desirous to see me, so am I to serve her, and likewise thy self; and as thou writest religiously and truly, that marriages should first be made in Heaven, ere solemnized on Earth; so, doubtless, God hath reserved thy Sister for a far better Husband than* Delrio, *and him for a far worse Wife than* Ceciliana; *And thus (as a Christian) I recommend her with zeal to the Providence, and my self with patience, to the pleasure of Almighty God.*

DELRIO.

When in regard of his former affection, and future respect, devoted to the beauty and vertues of *Ceciliana*, and seeing her self, her mother, and brother Don *Martino*, bent to dispose otherwise of her in marriage, he will yet be so jealous of her good, and so careful of his own honour and reputation, as he holds himself obliged to take his leave of her by Letter, sith not in person, and so to recommend her, and her good fortunes to God; the which he doth, and gives his Letter to the same Bearer, but with a particular charge and secret instructions to deliver very privately into the Lady *Ceciliana*'s hands, without the knowledge either of her mother, or brother Don *Martino*, which he faithfully promised to perform: His said Letter to her was charged with these lines.

DELRIO to CECILIANA.

BEing heretofore informed by your brother Don Pedro, *of your dear affection to Don* Monfredo, *and your conſtant reſolution to make him your husband; I held my ſelf bound out of due regard unto you, and firm promiſe to him, to ſur-ceaſe my ſute to you, and (becauſe the ſhorteſt errours are ever beſt) no more to ſtrive to make impoſſibilities poſſible, in perſevering to ſeek you in marriage, whom I ſee (Heaven and Earth have conſpired) another muſt obtain and enjoy: And when I look from my age to your youth, and from that of* Monfredo's, *I am ſo far from condemning your choice, as I both approve and applaud it, praying you to be as reſolute in this confidence, as I am confident in this reſolution, that my beſt prayers and wiſhes ſhall ever wiſh you the beſt proſperities. And to the end you may perceive that my former affection ſhall ſtill reſplend and ſhine to you in my future reſpect, I cannot, I will not conceal the knowledge of this truth from you, that by Letters which right now, (by this Bearer) I received from the Lady your Mother, and brother Don* Martino, *they have ſome exorbitant and irregular deſign in contemplation ſhortly to reduce into action, againſt the excellency of your youth and beauty, and the ſweetneſs of your content and tranquility, which howſoever (to your ſelf and the world) they ſeem to ſhadow and over-vail with falſe colours; yet, although they make Religion the pretext, you (if you ſpeedily prevent it not) will in the end find that their malice to your lover* Monfredo *is the true and only cauſe thereof. God hath indued you with a double happineſs, in giving you an excellent wit to ſecond and imbelliſh your exquiſite beauty: whereunto if in this buſineſs you take the advice of your beſt friend* Monfredo, *and follow that of your noble brother Don* Pedro, *you will then have no cauſe to doubt, but all the reaſons of the world to aſſure your ſelf that your affections and fortunes will in the end ſucceed according to my prayers, and your merit and expectation.*

DELRIO.

The meſſenger firſt publickly delivereth the two former Letters to his Lady Dona *Catherina*, and her ſon Don *Martino*; and then privately the other to the young Lady *Ceciliana*, according to his promiſe, and Don *Delrio*'s requeſt: As for the mother, ſhe grieves to ſee that *Delrio* will not be reclaimed, but hath quite forſaken her daughter: but for her ſon *Martino*, he is exceeding joyful hereof; for now he is confident, that (according to his plot) his mother upon *Delrio*'s refuſals will (in meer malice to *Monfredo*) aſſuredly commit his ſiſter to a Nunnery; Thus, if he obtain his ends and deſires, he cares not who miſs theirs. As for *Ceciliana*, ſhe doth not a little rejoyce at *Delrio*'s Letter to her, and at his conſtant reſolution to leave, and commit her to *Monfredo*; yea, ſhe reputes his advice to her concerning her mother, and her brother Don *Martino*'s intended diſcourteſie towards her to much reſpect and honour. She acquaints her brother Don *Pedro*, (and her *Monfredo*) with this Letter of *Delrio*, who now plainly ſee their mother and brother's former reſolution confirmed, in aiming and intending to make *Ceciliana* a holy Siſter, whereat they again laugh and jeſt at her, and ſhe to them, for in their hearts and thoughts they all know, and reſolve to prevent it. But they cannot but highly approve of *Delrio*'s noble reſpect and true diſcretion, in being ſo conſtant to give over his ſuit to her, and yet ſo courteous and honeſt towards them all, in this his kind and reſpectful Letter to *Ceciliana*; the which above the other two, ſhe cheerfully receives, and joyfully welcomes; that ſhe reſolves ſhe can (in honour) do no leſs, than return his complement, and anſwer his Letter with one of her own to him, the which ſhe doth in theſe terms.

CECILIANA to DELRIO.

WHat my Brother Don Pedro *informed you concerning* Monfredo *and my ſelf; was the very truth and ſincerity of thoſe affections wherewith God hath inſpired our hearts and ſealed our reſolutions each to other. As I was never doubtful of your well wiſhes and love, ſo now I am not a little thankful to you for your dear reſpect towards me, in approving my choice, and in praying to God to make it proſperous, whereas the obſtinacy of my Lady Mother, and the malice of my Brother* Don Martino *(without ground or reaſon) affirm it muſt needs prove ruinous. I have heretofore been adverniſed, and now (by your care of me, and reſpect to me, which clearly reſplends and ſhines in your Letter) am fully confirmed that my ſaid Mother and Brother have ſome undeſerved deſign againſt me, and my content; and although my poor beauty and ſilly wit no way deſerve thoſe excellent praiſes of your Pen, yet my heart ſhall conſult with* Don Pedro *how to bear my ſelf in this ſo weighty and important a buſineſs, whereon (although the cauſe be malice and the pretext Religion) I know depends either my future content or affliction, my happineſs or my miſery. In the mean time I will pray for thoſe who viciouſly hate me, and honour thoſe who vertuouſly affect and honour me. Of*

which

which last number, I ingenuously and gratefully acknowledge, that your generosity, not my merits, hath condignly made you one.

CECILIANA.

When she had dispatched this Letter to *Delrio*, then *Monfredo* by her consent, and the advice of her Brother Don *Pedro*, hold it very requisite now once again to sound the affection, and to feel the pulse of their Mother Dona *Catherina*'s resolution towards him, to see whether yea or no she will please to give him her Daughter in marriage; and it is agreed of all sides between them, that at the very time and hour which he goes there, that she and her Brother Don *Pedro* will purposely absent themselves, and ride abroad in their Coach, to take the air; which they do. To this effect *Monfredo* takes his Coach, and goes directly to the Lady *Catherina*'s house, and sends up his name to her, as desiring to have the honour to salute her, and kiss her hand, but she is so enraged and transported with choler at his arrival and message, as she sends him down a flat and peremptory denial, That she will not see him, and as formerly she prayed, so now she commands him to depart, and ever hereafter to forbear her House. An Answer so unkind and uncivil, that *Monfredo* knows not whether he have reason to digest it with more choler or laughter, so returning her answer by her Waiting-Gentlewoman, that he will obey her commands, and no more trouble either her house or her patience, yet that he will still remain her most humble servant, and although she refuse to see him, that he will ever pray for her long life and prosperity. Don *Martino* is now at home and laughs in his sleeve as a Gipsie to see what brave entertainment his Mother gave *Monfredo*: he expects also that he should visit him, but because his Mother's stomach is so high, therefore he cannot descend so low, as owing him no such duty and service, and so takes Coach and away: and knowing where Don *Pedro* and his Mistress *Ceciliana* were in the fields, he drives away presently to them, and very pleasantly relates them the whole long story of their Mother's short entertainment to him, which administreth matter of laughter to them all, and far the more, in regard neither of them expected less; so *Monfredo* staying an hour or two with them in the fields, and then bringing them to the Gates of the City, they for that time take their leave each of other, and all appoint to meet the next day after dinner, in the Garden of the *Augustine Friers*, and there to provide and resolve for their affairs, against the discontent of their Mother, and the malice of their Brother Don *Martino*.

The next morning, the Lady *Catherina* (storming at *Monfredo*'s yesterdays presumption and boldness) sends for her Daughter *Ceciliana* into the Garden to her as being fully resolved to deal effectually with her for ever to forsake *Monfredo*; or if she cannot, then to commit her to a Nunnery. She comes, when (in great privacy and efficacy) she lays before her the poverty of *Monfredo*, the which she affirms will bring her to more misery than she can expect or think of, or indeed which she deserves; at least if she be not so wilful to ruin her self and her fortunes, as she is to preserve them. *Ceciliana* now seeing her Mother bent to play her prize against the merits and honour of her *Monfredo*, and therefore against the content and felicity which she expects to enjoy by enjoying of him, she no longer able to brook or digest it, cuts her off with this reply, that (her duty excepted) it is in vain for her, either to seek or disparage *Monfredo*, or any way of the world to attempt to withdraw her affection from him; and therefore with much observance and respect prays her to affect and honour him; if not for his own sake, yet for hers. Her Lady-mother weeps to see her Daughter thus obstinate (she might have said, thus constant) in her affection to *Monfredo*, and therefore (with frowns in her looks, and anger in her eyes) she thunders out a whole Catalogue of dispraises and recriminations against him; and because yet she despaireth to prevail with her hereby, she now (thinking it high time) resolves to divert and change the stream of her affection from him to God, and so at last to mew and betake her to a Nunnery, whereon her desires and intentions have so long ruminated, and her wishes and vows aimed at: To which end calming the storms of her tongue, and composing her countenance to patience and piety, she with her best art and eloquence speaks to her thus; That in regard she will not accept of Don *Delrio* for her Husband, with whom she might have enjoyed prosperity, content, and glory, but will rather marry *Monfredo*, from whom she can, and must expect nothing but poverty, grief, and repentance; She therefore (out of her natural regard of her, and tender affection to her) hath by the direction of God, bethought her self of a *medium* between both, which is, to marry neither of them, but in a religious and sanctified way to espouse her self to God and his holy Church; when (thinking to have taken time by the forelock) she depainteth her the felicity and beatitude of a Nuns profession and life, so pleasing to God and the World, to Heaven and Earth, to Angels and Men:

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When her Daughter *Ceciliana* being tired and diſcontented with this poor and ridiculous Oration of hers, ſhe lifting up her eyes to Heaven, with a modeſt boldneſs, yet with a bold truth; interrupts her mother thus, That God hath inſpired her heart to affect *Monfredo* ſo dearly, and to love him ſo tenderly, as ſhe will rather content her ſelf to beg with him, than to live with *Delrio* in the greateſt proſperity which either this life or this world can afford her; that although ſhe had no bad opinion of Nuns, yet that neither the conſtitution of her body, much leſs of mind, was proper for a Nunnery, or a Nunnery for her; in which regard, ſhe had rather pray for them than with them, and honour than imitate them: When the Lady her mother not able to contain her ſelf in patience, much leſs in ſilence, at this audacity (and, as ſhe thought) impiety of her Daughter, ſhe with much choler and ſpleen demands of her a reaſon of theſe her exorbitant ſpeeches. When her Daughter, no way dejecting her looks to Earth, but rather advancing and raiſing them to Heaven, requites her with this anſwer; That it is not the body, but the mind, not the fleſh, but the ſoul, which is chiefly requiſite and required to give our ſelves to God and his Church; that to throw, or (which is worſe) to ſubmit our ſelves to be thrown on the Church through any cauſe of conſtraint, or motion of diſtaſte or diſcontent, is an act which ſavoureth more of prophaneneſs than piety, and more of Earth than Heaven; that as God's power, ſo his preſence is not to be confined or tyed to any place, for that his Center is every where, and therefore his circumference no where; that God is in *Egypt*, as well as in *Paleſtine* or *Hieruſalem*, and that Heaven is as near us, and we Heaven, in a Manſion houſe, as in a Monaſtery or Nunnery; that it is not the place which ſanctifieth the heart and ſoul, but they the place; and that Churches and Cloyſters have no priviledge or power to keep out ſin, if we by our own lively faith, and God by his all-ſaving grace do not. Which ſpeech of hers as ſoon as ſhe had delivered, and ſeeing that the Lady her Mother was more capable to anſwer her thereunto with ſilence than reaſon, ſhe, making her a low reverence, and craving her excuſe, departs from her and leaves her here alone in the Garden to her ſelf and her Muſes.

Her Mother having a little walked out her choler, in ſeeing her Daughter's firm reſolution not to become a Nun; ſhe leaves the Garden and retires to her Chamber, where ſending for her ſon *Martino*, ſhe relates him at full what conference had there paſt between his Siſter and her ſelf, who likewiſe is much perplexed and grieved hereat, as putting their heads and wits together, they within a day or two, vow to provide a remedy for this her obſtinacy and wilfulneſs. As for *Ceciliana*, ſhe likewiſe reports this verbal conference, which had paſt between her Mother and her ſelf, to her Brother Don *Pedro*, and *Monfredo*, when (according to promiſe) they met that afternoon in the *Auguſtines* Garden, who exceedingly laught thereat; and yet again fearing leſt the malice of their Brother Don *Martino* towards them, might cauſe his Mother to uſe ſome violence or indurance to her, and ſo to make force extort that from her will, which fair means could not, they bid her to aſſume a good courage, and be chearful and generous, promiſing her that if her Mother attempted it, that *Monfredo* ſhould ſteal her away by night, and that he, as he is Don *Pedro* her Brother, will aſſiſt her in her eſcape and flight; whereon they all reſolve with hands, and conclude with kiſſes: Neither did their doubts prove vain, or their fear and ſuſpicion deceive them herein; for her incenſed Mother being reſolute in her will, and wilful in her obſtinacy, to make her Daughter a Nun, ſhe ſhuts her up in her Chamber, makes it no leſs then her priſon, and her brother Don *Martino* her Guardian, or rather her Goaler. Poor *Ceciliana* now exceedingly weeps and grieves at this cruelty of her Mother and Brother Don *Martino*, which as yet her dear Brother Don *Pedro* cannot remedy, by perſwading or prevailing with them to releaſe her; he acquaints *Monfredo* with it, they both conſulting, find no better expedient to free her from this domeſtical impriſonment than counterfeitly to give her Mother to underſtand and believe, that her Daughter hath now changed her mind, and that (by God's direction) ſhe is fully reſolved to abandon *Monfredo*, and ſo to ſpend and end her days in a Nunnery; but contrariwiſe, they reſolve to fetch her away by night, and without delay. Accordingly hereunto *Ceciliana* acts her part well, and pretends now to this ſpiritual will and reſolution of her Mother, as before ſhe was diſobedient. Her Mother infinitely rejoyceth at her converſion, and no leſs (or rather more) doth her Brother Don *Martino*, who, to fortifie and confirm her in this her religious reſolution, they ſend ſome Friers and Nuns to perſwade her to appoint the preciſe day for her entrance into this Holy Houſe and Orders; which with her tongue ſhe doth, but with her heart reſolves nothing leſs, or rather directly the contrary. The Mother now acquaints both her Sons with this reſolution of their Siſter, which is, the next Sunday, to give her ſelf to God and the Church, and to take holy Orders; when Don *Pedro* purpoſely very artificially ſeems as ſtrongly to oppoſe, as his Bro her

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Don *Martino* chearfully approves thereof, now extolling her devotion and piety as far as the Sky, if not many degrees beyond the Moon; ſo the day appointed for her entrance and reception drawing near, the Lady Abbeſs is dealt with by her Mother, her Cell provided, her ſpiritual Apparel made, all her Kinsfolks and chief Friends invited to a ſolemn Feaſt, to celebrate this our new holy Siſter's Marriage to God and the Church. But whiles thus Dona *Catherina* the Mother, and Don *Martino* her Son are exceedingly buſie about the preparation and ſolemnity of this ſpiritual buſineſs, Don *Pedro* and *Monfredo* reſolve to run a contrary courſe, and ſo to ſteal away *Ceciliana* the very night before the prefixed day of her entrance into the Nunnery, as holding that Saturday-night the fitteſt time, and moſt void of all ſuſpicion and fear, whereof (both by tongue and letter) they give her exact and curious notice; which ſtriking infinite joy into her heart and thoughts, ſhe accordingly makes her ſelf ready, packs up all her Jewels and Bracelets in a ſmall Casket, and acquainting none of the world therewith, for that her Brother's Don *Pedro*'s Chamber was next to hers, and he as vigilant and watchful as her ſelf, for *Monfredo*'s coming about midnight, which was the appointed hour for his *Rendevouz*. When at laſt both their ſeveral Watches (in their ſeveral Chambers) aſſuring them that it was near one of the clock, it being the dead time of the night, none of the houſe ſtirring, but all huſhed up in ſilence, as if every thing ſeemed to conſpire to their eſcape and flight, then, I ſay, Don *Pedro* iſſues forth of his Chamber to hers, where the door being a little open, and her candle put out, he finds his Siſter ready, when conducting her by the arm, they ſoftly deſcend the ſtairs, and ſo to a Poſtern door of the Garden; where they find *Monfredo* (joyfully ready to receive the Queen regent of his heart) aſſiſted with two valiant confident Gentlemen his friends, who were well mounted on excellent Horſes with Swords and Piſtols, and for himſelf and her, a Coach with ſix Horſes: When briefly paſſing over their Complements and Congees each from other, they (with a world of thanks) leave Don *Pedro* behind them, and ſo away as ſwift as the wind, who ſeeing them gone, ſecretly and ſoftly returns to his Chamber and Bed, ſilently ſhutting all the doors after him, whiles *Monfredo* with his other ſelf, and his two friends, drive away to *Valdebelle*, a Manner-houſe of his, ſome eight leagues from *Burgos*.

Don *Pedro* lies purpoſely long in his bed the next morning, thereby the better to colour out his ignorance and innocency of his Siſter's clandeſtine flight and eſcape: So his Mother about five, or near ſix of the clock, ſends *Felicia* her Daughter's Waiting-Gentlewoman to her Chamber to awake and apparel her to receive many young Ladies and Gentlewomen, who were come to viſit her, and to take their leaves of her before her entry into God's houſe: but *Felicia* ſpeedily returns to her with this unlookt for anſwer; That her Ladies Chamber door is faſt locked, whereat ſhe hath many times called and knock'd aloud, but hears no ſpeech. The Mother is amazed hereat, and no leſs, (rather more) is her Son Don *Martino*; ſo they both run to her Chamber and knock and call aloud, but hearing no anſwer, they force open the door; where they find the Neſt, but the Bird flown away; whereat the Mother infinitely weeps, and her Son Don *Martino* doth exceedingly rage and ſtorm, at this their affront and ſcandal; he tells his Mother he will engage his life, that his Brother Don *Pedro* is acceſſary to his Siſter *Ceciliana*'s flight, and gone with her; ſo they both run to his Chamber, but find him in his Bed aſleeping and ſnoring, as he pretends, and they believe; their out-cries awake him; but they ſhall find him as ſubtil and as reſerved in his policy towards them, as they were in their malice to his Siſter; ſo he hears their news, puts on his apparel, ſeems to be all in fire and choler hereat, profereth his Mother his beſt endeavours and power to recover his Siſter, and to revenge himſelf on the Villain who hath ſtoln her away. But his Brother Don *Martino* is ſo galled and netled at the eſcape of his Siſter, and theſe words of his Brother, as he tells them to his face, in the preſence of their Mother, that his ſpeeches and profers are counterfeit, and himſelf a diſſember, and that it is impoſſible but he aſſiſted and favoured her eſcape and departure; for which uncivil and foul language of one Brother to another, Don *Pedro* gives him the lye, and ſeconds it with a Box on the Ear, and then very cunningly betakes himſelf to conſolate and comfort the Lady his Mother, who is not a little grieved and angry at this her ſecond affliction, and the more in regard he did it in her preſence; ſo Don *Pedro* reconducting her to her Chamber, and leaving her weeping in company of many of their ſorrowful Kinsfolks and Neighbours, he then calls for his Horſe, and under colour to find out his Siſter he rides to *Valdebelle*, to her and *Monfredo*, ſtays there ſome eight days where being exceeding careful of the preſervation of his Siſter's honour and reputation, he, before his departure, ſees them ſolemnly, but ſecretly married; where leaving them to their Nuptial joys, and pleaſures, he again returns to *Burgos*, and tells his Mother it is impoſſible for him to hear any news of his Siſter.

And

And now what doth the return, ſight, and preſence of Don *Pedro* do here in his Mother's houſe at *Burgos*, but only revive his Brother Don *Martino*'s old malice, and new choler and revenge againſt him for the lye and box on the Ear, which he ſo lately gave him? For the remembrance thereof ſo inflames his heart and thoughts againſt him that he forgetting his conſcience and ſoul, yea, Heaven and God, as he aſſumes and gives life to his former bloody reſolution to murther him, and thinks no ſafer nor ſurer way for him to effect it, than by poyſon, that ingredient of Hell, and drug of the Devil; but Don *Martino* is reſolute in his rage, and execrable in his bloody malice and revenge againſt this his generous and noble Brother Don *Pedro*; ſo diſdaining all thoughts of Religion, and conſiderations of Fiery, he procureth a pair of poyſoned perfumed Gloves, and treacherouſly inſinuating them into his Brother's hands, and wearing, the fatal invenomed ſcent thereof in leſs than two days poyſoneth him, ſo he is found dead in his Bed; When Don *Martino*, the more cloſely to overvail this damnable fact of his, purpoſely gives it out, that it was an Impoſtume which broke within him, and ſo he died ſuddenly thereof in his Bed, there being no ſervant of his own, nor none elſe that night near him, or by him to aſſiſt him, and this report of his paſſeth currant with the world; ſo the Lady his Mother and himſelf cauſe him to buried with more ſilence than ſolemnity, and every way inferior to his honourable birth and generous vertues, becauſe ſhe ſtill affected and loved Don *Martino* far better than him: ſo his death did not much afflict or grieve her, and far leſs his Brother Don *Martino*. But for his Siſter *Ceciliana*, as ſoon as ſhe underſtood and heard hereof, ſhe is ſo appalled with grief, and daunted with ſorrow and deſpair, that ſhe ſends a world of ſighs to Heaven, and a deluge of tears to Earth for the death of this her beſt and deareſt Brother. Her Husband Don *Monfredo* (for henceforth ſo we muſt call him), likewiſe infinitely laments Don *Pedro*'s death, as having loſt a conſtant Friend, and a dear and incomparable Brother-in-Law in him; and yet all the means which he can uſe to comfort this his ſorrowful wife, hath will, but not power enough to effect it; for ſtill ſhe weeps and ſobs, and ſtill her heart and ſoul do prompt, and tell her, that it is one Brother who hath killed another, and that her Brother Don *Martino* is infallibly the murtherer of his and her Brother Don *Pedro*; but ſhe hath only preſumption, no proofs for this her ſuſpicion, and therefore ſhe leaves the detection and iſſue hereof to time, and to God.

Now by this time we muſt underſtand that Dona *Catherina* hath perfect news, that it is *Monfredo* who hath ſtoln away her Daughter *Ceciliana*, and keeps her at his houſe of *Valdebelle*, in the Country, but as yet ſhe knows not that he hath married her; wherefore being deſirous of her return, not for any great affection which ſhe now bore her, but only to accompliſh her former deſires, in fruſtrating her marriage with *Monfredo*, and in marrying her to a Nunnery, ſhe again ſtill provoked and egged on by the advice of her Son Don *Martino*, ſends him to *Valdebelle* to crave her of *Monfredo*, and ſo perſwade and haſten her to return to her to *Burgos*, but writes to neither of them. Don *Martino* arrives thither, and having delivered Don *Monfredo* and his Siſter *Ceciliana* his Mother's meſſage for her return to *Burgos*, he then vainly preſumes to ſpeak thus to them from himſelf. He firſt ſharply rebukes her of her folly and diſobedience, in flying away from his and her Mother, and then (with more paſſion than judgment,) checks him of diſhonour to harbour and ſhelter her; that this was not the true and right way to make her his Wife, but his Strumpet, or at leaſt to give the World juſt cauſe to think ſo; and if he intended to preſerve her proſperity and honour, and not to ruin it, that he ſhould reſtore his Mother her Daughter, and himſelf his Siſter, and no longer retain her; but ſpeaks not a word of his Brother Don *Pedro*'s death, much leſs makes any ſhadow to mourn, or ſhew to grieve or ſorrow for it. His ſiſter *Ceciliana* (at his firſt ſight) is all in tears for the death of her Brother Don *Pedro*, and yet extreamly incenſed with him for theſe his baſe ſpeeches towards her and her *Monfredo*: ſhe once thought to have given a hot and cholerick reply, but at laſt conſidering better with her ſelf, (as alſo to prevent *Monfredo*, whom ſhe ſaw had an itching deſire to fit him with this anſwer) ſhe then in general terms returns him this ſhort reply; That ſhe is now accomptable to none but to God for her actions, who beſt knows her heart and reſolutions, and therefore for her return to her Mother at *Burgos*, or her ſtay here at *Valdebelle*, ſhe wholly refers it to Don *Monfredo*, whoſe will and pleaſure therein ſhall aſſuredly be hers, becauſe ſhe hath and ſtill finds him to be a worthy and honourable Gentleman: when (before ſhe concluded her ſpeech to him) ſhe tells him, that ſhe thought his coming had been to condole with her for the death of their Brother Don *Pedro*, but that with grief ſhe is now enforced to ſee the contrary, in regard his ſpeechees and actions tend to afflict not to comfort her, and rather to be the argument of her mourning, than the cauſe of her conſolation. But *Monfredo* being

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ing touched to the quick with theſe ignoble aud baſe ſpeeches of Don *Martino*, both to himſelf and *Ceciliana*, he is too generous long to digeſt them with ſilence, and therefore preferring his affection to her, before any other earthly reſpect, and her reputation and honour dearer than his life, he, compoſing his countenance to diſcontent and anger, returns him this anſwer: That if any other man but himſelf, had given him the leaſt part of thoſe unworthy ſpeeches, both againſt his honour, as alſo againſt that of his Siſter *Ceciliana*, his Rapier, not his Tongue, ſhould have anſwered him; that his affection and reſpects to her, are every way vertuous and honourable; and that ſhe is and ſhall be ſafer here in *Valdebelle*, than the life of his noble Brother Don *Pedro*, was in his Mother's houſe at *Burgos*; that as the young Lady his Siſter is pleaſed to refer her ſtay or return to him, (ſo reciprocally to requite her courteſie) doth he to her; and for his part, he is fully reſolved not to perſwade, much leſs to adviſe her to put her ſelf into her Mother's protection, or his courteſie; for that he is fearful if not confident in this belief, that the one may prove pernicious, and the other fatal and ruinous to her. And ſo with cold entertainment, and ſhort ceremonies, Don *Martino* is enforced to return to *Burgos* to his Mother, without his Siſter, where as ſoon as he is arrived, he tells his Mother of his Siſter *Ceciliana*'s conſtant reſolucion, from whence he thinks it impoſſible to draw or divert her, becauſe he finds *Monfredo* of the ſame opinion: but whether he have married her or no, he knows not, neither could he inform himſelf thereof.

And here yet Don *Martino* is ſo cautious to his Mother, as he ſpeaks not a word or ſyllable of any ſpeech or mention they had of the death of his Brothes Don *Pedro*. But as ſoon as he had left his Mother, and retired himſelf to his Chamber, then he thinks the more thereof; yea, then he again and again remembers what dangerous ſpeeches he publicly received from his Siſter *Ceciliana* and *Monfredo*, concerning that his ſudden death, whereby they ſilently meant, and tacitely implied no leſs than Murther: Wherefore he is ſo helliſh and bloody-minded, that he reſolves ſhortly to provide a plaiſter for this ſore; and he knows, that to make their tongues eternally ſilent, he cannot better nor ſafer perform it, than by murthering them, whereof he ſays the reaſon is apparently and pregnantly true: for as long as that ſuſpicion lives in them, he therefore can never live in ſafety, but in extream danger himſelf. But becauſe of the two *Monfredo* ſeemed to intend and portend him the greateſt choler, and the moſt inveterate rage, therefore (as a Limb of the Devil, or rather as a Devil incarnate himſelf) he reſolves to begin with *Monfredo* firſt, and as occaſions and accidents ſhall preſent, then with his Siſter *Ceciliana* after, without ever having the grace to think of his Conſcience or Soul, or of Heaven or Hell, or without once conſidering, that our own malice and revenge doth more hurt us than our Enemies; that anger is a ſhort madneſs, and that it is a moſt aſſured happineſs for us rather to forget offences, than to revenge them; and which is more, that (in a manner) it is but right now that he came from poyſoning of his own Brother, whoſe innocent Blood is yet hardly cold in his untimely grave, but ſtill crys aloud for vengeance from Heaven on his head, for that cruel and damnable Fact.

But this ſhame, this monſter of Nature, Don *Martino*, who fears none leſs than God, and loves none more than the Devil, will not thus forſake his cruel malice, nor abandon his execrable revenge: But underſtanding that *Monfredo* ſometimes (though ſecretly) leaves *Valdebelle* to ſee *Burgos*, he hearkens out therefore for his next coming thither: when being aſſured that he was now in the City, he waiting for him as he iſſued forth his houſe, which he did between eleven and twelve at night, he with his ſmall Target and dark Lanthorn in his left hand, and his Rapier drawn in his right, runs him twice thorow the body therewith, of which two mortal wounds he preſently fell dead in the Street: his misfortune being then ſo great, as he had no Servant nor Friend preſent to aſſiſt him, and his fear and care of himſelf ſo ſmall, as he was killed before he could ſee his Enemy, or have the leiſure to draw his ſword in his own defence and aſſiſtance; ſo fierce and ſudden was *Martino*'s rage and malice, in murthering of this harmleſs and innocent Gentleman; the which as ſoon as he had performed, he ſecretly hies home to his Mother's houſe, and ſpeedily betakes himſelf to his Bed, where the Devil rocking him aſleep in ſecurity, he, as his infernal Agent, and bloody Factor, nothing cares what God or man can do unto him. The next morning at break of day, this breathleſs body of Don *Monfredo* is found in the Street: So all *Burgos* reſounds of this his lamentable Murther, but no mortal eye hath ſeen, or tongue as yet can tell who the Murtherer ſhould be. But God (in his Divine Juſtice, and for the exaltation of his ſacred Glory) will ſhortly bring both it and him to light, by an accident no leſs ſtrange than remarkable.

Dona *Catherina* hears hereof, and is ſo far from grieving, as ſhe rejoyceth thereat, no way doubting, but, *Monfredo* being dead, ſhe with much facility (according to her deſires and wiſhes) ſhall now, of two reſolutions, draw her Daughter *Ceciliana* to embrace and follow one; that is, either to marry *Delrio* in earneſt, or a Nunnery no more in jeſt. The next day after Dinner, the Relation of this deplorable accident arrives at *Valdebelle*, and conſequently to the knowledge of our *Ceciliana*, who ſo pitifully mourns and weeps thereat, as for meer grief and ſorrow ſhe tears her hair, bolts her ſelf into her Chamber, and there throws her ſelf down on the floor, and neither can nor will be comforted, no, nor permit any one to adminiſter it to her, or, which is leſs, to ſee or ſpeak with her. So although *Monfredo*'s Kinsfolks or Friends do infinitely lament this his unfortunate death, yet all their ſighs and tears put together, are nothing in regard of thoſe his young Wife, and now Widow, *Ceciliana*, who (out of the immoderate exceſs of this her anxiety and affliction) is now become ſo reaſonleſs and deſperate, that firſt the Murther of her dear Brother Don *Pedro*, and now this of her ſweet Husband *Monfredo*, is both grief to her thoughts, and a torment to her heart and mind, yea, to her very ſoul; For ſtill ſhe remains confident in this opinion, that her Brother Don *Martino* is infallibly the Murtherer of them both; and from this ſuſpicion of hers, ſhe cannot, ſhe will not be diverted; yea, her living affection to their dead memories, is ſo extream and fervent, that to be aſſured whether it be him, or who elſe that hath murthered them, it leads her mind to a reſolution, to prove an Experiment, which though prophane curioſity in ſome perſons ſometimes ſeems to allow and practiſe as tollerable, yet ſacred Religion muſt and doth for ever, both reject and condemn it as Diabolical. She diſguiſeth her ſelf in her apparel, and very early in the morning rides to one *Alphonſo Sanchez*, a famous reputed Wizard or Sorcerer, who dwelt at *Arena*, ſome ſix Leagues off from *Valdebelle*, and giving him the two Pictures of her murthered Brother and Husband, as alſo a perfect Note of their age, and horoſcope of their Nativities, ſhe prays him to diſcover, and ſhew her in a Looking-glaſs, the true pictures and repreſentations of their Murtherers; When, to have him diſpatch both it and her ſelf the ſooner, ſhe gives him ten Duckets, upon the receipt whereof he promiſeth her his beſt Art and Skill, makes her ſtay till almoſt dark night, and then fools her off with this flam, that he hath effectually invocated and raiſed his Spirit, from whom he could get no other anſwer, but that God for that time would not permit him to ſhew her ſelf theſe Murtherers Pictures in a glaſs; whereby this Wizard proving himſelf more a cheating Knave than a Sorcerer, and more a true Impoſtor, than a Chriſtian, he herein makes a fool of his ſorrowful young Lady, in thinking to make her know that which it is both a foul ſhame, and a ſhameful ignorance for any Chriſtian to be ignorant of, (to wit) *That it is not the Devil or his Agents, but only God, who (in his Divine Pleaſure and Providence) hath power to reveal Murthers and Murtherers, both when, where, how, and by whom it ſeems moſt agreeable and pleaſing to his all-ſeeing and ſacred Majeſty.*

Ceciliana returning home, more loaden with doubts than gold, from this Monſter of Men, (becauſe in effect he makes it his profeſſion to be leſs a man than a Devil) ſhe is aſhamed of her ignorance and impiety herein, and (for meer grief and ſorrow) weeps to ſee that the foundation of her Faith ſhould be ſo weak and reaſing, as not conſtantly to rely upon the Providence and Juſtice of God, but to repoſe her fooliſh curioſity and belief upon this prophne and ſottiſh Sorcerer, for the detection of theſe Murtherers. But leaving her for a while in her diſconſolation and ſorrow at *Valdebelle*, I come now to this wretched Villain, Don *Martino*, her Brother in *Burgos*, who having thus committed theſe two cruel and lamentable Murthers, doth for the firſt two or three Months after put a chearful and frolick countenance thereon, thereby the more abſolutely to betray, and blear the eyes of the World, that the leaſt ſpark or ſhadow thereof ſhould not diffuſe or reflect on him. But here before I proceed further, the Reader is requeſted to obſerve this one remarkable circumſtance of God's Juſtice and Providence, in detecting of Don *Martino*, to be the ſole Author and Actor of theſe two unnatural and deplorable Murthers. For as the Devil hath made him ſo cautious in his malice, and ſubtil in his Revenge, that he imployed no other Miniſter, nor uſed no other Agent or Aſſiſtant herein but himſelf; ſo being deprived of any witneſs, either to accuſe, or make him guilty hereof; God (I ſay) out of the immenſity of his Power, and profundity of his Providence, will make himſelf to become a witneſs againſt himſelf, and wanting all other means, will make himſelf the only means both to detect and deſtroy himſelf. The manner thus.

As there is no felicity to Peace, ſo there is no felicity or Peace comparable to that of a quiet and innocent Conſcience; It is a precious Jewel of an ineſtimable value, and unparallell'd price, yea a continual Feaſt, than which Heaven may, but Earth cannot afford us a more

more rich or delicious: And the contrary it is, where the heart and conſcience have made themſelves guiltly of ſome foul and enormous crimes, and eſpecially of Murther, wherein we can never kill Man the Creature, but we aſſuredly wound God the Creator: For then, as thoſe, ſo this (with leſs doubt and more aſſurance) gives in a heavy and bloody evidence againſt us, and which commonly produceth us theſe three woful and lamentable effects, *Deſpair, Horrour, Terrour*; the which we ſhall now ſee verified and inſtanced in this bloody and miſerable Wretch, Don *Martino*, who (as I have formerly ſaid) hath not fully paſt over the term of three months in external mirth, jollity, and bravery, thereby to caſt a cheerful countenance and Varniſh on thoſe his bloody Villanies, but God ſo diſtracted his wits and ſenſes, ſtruck ſuch an aſtoniſhment to his thoughts, and amazement to his Heart and Conſcience, as it ſeemed to him; that (both by night and day) the Ghoſts of his harmleſs brother Don *Pedro*, and of innocent Don *Monfredo*, ſtill purſue him for revenge, and juſtice of theſe their Murtherers. And now his looks are extravagant, fearful, and gaſtly, which are ſtill the ſigns and ſymptoms either of a diſtempered brain, a polluted Conſcience and Soul, or of both. He knows not to whom, or where, or where not to go for remedy herein, but ſtill his heart is in a mutiny and rebellion with his conſcience, and both of them againſt God. He is afraid of every Creature he ſees, and likewiſe of thoſe who ſee him not. If he look back, and perceive any one to run behind him, he thinks it is a Sergeant come to arreſt him; and if he chance to behold any Gentleman in a Scarlet cloak coming towards him, he verily believes and fears it is a Judge in his Scarlet Robes to arraign and condemn him. He hath not the grace to go into a Church, nor the boldneſs to look up to the Tower thereof, for fear leſt the one ſwallow him up alive, and the other fall on him, and cruſh him to death: If he walk in any Woods, Fields, or Gardens, and ſee but a Leaf wag or a Bird ſtir, he is of opinion, they are ſome furies or executioners come to torment him; or doth he hear any Dog howl, Cat cry, or Owl whoot, or ſcreech, he is thereat ſo ſuddenly appalled and amazed, as he thinks it to be the voice of the Devil, who is come to fetch him away. He will not paſs over any Bridge, Brook, or River, for fear of drowning, nor over any Plank, Gate or Stile, leſt he ſhould break his neck. The ſight of his ſhadow is a corroſive to his heart, and a Panique terrour to his thoughts, becauſe he both thinks and believes, that it is not his own, but the Hangmans; and when any one (out of charity or pity) comes to ſee or viſit him, he flies from him, as if Hell were at his back, and the Devil at his heels. The very ſight of a Rapier ſtabs him at his heart, and the bare thought, or name of Poyſon, ſeems to infect and kill his Soul; and yet miſerable Wretch and Miſcreant that he is, all this while he hath not the goodneſs to look down into his heart and conſcience with contrition, nor the grace to look up to Heaven and to God with repentance. The Lady *Catherina* his Mother is wonderfully perplexed and grieved hereat, and ſo are all his Kinſfolks and Friends in and about *Burgos*, who cauſe ſome excellent Phyſicians and Divines to deal with him, about adminiſtring him the means to cure him of this his Lunacy and diſtraction. But God will not permit, that either the skilful Art of thoſe, or the powerful perſwaſions of theſe do as yet prevail with him, or perform it. Two Moons have fully finiſhed their celeſtial courſe, whiles thus his Phrenzy and Madneſs poſſeſſeth him; and in one of the greateſt, and moſt outragious fits thereof, he (without wit or guide) runs to St. *Sebaſtiano*'s Church, finds out Father *Thomas* Confeſſor, in private and ſerious confeſſion, reveals to him, how he hath poyſoned his Brother Don *Pedro*, and alſo murthered Don *Monfredo*; adding withal, that God (out of his indulgent mercy) would no longer permit him to charge his ſoul with the concealing thereof, and then begs his Abſolution and Remiſſion for the ſame.

His Confeſſor (being a religious Church-man) much lamenting, and wondring at the foulneſs of theſe his (Penitent's) two bloody facts, although he find more difficulty than reaſon to grant his deſire; yet enquiring of him, if there were any other acceſſary with him in theſe murthers, and Don *Martino* freely and firmly acknowledging to him there was none, but the Devil and himſelf: He (after a ſerious check, and religious *reprimendo*) in hope of his future contrition and repentance, gives him a ſharp and ſevere Pennance (though no way anſwerable to his crimes) and ſo abſolves him; and yet for the ſpace of at leaſt a whole month after, his Lunacy (by the permiſſion of God) ſtill follows him, when (for a further tryal of his comportment, and hope of his repentance) God is again pleaſed to ſlack the hand of his Judgment, and ſo frees him from his madneſs and diſtraction, to ſee whether he will prove Gold or Droſs, a Chriſtian or a Devil.

Not long after this, his Confeſſor, Father *Thomas* (being Curate of one of the neighbouring Pariſhes) falls extream ſick of a Pluriſie, and ſo dangerouſly ſick, that his Phyſician (deſpairing of his life) bids him prepare his body for death, and his ſoul for Heaven and God:

Who then revolting to mind (what he had heard and ſeen) how grievouſly and ſorrowfully the Lady *Ceciliana* takes the death of her Brother and Husband, and the more, in that ſhe is ignorant who are their Murtherers, he is no longer reſolved to burthen his conſcience and ſoul with concealing thereof; but to write it to her in a Letter. The which he chargeth and conjureth his own Siſter *Cyrilla*, to deliver into her own hands, ſome three days after his burial; the which we ſhall ſee her ſhortly perform: For the Prieſt, Father *Thomas* her Brother, lived not three weeks after.

In the mean time, come we to the Lady Dona *Catherina*, the Mother, who having outwardly wept for the death of her eldeſt Son Don *Pedro*, for the diſobedient flight and clandeſtine marriage of her Daughter *Ceciliana* to *Monfredo*, who is now murthered, but by whom ſhe knows not, and ſeeing her ſaid Daughter thereby made a ſorrowful Widow, ſhe (as an indulgent and kind Mother) forgetting what ſhe had formerly done and been, and now deſirous to comfort her, and to be comforted of her, again ſends her Son Don *Martino* to *Valdebelle*, to ſollicit his Siſter to return and to live with her in *Burgos*: Who (deteſting this project and reſolution of his Mother) is very ſorrowful thereat, but ſeeing that ſhe will be obeyed, he rides over to *Valdebelle*, to his Siſter, and there delivereth his Mother's will and meſſage to her; but in ſuch faint and cold terms, as ſhe thereby knows, he is far more deſirous of her abſence than her preſence, and of her ſtay, than her return; yea, (and to write the truth of her mind) his very ſight ſtrikes ſuch flames of fear into her heart, and of ſuſpicion into her thoughts, that ſhe ſtill aſſumes and retains her old opinion and confidence, that he is the abſolute Murtherer of her Brother Don *Pedro*, and her Husband Don *Monfredo*; but herein ſhe now holds it diſcretion to conceal her ſelf to her ſelf, and ſo gives him kind and reſpective entertainment, ſhe prays him to report her humble duty to her Mother, that ſhe will conſider of her requeſt, and either ſend or bring her her reſolution ſhortly: But inwardly in her heart and ſoul, ſhe intends nothing leſs, than either to hazard her content upon the diſcontent of her Mother, or (which is worſe) her life on the inveterate malice of her Brother Don *Martino*.

And now we approach and draw near, to ſee the Judgments and Juſtice of God overtake this our wretched Don *Martino*, for theſe his two moſt lamentable and bloody murthers. And now his Sacred Majeſty is fully reſolved to detect them, and his Arrow is bent and Sword whetted, to puniſh him for the ſame; for we muſt underſtand that the very ſame day which her Brother Don *Martino* was laſt with her at *Valdebelle*, his Confeſſor, Father *Thomas* died; and ſome three days after, his Siſter *Cyrilla* (according to his dying Order) rides over to the Lady *Ceciliana*, and delivereth her the Prieſt her Brother's Letter, at the receipt whereof, *Ceciliana* finds different emotions in her heart, and paſſions in her mind: When, going into the next Room, ſhe breaks up the Seals, and finds therein theſe Lines.

Father THOMAS to CECILIANA.

WELL knowing that the Laws of Heaven are far more powerful and ſacred than thoſe of Earth, as I now lye on my Death-bed, ready to leave this Life, and to flie into the Arms of my Saviour and Redeemer Chriſt Jeſus, I could not go to my grave in peace, before I had ſignified unto thee, that very lately thy Brother Don Martino, *in St.* Honoria's *Church, delivered unto me in Confeſſion, That he had firſt poyſoned thy Brother Don* Pedro *with a pair of perfumed Gloves, and then after murthered thy Husband Don* Monfredo *with his Rapier in* Burgos: *And although I muſt and do acknowledge, that he was in his fit of Lunacy and Madneſs, when he thus made himſelf a witneſs againſt himſelf hereof, yet no doubt the immediate finger and Providence of God led him to this reſolution, as an Act which infinitely tends to His Sacred Honour and Glory. I ſend thee this Letter by my Siſter* Cyrilla, *whom I have ſtrictly charged to deliver it to thee three days after my Burial, becauſe I hold it moſt conſonant to my Profeſſion and Order, that not my Life, but my Death ſhould herein violate the Seal of Confeſſion, and thou ſhalt ſhew thy ſelf a moſt Religious and Chriſtian Lady, if thou make this uſe hereof, that it is not my ſelf, but God who ſends thee this news by me.*

Father THOMAS.

Ceciliana having read over this Letter, and therein underſtood and found out that her Brother Don *Martino* is the cruel Murtherer, both of her Brother Don *Pedro*, and her Husband Don *Monfredo*, her Grief thereat doth ſo far over-ſway her Reaſon, and her Malice and Revenge her Religion, as once ſhe is of a mind to Murther him with her own Hand, in requital hereof; but then again ſtrangling that bloody thought in its conception, ſhe vows, that if not by her own Hand, he ſhall yet infallibly die by the hand of the Common Executioner: When Love, Pity, Nature, Reaſon, Grief, Sorrow, Rage, and Revenge, acting their ſeveral

ſeveral Parts upon the Stage of her Heart, ſhe finds a great combate in her Heart, and reluctancy in her Soul, what, or what not to do herein; when with many tears and Prayers (by the Advice and Council of God) ſhe enters into this conſultation hereon with her ſelf. Alas, unfortunate and ſorrowful *Ceciliana*! It is upon no light preſumption, or trivial circumſtances, that I believe my Brother *Martino* to be the inhumane Murtherer of my Brother Don *Pedro*, and Husband *Monfredo*; for beſides that God ever prompted mine heart, and whiſpered my Soul that this was true, yet now here is his own Confeſſion to his Ghoſtly Father, and his Ghoſtly Father's own Letter and Confeſſion to me, to the ſame effect, evidences and witneſſes, without Exception, as clear as Noon-day, and as bright as the Sun in his hotteſt and brighteſt Meridian, That he, and only he, was the Murtherer of them both: But oh poor *Ceciliana* (quoth ſhe) to what a miſerable eſtate and perplexity hath theſe his bloody facts and crimes now reduced me! For he hath murthered my Brother and my Husband, ſhall I then permit him to live? But withal, he is likewiſe my Brother, and ſhall I then cauſe him to die? True it is I cannot recal their Lives, but it is likewiſe as true that I may prevent his Death; for as the firſt lay not in my power to remedy, yet all the World knows, that the ſecond meerly depends on my pity, courteſie, and compaſſion to prevent: But alas, (ſaith ſhe) the tyes of Heaven are, and ought to be infinitely more ſtrong than thoſe of Earth, and the glory of God to be far preferred before all our natural affections and obligations to our beſt friends, or neareſt and deareſt Kinſfolks whoſoever. Therefore, as to detect theſe Murthers of his, thou art no Friend to Nature, ſo again, to conceal them, thou thereby makeſt thy ſelf an enemy to Grace: for aſſure thy ſelf (unfortunate *Ceciliana*) that God will never be appeaſed, nor Juſtice ſatisfied, until their innocent blood be expiated, and waſhed away in his, who is guilty thereof, becauſe, as by detecting Murther, we bleſs and glorifie God, ſo by concealing it, we heap a fatal *Anathema*, and curſe upon our own heads.

As Clouds are diſſipated, and blown away, when the Sun ariſeth and mounteth in his vertical luſtre and glory, ſo *Ceciliana* having thus ended her conſultation with her ſelf, and now began her reſolution with God, ſhe leaves *Valdebelle*, takes her Coach, and ſpeeds away to *Burgos*; where inſtead of going to her Lady Mother's, ſhe goes directly to the *Corrigado*'s (or criminal Judges) of that City, and with much grief and ſorrow (her tears interrupting her ſighs, and her ſighs her tears) before them accuſeth her Brother Don *Martino* to be the bloody Murtherer of her Brother Don *Pedro*, and her Husband Don *Monfredo*; and for proof of this truth, produceth the Letter of Father *Thomas* his Confeſſor. The Judges read it, and are aſtoniſhed with this report of hers, and far the more, in regard they here ſee a Siſter call the life of her own Brother in queſtion; but they ſee, that ſhe hath as much right and reaſon for her Accuſation, as her inhumane brother, Don *Martino*, wanted for his malice, in making himſelf guilty of theſe foul and bloody Crimes: Wherefore attributing it wholly to the Pleaſure and Providence of God, they highly extol her Piety and Integrity towards his Sacred Majeſty, in preferring his Glory before the ſcandal and miſery of her ſo wretched and execrable Brother; and then (out of their zeal and honour to Juſtice) they (to evince and vindicate the truth of this lamentable buſineſs) ſend away for *Cyrilla*, and (as ſoon as ſhe came) upon her Oath propoſe her theſe three Queſtions; Firſt, whether ſhe had this very Letter from her deceaſed Brother Father *Thomas* his own hand, and that he gave her order and charge to deliver it to the Lady *Ceciliana*, three days after his deceaſe? Secondly, if it were of his own writing and ſealing? And thirdly, if ſhe, with her own hands delivered this Letter to the Lady *Ceciliana*? To all which three Queſtions, *Cyrilla* (with a ſtaid look and countenance) anſwereth affirmatively, and thereupon (with haſt and ſecrecy) they grant out a Warrant to apprehend Don *Martino*, when he was as it were drowned in Voluptuouſneſs, Security, and Impenitency, as making it his vain-glory to build Caſtles of content in the Air, and to erect Mountains of wealth and preferment in the *Utopia* of his ambitious deſires and wiſhes, without ever having the grace, either to think of his former horrible Crimes, or future puniſhment for the ſame. He is amazed at his Apprehenſion by the Sergants, but far more at the ſight and preſence of the Criminal Judges, before whom he is now brought. They ſharply accuſe him of theſe two aforeſaid foul Murthers, and for evidence and witneſſes, produce him his Confeſſor Father *Thomas* his Letter, his Siſter *Cyrilla*, and his own ſiſter the Lady *Ceciliana*; at the ſight and knowledge whereof, he at the firſt ſeemed to be much appalled and daunted, but at laſt recollecting his Spirits (taking counſel of the Devil, and not of God) aſſumes a bold countenance, puts himſelf and his Tongue on the points of Denial and Juſtification, and ſo to his Judges terms his Confeſſor a Devil, and no Man, and *Cyrilla* and his Siſter *Ceciliana* Witches, and no Women, ſo unjuſtly and falſly to accuſe him of theſe foul Murthers, whereof he affirms not only the act, but the very name and thought

thought is odious and execrable to him. But God will not be mocked, nor his Judges deluded with this his Apology: ſo they adjudge him to the Rack, the firſt tortures whereof he endured then with admirable fortitude and patience, but the ſecond he cannot, but then and there confeſſeth himſelf to be guilty, and the ſole Author and Actor of both theſe deplorable murthers: But yet his Heart and Soul is ſtill ſo obdurate by the Devil, as he hath neither the will to be ſorrowful, nor the grace to be repentant for the ſame.

For expiation of which his inhumane and bloody crimes, his Judges condemn him to be hanged, and his right hand to be firſt cut off and burnt the next morning, at the common place of execution, notwithſtanding that his afflicted and ſorrowful Mother (out of the natural and tender affection which ſhe bore him) imployed all her Friends and poſſible power, yea, and offered all her own Eſtate and Lands to ſave his Life; but ſhe could not prevail or obtain it. So the next morning (in obedience to this his ſentence) this Monſter of Nature, Don *Martino*, is brought to the common place of Execution, to take his laſt farewel of this life, and this world: He was was clad in a black ſilk Grograin Sute, with a fair white Ruff about his neck, and a black Beaver hat on his head, which he drew down over his Eyes, that he might neither ſee nor be ſeen of that great con-courſe of people there preſent, who came to ſee him conclude the laſt ſcene, and Cataſtrophe of his life: when after his right hand was cut off and burnt, which held the Rapier, wherewith he murthered Don *Monfredo*, he then aſcended the Ladder: where the Spectators expecting ſome repentant and religious ſpeech from him before his death, he reſembling himſelf (I mean rather an Atheiſt than a Chriſtian, and rather a Devil than a Man) as he lived ſo he would die, a prophane and graceleſs Villain; for ſome ſpeeches he (betwixt his teeth) mumbled to himſelf, but ſpake not one word that could be heard or underſtood of any one: And ſo moſt reſolutely, he himſelf putting the Rope about his neck, although all the people, and eſpecially two Friers near him, cried to him to the contrary, he ſaved the Hangman his labour, and ſo with more haſte and deſperation than repentance, he caſt himſelf off the Ladder, and was hanged. And thus was the bloody life and deſerved death of this Hell-hound, and Limb of the Devil, Don *Martino*; and in this ſort and manner did the juſt revenge of God triumph o're his foul and bloody Crimes; which may all true Chriſtians read to God's glory, and to the inſtruction of their own Souls.

And if the curioſity of the Reader make him farther deſirous to know what became of the old Lady *Catherina* the Mother, and of Dona *Ceciliana* the Daughter, after all theſe their diſmal and diſaſterous accidents, I thought good (by the way of Poſtſcript) briefly to add this for his ſatisfaction; That the Mother lived not long after, but her Daughter was firſt reconciled to her, and ſhe to her Daughter, to whom ſhe (having no other Child) left all her whole Eſtate: And for her, who was now become likewiſe very rich, as having a fair yearly Revenue and Joynture out of her deceaſed Husband Don *Monfredo*'s Lands and Means, altho' ſhe were again ſought in marriage by ſome noble Gallants of *Caſtile* and *Burgos*, yet ſhe reſolved never to marry more; and as I have within theſe few years underſtood, ſhe then lived ſometimes at *Burgos*, and ſometimes at *Valdebelle* in great Pomp and Felicity.

GOD'S

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

HISTORY XXIII.

Alphonſo *poyſoneth his own Mother* Sophia, *and after ſhoots and kills* Caſſino (*as he was walking in his Garden*) *with a ſhort Musket* (*or Carabine*) *from a window. He is beheaded for theſe two Murthers, then burnt, and his aſhes thrown into the River.*

AS Faith and Prayer are the two Pillars of our Souls, and may well be called the Fortreſs of Chriſtian Piety againſt the tentations of Satan: So by the contrary we expoſe and lay open our ſelves to the treacherous lures and malice of the Devil. For if by Faith we do not firſt believe, then pray to God for our own preſervation, it will be no hard matter for him to tempt us in our choler, to quarrel with our beſt Friends, and in our malice and revenge to murther even our neareſt and deareſt Kindred. O *Faith*, the true foundation of our Sovereign Felicity! O *Prayer*, the ſweet preſervative and ſacred Manna of our Souls, how bleſſed do you make thoſe who embrace and retain you! and contrariwiſe, how miſerable and wretched are they who contemn and reject you! of which laſt number, this enſuing Hiſtory will produce us one, who (by his debauched life, and corrupt Converſation) trampled theſe two heavenly Vertues and Graces under his feet, without thinking of God, or regarding, much leſs fearing his Judgments: But how God (in the end) requited him for the ſame, this Hiſtory will likewiſe ſhew us. May we therefore read it to God's glory, and to our own inſtruction.

In the City of *Verceli*, (after *Turin*, one of the chiefeſt of *Piedmont*) bordering near to the Eſtate and Dutchy of *Milan*, there lately dwelt a rich Canon of that Cathedral Church, named *Aloiſius Caſſino*, who had a dainty ſweet young Gentlewoman to his Neece, named

Dona

Dona *Eleanora*, whose Mother (being Sister to *Cassino*) named Dona *Isabella Cælia*, lately died, and left this her only Daughter and Child her Heir, very rich both in demeans and monies, when her Uncle *Cassino*, being neareſt her in blood, takes *Eleanora*, and her Eſtate into his protection and wardſhip, and is as tender of her breeding and education, and as curious of her comportment and carriage, as if ſhe were his own Daughter; for there is no ſweet quality, nor exquiſite perfection requiſite in a young Gentlewoman of her rank and extraction, but he cauſed her to become, not ſuperficial, but artificial therein, as in Dancing, Muſick, Singing, Painting, Writing, Needling, and the like, whereof all the Nobility and Gentry of *Vercels* take exact notice and knowledge; yea her beauty grew up ſo deliciouſly with her years, that ſhe was (and was juſtly reputed to be) the prime Flower and Phænix of the City. *Cassino* conſidering that his Houſe was deſtitute of a Matron to accompany and over ſee this his Neece *Eleanora*, that his age was too Stoical for her youth, and that his Eccleſiaſtical profeſſion and function called him often to preach and pray; he therefore deeming it very unfit and unſeemly (in the Interims of his abſence) to leave her to her ſelf, and to be ruled and governed by her own fancy and pleaſure, ſhe being now arrived to twelve years of age; he therefore provides her new apparel, and other pertinent neceſſaries, and giving her a Waiting-Maid, and a Man of his own to attend her, he ſends her in his Coach to the City of *Caſſal*, in the Marquiſate of *Monferat*, to the Lady *Marguerita Sophia*, a Widow Gentlewoman, left by her deceaſed Husband but indifferently rich, but endowed with all thoſe ornaments of Art and Honour, which made her famous not only in *Piedmont*, and *Lombardy*, but alſo to all *Italy*; and to her he therefore writes this enſuing Letter to accompany his Neece, and chargeth his man with delivery thereof to her.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

TO ſatisfie your courteous requeſts, and my former promiſe, I now ſend you my Neece Eleanora *to* Caſſal, *whom I heartily pray thee to uſe as thy Daughter, and to command as thy Hand-maid. She hath no other Uncle but me, nor I any other acquaintance but thy ſelf, with whom I would entruſt her for her Education, and recommend her for her Inſtruction. She is not inclined to any vice that I know of; except to thoſe imperfections wherein her youth excuſeth her ignorance; and it is both my order and charge to her, that ſhe carefully and curiouſly adorn her ſelf with vertues in thy example and imitation, without which the priviledges of Nature and Fortune (as Beauty and Wealth) are but only obſcure ſhadows, and no true ſubſtances, becauſe there is as much difference betwixt thoſe and theſe, as between the purity of the ſoul and the corruption of the Body, or between the dignity and excellency of Heaven, and the invalidity and baſeneſs of Earth. I am content to lend her to you for a few months, but do infinitely deſire to give her to thy Vertues for ever. In which my voluntary tranſaction and donation, thou wilt confer much happineſs to her, and honour to me, and conſequently for ever bind both her Youth, and my Age to thee in a ſtrict obligation of thanks and debt. What apparel, or other neceſſaries thou deemeſt her to want, thy will ſhall be mine; God ever bleſs her in his fear, and you both to his Glory.*

CASSINO.

The Lady *Sophia* receives this ſweet young Virgin with much content and joy; yea, ſhe ſees her tender years already adorned with ſuch excellent beauty, and that beauty with ſuch exquiſite vertues, that it breeds not only admiration, but affection in her towards her, whom ſhe entertaineth with much reſpect and care, as well for her own ſake, as alſo for her Uncle *Caſſino's*, whoſe Letter ſhe again and again reads over, highly applauding his Vertues and honourable care of his Neece, whom in few years ſhe hopes will prove a moſt accompliſhed and gracious Gentlewoman; when *Caſſino's* Coach man after a days deeming it high time for him to return to *Vercels* to his Maſter, he takes his leave of his young Miſtreſs *Eleanora*, who, out of her few years and tender affection and duty to her Uncle, with tears in her eyes, prays him to remember her beſt ſervice to him at his coming home; and the Lady *Sophia* by him likewiſe returns and ſends him this Letter in anſwer of his.

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

I Know not whether you have made me more proud, or joyful, by ſending me Eleanora, *wherein you have given me far more honour than I deſerve, though far leſs than ſhe meriteth, and who henceforth ſhall be as much my Daughter in affection, as ſhe is your Neece by Nature; and if I have any skill in Nature, or Judgment in Inclinations, her vertues and beauty do already anticipate her years: for as the one is emulous of Fame, and the other of Glory, ſo (as friendly Rivals, and yet honourable Friends) they already ſeem to ſtrive and contend in her for ſupremacy: to the laſt of which (as being indeed the*

moſt

moſt precious and ſovereign) if my poor capacity, or weak endeavours may add any thing; I will eſteem it my ambition for your ſake, and my felicity for hers. But if you reſolve not rather to give her to me for ſome years, then lend her to me for a few months, you will then kill my hopes in their bud, and my joys in their bloſoms, and ſo make me as unfortunate in her abſence, as I ſhall be happy in her ſight and company: As for her Apparel and other neceſſaries, ſhe ſhall want nothing which is either fit for her to have, or you to give. Let your prayers to God ever deſire, and follow her welfare, and then reſt confident, that her prayers and mine ſhall never fail to wiſh you long life, and to implore all proſperity for you.

SOPHIA.

Caſſino did well to place his young Neece *Eleanora* with the Lady *Sophia*, but ill in forgetting that ſhe had a very debauched young Gentleman to her Son, named *Seignior Alphonſo* of ſome two and twenty years of age, who (to her grief and ſhame) haunts her and her houſe as a Ghoſt, makes himſelf the Publick laughter and pity of all the different humours of *Caſſal*; yea, the lewdneſs of his life, and the irregularity of his converſation and actions, hath reduced him to this fatal point of miſery, that he holds it a noble vertue in him, to participate himſelf and his reputation into baſe debts, vices, and company; making this his ſhame his glory, and lewd vices his honour, till in the end not caring for the world, the World will not care for him, nor he for himſelf, until he have wholly loſt himſelf in himſelf without either deſert, or hope ever to be found or recalled again. But at laſt ſeeing ſo ſweet a beauty, and ſo rich an Heir as *Eleanora* fallen in his Mothers hands, and therefore he vainly thinks into his; and hoping that her wealth ſhall redeem his prodigalities, and revive his decayed Eſtate and fortunes, he ſecretly Courts her: But *Eleanora* (as young as ſhe is) ſees his vices with diſdain, himſelf with contempt, and his affection with ſcorn. He is importunate in his ſute, and ſhe perverſe and obſtinate in her denial, but ſhe reſolves to conceal it from all the World. As for *Alphonſo*, he (after ſome ſix months time) acquaints the Lady *Sophia* his Mother herewith, and with his fervent deſire and affection to marry *Eleanora*; but ſhe chargeth him on her bleſſing, never to proceed any further herein, without her conſent and order; and quoth ſhe, if here (in the preſence of God and my ſelf) thou wilt now ſwear wholly to abandon all thy former vices, henceforth to be abſolutely led by my advice and counſel, and to ſteer all thy actions by the ſtar of Honour, and the card of Vertue, then I will promiſe thee to uſe all my beſt endeavours and poſſible power, both with *Caſſino*, and *Eleanora* to effect thy deſires. *Alphonſo* hereat (with much courteſie and humility) thanks his Mother, and ſolemnly ſwears to God and her to perform all theſe points carefully and punctually; and to add the more Religion and Reverence to this Oath, he doth it on his knees; and it is a wonderful joy to her, to ſee that the fruits and effects thereof do accordingly fall out and follow; for this her Son *Alphonſo*, in a very few days, becomes a new man, and ſhe from her heart and ſoul praiſeth and glorifieth God for this his happy converſion: And if his Mother *Sophia* be glad thereof, no leſs is our ſweet young *Eleanora*; for now hereby ſhe ſees that ſhe is rid of her Sutor.

Caſſino comes over three ſeveral times to *Caſſal* to ſee his Neece. The Lady *Sophia* gives him her beſt entertainment. He is wonderful glad to ſee that ſhe hath imprinted ſuch Characters of vertue and honour in her; and during his ſtay there, *Sophia* chargeth her Son *Alphonſo* not to ſpeak or motion a word to *Caſſino*, of this his affection to his young Neece *Eleanora*: So he bears himſelf exceeding modeſtly and reſpectively toward him; and for his Mother, ſhe holds it fit not as yet to break or ſpeak a word hereof to *Caſſino*. *Caſſino* (no way dreaming of their intents and deſire towards his Neece) tells the Lady *Sophia*, he is infinitely joyful to ſee that her Son *Alphonſo* proves *Fame* not to be true, but a tatling Goddeſs, in his condition, and converſation; whereat ſhe heartily thanks him: And thinking then (though reſervedly and ſecretly) to take time and opportunity at advantage, ſhe leaves not a vertue of her Sons either undiſplayed, or unmagnified, but extols them all to the Sky, and himſelf beyond the Moon, and ſo leaves the remainder hereof to time, and the iſſue to God. But yet revolving and ruminating in her mind, how (in a fair and honourable way) to obtain this rich and beautiful young prize for her Son; and holding it diſcretion, not as yet either to motion or mention it to her, ſhe ſecretly lays wait at *Vercely* to know when *Caſſino* will have home his Neece, and ſo ſome three weeks before that time ſhe holds it fit to motion it to him by her Letter, which ſhe doth in theſe terms.

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

THE fervent affection, and vertuous deſire of my Son Alphonſo, *to marry your Neece* Eleanora *is now the ſole cauſe and argument of this my Letter to you, the which I had not attempted to write or ſend you, but that I know his love and zeal to her is as pure, as her beauty and vertues are excellent. He (without my privacy or knowledge) hath already motioned his ſute to her, and as he*

tells me, she hath returned him her denial instead of her consent, whereof I held my self bound to advertise you, because his ambition and mind herein is so honourable, as it shall go hand in hand with your good will and approbation, but never without it, especially in regard you pleased to recommend her to my charge and custody, wherein I faithfully promise you, nothing shall be designed or practised to the prejudice of her honour or your content. All the estate and means which I can give, or you require of me, to make to my Son a fit Husband for your Neece, I will freely and chearfully part with, and yet were I not fully and firmly assured, that he is now as deeply enamoured of vertue and goodness as heretofore he was of their contraries, neither my tongue or pen had dared thus to have presented his sute to her acceptance, and your consideration. The joy and blessing of which Marriage (if God in his secret and sacred Providence resolve to make it a Marriage) will, I hope, in the end be theirs, the honour mine, and the content your own; wherein I request your answer, and intreat you to remain most confident, that both in this, and in all things else Alphonso's *will and resolution shall ever be* Sophia's; *and hers,* Cassino's. SOPHIA.

Cassino, upon the receipt and perusal of this Letter of the Lady *Sophia*, is not a little displeased, to see her ambition in desiring his Neece *Eleanora* for wife to her Son *Alphonso*; and although he be formerly well acquainted with the weakness of the Mothers estate, as also perfectly advertised of her Son's debauch'd life, and corrupt and prodigal conversation, howsoever she pretend to put a vertuous glosse and colour hereon to the contrary, yet he holds it discretion to seem to be ignorant of the one, and not to take notice of the other, but will frame his excuse to them herein, that he hath already disposed of his Neece, and that their motion to him for her came too late, when in heart resolving to make her preferment and fortunes more assured, and not so doubtful; and to match her in a higher blood, and nobler family than that of theirs; he yet in discretion and honour, knowing himself bound to answer the Lady *Sophia*'s Letter, calls for Pen and Paper, and by her own Servant and Messenger returns his mind and resolution to her thus;

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

Although the tender years of my Neece Eleanora *make her incapable of marriage, yet your rich deserts and resplendent merits, and your Son* Alphonso's *honourable affection and zeal to her (which every way exceeds her poor beauty and vertues) had infallibly made me to grant her for his wife, which I am now inforced to deny, in regard I have already (by my promise) disposed and given her to another before your Letter came to my hands, and consequently before that motion of his arrived to my knowledge and understanding: For to me it would and should have been both a sweet joy and a singular honour, to have seen your Son matched to my Neece in the links of Wedlock. But God having otherwise decreed it; You have many reasons to rest confident, that your Son is reserved for her better, and she promised to his inferiour: and therefore the freeness of this your proffered courtesie to her, and of your honourable respect and affection towards me, shall for ever tye me to a thankful acknowledgment and an immortal obligation; and I will make it my chiefest Felicity and Ambition, if (in requital thereof) I may any way either serve you in your Son* Alphonso *or him in his Mother* Sophia, *of whose conversion to vertue, propension to goodness, your Letter hath so firmly and joyfully assured me, that the truth hereof will, I hope, hereafter prove his happiness in your content and glory: the which my most Religious Prayers shall still desire of God, because he is your only Child and Son by Nature, and your self my most honourable friend, both by deserts and purchase.* CASSINO.

Within three weeks after that *Cassino* had dispatched away this his Letter to the Lady *Sophia* he then (in contemplation and consideration of the debauched life and corrupt pranks and vices of her Son *Alphonso*) not thinking his Neece *Eleanora* to be safe with her in *Cassal*, for fear least her old wit, or his smooth tongue might peradventure too far prevail and work upon her young years and indiscreet affection: He therefore sends over his Coach, and one of his servants to bring her home, and to the Lady *Sophia* writes this Gratulatory Letter for her honourable education and entertainment.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

According to my Last Letter to you having heretofore privately contracted my Neece Eleanora *to a Husband, reason and Religion, his request and my promise now require, that I take her from you in* Cassal *to give her to him in* Vercely; *to which effect I here send my Coach and Servants to you for her, and desire you to return her to me with your best prayers as I send her to you with my best affection: And had not God now visited me with sickness, my resolution for her return had not been either*

either so sudden or so speedy. For your honourable care in adorning her few years with so many excellent vertues and sweet perfections, I know not how to deserve, much less how to requite, except in my Prayers and Orisons to God for his best favours and graces to you, and the best prosperities and honours to your Son: But if my age now cannot, I hope her youth hereafter will endeavour partly to free me of that debt, and to acquit her self of that strong obligation, till when, as I will not fail to give it a place in my heart, so I am sure will not she likewise to allot it one in her remembrance: In which mean time, I forget not my chiefest respects first to your self, then to your Son. God give us all his Grace that we may live and die his Servants.

CASSINO.

Now as *Cassino*'s first Letter to *Sophia* (wherein he denied her Son to marry his Neece) exceedingly afflicted and discontented her, so this his second to her, wherein he so suddenly sends for her away from her, doth extreamly afflict and torment her, and not only her, but likewise her Son *Alphonso*, who is all in sorrow, all in grief hereat: For now they fear that their hopes of this young Lady are frustrated, and she, according to her Uncle's report in his Letter, is contracted to some Gallant of *Vercely*: When *Alphonso* again laying before his Mother the fervency of his affection to *Eleanora*, and representing unto her the extremity of the grief and misery which her refusal of him, and his of her, will occasion him; he with sighs and tears again and again entreats his Mother to seek out some cure for this his disconsolation, and that she will please once more to try her chiefest wit and invention to change *Eleanora*'s refusal, and her Uncle *Cassino*'s denial of him to be her Husband: when at last his Mother being much moved and inducted with these his sorrowful passions and importunities, she before her departure doth her self break this motion for her Son to her, wherein her wit and age sets upon the innocency and simplicity of her youth, with the sweetest Oratory and most delicious speeches and perswasions, which possibly she could invent; but she finds her Art to be ignorance, and her Eloquence folly therein. For *Elianora* is (as young as she is) deaf to her requests, and dumb to her entreaties and perswasions; returning contempt to the first, and little deafness to the second, and disdain to both; so as in detestation of his sute, and envy of his affection, she will no more hear the Mother for the Son's sake, nor see Son for the Mother's. When yet again, although *Sophia* despair of the Neece, yet she will once more make farther trial of her Uncle *Cassino* flattering her self with this hope, and her hope with this conceit, that his pretence of precontracting her to another, might be but only a policy of his to try her Son's affection in his constancy towards his Neece, and her own zeal in her perservance thereof towards himself: When seeing (Break-fast being ended) the Coach prepared, and *Elianora* ready to depart, she betakes her to her Closet, where taking pen and paper, she hastily scribles out a few lines, and sealing up her Letter, delivereth it privately to *Eleanora*, whom she secretly prayeth, and effectually conjureth to deliver it carefully to her Uncle *Cassino* at her coming to *Vercely*, which this young Lady confidently promiseth her, when likewise taking her own Coach, she and her Son conduct her three or four miles in her way, where the Mother with many sugred speeches and complements, and her Son with many amorous sighs, regards and kisses, take their leave of her; they returning to *Cassal*, and she driveth away to her Uncle *Cassiano* at *Vercely*, who receives her with much joy, and welcomes her with infinite gladness and humanity; to whom she delivering the Lady *Sophia*'s Letter, he hastily breaking up the seals thereof, finds therein this Language.

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

Before I was so happy to answer your first Letter, your second which now calls home your Neece from me, makes me again double-unfortunate: Neither do I hold it your resolution, but rather your pleasure, or at least your policy, in thinking to make me believe you have formerly contracted her to another. I will not say, but that she deserves my Sons betters in marriage; but thus much I will speak for him out of my knowledge of his affection, and confidence of his zeal towards her, that in heart and soul he is a perfect honourer of her Vertues, and a true admirer of her beauty. Yea, and no way to exceed and stray from the truth, I have many pregnant reasons for this belief of mine, that he is a servant to the first, and a slave to the second; and that his flame is so fervent towards her, that he would think himself honoured to prostrate his life at her feet, and esteem himself blessed to receive his Death at her command. Think not then so slightly of him, who thinks so seriously and sincerely of her; and this assure your self; that if you will give her to him in marriage, I will give nothing which I enjoy in the world from him. In obedience to your request and order, I now send you your Neece, and I am sure that her proficiency as her stay, hath been so small with me in Cassal, *as it neither deserves her debt or your obligation, your requital or her remembrance. My Son was desirous to have visited*

you with his Letter, but that I commanded his Pen and resolution herein to silence: And notwithstanding all your prayers for his prosperity, I am assured he is more your real Servant, than you as yet are his intended friend. God bless your self and my Son, your Neece and my self; and make us all lovers of his Grace, and the heirs of his Glory.

SOPHIA.

Cassino upon the perusal of this Letter, perceiving that the Lady *Sophia* and her Son *Alphonso*, were so far from giving over their suite to his Neece *Eleanora*, as they now prosecuted it with more importunity and violence than before; he not only calls her respect towards him, but her discretion in her self in question, to see that she is incredulous, that he hath precontracted her, or that his former Letters to her in that behalf are not worthy of her belief and confidence: Whereupon being sensible of a kind of dis-respect and wrong, whereof she had voluntarily made her self guilty towards him, in the passage of this business, and absolutely refusing to hearken to, or entertain any other parley, and so to cast away his Neece on the vices and prodigalities of her Son, He arming his pen with discontent and choler, returns her this peremptory answer, which he conventeth and resolves with himself, shall be the very last that he will either write, or send to her in this nature.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

I Had well hop'd and thought, that your affection and judgment would have deemed my former Letters to you (in contracting my Neece) to be current, no counterfeit; yea, to be the pure truth, and therefore no way my policy to inform you of the contrary; for such proceeding to any one, especially to your self (whom I so much respect for your Birth, and Honour for your vertues) are as unworthy of me, as I am and will be ignorant of them; As for your Son, his zeal to my Neece, or his affection to her service in the way of Marriage; if it be as pure and fervent as you affirm it, she is the more bound to him; but I, notwithstanding, the less to your self; in that you endeavour to make me an enemy to my self and to mine own honour, which next to my Soul is the best part of my self, in perswading me to take her from a Gentleman, to whom (by faith and promise) I have solemnly given her; and as this was my first, so it shall be my last resolution and answer to you; which I assure you I write not slightly, but (to use your own words) seriously and sincerely: Therefore I thank you for imposing silence to your Sons pen. And if you will henceforth likewise prescribe the same Law to your own herein, I will take it both for a courtesie and a respect from you; only in any other matter whatsoever that you will think me capable to stead him, or serve you, your will and pleasure shall be my Law, and your Letters shall receive many respects and kisses from me. I have received my Neece: and her tongue and mine eye and ear informs me, how much we both are bound to you for your care, and her proficiency in Cassal, *the which my Age and her Youth will expose to Usury before I have the honour to pay you the principal, and she the interest thereof. God ever bless you and your Son* Alphonso, *and give you no less joy and honour of him, then I hope and desire to find in mine own Neece* Eleanora. CASSINO.

The Lady *Sophia* grieves, and her Son *Alphonso* storms at the receipt of this unkind Letter from *Cassino*, whereby they see their hopes of his Neece *Eleanora* reversed and frustrated; and although this his flat refusal made her of opinion no more to stir or intermeddle herein, yet (as Lovers are impatient of denials and delays) some three weeks after, he prays his Mother to ride over to *Vercely* again to prove *Cassino*, and likewise to motion (again) and solicite it to *Eleanora*, hoping that her presence may purchase that which her Letters cannot procure; and he is very desirous and willing to accompany her himself. His Mother *Sophia* grants both his requests; they arrive to *Vercely*, where the Mother courts the Uncle, and the Son the Neece; and although they find exceeding great Chair and noble Entertainment, yet in the point of their business, which is *Alphonso*'s Marriage to *Eleanora*, they find themselves lost, and their suit in vain, and so they are enforced to return to *Cassal* with their definitive sentence of Denial, which makes her to bite the lip, and infinitely grieves, and exasperates her Son: So now he again casts off the Cloak of Vertue and far worse than ever, flies to his old vices and sins, which his Mother with her sweet perswasions and remonstrances can no longer retain or conceal, especially from his Whoring and Drunkenness: yea, and which is most lamentable and deplorable, he will no longer serve God, either abroad or at home: for he forsakes the Church, and wholly abandoneth that sweet and Heavenly vertue of Prayer, which is the spiritual food and life of the Soul. His Mother, *Sophia*, exceedingly weeps and grieves hereat, but how to remedy it she knows not: For his discontent hath made him so vicious, his vices so obstinate, and his obstinacy so outragious and violent, as his Mother surfeits with his

his Love-ſuit to *Eleanora*, and will no more intermeddle with it. He prays and repraysher to make one Journey more for him to *Vercely* to ſee what alterations time may have wrought in the hearts of *Caſſino* and *Eleanora*; but ſhe is as averſe and wilful, as he is obſtinate and peremptory: And therefore conſtantly vows, neither to write, nor ever to confer more with them herein. But this reſolute anſwer of the Mother breeds bad blood in the Son, yea it makes a Mutiny in his thoughts, a Civil War in his Heart, and a flat Rebellion in his reſolutions againſt her for the ſame, to which the Devil (the Arch-enemy, and Incendiary of our Souls) blows the Coals: For he who heretofore looked on his Mother with obedience and affection, cannot (or at leaſt will not) ſee her now but with contempt and malice; yea, he is ſo devoid of Grace, and ſo exempt of Goodneſs that he looks from Charity to Wrath, from Religion to Revenge, from Heaven to Hell, and ſo reſolves to murther her, thinking with himſelf, that if he had once diſpatcht her, he ſhould then be ſole Lord of all her wealth, and that then his great and abſolute Eſtate would ſoon induce *Caſſino* and *Eleanora*, to accept of his affection: But he reckons without his Soul and without God; and therefore no marvel if theſe his bloody hopes deceive and betray him. His Religion and Conſcience cannot prevail with him, neither hath his ſoul either grace or power enough to divert him from this fatal buſineſs, and execrable reſolution, for he will be ſo infernal a Monſter of Nature, as to act her death of whom he received his life. He conſults with himſelf, and the Devil with him, whether he ſhould ſtab or poyſon her: but he holds it far more ſafe and leſs dangerous, to uſe the Drug than the Dagger; and ſo concludes upon poyſon; to which end he being reſolute in his rage, thus to make away his Mother, he as an execrable Villain (or indeed rather as a Devil) provides himſelf of poyſon, the which he ſtill carries about him, waiting for an opportunity, to give an end to this deplorable buſineſs, the which the Devil very ſhortly adminiſtreth him: The manner, thus.

This refuſal of *Sophia* to her Son *Alphonſo* and his miſerable relapſe to Whoredom, Drunkenneſs, and neglect of Prayer, doth exceedingly diſtemper the Lady *Sophia* his Mother's ſpirits, and they her body, ſo that ſhe is three days ſick after a burning-Fever; when to allay the fervour of this unaccuſtomed heat, ſhe cauſeth ſome Almond-milk to be made her, the which ſhe compoundeth with many cool herbs and other wholſome ingredients of that nature and quality, which ſhe takes three times each day, at morning, after dinner, and before ſhe goes to bed: So the third day of her ſickneſs, walking in the afternoon in one of the ſhaded Allies of her Garden with her Son, and there with her beſt advice rectifying and directing his reſolutions from Vice to Vertue, ſhe is unexpectedly ſurpriſed with the ſymptome of her Fever, when ſitting down, and cauſing her waiting Maid to hold her head in one of the Arbours, ſhe prays her Son *Alphonſo* to run to her Chamber, and to bring her a ſmall wicker Bottel of Almond-milk, the which he doth, but bloody Villain that he is, nothing can withhold him (but his heart being tempered with inhumanity and cruelty) he firſt pours in his poyſon therein, and then gives it her, who, good Lady, drinks two great draughts thereof, when a ſweat preſently over-ſpreading her face, and ſhe beginning to look pale, he (as a wretched Hypocrite) makes a loud out cry from the Garden to the Houſe, and calling their ſervants to her aſſiſtance, he likewiſe calls for a Chair, ſo ſhe is brought to her Chamber, and laid in her Bed, and within few hours after (as a vertuous Lady and innocent Saint) ſhe forſakes this Life and this World for a better, and the ignorance of her Servants, and her bloody Son (drench'd as it were in the rivolets of his feigned tears, together with his exceſſive lamentations) do coffin her dead body up ſomewhat privately and ſpeedily, ſo that there is no thought nor ſuſpicion of Poyſon; and thus was the lamentable Murther, and deplorable end of this wiſe and religious Lady *Sophia* committed by her own wretched and infernal Son. Now this Devil *Alphonſo* (to ſet the better luſtre on his ſorrows, and the better varniſh and colour on his mourning for the death of his Mother) gives her a ſtately Funeral; the pomp and coſt whereof, not only equalized, but exceeded their rank and quality: For he left no Gentleman or Lady in or about *Caſſal* uninvited to be at her Burial, and his Feaſt; and dighted himſelf and all his Kinſfolks and Servants in mourning attire, thereby the better to carry off the leaſt reflection or ſhadow of ſuſpicion from him of this his foul and inhumane Murther.

The news of the Lady *Sophia*'s death, runs from *Caſſal* to *Vercely*, where *Caſſino* and his Neece *Eleanora* underſtanding thereof, they both of them exceedingly lament and ſorrow for it, in regard ſhe was a very honourable, wiſe, and religious Lady, and to whom the tender youth of *Eleanora* was infinitely beholding and indebted for many of her ſweet vertues and perfections: ſo that as her Uncle honoured her; ſo this his Neece held her ſelf bound to reverence her, as making her eminent and ſingular vertues the mould and pattern whereon ſhe framed all her terreſtrial comportments and actions: which in few months after were ſo many, and ſo excellent,

lent, that as she was known to be one of the most beautiful, so she was likewise reported to be one of the wisest young Ladies of all that City and Country, which together with her own great Estate, as also that of her Uncle *Cassino*'s, to the full enjoying whereof (in contemplation of her vertues and consanguinity) he had justly both designed and adopted her his sole Heir; the which made her to be sought in marriage by divers young gallants of very noble and chief houses; most whereof were superior to *Alphonso*, both in blood and wealth. When her Uncle at last (with her own free affection and consent) privately marries her to *Seignior Hieronymo Brasciano*, a rich and brave young Gentleman of *Vercely*, who was Nephew and Heir to the Bishop of that City; but he being likewise very young, the tenderness of both their ages dispensed them from as yet lying together; and both the Bishop and her Uncle *Cassino* (for some important reasons best known to themselves) caused this their marriage as yet to be concealed from all the world with great privacy and secrecy; he for the most part living with the Bishop his Uncle at the City of *Turin* (which is the Court of the Duke of *Savoy*) and she in *Vercely* with her Uncle *Cassino*: only they visit each other with their Letters, which is all the familiarity that as yet they are permitted to reap and receive each of other.

And here the true order of our History calls us again, to speak of this degenerate and debauched Gentleman *Alphonso*, who had no sooner embrued his guilty hands in the innocent blood of the Lady *Sophia* his Mother; but he then without any further shew of sorrow, or sight, or sense of repentance for the same, again desperately abandoneth himself to his old vices and prodigalities, flaunting it out in brave apparel (for his mourning weeds he speedily cast off) and swimming as it were in the vast Ocean of all his carnal Delights, and worldly Pleasures, and Sensualities, never thinking of Religion or Prayer, but passeth away whole days and nights, yea consumeth whole weeks and months in all licentious riots, and excessive prodigalities with his debauched Companions and Strumpets, which began to drown his Estate, and to devour his Lands apace: And in the heat and ruffle of these his jovial follies and exorbitant intemperances he bethinks himself again of the wealth and beauty of the young Lady *Eleanora*, and so (in the vanity of his conceits, and the imbecility of his judgment, flattering himself, that being now Lord of all his deceased Mother's Lands, and Wealth, her Uncle *Cassino* could not refuse to give her him in Marriage, not so much as once dreaming or remembring how plainly and peremptorily both he and she had formerly given him the repulse; To which effect he dights himself and his followers in exceeding rich Apparel, and (with a train too worthy of himself) he rides over to *Vercely*, and there becomes a most importunate Suitor, both to *Cassino* and *Eleanora*; first seeking her, and then courting her Uncle for her: But all in vain, for he puts him off with dis-respect, and she rejects him with disdain; and when yet they see, that his importunancy herein passeth the bounds of reason, and exceedeth the limits of discretion and civility, then *Cassino* tells him plainly that his Neece is married; and that therefore (in that consideration) he forbids him his house, and her company; which point of discourtesie, and (as *Alphonso* terms it) of dishonour to him, he takes in so ill part from *Cassino*, that exchanging his reason into rage, and forgetting himself to be a man or which is more, a Gentleman, or which is most of all, a Christian, he again strikes hands and agrees with the Devil, and for meer despight and rage vows that he will murther *Cassino*: The Devil making him strong in the vanity of this belief and confidence, that this speech and suggestion of his, that his Neece *Eleanora* is married, is but fabulous and false, and that if he were once dead, he could not impeach or hinder him from injoying the fair and rich *Eleanora* to his Wife, which is the same prodigious bait and lure whereby Satan formerly drew, and betrayed him to poyson his Mother: The Devil still so closely over-vailing his Conscience and Soul, and so eclipsing and winking his understanding and judgment, that as his hand so his heart is inured, and obdurated to the effusion of innocent blood, and therefore he will not retire with grace, but on wards with impiety to the finishing of this cruel Murther of *Cassino*; and although he had an itching desire, and an hellish ambition likewise to effect it by Poyson, yet in regard he was denied access to his house and company, as also for that he was unacquainted with any Apothecary or Physician of *Vercely*, he therefore resolves with the Devil to do it by a Carabine, which many times by night he wore and carried about him. There is nothing easier than to do evil; and as it is the nature, so it is the policy of Satan, as well to furnish us with the means, as the matter thereof: For when we cast our selves from malice to Revenge, and from Revenge to Murther, he then makes us industrious, first in the contriving, and then in the execution thereof; but in the end God will so ordain, that this hellish policy shall turn to misery.

Alphonso's malice against *Cassino* will give no peace to his thoughts so he informs himself, that every morning and evening he is accustomed to walk alone in his Garden, for an hour or two in his spiritual Meditations, and therefore he thinks this a fit place (from some adjacent house or

window

window) to ſhoot at him; when being likewiſe aſſured, that there was a poor ſmall Tavern (not much frequented with company) that lay ſomewhat near and commodious to *Caſſino*'s Garden, he reſolves to make choice of that, and there to give end to this bloody buſineſs, which his heart ſo much deſireth; ſo abandoned by God, and guided and conducted by the Devil, he about ſix of the clock in the evening rides thither, and tying up his Horſe to the door, he in a diſguiſed ſuit of Apparel, pretending there to ſtay for a friend of his, which promiſed to come thither to meet him (and having purpoſely ſent away his Servants before him to *Caſſal*) he goes up into the Chamber, calls for Wine and ſomething to eat, the better to favour and colour out his ſtay, there, when bolting the Chamber-door to him, he putting aſide the paper Caſement, which they uſe in *Italy* to expel the fervency of the Sun) from thence (according to his former intelligence) plainly perceives *Caſſiano* walking in his Garden with his Hat in one hand, and his Breviary (or Prayer-book, wherein he reads) in another: with which he was as buſie with God in his meditations and devotions, as he was with the Devil in charging his Carbine with a brace of Bullets, and dreſſing of his Fire-lock, and priming of his powder-touch-hole; when, without the leaſt ſpark of grace or fear of God, or his puniſhments, he lets fly at him; and the Devil had made him ſo expert a Marksman, that, as *Caſſino* was ſoftly coming on, walking towards the window, wherein he ſecretly and ſcelerouſly ſtood, both the bullets hit him right the breaſt, at a little below the left Pap, whereof this harmleſs and religious old Gentleman *Caſſino* fell preſently dead to the ground, and none being in the Garden with him (wherein myſelf have ſince ſometimes been) I could not underſtand, that he had the power or happin to ſpeak a word; But we ſhall ſee, that this inhumane and bloody murtherer, ſhall not go before the Judgments of God will ſurpriſe and overtake him. The manner whereof is thus:

As ſoon as *Alphonſo* had given this bloody blow, and ſeen *Caſſino* fall dead to the ground, he unbolting the Chamber, preſently reſolves to take horſe and fly away, but God ordained the contrary: For as he had again put up his Carbine into his belt, God preſently ſtruck him into a ſtupified ſwoon, whereof falling to the ground, the noiſe of the fall, the report of his Carabine, and rattling of his ſword and it, preſently invited the people of the houſe below, to ſee what had befaln above to this Gentleman, where finding him groveling and gaſping for life, they (by God's immediate direction) do think that he hath there ſhot and murthered himſelf; when deveſting him of his Apparel, and laying him in bed to ſearch for his wounds, they find none; but yet it is an hour before they perceive any motion, or action of life in him. And then opening his eyes, he with a diſtracted look and amazed countenance deeming himſelf upon the very point of death; and that for his murthering of *Caſſino*, the Lord in his judgment had infallibly ſtrucken him with ſudden death, he finding this foul and bloody act of his, to lye heavy upon his ſoul and conſcience, in this laſt Scene (as he then thought) of his life, he (rather raving than ſpeaking) in the heat of his madneſs and diſtraction, crys out again and again, that he had murthered *Caſſino*; The which the people of the houſe are excedingly aſtoniſhed to underſtand. And now by this time *Caſſino* is found dead in the Garden, and ſhot through with a brace of Bullets. So his Neece *Eleanora* is all in tears hereat, and all *Vercely* reſound of this his lamentable murther. When *Caſſino*'s friends and ſervants make ſpeedy ſearch for the Murtherer, and finding a Horſe tyed to this little Tavern door, they find the Man, Wife, and Servants thereof in out-crys and amazements: So they aſcend the ſtairs, find *Alphonſo* in bed, with his Carbine by him on the Bench, and his clothes on the Table, examining the People of the Houſe, they report to them this ſudden accident of his ſwooning, and therein of his confeſſion of the murthering of *Caſſino*; ſo they all praiſe and glorifie God, in that they have ſo ſoon, and ſo readily, found out the inhumane Author and Actor of this bloody Murther.

But here, before I proceed farther, I (in the name and fear of God) do requeſt and invite the Reader to take notice of another remarkable (I may ſay miraculous) circumſtance of God's mercy and glory, which likewiſe appears in this detection and confeſſion of *Alphonſo*, to be the cruel murtherer of this innocent, harmleſs Gentleman *Caſſino*; for he being no better than diſtracted of his wits, before God had cauſed and brought him to confeſs it, which elſe he had never done, but that in the agony and anxiety of his ſtupified ſpirits, he (as I have formerly ſaid) thought himſelf on the point and brink of death, and no ſhadow of hope left him, either of this life or this World: Then, I ſay, as ſoon as he had confeſſed it, God in his good pleaſure and providence preſently reſtored him again to perfect health, ſtrength, and memory, ſo that being put in mind, and again remembring his confeſſion, and ſeeing the imminency of his danger by the preſence of *Caſſino*'s friends and ſervants, who were there preſent about his Bed, to apprehend and carry him away to Priſon for the ſame; he now with tears and bitter oaths, and curſes, declines and recants what he hath formerly ſpoken thereof, and rather as a Devil than a Chriſtian, in lofty and proud ſpeeches ſtands upon the terms of his juſtification, alledg-

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ing and affirming to them further, that what he had formerly confeſſed, or ſaid to them, concerning the murther of *Caſſino*, proceeded from the diſtemperature of his heart and brains, in that of his diſtraction, or elſe from the deluſions and temptations of the Devil, and no otherwiſe. But his own confeſſion, the teſtimony of thoſe of the houſe who heard it, and the reſt of the preſumptions and circumſtances are ſo pregnant and apparent, that he is the undoubted murtherer of *Caſſino*, as they believe not what he now ſays in his own behalf and Apology, or that it is any way the deluſions of the Devil, but the good pleaſure of God, which brought him to this detection and conviction of himſelf for the ſame: So they being deaf to his requeſt and Oaths, they enforce him to draw on his apparel, and then by order of the criminal Judges, they that night commit him to Priſon, where the Devil having brought him, he now leaves him to himſelf, and to his own miſery and confuſion, which it is to be believed, that the Lord hath ordained ſhall ſpeedily befal him.

The next morning this Monſter of Nature *Alphonſo*, is called to his arraignment, where being by his Judges, charged with this foul murther, the Devil hath as yet ſo obdurated his heart, as he not only denies it, but conteſts againſt it with vehemency and execrations. So the Vintner and his Wife, and Servants, are produced againſt him as witneſſes, who acknowledge and confeſs his own confeſſion thereof, as alſo the report of his Carbine, and the vicinity of their houſe, and proſpect from the Chamber wherein he was, to *Caſſino*'s Garden, wherein as he was walking he was ſhot to death. When the mournful and ſorrowful young Lady *Eleanora*, is likewiſe brought forth as a witneſs againſt him, who informs his Judges, that *Alphonſo* was a moſt importunate Sutor to her, both in his Mother's houſe at *Caſſal*, as alſo at her deceaſed Uncle's houſe, here in *Vercely*; adding withal, that (in her heart and ſoul) ſhe verily believes him to be the murtherer of her ſaid Uncle. But ſtill he denies it with choler and indignation: Whereupon, the preſumptions and circumſtances hereof, being more apparent to his Judges, than the knowledge of this truth, they adjudge him to the Rack, where, at the very torments thereof, he with tears confeſſeth it; and God is now ſo merciful to his ſoul, as he ſeems to be very ſorrowful and repentant thereof: So they ſeeing him guilty, pronounce ſentence againſt him, the next day to have his head cut off for the ſame; and that night the Judges (out of their honourable zeal to charity and piety) ſend him ſome Friers to priſon to him, to direct his ſoul to Heaven; who willing him to disburthen his conſcience and ſoul of any other capital crime, which he might have committed in all the courſe of his life, to the end that it might not hinder her paſſage and tranſmigration from Earth to Heaven; He then and there reveals to them, how he had alſo formerly poyſoned his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*, at *Caſſal*; for the which he likewiſe craved abſolution both of them and God. Whereat his Judges are exceedingly amaz'd and aſtoniſh'd, to ſee a Gentleman ſo degenerate, inhumane, and bloody, as to be the death of his own Mother, of whom formerly he had received his life.

The day following (according to his ſentence) *Alphonſo* is brought to the place of execution, clad in a black ſute of Silk Grograin, and a falling Band, where aſcending the Scaffold, and drawn to much humility and contrition, by his ſecular Prieſts and Friers, he in preſence of a great concourſe of people, there made this ſhort ſpeech. That theſe two murthers of his, and eſpecially that of his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*, were ſo odious in the ſight of God and Man, that he acknowledged, he no longer deſerved to tread on the face of the Earth, or to look up to Heaven. That he knew not juſtly, whereunto to attribute this infamy and miſery of his, but to his continual neglect and omiſſion of prayer, whereby he baniſhed himſelf from God, and thereby gave the Devil too great an intereſt over his body and ſoul; that he deſired God to forgive him theſe his two foul and bloody crimes of Murther, as alſo that of the neglect of Prayers; and ſo (with tears in his eyes) beſought all who were there preſent, likewiſe to pray unto God for him: When again beſeeching the vertuous young Lady *Eleanora*, to forgive him the murther of her good old Uncle *Caſſino*, he often making the ſign of the Croſs, and recommending himſelf into the hands of his Redeemer, bad the Executioner do his Office, who preſently with his Sword ſevered his head from his body, and both were immediatly burnt, and the aſhes thrown into the River of *Ticino*, without the walls of *Vercely*, although his Judges were once of opinion, to ſend his ſaid head and body to CASSAL, for the Judges of that place to do their pleaſure therewith, for there poyſoning of his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*.

And thus was the miſerable (and yet deſerved) death and end of this bloody and execrable Gentleman *Alphonſo*, and in this ſort did the judgments and puniſhment of God befal him for theſe his two moſt inhumane, and deplorable Murthers. May God of his infinite grace and mercy, ſtill fortifie and confirm our faith by conſtant and continual prayer (the want whereof was the fatal Rock whereon he periſhed) that ſo we may ſecure our ſelves in this World, and our ſouls in that to come.

GOD'S

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

HISTORY XXIV.

Pont Chauſey *kills* La Roche *in a Duel.* Quatbriſſon *cauſeth* Moncallier (*an Apothecary*) *to poyſon his own Brother* Valfontaine. Moncallier *after falls, and breaks his neck, from a pair of Stairs.* Quatbriſſon *likewiſe cauſeth his Father's Miller,* Pierot, *to murther and ſtrangle* Marieta *in her Bed, and to throw her Body into the Mill-Pond.* Pierot *the Miller is broken alive on a Wheel, and* Quatbriſſon *firſt beheaded, then burnt for the ſame.*

WE may truly affirm, That the World is in her wane, when Murther is become the practice of Chriſtians, which indeed is the proper office of the Devil; and how frequently thoſe woful accidents happen, we cannot think of, but with much horror; nor remember, but with grief of mind, and compaſſion of heart: for, is it not to make our ſelves wilful Traitors and Rebels to God, to violate his Divine Majeſty, in ſpoiling his true Image and reſemblance? yea, is it not the high-way of Hell? But that this age of ours produceth ſuch Monſters of Nature, read we but this enſuing Hiſtory, and it will inform us of much innocent blood ſhed, we know not whether more wilfully or wickedly.

It is not unknown, that the Province of *Little Britain* was (long ſince) annexed and united to the flouriſhing Kingdom of *France*, by the marriage of *Charles* the Eighth, with *Anne* the young Dutcheſs thereof, notwithſtanding that ſhe was formerly contracted to *Maximilian* (Arch-duke of *Auſtria*): where we ſhall underſtand, that in the City of *Vannes* (formerly the Court and Reſidence of thoſe *Britiſh* Dukes) there of late years dwelt a Noble Gentleman (of rich Demains and Revenues) termed *Monſieur de Caerſtaing*, who by his Wife *Ma-*

damoyſelle de le Ville Blanche, had two Sons, the eldeſt named by his Title, *Monſieur de Quatbriſſon*, and the youngeſt, *Monſieur de Valfontaine*. The firſt aged of twenty four years, being ſhort and corpulent; the ſecond of twenty, being tall and ſlender; both of them brave and hopeful Gentlemen, as well in their outward perſonages, as in the inward perfections and endowments of their minds: for in all reſpects, the care and affection of their Parents had made their education anſwerable to their births. *Valfontaine* (for the moſt part) lived in the City of *Nantes* (the ſecond of that Dutchy) with an Uncle of his, named *Monſieur de Manſie*, being Preſident of the King's Chamber of Accounts which is kept there; who frequenting the Balls or publick Dancings (whereunto the youth of *France* are generally addicted) amongſt many other excellent Beauties wherewith that City is graced, and thoſe paſtimes and meetings honoured; he ſees a young Gentlewoman (being a ſtranger, and newly come to the City) ſo infinitely rich in the excellencies of nature, and the treaſure of lovelineſs and beauty, as (with a kind of imperious commanding power) ſhe attracts all mens eyes to behold, to admire, and affect her: So as although *Valfontaine*'s youthful heart and years had never yet ſtooped or ſacrificed to Love, yet at the very firſt ſight of this ſweet young Gentlewoman, (whoſe name we ſhall not go far to know) he cannot retain his enamoured eyes from gadding on the Roſes, and ranging on the Lillies of her ſweet complexion, nor his reſolutions from enquiring what her name and her ſelf was; when being informed that ſhe was the only Daughter and Heir of a rich and noble Gentleman, a Widower, termed *Monſieur de Pennelle*, of the Pariſh of *Saint Argnaw*, four leagues from the City, and her name *Madamoyſelle la Pratiere*, of the age of ſome ſeventeen: he at the very ſight likes her ſo well, and loves her ſo dearly, that (if her interior virtues come not too ſhort of her exterior beauty and feature) he vows he will be her Suitor and Servant; and ſo he attempts to court and ſeek her for his Wife.

To which end he (more like a Tutor than a Pupil in the Art and School of Love) is ſo far from neglecting any, as he curiouſly and carefully ſeeks all opportunities and occaſions to enjoy the felicity of her company, and ſo (for the moſt part) he conducts her to and from the Dancings, ſits and talks with her in her Lodgings, meets her at Church, where as well at *Veſpers* as *Maſs*, he accompanies and prays with her; and (briefly) ſhe can difficultly be preſent any where, where he is long abſent from her: for by this time (which is ſcarce a month ſince he firſt ſaw her) her pearleſs beauty, and unparallel'd virtues and diſcourſe, have acted ſuch amorous wonders in his heart, as he vows he muſt either live her Husband, or die her Martyr. But ſee the providence and pleaſure of God; for if *Valfontaine* tenderly love our ſweet and fair *La Pratiere*, no leſs doth ſhe him: for knowing him to be the Son of his Father, and therefore a Gentleman of noble extraction and worth; and ſeeing him to be wiſe, diſcreet, and proper; as alſo, remembring and marking, that he fervently and infinitely affects her, ſhe is ſo delighted with his neat feature and perſonage, and raviſhed with the melody of his diſcourſe, as albeit at firſt her tongue be ſo civil and modeſt to conceal her affection from him, yet her eyes (the Ambaſſadors of her heart) cannot but in dumb Eloquence, and ſilent Rhetorick, bewray it to him. So as (to omit the gifts, preſents, and eſpecially the letters which interchangeably paſt between them) and which indeed powerfully aſſiſted to the ſympathiſing and cementing of their youthful affections, it ſufficeth that we take notice and knowledge, that *Valfontaine*'s preſence was *La Pratiere*'s delight; and the enjoying of her company, his felicity and glory, and that ſhe in life and death would remain his obedient and faithful Wife, and he her faithful and loving Husband, only ſhe prays him carefully and reſpectfully to conceal her affection to him, and ſo likewiſe to obſerve her Father in ſeeking his conſent to their marriage, the which he promiſeth her ſhortly to perform: for as ſoon as *La Pratiere* hath left *Nantes*, and purpoſely retired her ſelf home to her Father's houſe, at *Saint Argnaw*, *Valfontaine* is not many days behind her; where he acquaints her Father *Pennelle* with his affection to his Daughter, ſeeks her in marriage, requeſteth his conſent, and with many reaſons fairly and diſcreetly endeavoureth to induce him thereunto, where for three or four days he takes up his lodging and reſidence, under pretence to court the Daughter, whom we know he hath already won; but his ſuit is no way pleaſing, but diſtaſtful, to *Pennelle*; who although he know that *Monſieur de Caerſtaing* his Father (as well for Lands as Blood) is every way rather his Superior than his Equal; yet becauſe his Daughter *La Pratiere* is his only Child and Heir, and *Valfontaine* but a Cadet (or a younger Brother); therefore covetouſneſs makes him aſſume this reſolution, that he will have none of him for his Son-in-Law: but this reaſon and concluſion he conceals to himſelf, and ſo (in general terms) gives *Valfontaine* a cold and averſe anſwer, little better in effect than a flat denial: and thus for his firſt journey, *Valfon-*

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taine takes leave of his ſweet *La Pratiere*, and no way doubting but that his ſecond to her will prove leſs diſtaſtful, and more fortunate, he leaves *Nantes*, and rides home to *Vannes*.

Being arrived at *Vannes*, he acquaints his Father and Mother with his affection and ſuit to *Madamoyſelle La Pratiere*, the only Daughter and Heir (as we have heard) of *Monſieur de Pennelle*, of *Saint Argnaw*, whereunto (becauſe they knew him to be rich and noble, and his Daughter fair and vertuous) they give good approbation and allowance; when *Valſontaine* praying his Father to ride over to *Monſieur de Pennelle*, to confer with him about this buſineſs; whoſe preſence, he hoped, will effect that with him, which he fears and knows his poor power, cannot. But his Father, although he be very glad to procure his Son's advancement and content by this Match; yet being at that time much troubled with the Gout, he excuſeth himſelf upon his own indiſpoſition, and ſo defers off the journey to another time. *Valſontaine* miſſing of his Father, deems it rather expedient, than impertinent, to intreat his Brother *Quatbriſſon* herein, to whom he fully relates what hath paſt between *Pennelle* and himſelf; but withal, conceals upon what terms he ſtands with *La Pratiere*, or that ſhe is any way his, or he hers, either by contract or promiſe, to the end that he may have no juſt cauſe either to tax her immodeſty, or condemn her indiſcretion, in ſo ſuddenly giving her to him. *Quatbriſſon* very willingly yields to his Brother's requeſt; when (followed with a train and equipage anſwerable to their rank and quality, and armed with their Father's Letter to *Monſieur de Pennelle*) they take horſe and ride to *Saint Argnaw*. Now as it is the error (not nature) of Lovers to be ſtill unſecret Secretaries, in delighting to talk and prattle of their Miſtreſs, whom they eſteem their Sovereign good, and chief felicity. So all the way between *Vannes* and *Saint Argnaw*, *Valſontaine* could neither refrain, nor reſtrain his tongue from painting forth *La Pratiere* in all the excellency of her praiſes, and from extolling her beauty and perfections above the Skies; yea he ran ſo curious a diviſion, and ſo ample a comment on the wonders and rarity of her beauty, that his verbal relation already prepared his Brother's eyes to behold a female Maſter-piece of Nature in *La Pratiere*; but being arrived at her Father's Houſe (a little before Dinner-time) and ſeeing and ſaluting firſt him, then her, at the very firſt encounter and ſight his ſenſes are ſo ſurprized with the ſweetneſs of her countenance, and ſo taken with the exquiſiteneſs of her features, as he now finds that his Brother's report and praiſes of her, come infinitely ſhort of the dignity and excellency of her beauty.

Dinner being ended, *Quatbriſſon* delivered his Father's Letter to *Pennelle*; with whom making a ſlight and ſuperficial conference concerning his Brother's affection and ſuit to his Daughter, he turns from him to her, who dying her milk-white cheeks with a roſeate bluſh to entertain him, he raviſhed with the delicacy of ſo amorous an encounter, and ſweet object, could not likewiſe refrain from bluſhing to ſee her bluſh; when enquiring of her, if ſhe pleaſed to take the air of the Garden (where her Father and her Brother were already gone and attended them), and ſhe replying that his pleaſure therein ſhould be hers; he taking her by her hand, conducts her thither; where *Valſontaine* in civility purpoſely walking aloof off, becauſe he hoped and aſſured himſelf, that his Brother *Quatbriſſon* now meant effectually to ſpeak with his Miſtreſs in his behalf, there being then no witneſſes to their conference, but only the ſweet Quiriſters of the woods (the Thruſhes and Nightingals) who purpoſely and pleaſantly ſate on every buſh and tree, to delight them with their melliſluous melody; the very firſt words he adminiſtred and directed to her, was, That if ſhe pleaſed to ſwear her tongue to ſecreſie to what he ſhould now ſay and deliver to her, he would reveal her a ſecret which ſhould infinitely import her good. *La Pratiere* (wondring at the nature of *Quatbriſſon*'s firſt ſpeech and requeſt, and what it might mean and concern) ſtood a little while mute and ſilent, not knowing what to conceive thereof, much leſs what to anſwer thereto. But at laſt conſidering, that *Valſontaine* was her Lover, and *Quatbriſſon* his Brother, ſhe imagined there was ſome plot ſecretly compacted between them, that if her Father would not condeſcend to their deſires, that they had then reſolved to ſteal her away from him, and ſo to make it a clandeſtine marriage; Whereupon (her affection being deſirous to know the certainty hereof, and her curioſity ambitious to ſee this abſtruſe myſtery unlocked) ſhe grants him his requeſt, vowing to impoſe ſecrecy to her tongue in what he ſhould deliver or intruſt her with. When he kiſſeth her, and evaporating many fair-fetched ſighs (as the Heralds to proclaim his affection) he tells her, That her incomparable beauty hath captivated his thoughts, and made his heart both her tribunal, and her priſoner; that he envies his Brother's happineſs, in having the honour to ſee her before himſelf. That as he is the Superior in years, ſo he is in affection to her; and that he knows his Brother is as unworthy of her, as himſelf worthily beſtowed on her: *La Pratiere* (whoſe affection and thoughts ran a direct contrary Career, leaſt dreaming of that which ſhe is now enforced to underſtand) is ſo af-

flicted, and withal ſo incenſed at theſe unexpected ſpeeches of *Quatbriſſon*'s, that (her paſſion giving a law to her civility) caſting a ſnow-white veil over her crimſon cheeks, and bending her brow (in whoſe furrows it ſeemed that diſcontent and choler ſate now triumphant) her affection is ſo ſincere and entire to *Valfontaine*, as ſhe returns his diſcourteous Brother, *Quatbreſſon*, this ſhort and ſharp anſwer: *Quatbriſſon* (quoth ſhe) to have offered this unkindneſs of yours to your friend, had been ignoble ingratitude; but to do it to your own Brother, can be no leſs than treachery: and therefore this know from me, that I eſteem your primogenitureſhip as inferiour to *Valfontain*'s Vertues, as they are in all reſpects ſuperiour to yours; and had you not tied and wedded my tongue to ſilence, I would now preſently publiſh it to the world, to the admiration and deteſtation of all good men; and ſo (with a look ingendred from choler, and derived from diſdain) ſhe haſtily and ſuddenly trips away from him, leaving him alone in the Garden to his Muſes; *Quatbriſſon* biting his lip at this ſharp repulſe of *La Pratiere*, is yet reſolute not thus to leave her; when hoping to find her Father more tractable and propitious to his ſuit, than his Daughter, he ſeeks him out, and in fair terms informs him of his affection and love to her, and that (notwithſtanding his Brother's reſearch of her) he himſelf infinitely deſireth her to be his own Wife. Old *Pennelle* (being more covetous of his Daughter's Preferment, than any way careful of her content) gives an attentive and pleaſing ear to this motion of *Quatbriſſon*, and is ſo delighted with the melody of his ſpeeches, as already in heart he wiſheth her married to him; but how to anſwer or give content to *Valfontaine*, he knows not.

Now the better to effect, and to compaſs this match, ſo much wiſhed of *Quatbriſſon*, and deſired of *Pennelle*, he (in the abſence of *Valfontaine*) ſends for his Daughter into his Cloſet, ſhews her what preferment and happineſs is now offer'd her, if ſhe will forſake *Valfontaine* and accept of his elder brother *Quatbriſſon* for her Husband. *La Pratiere* (both moved and grieved with her Father's propoſition and ſpeeches) very humbly beſeecheth him, that if ever he will reſpect her content, or regard her life, that *Valfontaine* may be her Husband, and not *Quatbriſſon*, becauſe ſhe confeſſeth ſhe loves the younger Brother, but that ſhe neither can nor will affect the Elder. Now although this her reſolute and obſtinate anſwer, do exceedingly afflict and grieve her Father, yet hoping that a little time will prove capable to draw her to his deſires, he ſecretly bids *Quatbriſſon* to ride home to *Vannes*, and to take his Brother with him, and ſhortly after to return again to *Saint Argnaw* without him, and that he ſhall find no cauſe to fear, or reaſon to doubt, but that he ſhall enjoy his Miſtreſs; the managing whereof he prays him to refer to his care in his abſence. Thus we ſee the Father and Daughter differently affected; he loves *Quatbriſſon* and not *Valfontaine*; and ſhe *Valfontaine*, but not *Quatbriſſon*; who grieving as much at the Daughter's refuſal, as he rejoyceth at the Father's conſent, he now venteth his malice on the innocency, and his treachery on the integrity of his Brother, by acquainting him that he had uſed his beſt power and art of ſolicitation towards *Pennelle*; and that he finds it impoſſible to draw him to reaſon: adding withal, that he is ſo far from conſenting that he ſhall obtain his Daughter in marriage, as (upon the whole) in terms enough clear and apparent, he futurely denies him acceſs to his houſe: Wherefore Brother (quoth he) becauſe I ſee with grief that you ſtrive againſt the ſtream, and that in all actions and accidents whatſoever, the ſhorteſt errors are ſtill beſt, let us to morrow take horſe and away, and let this indifferency be your reſolution, That if God have decreed it ſhall be a match, it then will be; otherwiſe not. *Valfontain*'s heart bleeds at *Pennelle*'s averſeneſs and cruelty, and his eyes overflow with tears, ſo ſoon to forſake the ſight and company of his Daughter, of his dear and fair Miſtreſs *La Pratiere*; but being ignorant of his Brother's paſſages and treacheries intended and meant towards him, he holds it folly to impugn or contradict his pleaſure, and ſo reſolves to leave *Saint Argnaw*, and depart home with him to *Vannes*.

Our fair *La Pratiere*, ſeeing all things bent to croſs her deſires, and her *Valfontain*'s wiſhes, ſhe (out of her tender affection to him) reſolves to give him a private meeting and conference; when that very night (as her Father and his Brother were in their beds ſoundly ſleeping) ſhe ſends for him into her Chamber, where ſeeing him extreamly penſive and ſorrowful, ſhe bids him be chearful and couragious; tells him, that he hath no reaſon to deſpair, but to hope, for that in life and death ſhe will be his, and only his; and then informs him, that inſtantly upon his arrival at *Vannes*, ſhe will write and ſend him a Letter, wherein ſhe will acquaint him with the paſſage of a buſineſs, whereof he neither can conceive or dream; conjuring him now to enquire no farther what it is, for that her tongue was enjoyned to ſecreſie, and ſworn to ſilence; and ſo (with much chat, and more kiſſes) he giving her a Diamond-Ring from his finger, and ſhe a pair of Pearl-Bracelets from her arms, in token of their

mutual

mutual conſtancy and affection each to other, they (infinitely againſt their minds) are enforced to take leave each of other, and the ſucceeding morn being come, the two Brothers prepare and diſpoſe themſelves for their journey.

When Breakfaſt ended, according as it was concluded between *Pennelle* and *Quatbriſſon*, *Pennelle* takes *Valfontaine* aſide to a window, and in ſhort terms prays him henceforth to forbear his houſe, and refrain his Daughters company, for that he hath provided another Husband for her; ſo having ſeverally and ſolemnly taken their Congees, firſt of the Father, and then of the Daughter, they take Horſe and away. Now as they are riding home towards *Vannes*, as it is a ſenſible and heart-killing grief to *La Pratiere*, ſo ſoon to be deprived of her *Valfontain*'s dear and ſweet company; ſo again, ſhe cannot refrain from ſmiling, to ſee how ingratefully and ſubtilly *Quatbriſſon* goes to work to betray his Brother, in ſeeking to obtain her for himſelf in marriage; but meaſuring the integrity of the one, by the treachery of the other; and likewiſe remembring her promiſe to *Volfontaine*, to write him at the end of two days after their departure, ſhe (by a confident Meſſenger) accordingly ſends him this Letter.

LA PRATIERE to VALFONTAINE.

MY Promiſe owes you this Letter; whereby I give you to underſtand, that I know not whether you have greater cauſe to love me, or hate your Brother Quatbriſſon, *in regard he vows he affects me dearer than your ſelf, and hath attempted to rob you of your Wife, and conſequently me of my Husband: and as this is ingratitude in a friend, ſo it muſt needs be treachery in a Brother. I have heard his Courting, and ſeen his Complements tending that way; but for your ſake I reliſh thoſe with diſtaſte, theſe with neglect, and himſelf with contempt and diſdain. He hath won the Father to his will; but reſt you confident (my dear* Valfontaine) *that he neither can nor ſhall draw me to his deſire: And becauſe true affection, eſpecially in accidents of this nature, cannot ſtill be exempt of Fear, therefore if any ariſe or ingender in your thoughts, let this diſſipate and diſpel it, That although my Father have baniſhed you his houſe, yet his Daughter is (till death) conſtantly reſolved to retain and cheriſh you in her heart, and none but you. Manage this your* Pratiere's *advice with diſcretion towards my Father, and not with choler towards your Brother; and be but a little time a patient Spectator of my affection and conſtancy to you, and you ſhall aſſuredly ſee him act his own ſhame and your glory; his affliction, your content and deſire.*

LA PRATIERE.

Valfontaine having received and read this Letter, the baſe ingratitude and foul treachery of his Brother *Quatbriſſon*, doth extreamly afflict and torment him; yea, the knowledge and remembrance thereof, throws him into ſuch paſſions of choler and fumes of revenge, as once he reſolved to right himſelf on him by ſending him a Challenge, and fighting with him; vowing that the Bonds of Nature were not by far ſo ſtrong, as thoſe of affection; and that his Brother having given the firſt cauſe of offence and breach of amity betwixt them, it was no marvel that he took that courſe, and preferred that form of proceeding to any other. But then again conſidering his dear *La Pratiere*'s injunction and prohibition from choler, this laſt reaſon over-ſwayed and prevailed againſt his former reſolution; when knowing himſelf infinitely obliged to her for her courteſie and conſtancy, ſo ſweetly expreſſed to him in this her Letter, he can do no leſs than return her an anſwer thereof in requital; the which he doth by her own Meſſenger in theſe terms.

VALFONTAINE to LA PRATIERE.

OF all men in the world, I leaſt thought that my Brother Quatbriſſon *would have proved my Rival in attempting to love you; becauſe he perfectly knows, I affect you far dearer than the whole world; yea, this Errour, (or as you juſtly term it, this Treachery) of his, is ſo odious, ſo ſtrange to me, as it had far exceeded my belief, if your affection and conſtancy had not ſo courteouſly revealed it me in your Letter, the which I both bluſhed and palled to peruſe. Neither is it any thanks to him, that he miſſed of his deſire, in miſſing of you; rather to your vertuous ſelf, which diſtaſted his Courting and Complements for his own ſake, and diſdaining him for mine. Dear and ſweet* La Pratiere, *in that my Brother hath won your Father, I exceedingly grieve; but in that I have not loſt his Daughter, I far more triumph and rejoyce. But why think I of loſing you, ſith to call your conſtancy in queſtion, is no leſs than to prophane your affection and my judgment, and ſo to make my ſelf both uncapable and unworthy of you: for how can my love to you retain any ſpice or ſpark of fear, for that being baniſhed your Father's Houſe, I am yet ſo happy to recover ſo ſafe an Harbour and Sanctuary, yea, ſo precious a Temple, as your heart: In which regard its every way fit, that your Requeſts*

ſhould

ſhould be to me commands: for otherwiſe my Sword had already called me Coward, if by this time I had not called my Brother to a ſtrict and ſevere account for this his treachery. I will ſtill obſerve your Father with reſpect, though he refuſe to reſpect me with obſervance: and for my ingrateful and treacherous Brother, he may act his own ſhame and affliction, but cannot conduce to content our deſire, becauſe that muſt ſolely proceed from you ſelf; ſith in the ſweet enjoying of you to my Wife, conſiſts the only content of my life, and the chiefeſt of all my earthly felicity.

VALFONTAINE.

Some two days after that *La Pratiere* was made joyful with this anſwer of her *Valfontaine*, ſhe hath again ſorrowful news of *Quatbriſſon*'s arrival to her Father's houſe at *Saint Arguau*, who had purpoſely given it out to his Brother *Valfontaine* at *Vannes*, that he rides to *Aennbon*. He here renews his late ſute to the Father and Daughter, but he finds them both in the ſame homours and reſolutions he left them; he willing, and ſhe coy; he deſirous to have him his Son-in-Law, and ſhe reſolute never to make him, but his Brother *Valfontaine*, her Husband. He proffereth her many rich gifts and preſents, and a blank to write down what Joynture ſhe pleaſeth to demand; but ſhe peremptorily refuſeth it all, and bids him beſtow it on ſome other, on whom it may find better acceptance; yea I may ſafely ſay, and truly affirm, that their affections are more oppoſite and contrary than their Sexes; for the more he ſees her, he loves her; and the oftner ſhe beholds him, the more ſhe hates him: ſo that when he apparently perceives, that ſhe deeply vows to her Father and himſelf, only to marry his Brother *Valfontaine* or her Grave, he ſeeing his labour for the time preſent loſt, and his affection to her in vain; having nothing left to comfort him againſt the repulſe of this amorous ſute, but the conſtant friendſhip of her Father, he ſorrowfully takes his leave of them, and rides home to *Vannes*; but as cloſe as he bears this his journey from his Brother *Valfontaine*, yet *La Pratiere* holds her ſelf bound to ſignifie it to him, the which the very next day ſhe doth by her ſecond Letter, which ſpeaks thus:

LA PRATIERE to VALFONTAINE.

I Hold it a part of my duty and affection, to advertiſe you, That theſe two days I have been again importunately haunted and ſolicited by your unkind Brother, Quatbriſſon, *for marriage; but he hath found my firſt anſwer to be my ſecond and laſt; yea, I have ſo nipt his vain hopes in their bloſſoms, by ſignifying to him and my Father my infallible reſolution either to wed you or my Grave, as I think (except their hopes betray their judgments) the one is aſſured, and the other confident, that time will make it apparent to the world, that my words will prove deeds, and that the laſt will make the firſt real. But if your ſaid Brother will yet notwithſtanding further exerciſe his folly in my patience, and ſo make himſelf as ridiculous to me, as to you he is treacherous: I out of the dear affection and tender reſpect which I bear you, will then fall on my knees to my Father, to haſten his conſent to our marriage, that in ſeeking my content, you may therein find your own: and this is my reſolution, wherewith if yours concur and ſympathize, Heaven may, but Earth ſhall not croſs our deſires.*

LA PRATIERE.

Valfontaine receives this ſecond Letter from his Miſtreſs with ſmiles and frowns; with ſmiles to ſee her inviolable conſtancy and affection; with frowns to behold his Brother *Quatbriſſon*'s continual malice and treachery towards him; the which conſidering (as alſo becauſe it ſo nearly concerns him), he reſolves to tax him thereof, and to ſee whether (by fair requeſts and perſwaſions) he may reclaim him from affecting his fair and dear *La Pratiere*, and ſo to give over his ſute to her; but firſt he knows himſelf indebted and obliged to return her an anſwer to this her laſt Letter, the which he doth in theſe terms:

VALFONTAINE to LA PRATIERE.

IT is your very affection, no way your duty (ſweet La Pratiere*) which again advertiſeth me of of my Brother* Quatbriſſon*'s perſeverance in his treachery towards me, by ſeeking to betray and bereave me of your ſelf, in whom my heart and thoughts imparadiſe their moſt Sovereign earthly felicity; and your reſolution in nipping his hopes, and your Father's will, by electing me or your Grave for your Husband, doth ſo raviſh my heart with joy, and ſo wrap my conceits in an extaſie of ſweet content, as I am confident God hath reſerved* La Pratiere, *to be* Valfontaine*'s ſweet Wife, and he to be her dear Husband. But as I know not whether my unkind and treacherous Brother will yet farther bewray you his folly, in exerciſing your patience with his importunity; ſo to ſave you that labour*

and

and penance, which for my ſake and love you are ready to impoſe on your ſelf, I am both ready and reſolved, not only to fall on my knees to your Father, but alſo to your ſweet ſelf, that our marriage be haſtned: for, as your reſolution herein is, and ever ſhall be mine; ſo our hearts and thoughts ſympathizing in theſe wiſhes, I hope that both Heaven and Earth have reſolved not to croſs, but ſhortly to conſummate and finiſh our deſires.

VALFONTAINE.

He having thus diſpatched and ſent away his Letter to his ſweet and fair Miſtreſs, he now reſolves to have ſome conference with his unkind Brother, to ſee what a brazen face he either will or can put upon this ingratitude and treachery. But *Quatbriſſon*'s policy will anticipate and prevent him: for he having his heart and contemplations deeply fixed on *La Pratiere*'s beauty, and having run over all the inventions of his art and affection, how to make her forſake her coyneſs, and ſo to obtain her for his wife, he at laſt reſolves to fain himſelf ſick, and ſo then to reveal to his Brother *Valfontaine*, that it is his dear and fervent affection to *La Pratiere*, which is the cauſe thereof. To which purpoſe he keeps his bed, and in his perfect health is twice let blood, thereby to look ill; when ſending for his Brother to his Chamber, and exempting all other company thence, he acquaints and informs him, That ſince he firſt ſaw *La Pratiere*, he ſtill moſt tenderly loved her, and that he muſt now die, becauſe ſhe will not affect and love him. He prays and conjures him (by vertue of all the ſame blood which equally ſtreams in both their bodies) for the ſaving and preſerving of his life, that he will now abandon his affection from her, and ſo yield him up all the power and intereſt that he hath or pretends to have in her, and that in requital thereof (if occaſion require) he ſhall ſtill find him ready not only to expoſe all his Means, but his deareſt Blood and Life at his command. A requeſt ſo unjuſt, and a propoſition ſo devoid of common ſenſe and reaſon, as *Valfontaine* obſerving it, and therein ſeeing his Brother's impudency, now grown to the height of baſeneſs and folly; he exceedingly incenſed thereat (with a diſdainful look) returns him this ſharp and bitter, yet deſerved reply: Was it not enough that I underſtood your treachery by my fair and dear *La Pratiere*, in ſeeking and attempting to bereave me of her, but that thou art thy ſelf become ſo ſottiſh, to make thy tongue the Advocate as well to plead and apologize thy treachery to me, as to publiſh thy ſhame to thy ſelf, and to the whole world, in ſeeking and deſiring me to ſurceaſe my affection to her, and to renounce my intereſt of her to thy ſelf. No, no, baſe *Quatbriſſon* (for henceforth I highly diſdain to term or eſteem you my Brother) I give thee to underſtand and know, that in heart, and in honour, ſhe is mine, and I hers; and therefore you ſhall die and damn, before I will permit thee to enrich thy ſelf with my loſs of her, whom I affect and prize a thouſand times dearer than my ſelf, or than all the lands and treaſures of the World; when without any other farewel, he haſtily and cholerickly flings forth out of his Chamber from him.

Quatbriſſon ſeeing his Brother's furious departure, and remarking his peremptory and incivil anſwer to him, he (in his heart and thoughts) vows revenge, and in his reſolution ſwears to make him repent it. To which effect, forſaking his Bed, and abandoning his counterfeit ſickneſs, his choler hardly affording his patience three days to recover his blood and ſtrength; but knowing his Brother to be now at *Nantes*, with his Uncle *De Maſſy*, he ſeeks out a dear and intimate friend of his, named *Monſieur La Roche*, whom engaging to be his Second in a Duel againſt his own Brother *Valfontaine*, they ride over to *Nants*, when coming to a ſmall Pariſh termed *Saint Vallerge*, within a league of the City, he writes a Challenge, delivers it to *La Roche*, and ſo diſpeeds him away with it to his Brother. *La Roche* comes to *Nants*, finds out *Valfontaine* at the Preſident his Uncles houſe, being in the company of a very intimate friend of his, of that City, named *Monſieur de Pont Chauſey*, and delivereth him his Brother's Challenge faſt ſealed, the which he haſtily breaking open, and peruſing, he finds that it ſpeaks this language:

QUATBRISSON to VALFONTAINE.

IN regard it is impoſſible for both of us to enjoy the fair La Pratiere *to Wife, therefore it is fit that one of us die, that the other may ſurvive and live, to be enriched with ſo ſpecious a treaſure, and crowned with ſo ineſtimable a bleſſing and felicity; which conſidering, as alſo becauſe my modeſt requeſts have (undeſervedly) met with thy uncivil carriage, and been requited with thy malicious execrations, Therefore think it not ſtrange to ſee affection give a Law to Nature, and mine honour to contemn thy contempt, and malice, in inviting thee and thy Second, to meet me and mine with*

your

your ſingle Rapiers, to morrow 'twixt two or three after dinner, in a fair Meadow at the Eaſt-end of St. Vallery, *within a little flight-ſhot thereof; where thou ſhalt find this Gentleman (whom I have prayed to be the Bearer hereof) who will ſafely conduct thee to me, where I will patiently attend thee: I expect no other Anſwer but thy ſelf; neither do I any way doubt (much leſs deſpair) of thy meeting me, ſince by birth I know thou art noble, and by inclination pretendeſt to be Generous.*

QUATBRISSON.

Valfontaine ſmiles at the reading of this Challenge; and in conceit laughing at his Brother *Quatbriſſon*'s errors and folly, he chearfully turns himſelf to *La Roche*, to whom he ſpeaks thus: *Monſieur La Roche*, I make no doubt but you are *Quatbriſſon*'s Second: To whom he replies, My reſpect to your Brother hath engaged me thereunto, inſtead of a more worthy; and yet I ingenuouſly confeſs and proteſt, Sir (quoth he) that I have promiſed no more to him, than (if occaſion preſented) I am ready to perform for your ſelf. *Valfontaine* thanks him, and prays him to return his Brother *Quatbriſſon* this Anſwer, That to morrow at the appointed hour and place, he will not fail to meet him. When entreating *La Roche* to walk with him into the next Chamber, he told him, he preſumed he ſhould ſhew him his Second; when *Valfontaine* taking *Pont Chauſey* to the Window, he ſhews him his Brother's Challenge, and prays him to honour him in being his Second. *Pont Chauſey* (not out of any fear in himſelf, but in love to theſe two Brothers) as a Chriſtian Gentleman, proffereth to ride over to *Quatbriſſon* to *St. Vallery*, and to uſe the beſt power and endeavours to take up and reconcile theſe differences between them: but *La Roche* tells him, he may ſave that journey and labour, for that (to his knowledge) *Quatbriſſon* is both reſolute and irreconcileable in that quarrel: whereupon *Pont Chauſey* freely engageth himſelf to *Valfontaine*; and ſo theſe two Seconds (though not as loving friends, yet as friendly and honourable enemies) very ſecretly that evening provide their Rapiers: which done, *La Roche* rides back to *Saint Vallery*, acquainting *Quatbriſſon* with his Brother *Valfontaine*'s generous reſolution, to meet and fight with him the next day; as alſo that *Pont Chauſey* is his Second.

And although (by the inſtigation of Satan) that Choler and Revenge make minutes ſeem hours, and hours years, ere it hath wrought his wiſhed effects, and effected his bloody deſigns: So theſe our four raſh and inconſiderate Gentlemen (more full of Valour than Virtue, and of Courage than Chriſtianity) the hour appointed for the Rendezvous approaching, and *Quatbriſſon* with his Chirurgeon being firſt in the Field, hath difficultly made two turns, before *La Roche* uſhereth in his Brother *Valfontaine*, his Second *Pont Chauſey*, and their Chirurgeon: when they all tying up their Horſes to the Hedge, they (according to the cuſtom of Duels) do all throw off their Doublets, and each unbooting his fellow, they appear in their ſilk Stockings, and white Pumps, as if they were fitter to dance *Coranto*'s or *Pavins*, than to fight Duels.

So the two Brothers firſt draw and approach each other; and at their firſt coming up *Valfontaine* (without being touched himſelf) gives *Quatbriſſon* a deep wound in his right thigh, and if his Rapier had not beaten down the thruſt, it had undoubtedly nailed him to the ground: at their ſecond encounter they are both hurt, *Quatbriſſon* in the right arm, and *Valfontaine* of a ſcar in the neck: and here they make a ſtand to take breath, *Quatbriſſon* not as yet deſpairing, nor *Valfontaine* triumphing or aſſuring himſelf of the Victory; and the ſight and effuſion of their blood, is ſo far from rebating or quenching, as it rather revives their Courages with more ſpleen and animoſity; ſo they will again try their fortunes: They now traverſe their ground, and approach each other; and although they are not leſs valorous than before, yet (to the eyes of their Seconds and Chirurgeons) they are now more cautious in their play, and more adviſed in chuſing and refuſing their ground; when *Valfontaine* breaking a thruſt (which his Brother preſented him) he then calling to mind the ſweetneſs of his *La Pratiere*'s beauty, and the foulneſs of his Brother's malice and treachery towards him, drives home a thruſt at him, which entereth betwixt his ſhort ribs, and making the blood to guſh and ſtream forth, doth ſoon quail his Courage; ſo as he who right now thought himſelf Maſter of his Brother's life, now fears his own; ſo that he thinks he hath given enough, if not received too much in counter-exchange, as well to ſecure his reputation from the ſcandal of his friends, as to warrant his Generoſity from the detraction of his Enemies, and therefore throwing away his Rapier, he (with more wiſdom than honour) begs his life of his Brother, vowing henceforth wholly to forſake and leave him *La Pratiere*, and to love him as dearly, as formerly he hated him deadly: Which cowardiſe of his, is ſo far from being reliſhed, or approved of the Spectators, and it proves the wonder of

Volfantaine,

Valſontaine, the laughter of *Pont Chauſey*, the diſdain of his own Second, *La Roche*, and the contempt of both their Chirurgeons: but *Valſontaine* was as benign, as *Quatbriſſon* was baſe and envious; and as noble as he was treacherous; and ſo upon his ſubmiſſion, he ſheaths up his Sword, gives him his life, and with his hat in his hand embraceh him; and thus with many fraternal words and complements, theſe two Brothers (in all outward ſhew) are again reconciled, and become perfect friends. But the end proves all things.

But to follow the ſtream of our Hiſtory, and the ceremonies of Duels, we muſt paſs from *Quatbriſſon* and *Valſontaine*, the Principals, to *La Roche* and *Pont Chauſey* their Seconds, to ſee in what ſhape they will come forth, and how they reſolve to bear themſelves in the concluſion and knitting up of this reconciliation: as for *Pont Chauſey*, he thinks no diſparagement or ſhame to him now to refuſe to fight, ſith his Principal hath given his Enemy the foyl, in giving him his life; but contrariwiſe, *La Roche* being Second to the Challenger, not the Challenged, he therefore holds it no lawful Plea or Excuſe for him to exempt himſelf from fighting. *Pont Cauſey*'s modeſty ſeems to over-veil his valour with ſilence and indifferency; which the inſulting vanity of *La Roche* doth ſo far miſconſtrue, as he erroneouſly attributes it, rather to fear and cowardiſe, than to reaſon or judgment. The worſt of *Pont Chauſe*'s malice, venteth no other ſpeeches and language, but that he will follow and abide the cenſure of their Principals, whether they, being their Seconds, ought to fight or no; and accordingly he is ready either to retire or advance: But *La Roche*'s intemperate paſſions flying a higher pitch, with much vehemency and choler proteſteth, that he came into the field purpoſely to fight and not to keep ſheep or to catch flies with his Rapier: the two Brothers interpoſe and conſult hereon, and do joyntly affirm, that becauſe they themſelves are reconciled, and become good friends, they hold it repugnant to reaſon, and contradictory to the right and nature of Duels, that their Seconds ſhould once draw their weapons, much leſs fight; but this neither doth, nor can yet ſatisfie *La Roche*, whoſe choler is now become ſo boundleſs, as he in lofty terms elevateth *Valſontaine*'s valour to the Skies, and dejecteth *Quatbriſſon*'s cowardiſe as low as Hell, begging permiſſion of the one to fight with the Second, and peremptorily informing the other that he will fight; but both *Quatbriſſon* and *Valſontaine* condemn thoſe fumes and this heat of *La Roche*, and are ſo far from applauding it in him, as they (in down right terms) repute it to temerity and raſhneſs, and not to magnanimity and valour; yea, his impatiency hath ſo provoked and moved their patience, as (not in jeſt, but in earneſt) they bandy theſe words to him, That he glorieth ſo much in his generoſity, as in now ambitiouſly ſeeking to add to his valour, he ſubſtracteth from his judgment. When *Pont Chauſey* (to retort and wipe off the leaſt taunt or blemiſh, which either *La Roche* or the two brothers might conceive lay on his reputation,) thinks it now high time to ſpeak, becauſe as yet he had ſpoken ſo little, and prays *La Roche* to find out ſome expedient, either that they might return as loving friends, or fight it out as honourable enemies; and that for his part he is ſo far from the leaſt ſhadow of fear, or conceit of cowardiſe, as he tells him plainly, he ſhall finds his Rapier of an excellent temper, and his heart of a better. Whereupon vain and miſerable *La Roche*, conſulting with nature not with grace, he to give end to this difference, reſolves on an expedient as wretched as execrable, the which propoſeth to *Pont Chauſey* and the two Brothers, in theſe terms, That the only way, and his laſt reſolution is, that a fair pair of Dice muſt be the Judge and Umpire between them; and that who throws moſt at one caſt, it ſhall be in his choice either to fight or not to fight; whereunto *Pont Chauſey* willingly conſenteth, although *Quatbriſſon* and *Valſontaine* do in vain contradict and oppoſe it: but the decree is paſt, and *La Roche* (very officious in his wickedneſs, and forward in his impiety) ſpreads his cloak on the ground, draws a pair of Dice forth of his pocket, and becauſe he was of the Challengers ſide, he will throw firſt which he doth, and the fortune of the Dice gave him ſeven; *Pont Chauſey* follows him, and likewiſe taking the Dice, throws only five: whereat *La Roche* gracelefly inſulting and triumphing, with an open throat, crys out, *Fight, fight, fight*; and ſo preſently draws his Rapier: *Pont Chauſey* ſeeing his enemy armed, thinks it no longer either ſafe or honourable for him to be unarmed, when (yet with a kind of religious reluctancy, and unwilling willingneſs) he likewiſe unſheaths his Rapier, and ſo without any farther expoſtulation, they here approach each other: but becauſe (for brevities ſake) I reſolve to paſs over the circumſtances, and only to mention the iſſue of their ſingle combat, let me (before I proceed further) in the name and fear of God, conjure the Chriſtian Reader here to admire with wonder and admiration, at his Sacred Providence, and Divine Juſtice, which in the iſſue of this Duel is made conſpicuous and apparent to theſe two raſh and inconſiderate Gentlemen, the Combatants, and in them to all others of the whole world: for lo, juſt as many picks as each of them threw on the Dice, ſo many wounds they ſeverally received each from other,

as *Pont Chauſey* five, and *La Roche* ſeven; and he, who ſo extreamly deſired to fight, and ſo inſatiably thirſted after *Pont Chauſey*'s blood, is now here by him nailed dead to the ground, and his breathleſs Corps all gored and waſhed in his own blood. A fearful example, and remarkable Preſident for all bloody minded Gentlemen of theſe our times, to contemplate and look on, becauſe wretched *La Roche* was ſo miſerable, as he had no point of time to ſee his error, no ſpark of grace to repent it.

Quatbriſſon and his Chirurgeon (as ſorrowful for his death, as his Brother *Valfontaine* is glad thereof) take order for his decent tranſporting to the City, whiles *Valfontaine* congratulates with *Pont Chauſey* for his good fortune and victory; who for his ſafety flies to *Blavet*, until the Duke of *Rayes* (to whom he was Homager) had procured and ſent him his pardon from the King; the which in few weeks after he effected. Monſieur *de Caerſtainge*, and *Madamoyſelle Ville-Blanche* his Wife, are advertiſed of their two Sons quarrel at Saint *Villery*, and of the cauſe and iſſue thereof, who condemn *Quatbriſſon* for his treachery and malice, and applaud *Valfontaine* for ſo nobly giving of his Brother his life, when it lay in his power and pleaſure to have deprived him thereof; which news is likewiſe ſpeedily conveyed firſt to *Nants*, and to St. *Argnaw*; where *Pennelle* as much grieves at *Quatbriſſon*'s foyl and diſgrace, as his Daughter, our fair *La Pratiere*, triumphs at her *Valfontaine*'s victory, and becauſe ſhe will no longer be deprived of his preſence, whoſe abſence deprives her of all her earthly content and felicity; ſhe makes her prayers and tears become ſuch inceſſant Orators, and importunate Advocates to her Father, as ſhe now draws his free conſent to take *Valfontaine* for her Husband; which at laſt to their own unſpeakable joy, and the approbation and content of all their Parents on either ſide, is at Saint *Argnaw* performed and conſummated with much pomp and bravery.

But albeit *Quatbriſſon* (as we have formerly underſtood) hath all the reaſons of the world to be fully and fairly reconciled to his Brother *Valfontaine*, yea, and (according to his promiſe and oath) to affect him tenderly and dearly; yet where the heart is not ſanctified, and in peace, the tongue may pretend, though not intend it: for the more he gazeth on his Siſter-in-Law *La Pratiere*'s beauty, the more the freſhneſs and delicacy thereof revives and inflames his laſcivious luſt towards her; when knowing her to be as chaſte as fair, and being confident that he was out of all hope to receive any immodeſt courteſie or familiarity from her, whiles her Husband, his Brother, *Valfontaine*, lives; the Devil hath already taken ſuch full poſſeſſion of his heart, as (with a helliſh ingratitude and impiety) he wretchedly reſolves to deprive him of his life, of whom, as it were, but right now he had the happineſs to receive his own.

As ſoon as we think of revenge, we meerly forget our ſelves; but when we conſent to murther, we abſolutely forget God: for that helliſh contemplation, and this inhumane and bloody action, do inſtantly work ſo wretchedly in us, that of Men we become Monſters, and (which is worſe) of Chriſtians, Devils; for thereby we make our ſelves his ſlaves and members. A miſery to which all others are not comparable, becauſe thoſe are finite, in regard they have only relation to the life of our bodies; but this infinite in regard it occaſioneth the death of our Souls. But notwithſtanding, it is not in jeſt, but in earneſt, that *Quatbriſſon* aſſumes the bloody reſolution to murther his Brother *Valfontaine*; for ſeeing that it was not neither in his power or fortune to kill him in the Duel, he therefore holds it more ſafe, and leſs dangerous, to have him poyſoned, and ſo deals with his Brother's Apothecary, named *Moncallier*, to undertake and perform it; and in requital thereof, he aſſureth him of three hundred Crowns, and gives him the one half in his hand; whereupon this Factor of the Devil, this Emperick of Hell, confidently promiſeth him ſpeedily to effect and perform it, the which he doth.

The Manner thus.

Valfontaine, within ſix weeks of his marriage, finds his body in an extream heat, ſome reputing it to an exceſs of Wine, which he had the day before taken at *Pontivie* Fair; and others, for having been too amorous and uxorious to his ſweet young Wife *La Pratiere*; but it matters not which exceſs of theſe two gave him his ſickneſs; only let it ſatisfie the *Reader*, that (as we have already heard) his body was very much enflamed and hot, the dangerous ſymptoms either of a Burning-Fever or a Pluriſie; the which to allay and cool, he ſends for his Apothecary *Moncallier*, from *Vannes* to Saint *Argnaw*, and after their conſultation, he openeth him a vein very timely in the morning, and draws ten ounces of blood from him, and towards night gives him a Gliſter

a Cliſter, wherein he infuſed ſtrong poyſon, which ſpreading o're the vital parts of the body, doth ſo ſoon work its operation, and extinguiſh their radical moiſture, that being the moſt part of the night tortured with many ſharp throws, and heart-killing convulſions, he before the next morning dies in his bed. His Wife *La Pratiere* being deſperately vanquiſhed with ſorrow, doth (as it were) diſſolve and melt her ſelf into tears, at this ſudden and unexpected death of her Husband *Valfontaine*; and indeed her griefs and ſorrows are far the more infinite and violent, in that ſhe ſees her ſelf a Widow, almoſt as ſoon as a Wife. Her Father is likewiſe penſive and ſorrowful for the death of his Son-in-Law; and ſo alſo is his own Father and Mother at *Vannes*. But for his inhumane Brother, *Quatbriſſon*, although he neither can or ſhall blear the eyes of God, yet he intends to do thoſe of men, from the knowledge and detection of this foul and bloody fact; for he puts on a mournful and diſconſolate countenance, on his rejoycing and triumphing heart for the death of his Brother, the which he endeavoureth to publiſh in his ſpeeches and apparel; ſo he rides over into *Saint Argnaw*, to his Siſter-in-Law *Pratiere*, condoles with her for her Husband and his Brother's death, and with his beſt Oratory ſtrives to diſſipate and diſpel her ſorrows: but ſtill her thoughts and conſcience do notwithſtanding prompt her, that (conſidering his former affection to her, and his fighting with his Brother, her Husband, for her) ſure he had a hand in his death; but in what manner, or how, ſhe knows not; and ſo as a moſt vertuous and ſorrowful Lady, leaves the revealing thereof to the good pleaſure and providence of God; and the curious heads both of *Nants* and *Vannes*, concur with her in the ſame conceit and belief.

But three months are ſcarce paſt over, ſince *Valfontaine* was laid in his Grave, but *Quatbriſſon* is ſtill ſo deeply beſotted with his own luſt, and the beauty of *La Pratiere*, as he ſells his wit for folly, and again becomes a Sutor to marry her, having none but this poor Apology to colour out his inceſtuous deſires, That he will procure a diſpenſation from *Rome* to approve it; and that he hath already ſpoken to *Yvon*, Biſhop of *Reims*, to that effect, who was many years Penitentiary (or Almoner) to Pope *Paulus Quintus*. And what doth this indiſcretion of his work with *La Pratiere*, but only to encreaſe her jealouſie, to confirm her ſuſpicion, and to make her more confident that her Husband had been ſtill in this World if he had not been the means ſo ſoon to ſend him into another. Wherefore ſhe rejecteth both his ſuit and himſelf; tells him, that if he can find in his heart and conſcience to marry her, ſhe cannot diſpenſe with her ſoul to eſpouſe him, and therefore that he ſhall do well to ſurceaſe his ſuit, either to the Pope or Biſhop, ſith if it lay in their power, yet it ſhould never in her pleaſure to grant, or reſolution to effect it. But this peremptory reſolution of hers, cannot yet cauſe *Quatbriſſon* to forſake and leave her: for if this luſt and concupiſcence formerly made him peeviſh to ſeek her for his Wife, now it makes him meerly ſottiſh and impudent to alter his ſuit, and ſo to attempt and deſire to make her his Strumpet. But he hath no ſooner delivered her this baſe and obſcene motion, but all the blood of her body flushing into her face, ſhe highly diſdain'd both his ſpeeches and himſelf, and vowing and ſcorning henceforth evermore to come into his company; ſo ſhe informs her Father of his diſhonourable intent, and unchaſt motion to her, who to rid himſelf of ſo uncivil and impudent a Gueſt, thereupon (in ſharp terms) forbids him his Houſe and his Daughter's company, as having hereby altogether made himſelf unworthy to enjoy the priviledge of the one, or the honour of the other. When this ſweet and chaſt young Lady (to be no more haunted with ſo laſcivious a Ghoſt and Spirit) being ſought in marriage by divers noble and gallant Gentlemen, ſhe among them all (after a whole years mourning for the firſt) makes choice of Monſieur *de Pont Chauſey*, for her ſecond Husband, and marries him. *Quatbriſſon* ſeeing himſelf ſo diſdainfully ſlighted and rejected of *La Pratiere*, he (as a baſe Gentleman, and diſhonourable Lover) metamorphoſed his affection into hatred towards her, and vows that his revenge ſhall ſhortly match her diſdain, and meet with her ingratitude, and ſo flies her ſight and company, as much as he formerly deſired it. But as the beſt revenge is, to make our enemies ſee that we proſper and do well; ſo he, quite contrary, makes it his practice and ambition to do evil: for from henceforth, among many other of his vices, he defileth his body with Whoredom, and gives himſelf over to Fornication and Adultery, which hath taken up ſo deep a habit in him, as it is now grown to a ſecond nature: for he wholly abandoneth himſelf to Queans and Strumpets, that be ſhe Maid, Wife, or Widow, his wanton eye ſcarce ſees any, but his luſtful heart deſireth, and his laſcivious tongue ſeeks.

Now *Quatbriſſon* (among many others) hearing that a poor Peaſant or Country-man, termed *Renne Malliot*, of the Pariſh of Saint *Andrews*, three miles from *Vannes*, had a ſweet and fair young Daughter; he therefore very lewdly reſolves to ſee her, and to tempt her to his obſcene deſires, when provoked and hauled on by his luſt, as that was likewiſe by the Devil,

he rides over to her Father's house, and alighting from his Horse, calls there for some wine, but with his Hawk on his fist, and his Lacquey and Dogs at his heels, thereby the better to over-veil and colour out his lascivious design and intent. And that the *Reader* may the better and apparently behold this Country-Virgin *Marietta*, she was aged of some sixteen years, and towards her seventeenth, tall and straight, and rather a little inclining to fatness than leanness: her hair was of a bright flaxen colour, and she of so fresh a beauty and sweet delicate complexion, that her eyes were capable to inflame desire, and her cheeks to ingender and exact affection, so that it was a wonder, among many, to find so delicate a Country-Lass; it was also many wonders in one, to see how sweetly her rich beauty graced her poor cloaths, whiles they (though in vain) endeavour to disgrace it. *Quatbrisson* no sooner sees *Marietta*, but she is so fair and amiable in his eyes, as they inform him, that report comes infinitely short of her beauty; when burning in the flames of his beastly concupiscence towards her, his lust so exceedingly out-braves his reason, that his eyes and heart do already do homage to hers, and he is so far caught and ensnared in the contemplation of her fresh youth and beauty, as he vows to leave no art unattempted to obtain his lustful desires in enjoying of her Virginity: To which end he very often and secretly visiteth her, discovereth her his lewd desires and affection, gives her Gloves, Bone-lace, Lawn, worsted Stockens, and the like trifles, thereby the sooner to prevail with her; when, God knows, this fair poor Maiden was so chaste, as yet she knew not what belong'd to unchastity; such was her obscure dwelling, and innocent education: and yet behold the Devil was so busie with her, and *Quatbrisson* with the Devil, to draw and prostitute her to sin, as she was so far in love with his gay cloaths, fugred speeches and fair promises, rich gifts, and especially because he was a Gentleman, that in a few weeks she had hardly the power or will to deny him any thing, no not her self.

But whiles thus *Quatrbissons* lays close siege to the Chastity of the Daughter, her Mother, *Jane Chaumet* (being of a quick wit and sharp apprehension, measuring his youth by her Daughters beauty) begins to mistrust and fear, that by his often visits he endeavoured to put a rape on her vertue, in seeking to inrich himself with the loss of her Mainden-head; the which to prevent, she forbids him her house, shewing him that she had rather die, than live to see her Daughter made a Strumpet; adding further, that if hereupon he did not forbear her house, and her Daughter's company, she would forthwith acquaint his Father, Monsieur *de Caerstaing*, therewith; alledging how close soever he bore himself, she knew him to be his Son and Heir, and termed *Quatbrisson*. Which cross speeches of hers, do much afflict and perplex him, and the more, because he sees he cannot now approach *Marietta*; and, which is worst of all, in regard he knows not whom to imploy towards her, to win her to his desires: but at length, remembring that he was well acquainted with an old Franciscan Frier of *Auroy*, named Father *Symplician*, who many years begged the Country for the repairing their Monastery, and with whom he had often caroused and been merry. He therefore holds him a fit Instrument and Agent for his purpose, and so rides over to *Auroy*, and sends for him to his Lodging; where giving him good chear and well heating his head with Wine, he there from point to point discovereth this secret, and lays open himself to him: so this old Frier loving his Cups better than his Beads, and Monsieur *de Quatbrisson* better than his Guardian (because he had twice formerly expelled him the Monastery for some of his dishonest and debauched pranks) he freely ingageth himself to him; affirming, that he well knew both Father, and Mother, and Daughter, having heretofore many times lain in their house, when he hath been overtaken either by night or rain.

Hypocrisie is the Devil's Mask or Vizard, and there is no way so subtle or sinful to deceive, as under the cloak and colour of Religion; and therefore it is a most pernicious and odious shame to Christians, that those who profess Piety, should prophane it. This Good-fellow, Frier *Symplician*, (taking the tide of time, and the wind of opportunity) under the pretext of visiting some of his Kinsfolks, leaves *Auroy*, repairs to *Vannes*, and so to *Malliot's* house in the Countrey; where purposely feigning himself sick, thereby to procure himself the better colour for his stay, and the better means for the dispatch of this Love-sickness for Monsieur *Quatbrisson*: there *Malliot* and his Wife *Jane Chaumet* (out of their respect to Religion, and reverence to Church-men) entertain him lovingly, and attend him carefully and diligently, thinking no cost too much, nor any meat, care or labour enough, which they spent and bestowed on him. But we shall see him requite this Hospitality, and repay this courtesie of theirs with a base ingratitude.

For in the absence of the Father and Mother, this debanched Frier teacheth their fair Daughter *Marietta* a new Catechism; he tells her that Monsieur *Quatbrisson* is deeply in love with her, that if she will hearken to his affection, and so become flexible to his desires, he

will

will shortly steal her away from her Parents, and either maintain her Gentlewoman-like in brave apparel, or else marry her to some rich Serving-man, or Farmer's Son, with whom she might live merrily, and at her hearts content, all the days of her life, adding withal, that it was pity her delicate fresh beauty should be so strictly and obscurely mewed up in her Father's poor Cottage, and that it was a shame to her to prove an Enemy to Nature, who had been so bountiful and so true a Friend to her; with many more obscene reasons, and debauched speeches, looking that way, the which (in modesty) I cannot remember without shame, nor relate without detestation. So this Pandarising old Frier (degenerating from his habit, profession and name) what with the honey (or rather indeed the poyson) of his speeches and promises, and the sugar of some gifts and tokens which he had delivered her from *Quatbrisson*, he draws this harmless and innocent poor Country Maid, so far to forget her self, her Parents, and God, that in hopes of rich apparel, and a good Husband, she tells her Father *Symplician*, that she is wholly at *Quatbrisson*'s command; and that for his sake and love, she is absolutely resolved to forsake her Father and Mother, and to go with him any night or day, when he pleaseth to fetch her; the which he shortly doth, and she accomplisheth. And this was the odious ingratitude of this Frier *Symplician*, towards honest *Malliot* and his Wife, for his good chear, lodging and entertainment, to betray and bereave them of their only Child and Daughter, whom they well hoped would have proved the joy of their life, and the staff and comfort of their age.

Quatbrisson (in the vanity of his voluptuous thoughts), having thus by himself and the Frier, plaid his prize in stealing away fair *Marietta*, he by night brings her to his own old Nurse her house, which is a little mile distant from that of his Father, where he secretly keeps her, takes his pleasure of her, and as often as he pleaseth lies with her whole nights together; but *Marietta*'s sorrowful Father and Mother seeing themselves thus robbed of their only Jewel their Daughter, they bitterly lament her loss, and their own misfortunes therein: They complain to all their Neighbours thereof, and leave few adjacent Parishes or Houses unsought for her; yea, her Mother *Jane Chaumet*'s grief and jealousie transport her so far, as vehemently suspecting, that Monsieur *de Quatbrisson* had stoln her away, she trips over to his Father's house, and there (with sorrow in her looks, and tears in her eyes) acquaints both him and the Lady his Wife thereof, who presently send for their Son *Quatbrisson* before them: They shew him what an infinite scandal this foul fact and crime of his will breed him, and likewise to reflect upon themselves, and all their Kinsfolks and Family: How the Justice of God infallibly attends on Whoredom and Fornication, and that he hath no other true course or means left him to expiate or deface it, but Confession, Contrition, and Repentance, and by returning the poor Country Girl again to her aged and sorrowful Parents. But *Quatbrisson* their Son (as a base debauched Gentleman) denies all, terms old *Malliot*'s Wife an old Hag and Devil, to charge him thus falsly with the stealing away of her Daughter; and so without any other redress or comfort, this poor Mother returns again home to her sorrowful Husband; and *Quatbrisson* secretly to his Nurses to frolick and sport it out with his sweet and fair Country Mistress, *Marietta*.

But to observe the better order and decorum in the dilation and unfolding of this History, leave we (for a small time) this lascivious young couple, wallowing in the beastly pleasures of their sensuality and fornication, and come we a little to speak how suddenly and sharply (at unawares) the vengeance and justice of God surpriseth our execrable Apothecary *Moncallier*, who so wretchedly and lamentably (as we have formerly understood) had sent innocent *Valfontaine* from Earth to Heaven, by that damnable drug and ingredient of Poyson. The manner whereof briefly thus,

Quatbrisson (as we have already seen) having exchanged his former affection into future malice and envy towards his Sister-in-Law *La Pratiere*, doth still retain such bloody thoughts against her, as (striking hands with the Devil) he (in favour of three hundred Crowns more) hath again ingaged this hellish Apothecary, *Moncallier*, likewise to poyson her at his first administring of Physick to her; which intended deplorable Tragedy of theirs, is no sooner projected and plotted of the one, than promised speedily to be acted and performed by the other, to the end (quoth these two miserable wretches) to make her equal, as in marriage, so in death, with her first Husband *Valfontaine*. Thus *Quatbrisson* longing, and *Moncallier* hearkning out for *La Pratiere*'s first sickness, two months are scarce blown over since her marriage with *Pont Chausey*, but she is surprised with a Pestilent Fever; when he, as a loving and kind Husband (at the request of his sick Wife) rides over to *Vannes* for this Monster of his profession and time, *Moncallier*, to come with him and give her Physick: the which presently (with as much treacherous care, as feigned sorrow) he promiseth to effect; and so inwardly re-

solves

ſolves with the Devil and himſelf to poyſon her: but we ſhall ſee here, that God's providence will favourably permit the firſt, and his goodneſs and mercy miraculouſly prevent the ſecond.

Moncallier ſees this his fair and ſweet Patient *La Pratiere*; but he is yet ſo far from ſhame or repentance, that he had poyſoned her firſt Husband, as (with a graceleſs ratiocination) he confirms his former impious reſolution likewiſe to diſpatch her ſelf: but for that time he contenteth himſelf only to draw ſix ounces of blood from her, and promiſeth to return to her the next morning with Phyſick, and therein to inſinuate and infuſe the Poyſon. But here (in the fear, and to the Glory of God) let me requeſt the Chriſtian Reader to admire and wonder with me at the ſtrangeneſs of this ſudden and divine puniſhment of God, then and there ſhewn on this wretched Apothecary *Moncallier*: for as he was ready to depart, and being on the top of the ſtairs (next to the Chamber-door where *La Pratiere* lay ſick) complementing with her Husband, *Pont Chauſey*, at his farewel, he trips in his Spurs, and ſo falling down headlong at the foot thereof there breaks his neck; and, which is lamentable and fearful, he hath neither the power or grace left him to ſpeak a word, much leſs to repent his cruel poyſoning of *Valfontaine*, or to pray unto God to forgive it him. And thus was the miſerable end of this wretched *Moncallier*, who when he abſolutely thought that that bloody fact of his was quite defaced and forgotten of God, then God (as we ſee) in his due time remembred to puniſh him for the ſame, to his utter confuſion and deſtruction; that as his crime was bloody, ſo his puniſhment ſhould be ſudden and ſharp.

Return we now again to *Quatbriſſon*, who (amidſt his carnal pleaſures with his young and fair *Marietta*) is advertiſed of *Moncallier*'s ſudden and unnatural death at *Saint Argnaw*, whereat (reſembling himſelf) he is ſo far from any apprehenſion of grief, as he exceedingly triumpheth and rejoyceth thereat; yea, he is as glad that he hath thus broke his neck, becauſe he can now tell no tales, as ſorrowful, if now before his death he have not poyſoned *La Pratiere*, as formerly he did her Husband, *Valfontaine*, his Brother. Whiles thus *Quatbriſſon*'s joy in enjoying *Marietta*, proves the grief and diſconſolation of her Parents; for it is now generally bruited in *Vannes*, that *Quatbriſſon* hath ſtoln away *Malliot*'s Daughter, *Marietta*, whereof her Father and Mother being ſorrowfully acquainted (he being weak and ſickly), ſhe again repairs to Monſieur *de Caerſtaing* and his Lady, and with tears in her eyes, throwing her ſelf at their feet, acquaints them with this publick report, humbly beſeeching them to be a means to the Gentleman, their Son, that he reſtore them their Daughter: but they are in a manner deaf to her requeſts, and ſo only return her this general anſwer, That they will again examine their Son, and cauſe all their Tenants houſes near about, to be narrowly ſearched for her: and this is all the redreſs and conſolation which this ſorrowful Mother could not get from them. Whereof *Quatbriſſon* being advertiſed, he (with much ſecreſie and haſte) about mid night, cauſeth *Pierot* his Father's Miller to fetch *Marietta* away from his Nurſes houſe, to his Mill, which is ſome a quarter of a League from his Fathers houſe; the which accordingly *Pierot* effecteth. The very next morning *Quatbriſſon* goes ſecretly to the Mill, and viſits her; he informs her how her Parents have incenſed his againſt him, and againſt her ſelf likewiſe; he bids her be of good comfort, and ſhe ſhall want nothing, that he will very ſhortly procure her a better lodging, and provide both for her ſafety and reputation, and ſo continually frolicks it out, and there takes his pleaſure of her; yea, he lies ſo often with her, many whole nights, and ſome whole days, at this Mill, that at laſt her belly ſwells, and both of them apparently perceive that ſhe is with Child by him: when, poor ſoul, ſeeing her ſelf as it were pen'd up in priſon, that ſhe had no new apparel, nor was towards any Husband; yea, looking back upon the foulneſs of her fault, and ſeeing that ſhe had made her ſelf the grief of her Father and Mother, and laughter of the world, and almoſt the diſdain of *Quatbriſſon*, who (ſurfeiting in his pleaſures with her) began now to look leſs familiar, and more ſtrange to her, than accuſtomed; ſhe with many ſighs and tears, repents her ſelf of her errour; but how to remedy it, ſhe knows not.

As for *Quatbriſſon*, he ſuppoſing he had his Father's Miller, *Pierot*, at his command, proffereth him two hundred *French* Crowns to marry her: whereat this Meal-cap Miller (being a luſty young fellow of ſome five and twenty years old) could not at firſt refrain from bluſhing and laughing; when ſeeing *Marietta* to be young and fair, he is ſo far in love with her, as at firſt he wiſheth her to be his wife; but then again conſidering, that ſhe hath a great belly by his young Maſter, that he ſtill lies with her, and that if he ſhould marry her, he would undoubtedly be more Maſter and Owner of her, than himſelf; he prays him therefore to excuſe him, for that he is fully reſolved not to marry her.

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When *Quatbrisson* yet further desirous to draw him to take her to his Wife, proffereth *Pierot* a new Lease and Estate of his Mill from his Father, for seven years, at his own costs and charges. But this Miller (being a pleasant jovial Wag) tells his young Master, that he had rather never hear the clacking of his Mill, than to live to see himself cornuted; and so upon no terms will marry *Marietta*; but for any other service, he swears to him that he is, and ever will be, wholly at his command. Poor *Marietta* now seeing her hopes grow small and her belly great, and consequently her joys decline, and her sorrows encrease; finding that she is now rather *Quatbrisson*'s prisoner, than his prize, and the Miller rather her Gaoler than her Landlord: she with many far fetch'd sighs, and brinish tears, very passionately beseecheth *Quatbrisson* on her knees, that he will speedily either provide her a Husband, or permit her with her shameful and sorrowful burthen to return home to her afflicted and angry Parents. Two requests, and both so reasonable (quoth she to him,) as if it be not in your power to grant me the first, yet I hope it will be your pleasure not to deny me the second. But *Quatbrisson*, notwithstanding all these tears and prayers of *Marietta*, he is still so vexed, as well with her importunity, as with the sharp complaints of his own Parents, and the bitter lamentations and outcries of hers, that (in the heat of fottish choler, and ingrateful disdain) he flies from her, absents himself longer than accustomed, and thenceforth (by degrees) begins as much to loath her, as he formerly loved her. *Marietta* perceiving this his unexpected and ingrateful unkindness towards her, pierceth her very heart with grief, and her soul with despair. She requests the Miller to tell Monsieur *de Quatbrisson*, that she prays him to see her, or to permit her to see him; but he perceiving that his young Master slighted her, and that his hot affection was by this time waxed cold and frozen to her, he refuseth to go himself, and so sends his Boy. But what doth this importunity of hers procure or effect with *Quatbrisson*, but only the more inflame his choler? and therein the more encrease her own sorrows, and accelerate and hasten on her miseries; for he bids the Boy to tell her, that he is gone to *Rennes*, and will not return in a month; and withal, he wills him to bid his Master to come secretly to him in the morning at his Father's Orchard. So, if *Quatbrisson*'s unkindness to *Marietta* formerly made her seem to be the picture of sorrow; alas, now this his discourteous departure, and disdaining either to see her, or once bid her farewel, makes her really to be sorry for her self; for she tears her hair, and (with a mournful and sorrowful ambition) endeavoureth to drown her self in the Ocean of her tears; yea, her griefs are so infinite, and her discontent so insupportable (in that she hath so deeply disobeyed her Parents, and offended God with her Fornication) as the remembrance of these sins and crimes of hers make her not dare to look up to Heaven for assistance; a thousand times she repents her self of her folly, and as often saith and dictateth to her self, that she should be as happy as now she is miserable, if she again were a Child and not with Child; and that she were again as living in her Mother's belly, as now by this time she finds her own poor unfortunate innocent Babe is in hers. She as high as heaven exclaimeth on *Quatbrisson*'s ingratitude, and curseth the name and memory of Frier *Symplician*, as low as hell, for thus betraying and seducing her to sin, which hath now brought her to misery and disconsolation; yea, her unfortunacy is so great, as she cannot write for assistance from any where; or if she could, she knows not from whom once to expect, much less to receive it; but rather sees her self reduced to such extream affliction and misery, that she is every way far more capable to weep or sigh forth her sorrows to her self, than to speak or make them known to the world.

Whiles thus *Marietta* is pensively and pitifully ecchoing forth her complaints to the bare walls of her poor Chamber, *Pierot* the Miller finds out his young Master *Quatbrisson* in the Orchard behind his Father's house according to his appointment; where betwixt this wretched and execrable couple, the Reader must prepare to see them consult and conclude a most bloody and mournful business, which will both exact pity, and command lamentation from the most flinty and barbarous heart; yea, in a word, from any living mortal Man, whose prophane life and impiety hath not absolutely made him a meer Devil. For *Quatbrisson* having thus satiated and surfeited himself in reaping his beastly pleasures of poor *Marietta*, and (as before) exchanged his familiarity into malice, and his affection into envy towards her, knowing that she will be a perpetual eye-sore to his Parents, and a continual shame and scandal to himself as long as she lives in this world; he therefore most ungratefully and cruelly resolves speedily to send her into another; and no consideration whatsoever, either of her youth or beauty; of her great belly, or of his quick Child within her, or of his own soul, can prevail with him to the contrary. But the Devil is so strong with him, that he is miserably resolute not to retire but advance in this bloody business. To which effect, he

breaks

breaks with *Pierot* the Miller to attempt and finish it, and again promiseth him the Fee-simple (or at least a Lease of seven years) of his Mill, to finish it; which this bloody Miscreant (out of his hellish covetousness, and itching desire to please his young Master) promiseth to accomplish. They now consult of the manner how to murther *Marietta*. The Miller affirms it to be the surest way (under some pretext) to take her in the next Wood by night, and there to murther her; which *Quatbrisson* contradicteth, because (saith he) her dead body being found so near his Father's house, this her murther will reflect on him; and therefore to make sure work, he bids the Miller to strangle her by night in her bed, and so to bury her in his outer yard, and there to clap a wood-vine over her; whereon they both agree: when swearing perpetual secresie each to other, this execrable Miller here promiseth *Quatbrisson* to dispatch her within three days at farthest.

This bloody bargain and compact being thus concluded between them, *Pierot* the Miller returns to his Mill, where poor *Marietta* (little suspecting or dreaming what a dismal stratagem was plotted and resolved against her life) she (finding comfort from no where, and therefore seeking it every where) enquires of him if he came from Monsieur *de Caestaing*'s house and if his Son, Monsieur *Quatbrisson*, were departed from *Rennes*, as his Mill-boy had told her; who (here the better to lull asleep, thereby with more facility to finish his bloody design on her) tells her that he was gone thither, that before the his departure, he had left secret word for him to use her courteously in his absence, the which he swore to her he would carefully perform; whereat *Marietta* thanks him: but yet, again prying more narrowly into this Miller's looks than his speeches, she found that he now looked more sullen and haggardly to her, than accustomed; or else that either her conceit, or his countenance and Physiognomy, deceived her therein. But here (before I proceed further) let us mark the strange effect and events hereof: for as Dreams prove seldom true, because they are as uncertain as their causes, which for the most part either proceed from the influence of the heart, or else flow from the operations of the brain, in their different passions of affection, envy, hope, fear, joy, sorrow, or the like: so it pleased God, that the very same night *Marietta* dreamt that *Pierot* the Miller killed her, and threw her dead body into the Pond; the which remembring the next morning, she likewise remembred to acquaint him therewith, who (vile wretch, and dissembling Hypocrite) seemed to be in choler thereat, vowing and swearing to her with many oaths and deprecations, that she was, and should be as safe in his Mill, as if she were either in the Tower of *Bylin*, or in the Castle of *Blavet*, which indeed are reputed to be two of the strongest and most important pieces of *Little Britany*; whereat poor *Marietta* again and again thanks him. But this notwithstanding, I now here tremble to report, that the very next ensuing night, (*Marietta* proving too true a Herald and Propheteis to her own immediate mournful Tragedy), as the night had given truce to her tears, and sleep administred rest to her eyes, as she lay in her poor Pallet-bed, then this bloody villain *Perot* the Miller very secretly enters her Chamber, and softly conveighs a small cord under her head, and fastning it to her further bed-post (his strength conspiring with his malice) he then and there strangles her dead, giving her neither the power or time to cry, much less to speak one word: and as soon as this Agent of Hell had bereaved her (and consequently the fruit of her womb) of life, he within less than an hour after (not to give the lye to her own dream) changeth his purpose in the manner of her burial, and so (in her cloaths as she was) carries her to his little Mill-boat in the Pond, where fastning a great piece of an old broken Mill-stone, to her middle (or waste) by a strong new Rope which he had purposely provided, he there throws her into the deepest place of his Pond, hoping, yea, assuring himself, that he should never see nor hear more of her.

The very next morning after the finishing of this deplorable fact, *Pierot* the Miller (not able to sleep for joy) at the very break of the day, dispeeds himself away with the news hereof to his young Master *Quatbrisson*, who hears and receives it with much content and joy, when (by his promise and oath again assuring the Miller of his Mill) he the better to bear and wipe off the suspicion, which this Murther might reflect or cast on him (if it should ever hereafter come to be detected or discovered) rides away to the City of *Rennes*, where the States General of that Province (which we in *England* term our Parliament) was then to assemble, where rejoycing that he had so happily dispatch'd his clownish Strumpet, *Marietta*; and *Pierot* the Miller at home, likewise singing and triumphing at this his easie purchase of his Mill, they not so much as once look up to Heaven and God, or down to their own Consciences and Souls, what this foul and detestable Murther of theirs deserves. And, not to go far by this time the Lord thinks it high time to bring this their cruel Murther to light, by a strange, I may justly say by a miraculous accident, which at unawares, and when they least think thereof, will (amidst their mirth and security) befall them.

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dure to have his right touched; and ſo confeſſeth that his young Maſter, *Quatbriſſon*, ſeduced and hired him to ſtrangle *Marietta* in her bed, in his Mill: and promiſed him the Fee-ſimple or Leaſe thereof, to perform it; that he it was who likewiſe threw her into the Pond, and that he alſo believes ſhe was quick with Child by his ſaid Maſter.

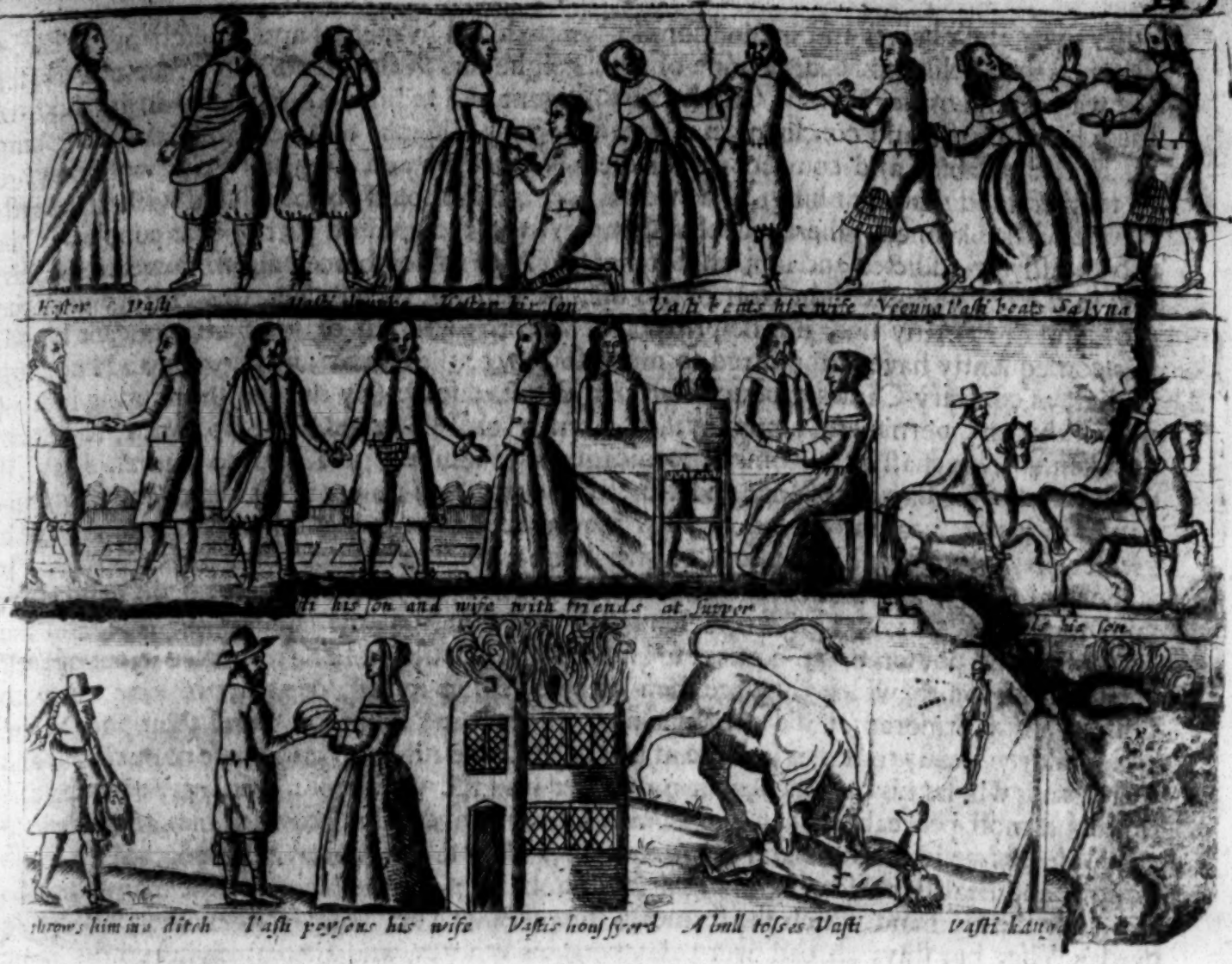
All *Vannes* wonder and talk of *Quatbriſſon*'s baſe ingratitude and cruelty towards this ſilly and harmleſs young Country-Maiden, *Marietta*, yea, this foul and lamentable Murther, adminiſtreth likewiſe talk in all the adjoyning Towns and Pariſhes. So this execrable Miller, *Pierot*, is by the Seneſchal condemned to be broken alive on the Wheel; but yet (in regard of the neceſſity of his confrontation) they defer his execution till *Quatbriſſon* be apprehended in *Rennes*, where the Seneſchal and King's Attorney-General of *Vannes*, do by Poſt ſend away his accuſation to that famous Court of Parliament; where, while he his prauncing in the ſtreets of that City on his great Horſe, and ruffling in his Scarlets and Sattins, with three Lacquies (richly clad) at his heels, the height of this pomp and bravery makes his ſhame the more apparent, and his crimes the more foul and notorious: for then when he thought himſelf to be fartheſt from danger, lo the Juſtice and Providence of God brings him the neareſt to it: for he is now here (by a band of Huyſiers, or Purſevants) taken off from his Horſe, apprehended and impriſoned by the command of the Lieutenant-Criminal of that great Court, who yet vainly repoſing on the fidelity and ſecreſie of *Pierot*, his Father's Miller, he ſeems to be no way diſmaid or daunted thereat: but when he hears his Accuſation and Indictment read, that *Marietta*'s murthered body was found in the Pond, that *Pierot* the Miller was apprehended and impriſoned for the ſame, and that he had confeſſed him to be the Author, and himſelf the Actor of this her cruel murther; then, I ſay, he is ſo appalled and daunted, and ſo far from any hope of life, as he utterly deſpairs thereof, and palpably ſees the image of death before his eyes: When (with a few tears, and many ſighs) he here to his Judges confeſſeth himſelf the Author of this foul fact, and ſo begs pardon thereof of God: for from theſe his grave and incorruptible Magiſtrates, he is aſſured and confident to find none. Whereupon, although four of the Council, and one of the Preſidents, were reſolved, in regard of this his inhumane and baſe crime, to have him hanged; yet the reſt of that wiſe and honourable Senate, knowing him to be the Son and Heir of a very ancient Gentleman, nobly deſcended, they o're-ſway and prevail with the others; and ſo they adjudge him the very next day to have his head cut off, altho' this his ſorrowful aged Father, Monſieur *de Caerſtaing*, offered the one half of his Lands to ſave his life; and likewiſe was a moſt impo tunate Suppliant to the Duke of *Tremoville* (who then and there preſided at the Eſtates for the Nobility) to intercede with that Parliament for his reprival, and with the King for his pardon, but in vain: for that Noble Duke (conſidering the baſeneſs and enormity of this his inhumane fact) was too wiſe to attempt the one, and too honourable and generous to ſeek the other. So the very next morning *Quatbriſſon* (apparelled in a Sute of black Sattin trimmed with gold Lace) is brought to the Scaffold (as the common place of Execution, which is in the midſt of the City), where a very great concourſe of people of all ſorts, reſort and flock to ſee him take his laſt farewel of this world, of whom the greateſt part and number lamented and pitied, that ſo proper and noble a Gentleman ſhould firſt deſerve, and then receive ſo untimely a death: When after the Prieſts and Friers have here prepared and directed his Soul, he, aſcending the Scaffold, with ſomewhat a low voice, and dejected and ſorrowful countenance, delivereth this ſhort ſpeech:

That in regard he knows, that (now when he is to take his laſt leave of this life) to charge his conſcience with the concealing of any capital crime, is the direct and true way to ſend his Soul to Hell inſtead of Heaven, he will now therefore reveal that he is yet more execrable and bloody, than his Judges think or know, or his Spectators imagine; for that he not only hired *Pierot*, his Father's Miller, to murther *Marietta*; but alſo the Apothecary, *Moncallier*, to poyſon his own Brother, *Valfontaine*; of both which foul and bloody crimes of his, he now freely confeſſeth himſelf guilty, and now from his heart and ſoul ſorrowfully lamenteth and repenteth them; that this filthy luſt and inordinate affection to women, was the firſt cauſe, and his neglect of prayer to God, the ſecond, which hath juſtly brought him to this ſhameful end and confuſion; and therefore he beſeecheth all who are preſent, to be ſeriouſly forewarned of the like, by his woful example, and that (in Chriſtian charity) they will now joyn in their devout prayers with his, to God for his Soul. When on the Scaffold praying a little while ſilently to himſelf kneeling, and then putting off his Doublet, he commits himſelf to the Executioner, who at one blow ſevered his head from his ſhoulders. But this puniſhment and death of *Quatbriſſon*, ſufficeth not now to give full content and ſatisfaction to his Judges, (who by his own confeſſion) conſidering his inhumane and deplora-

ble poyſoning of his own Brother *Valfontaine*, they as ſoon as he is dead, and before he be cold, adjudge his body to be taken down, and there burnt to aſhes at the foot of the Gibbet, which accordingly is performed.

And here our thoughts and curioſity muſt now return Poſt from *Rennes* to *Vannes*, and from wretched *Quatbriſſon*, to the baſe and bloody Miller, *Pierot*, whom God and his Judges have now ordained ſhall likewiſe ſmart for this his lamentable murther on poor and harmleſs *Marietta*. He is brought to the Gallows in his old duſty mealy Suit of Canvas, where a Prieſt preparing him to die, he (either out of impiety, or ignorance, or both) delivereth this idle ſpeech to the People, That becauſe *Marietta* was young and fair, he is now heartily ſorry that he had not married her; and that if he had been as wiſe as covetous, the two hundred Crowns, or the Leaſe of his Mill, which his young Maſter, Monſieur *Quatbriſſon*, proffered him, might have made him wink at her diſhoneſty; and that although ſhe were not a true Maid to her ſelf, yet that ſhe might have proved a true and honeſt Wife to him; with many other frivolous words, and lewd ſpeeches, tending that way; which I purpoſely omit, and reſolve to paſs over in ſilence, as holding them unworthy either of my relation or the Reader's knowledge: when not having the grace once to name God, to ſpeak of his Soul, to deſire Heaven, or to ſeem to be any way repentant or ſorrowful for this his bloody offence, he is ſtripped naked, having only his ſhirt faſtened about his waſte, and with an Iron Bar hath his legs, thighs, arms, and breaſt broken alive, and there his miſerable body is left naked and bloody on the Wheel, for the ſpace of two days, thereby to terrifie and deter the beholders from attempting the like wretched Crime. And the Judges of *Vannes* being certified from the Court of Parliament at *Rennes*, that *Quatbriſſon* at his death charged the Apothecary, *Moncallier* to have (at his hiring and inſtigation) poyſoned his Brother *Valfontaine*, they hold the Church to be too a holy place for the body and burial of ſo prophane and bloody a Villain, when, after well near a whole years time that he was buried in Saint *Francis* Church in that Town, they cauſe his Coffin to be taken up, and both his body and it to be burnt by the Common-Hang-man, and his aſhes to be thrown into the air; which to the joy of all the Spectators is accordingly performed.

GOD'S



GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A GERMAN HISTORY.

HISTORY XXV.

Vaſti *firſt murthereth his Son* George, *and next poyſoneth his own Wife* Heſter; *and being afterwards almoſt killed by a mad Bull in the Fields, he revealeth theſe his two murthers; for the which he is firſt hanged, and then burnt.*

TO religious hearts there can nothing be ſo diſtaſteful as Sin, nor any Sin ſo odious and execrable as murther: for it being contrary to Nature and Grace, the very thought, much more the act thereof, ſtrikes horror to their hearts and conſciences: Wherefore if this foul and bloody Sin be ſo diſpleaſing to godly men, how infinitely more deteſtable is it then to God himſelf, who made all living creatures to ſerve man, and only created man purpoſely to ſerve himſelf? but as Choler and Malice proceeds from the paſſions of men, ſo doth Murther from the Devil: for elſe we ſhould not ſo often and frequently ſee it perpetrated in moſt Countries and Cities in the World, as we do. A mournful Example whereof I here produce to your view and ſerious conſideration.

The Place of this Hiſtory is *Fribourg* (an ancient City of *Switzerland*), which gives name to one of the Diviſions, (or Cantons) of that famous and warlike Country: wherein (of freſh memory) dwelt a rich Burger named *Peter Vaſti*, who had to his Wife a modeſt, diſcreet and vertuous woman, named *Heſter*, by whom he had one only Child, a Son, called *George Vaſti*; whom God ſent them the latter end of the firſt year of their marriage; and from the term of ſome ten years following, this married couple lived in moſt kind and loving ſort each with other

other; yea, their hearts and inclinations ſo ſympathized in mutual and interchangeable affection, as they held and reputed none of their neighbours ſo rich in content as themſelves; for ſhe was careful of her Family, and he very diligent and induſtrious to maintain it; both of them being chaſte and continent in themſelves, very religious towards God, and exceeding charitable, affable, and courteous to all their Neighbours and Acquaintance; only they are ſo temperate in their drinking, as he would not, and ſhe could not be tainted with that beaſtly vice of drunkenneſs, whereunto that Country, and the greateſt part of that people are but too exceſſively addicted and ſubject. So that had *Vaſti* ſtill embraced and followed thoſe Virtues in the courſe and conduction of his life, he had not then defiled this Hiſtory with the profuſion of ſo many ſins, nor beſprinkled it with the effuſion of ſo much innocent blood, nor conſequently have adminiſtred ſo much ſorrow to the Reader, in peruſing and knowing it: but, as contrary Cauſes produce contrary Effects; ſo he (by this time) polluting himſelf with filthy and pernicious company, it is no marvel if he leaves his temperancy, to follow drunkenneſs, his chaſtity to commit fornication and adultery, yea, it is no marvel, I ſay, if theſe foul ſins (as Bawds to Rage and Revenge) exact ſuch power in his heart, and predominancy in his Soul, as in the end to draw him to murther: for, good men cannot receive a greater plague, nor the Devil afford or give them a worſe peſtilence, than bad company. It is the fatal Shelfs, and diſmal Rocks, whereon a world of people have, and do daily ſuffer ſhipwrack; yea, it is the grief of a Kingdom and Country, the bane of our Age, and the corruption and poyſon of our Times: for it turns thoſe who profeſs and purſue it, out of their Eſtates and Homes, which they are then enforced either to ſell, or rather to give away to Uſurers and Cormorants; and conſequently, which makes themſelves, and their poor Wives and Children, ready to ſtarve and die in our ſtreets. So this is now the caſe of our *Vaſti*, and therefore it will be his happineſs, if it prove not his miſery hereafter. So after twelve years time of a moſt peaceable cohabitation, and Godly converſation between him and his virtuous Wife *Heſter*, it is a thouſand griefs and pities that ſhe muſt now be enforced to ſee ſo bruitiſh and beaſtly a Metamorphoſis in her Husband; for he is no more the man which he was, nor the Husband which ſhe formerly found him to be. He loves neither his houſe nor his Wife, but ſtays abroad every day with his Whores, and then at night returns home to her ſtark drunk, in lamentable ſort reviles and beats her, whereas heretofore he would rather have loſt his life, than have ſtrucken her; and whereas heretofore he affected and loved her ſo dearly, as he thought he could not be kind enough to her, now (in the extravagancy of theſe his debauched humours) he hates her ſo deadly, as he deems and ſuppoſeth he cannot be ſufficiently cruel to her, although her affection be ſtill ſo fervent to him, and her care ſo vigilant and reſpectful of him, as ſhe gives him nothing but either ſweet words, tears, ſighs, ſilence, or prayers; yea, ſhe proves her ſelf ſo good a woman to ſo bad a man, and ſo courteous and vertuous a wife to ſo unkind and vicious a Husband, as to the eyes and judgments of all their Kinſfolks and Neighbours, they know it is now her praiſe and glory, and fear it will hereafter prove his ſhame and miſery. She leaves no means uneſſayed, or invention unſought and unattempted, to divert and turn this foul inundation of his vice, into the ſweet ſtreams of vertue, and the pure rivers of Godlineſs, but alas good woman! her care proves vain, and her affection and zeal impoſſible herein, although her pale cheeks, mournful eyes, briniſh tears, far-fetch'd ſighs, religious prayers, and ſweet perſwaſions, do ſtill ſecond and accompany her endeavours in this her deſired hope of his reformation: for ſhe is enforced to know that he keeps a young Strumpet named *Salyna*, at the Town of *Cleraux*, ſome ſix leagues from *Fribourg*, whither moſt mornings he goes to her; and to make himſelf the more treacherous a diſſembler to his Wife, and the more execrable a Traytor to his Soul, he fortifieth and coloureth out this his accuſtomed journey to his Strumpet, with this falſe Apology, that he goes to *Cleraux* to hear the Sermons of Mr. *Abraham Tifflin*, a very famous and religious Preacher there; when God, and his ulcerated Soul and Conſcience, know the contrary, and that this pretended excuſe of his, is but only a falſe cloak, to over-veil his true Adultery, and prophane Impiety: for he needed not to have formerly added whoredom to his drunkenneſs, and now ingratitude, cruelty, and impiety, to his whoredom, in regard the leaſt of theſe enormous crimes and ſins, aſſuredly have the power, and will infallibly find the means to make him futurely as miſerable, as now he fooliſhly thinks himſelf happy; for theſe his journeys to *Cleraux*, are only the Pilgrimage of his wanton Luſt. *Salyna* is the Saint of his voluptuous devotion, her houſe the Temple of his obſcene wiſhes, and Adultery the oblation and ſacrifice of his laſcivious deſires.

We can difficultly make our ſelves guilty of a fouler ſin on earth, than to ſeem ſanctified in our devotions toward God, when we are prophane, or to endeavour to appear ſound without,

out, when we are rotten within, in our faith and religion: for as a man is the beſt and nobleſt of all God's creatures, ſo an hypocrite towards God, is the worſt of men; yea, or rather a Devil and no man: for our hearts and actions, and our moſt retired thoughts, and ſecret darling ſins, are conſpicuous and tranſparent to God's eyes, as his decrees and reſo'utions are viſible to ours, ſith he ſees all things, and we ſee nothing when we do not ſee him. A miſerable height of impiety, in making our ſelves fooliſhly ſinners, and wilfully hypocrites, and yet it is a more fatal and fearful degree thereof; when we ſo delight in ſin, and glory in hypocriſie, as to make Apologies for the ſame.

But *Vaſti*, not thinking either of Religion or God, frolicks it out with *Salyna* his Strumpet, in *Cleraux*, whiles his own vertuous wife *Heſter* weeps at home at *Fribourg*; and when he returns thence, he is ſtill ſo hard-hearted and cruel to her, as he continually beats her. Now by this time *George* their Son is ſixteen years of age, of a mans Courage and ſtature, and of a very pregnant wit; ſo that as young as he is, he hath been long enough a ſorrowful eye-witneſs of his Father's cruelty in beating of his Mother: he hath formerly ſeen the lamentable effects, and now he falls on his knees to her, and (with tears and prayers) beſeecheth her to acquaint him with the true cauſe thereof, and from whence it proceeds: when his Mother (adding more confidence to his wiſdom, than to his youth) from point to point fully relates it to him, accordingly as we have formerly underſtood. *George* burſt forth into ſorrowful paſſions at her repetition, and his knowledge thereof, as not able to refrain from ſighing to ſee her ſigh, nor from weeping to ſee her weep. He as much grieves to be the Son of ſo vicious a Father, as he rejoyceth and glorieth to be that of ſo vertuous a Mother: ſo he makes her ſorrows his, and here weds himſelf to her quarrel, (with promiſe and oath) either to right it with his Father, or to revenge it on *Salyna*, whom he knows to be the original cauſe of all theſe ſtorms and tempeſts, of all theſe afflictions and miſeries which befall his Mother, and in her himſelf. He will no longer be a child, becauſe God and Nature hath now made him a Man: ſo the very next time he ſees his Father beat his Mother, he ſteps to her aſſiſtance, and defends her from the tyranny of his blows; and then advanceth ſo far, as he performs it with an unwilling willing reſiſtance of him; the which his Father takes extreamly ill and cholerickly from him, gives him ſharp words, and menaceth him with bitter blows. *George* his Son, firſt returns him a brief rehearſal of the wrongs and indignities he ſtill offereth to his Mother, when proteſting of his obedience to him, he yet tells him, that he is willing to entertain his words, but no longer capable to digeſt and receive his blows; adding withal (as a paſſionate Corollary) that ere long he will viſit his Strumpet *Salyna* in *Cleraux*, and make her feel a part of her baſe carriage and ill deſervings both towards his Mother and himſelf. *Vaſti* is much aſtoniſhed at this audacity and boldneſs of his Son, but far more to hear him name and threaten *Salyna*, the very thought of which his ſpeeches grates him to his heart, and grieves him to his ſoul: ſo he puts water in his wine, holds it for that time a vertue to be no longer ſtormy, but calm; and then cholerickly threatning him with his finger) he departs to his Chamber, leaving his Wife and his Son conſulting in the Parlour, how (with moſt aſſurance, and leaſt ſcandal) they may provide for their affairs. The next morning, *Vaſti* his Father keeps his bed, and gives order, that neither his Wife or Son have admittance to him, the which diſcourteſie of his, gives his Son a freſh and ſtrong motive to revive his laſt nights diſcontent againſt his Father, and his choler againſt *Salyna*; when bidding his Mother the Good-morrow, and craving her Bleſſing, he (purpoſely) frames an excuſe to leave her till ſhe be ready, and ſo very privately takes Horſe, and that morning acts a buſineſs every way worthy of himſelf; and indeed far more worthy of laughter, than of our pity. For it is not ſo much his malice to *Salyna*, as his affection to his Mother *Heſter*, which carries him and his reſolution to *Cleraux*; where entring *Salyna*'s houſe, he (with fire in his looks, and thunder in his ſpeeches) calls her whore and ſtrumpet, chargeth her for abuſing his Father, and in him his Mother and himſelf. His choler cannot retain her patience, to hear her falſe Anſwers and Apologies to the contrary; but diſdaining as much to uſe his ſword on a woman, as to foul it on a ſtrumpet, he takes his man's ſhort cudgel, and gives her at leaſt a dozen blows on her back, arms, and ſhoulders therewith, ſeriouſly vowing and ſwearing to her, That if ſhe forſake not his Father's company, and uſe the means that henceforth he do utterly abandon her, he will ſhortly give her ſo bitter a payment and requital, as he will hardly leave her either the will or power to thank him for his courteſie; and ſo remounts his Horſe, and preſently gallops home to his Mother, whom he acquaints therewith, but yet conceals it from his Father; whereat ſhe ſeems not to be a little joyful, and yet heartily prayeth to God, that this breed no bad blood in her Husband, and prove either an incitation to his choler againſt her ſelf, or a propenſion of revenge againſt their Son.

But

But this joy of *Heſter*, and her Son *George*, proves the ſighs and tears of *Salyna*, who not accuſtomed to receive ſuch ſharp payment and uſage from any man's hands whoſoever, it makes her extream cholerick and vindictive, ſo that her ſtomack is ſo great, and her heart ſo highly and imperiouſly lodged, that ſhe will not ſuffer this cruel affront offered her by *George Vaſti* to go unrequited: but yet ſhe will be adviſed and ſecret in her revenge towards him, as he was raſh and publick in his toward her. To which end and purpoſe, ſeeing that *Vaſti* his Father came not to her that day (whereby ſhe judged he was wholly ignorant what had befallen her from his Son), ſhe that night writes him a ſhort Letter, and the next morning ſends it home to *Fribourg* to him, by a confident Meſſenger of hers; who arriving there, and finding him penſively walking in his Garden, he reſpectfully delivered it to him; who breaking up the Seal thereof, found it to ſpeak thus:

SALYNA to VASTI.

BY all the inviolable love and tender affection which is betwixt us, I pray and conjure you to leave Fribourg, *and come over to me with haſte and expedition to* Cleraux; *becauſe I have a great and important ſecret to reveal to you, which equally concerns us, and which I dare not commit to Pen and Paper, for that the relation and knowledge thereof, needs no other witneſſes but our ſelves. If you any way neglect this my advice, or deny or defer this my requeſt, the grief will be mine own, but the prejudice and repentance yours hereafter. I write you theſe few lines with infinite affliction and ſorrow, which nothing can deface, but your ſight; nor remedy, but your preſence; and when you come to me, prepare your heart and reſolution to receive it from me with far more tears than kiſſes.*

SALYNA.

This Letter of hers doth ſo nettle *Vaſti* with apprehenſion and fear, that his Son *George* hath offered her ſome violence and out-rage, as he is almoſt as ſoon in *Cleraux*, as he is out of *Fribourg*; where his Miſtreſs, *Salyna*, very paſſionately and cholerickly informs him of his Son's cruelty towards her, and (to add the more efficacy to her ſpeeches, the more power to her complaints, and the more Oyl to the fire of his anger and revenge) ſhe forgets not to paint out to him (in all their colours) the number of his Sons blows, and the nature and quality of his threats given her; when watering her words with her tears, ſhe ſwears, that if he ſpeedily do not right and revenge theſe her wrongs upon his ſaid Son, ſhe will never kiſs or ſee him more. *Vaſti* takes theſe ſpeeches from *Salyna*'s tongue, and placeth them in his own heart; yea, he hereat is ſo cholerickly intended toward his Son, and ſo fottiſhly affected to her, as conſulting with rage, but not with reaſon; and with Satan, not with God; he (to exhale her tears, and ſo to give conſolation to her ſorrows) tells her, That he loves her ſo tenderly and conſtantly, as he will not fail to kill his Son for this uncivil and inhumane fact of his towards her. *Salyna* is amazed and aſtoniſhed at this his unnatural reſolution to his Son; the which (as vicious as ſhe is) ſhe abhors and condemns in him as ſoon as underſtands. So ſhe tells him plainly, that albeit ſhe have given him her heart and body; yet, that ſhe is not ſo exempt of grace, nor ſo wretchedly inſtructed in Piety, as to take away her Soul from God; and therefore, that although ſhe be guilty of Adultery, yet ſhe will never be of Murther: ſo in religious terms (worthy of an honeſter woman than her ſelf) ſhe powerfully ſeeks to diſſwade him from this bloody and unnatural attempt, as well to prevent their future wrongs and fears, as to ſecure their dangers and reputations; and ſo prays him to ſeek out ſome other remedy and requital towards his Son; the which he promiſeth her, and ſeals it with ſome oaths and many kiſſes; ſtays and dines with her, and immediately takes horſe and rides homewards. His Son *George* finding his Father ridden forth, and being aſcertained that he was gone to *Cleraux*, to his Strumpet *Salyna*, where ſhe would acquaint him at full with his beating of her; he fearing his choler, holds it more diſcretion than obedience in him, to take his Sword with him for his defence; when chuſing a good horſe out of the ſtable, he deems it more ſecure, and leſs dangerous, to meet his Father half way betwixt *Cleraux* and *Fribourg*, and there in the open Field to expect and attend what he had to ſay to him. *Vaſti* ſeeing his Son *George* afar off, come riding towards him, with his Sword by his ſide, he much marvelleth thereat; when well knowing his courage and valour, and that (as young as he was) he had lately at *Saſoyſe* acquitted himſelf of a Duel to his honour and reputation; he therefore reſolves to make it a Tongue, and not a Sword quarrel with him; and ſo they meet: *George* doing his duty to his Father with his Hat off, and the Father ſpeaking not angerly, but mildly to him. Their Meadow-conference which they then and there had betwixt them, was thus:

Fa. What

Fa. What reaſon hadſt thou ſo cruelly to beat poor *Salyna*?

So. *A thouſand times more than you have to beat my Mother* Heſter.

Fa. Tell me why?

So. *The reaſon is juſt and pertinent, becauſe that is your laſcivious whore, and this your chaſte and virtuous Wife.*

Fa. What haſt thou gotten by this raſh choler in beating her?

So. *Not by far ſo much as you have loſt by your ſottiſh luſt in kiſſing her.*

Fa. It is thy Mother's jealouſie, which hath ſown and ſcattered theſe untruths in thy belief.

So. *I pray excuſe me, for they are palpable and apparent truths, and ſuch as it is wholly impoſſible either for your hypocriſie or policy to root thence.*

Fa. Since when becameſt thou ſo ſawcy and peremptory?

So. *From that very time I firſt underſtood you became ſo vicious.*

Fa. I have a mad Son in thee.

So. *It were a great happineſs both for my Mother and my ſelf if you proved a tamer Husband to her, and an honeſter Father to me.*

Fa. If you follow thoſe courſes, to love thy Mother better than my ſelf, I vow, I will wholly diſinherit thee.

So. *If you follow theſe courſes to love Strumpets better than my Mother, I ſwear you will ſhortly conſume all your eſtate, and diſinherit your ſelf firſt.*

Fa. This word *Strumpet* is very rife in thy mouth.

So. *I wiſh to God the thing were not ſo frequent in your heart.*

Fa. Wilt thou be friends with *Salyna* and reconcile thy ſelf to her?

So. *Yes, when I ſee you become an enemy to her, and a friend to my Mother and your ſelf, and not before.*

Fa. Why, Charity is the true mark of a Chriſtian.

So. *But I aſſure you ſo is not Adultery and Cruelty.*

Fa. Shall I make peace between thee and *Salyna*?

So. *No; but I would make it the joy of my heart, and the glory of my life, if I might be ſo happy to knit and confirm a good peace betwixt your ſelf and my Mother.*

Fa. Wilt thou attempt it, if I requeſt thee?

So. *I will, if you pleaſe to command me.*

Fa. I pray thee *George* do.

So. *My beſt endeavours ſhall herein wait on your deſires, and dutifully follow your commands.*

Fa. But be careful to make my reconciliation with thy Mother Eternal.

So. *It can never ſubſiſt or proſper, if you henceforth reſolve to make it temporary, becauſe affection and amity which once receive end, had never beginning.*

Fa. Here I vow conſtantly a reformation of my life from all other women, and a perpetual renovation of my affection to my Wife and thy Mother.

So. *God and his Angels bleſs this your converſion, and confirm this reſolution in you.*

Fa. And God bleſs thee my Son for wiſhing and deſiring it.

So. *I thank you, Sir; but I humbly pray you likewiſe to forgive and forget this my boldneſs to you in my Mother's behalf.*

Fa. George here in the preſence of God, I freely and chearfully do it from my heart.

So. *Amen, Amen, Sir.*

This Meadow conference thus ended between them, they ride home towards *Fribourg*, and by the way *Vaſti* willeth and prayeth his Son to finiſh this peace between him and his Mother that very night, and to diſpoſe her ſo effectually thereunto, as that they may make a merry ſupper of it, and all former differences between them to be then and there ended, and for ever trampled under foot; the which *George* his Son to the beſt of his poſſible power chearfully and joyfully promiſeth him. So home they come; *Vaſti* walks in his Garden, and *George* finds out his Mother in her own Chamber, being newly riſen from her prayers, wherein ſhe was ſo zealous and religious, as ſhe ſpent the greateſt part of her time. Here *George* informs his Mother *Heſter* at full, what conference had now paſt in the open fields, betwixt him and his Father; and (in a word) he here acts his part and duty ſo well and diſcreetly, as he leaves no part nor perſwaſions unattempted, to draw her to this attonement with his Father. When at firſt, conſidering the nature and quality of her Husband's unkind and cruel uſage to her, ſhe found an oppoſition hereof in her mind, and a reſiſtance in her will, and a reluctancy in her nature and judgment. But at laſt giving now her former diſcontent to charity, her

paſſions to peace, her ſorrows to ſilence, her Reſolutions to Religion, her anger to affection, her malice to oblivion, and her grief unto God, ſhe (after a brief conſultation, and a ſhort expoſtulation hereof between them) with a chearful countenance thanks her Son for his care of her, and his affection to her herein, and ſo informs him, That ſhe (having never juſtly offended her Husband in thought, word, or deed) is as willing of peace and reconciliation with him, as he can poſſibly deſire or wiſh; and here to teſtifie it to her Son, as well in action as words, ſhe would then have gone down with him to her Husband, there privately to have concluded this Chriſtian buſineſs betwixt them, had her Son diverted her from it: for being exceeding careful to preſerve Mother's right and reputation, he prays her to ſtay, alledging, that he would preſently fetch and conduct his Father to her Chamber to her, as holding it more requiſite and juſt, that the Delinquent, ſhould firſt ſee and ſeek the party wrong'd, before the party ſeek the Delinquent, whereat ſhe cannot refrain from ſmiling, and then bids him go. So *George* deſcends to the Garden, and acquaints his Father with his Mother's free diſpoſition and chearful reſolution to a perpetual peace within him; whereat he ſeems infinitely glad and joyful; and ſo aſcends her Chamber; and, having ſaluted her, tells her, that he is very ſorrowful and repentant for his former ill carriage and unkindneſs towards her, whereof he prays her pardon, and conſtantly vows reformation: ſo this his vertuous and kind Wife, *Heſter*, freely forgets and forgives *Vaſti* her Husband; and then he gives her many kiſſes in requital, and bids his Son *George* to provide good cheer for Supper; and the better to ſeal and ſolemnize this their reconciliation and atonement, he bids them to invite ſome of their Kinſfolks and Neighbours to be preſent thereat, who were formerly acquainted with their debates and differences; where no good cheer, and choice wine is wanting. So they are wonderful frolick, pleaſant, and merry, all rejoyce at this good news, and highly applaud their Son *George* for his diſcreet carriage and care in the managing of this buſineſs. Thus all things ſeem to be fully reconciled, and here *Vaſti* drinks many times to his Wife *Heſter*, and ſhe again to her Husband, with much affection and joy. When Supper being ended, their gueſts departed, and their Son *George* having received both of their bleſſings, they betake themſelves to their Chamber and Bed.

Now (in all humane ſenſe and reaſon) who would once conceive or think, that after this Meadow-conference of *Vaſti* to his Son *George*, but that this his now table reconciliation with his Wife *Heſter*, were true, and pronounced with much integrity from himſelf, with deep affection to her, and infinite zeal and devotion to God; but alas, nothing leſs: for, here I am inforced to relate, that *Vaſti* the ſame night had not lain in bed by his Wife five or ſix hours, but ſhe (good woman) ſleeping in her innocency, he (as a Devil-incarnate) was waking in his malice and revenge, and laughing in his ſleeve to ſee how cunningly and ſubtilly he hath lull'd aſleep the courage of his Son with a Meadow-conference, and the jealouſie of his Wife with a Supper, and a few ſweet words and kiſſes: when here again the Devil blowing the coals to his luſt, and marſhalling his former obſcene deſires and reſolutions, only his body is in bed with his Wife *Heſter* here in *Fribourg*, but his affection and heart is ſtill in the boſome of his Strumpet *Salyna* in *Cleraux*; yea, the Devil, I ſay, is now both ſo buſie and ſo ſtrong with him, that (as a helliſh Counſellor, and prodigious Pen-man) he writes down this definitive Sentence in his thoughts, and fatal reſolution in his heart, That *Salyna* he will love, and his Wife *Heſter* he cannot: and that ſhortly he will give ſo ſharp a revenge to his Son *George* for his diſobedience towards him, and for beating of his *Salyna*, as ſhe ſhall have no further cauſe to fear his cruelty, nor himſelf his courage; and becauſe he prefers her love to his own life (as being dangerouſly intangled and captivated in the ſnares of her youth and beauty) he likewiſe reſolves to write and ſend her a Letter the very next morning.

Now judge, Chriſtian Reader, is not this like to prove a ſweet reformation and reconciliation of *Vaſti* to his Wife and Son, ſith theſe are the ſparks which diffuſe and flye out from the fire of his luſt, and the fatal lines which iſſue forth from the Center of his bloody heart, and ſinful Soul; for in the morning before his Wife is out of her bed, he ſtirring, and writes this Letter to *Salyna*, which he ſends her by a truſty Meſſenger.

VASTI to SALYNA.

I am plotting of a buſineſs which infinitely import both our contents: ſo if thou wilt reſolve to brook my abſence with as much patience, as I do thine with ſorrow, I ſhall finiſh it the ſooner, and conſequently the ſooner ſee thee. I have met with an Accident which I thought was wholly impoſſible for me to meet with; and though at firſt it brought me fear and affliction, yet at length I was inforced to interpoſe diſcretion inſtead of courage, thereby to draw ſecurity out of policy, which I could not hope

for

for out of reſiſtance: for I muſt inform thee of this truth, That if my zeal and affection to thee, had not been of greater power and conſideration than that of mine own life, I ſhould then with more facility and willingneſs rather have hazarded it for thy ſake, than have reſerved it for mine own. But the miſts of thoſe doubts are now diſſipated, and the Clouds of theſe fears blown away: or if not, I will ſhortly take that order, that thou ſhalt have no cauſe to fear the one, or I to doubt the other. When I ſhall be ſo happy to ſee thee, I know not; but if fortune prove propitious to my deſires and wiſhes, my return ſhall be acted with as much celerity, as it is eagerly longed for of me with affection and paſſion.

VASTI.

Salyna receives this Letter of *Vaſti*'s with equal fear and joy; for as ſhe was glad to hear of him and his news; ſo ſhe was ſorrowful, as fearing that for her ſake he ſhould embark himſelf in ſome bloody buſineſs, which might prove ruinous to them both. And although her apprehenſion do far exceed her knowledge herein, yet her ſuſpicion will give her no truce, neither can her jealouſie adminiſter any peace either to her heart or mind, before ſhe be reſolved by *Vaſti* of the doubtful and different truth thereof. She is ſo prophane and laſcivious, as ſhe can content her ſelf to make him guilty of Fornication; but yet Religion hath left ſome ſparks and impreſſions of Piety in her, that ſhe would ſtill have him innocent of Revenge and Murther: to which effect, by his own Meſſenger ſhe returns him this Anſwer:

SALYNA to VASTI.

BEcauſe you deem me unworthy to know your Deſigns, therefore I have aſſumed the boldneſs to fear them; in which regard and conſideration, find it not ſtrange that I now entreat you to engrave in your heart, and imprint in your memory, That Malice is moſt commonly ſquintey'd, and Revenge ſtill blind: therefore if you will not ruin our affections and fortunes, take heed that you embrue not your heart and hand in innocent blood: for Murther is a crying and a ſcarlet ſin, which God may forgive and make white by his Mercy, but will not by his Juſtice; whereof this my Letter of Advice to you, ſhall be a witneſs betwixt God, your ſelf, and me: And therefore; as you love me, hazard not your life for my ſake, but preſerve it for your own. As it is in your will to make your ſtay from me as long or as ſhort as you pleaſe; ſo it ſhall be in my pleaſure to judge thereof, and thereby likewiſe of your affection to me. I wiſh I could be more yours than I am, and your ſelf as often in my ſight and company, as I deſire; God proſper you in your ſtay, and me in your abſence

SALYNA.

Vaſti having thus ſetled his affection and affairs with *Salyna*, he ſees (with grief) that it is now almoſt impoſſible for him to ſee her in *Cleraux*, becauſe of the vigilant and watchful eye of his Son *George* over himſelf and his actions here in *Fribourg*; wherefore, notwithſtanding her wholſome and religious advice to him to beware of blood; yet his luſtful affection to her, doth ſo outbrave and conquer his natural love to him, that to ſatisfie his inordinate concupiſcence, and to give content to his obſcene and beaſtly deſires, he vows he will ſhortly ſend him to Heaven in a bloody Coffin. Now the ſooner and better for him to compaſs and finiſh this his deplorable ſtratagem, and unnatural reſolution againſt his Son, his Counſellor, the Devil adviſeth him, that he muſt for a ſhort time make wonderful fair weather with him and guild over all his ſpeeches and actions to his Wife *Heſter*, with much reſpect and courteſie; the which *Vaſti* doth ſpeedily put in practice. So for a month or ſix weeks time, he ſees not *Salyna*, but all things (to the eye of the world) go in great peace, affection, and tranquility betwixt Father, Mother, and Son. But this falſe Sun-ſhine will be too ſoon o'retaken with a diſmal ſtorm and tempeſt: for what Religious or Chriſtian ſhew ſoever *Vaſti* externally makes unto them, yet although he hath God in his tongue, he nevertheleſs internally carries the Devil about him in his heart: ſo again and again he definitively vows and ſwears to himſelf that his Son *George* ſhall not live, but die. Thus being reſolute in his bloody purpoſe, he likewiſe reſolves to add policy to his malice againſt him, as thinking and hoping thereby, with more facility, to draw him to the ſure and ſnare, which (in his Diabolical invention) he hath ordained for his deſtruction. He fills his head with the fumes and honour of military actions, inflames his courage with the generoſity and dignity of a Soldier, whereunto as alſo to travel into other Countries, he knew that this his Son of himſelf was already ambitiouſly inclined and affected. At other times he repreſenteth to him, to how many damages and dangers idleneſs is expoſed and ſubject; and what a noble part and ornament it is in young men to learn virtues abroad, thereby to be the more capable to know how to practiſe them at home; and with what re-

nown and glory their Anceſtors have heretoſore beaten and ruined the Dukes of *Burgundy*, their profeſſed enemies, and now made themſelves and their Country famous to the greateſt Princes and Potentates of *Europe*, eſpecially to the Kings of *France* and *Spain*, who theſe many years, and now likewiſe at preſent (quoth he) do equally court our affections and ſervice, though not with the ſame or like integrity. And theſe, and ſuch treacherous Lectures, doth *Vaſti* ſtill read unto his Son *George*, as often as he calls him into his company and preſence, until at laſt the fame and name of a Soldier, and the honour of travel, have ſo ſurprized his youthful affection, and ſeiz'd on his ambitious reſolutions, that at laſt he beſeecheth his Father to ſend him abroad in ſome Martial Service, or generous employment. But the Father being as cunning as his Son is raſh and inconſiderate, ſuffereth himſelf of purpoſe to be earneſtly and frequently importuned by him to that effect; the which he doth: When at laſt his Father promiſeth to ſend him to *Rome*, to his Uncle *Andrew Vaſti*, who (he ſaith) is a chief Captain of one of the Companies of this preſent Pope *Urban* VIII his Guard; who was an old man, very rich, and without wife, child, or kinſman with him. *George* thanks his Father for this his courteſie and honour, and importuneth him again and again to haſten this his departure and journey to *Rome* to his Uncle; the which he then firmly promiſeth him: but yet the greateſt difficulty hereof is, how he may obtain his Wife's conſent to this journey of her Son, who at firſt oppoſeth it very ſtrongly and paſſionately, as knowing her Son to be her only child, her right arm, a great part of her ſelf, the delight and joy of her life, and the prop and ſtay of her age. But the Father leaves his Son to draw and obtain his Mother's conſent, as politickly knowing and foreſeeing, that the leſs himſelf, and the more his Son importun'd her, the ſooner ſhe would grant it; the which indeed fell out as he expected: only, whereas the Son requeſted to ſtay four years abroad, his Father gave him but three, and his Mother would grant him but two; whereunto at laſt both Father and Son were enforced to condeſcend: and now this cruel hearted Father provides his courteous natur'd Son *George* a new Suit of Apparel, a Horſe, and Money, and reſolves to accompany and bring him as far as *Turin* in his journey; which courteſie of his, his Wife and Son take moſt lovingly and thankfully. The morn of *George* his departure comes; and becauſe his Mother the precedent night dreamt that her Son ſhould die in this journey, ſhe was now exceeding ſorrowful to let him go and depart from her; but being again fortified and rectified by the Advice of her Husband, and likewiſe vanquiſhed by the importunate requeſt and prayers of her Son, ſhe bedews his cheeks with her tears, gives him much good counſel, ſome gold, and her bleſſing; and ſo they take leave each of other; God putting apprehenſions into her heart, and the Devil aſſurance into her Husband's reſolutions, that ſhe ſhould never ſee her Son again: And indeed I write with grief, that we ſhall progreſs very little farther in this Hiſtory, before we ſee her dream verified, and her apprehenſion confirmed. The manner thus:

For *Vaſti* (being privately as reſolute in his malice and revenge to his Son, as this his Son is innocent in not deſerving it of his Father) is ſo far from bringing him to *Turin*, as he will not bring him as far as *Geneva*, but a mile before he comes to *Loſanna* (where he tells his Son he would lye that night), the night approaching, and in a long narrow Lane, where he ſaw that no earthly eye could ſee him (being wholly deprived of the grace and fear of God, and abſolutely abandoned to Satan and Hell) as his Son rides cloſe before him, he ſhoots him through the back with his Piſtol, charged with a brace of Bullets, who immediately falling dead to the ground, he there deſcends his Horſe, and (without any remorſe or pity, as no Father, but rather a Devil incarnate), cuts off his Noſe, and moſt lamentably ſcarrs and mangles his Face, that he might not be known, and ſo takes him on his ſhoulders, and there throws him into a deep ditch or precipice, as alſo the Saddle and Bridle of his Horſe; and turning his Horſe to ſeek his fortune in the wide fields, he (to provide for his ſafety) rides ſwiftly to *Morges*, and there very ſecretly huſheth himſelf up, pretending to be ſick, and eight days being expired (which was the prefixed time and day he gave his wife for his return) he by a contrary Road-way of *Rolle* and *St. Claude*, arrives home to *Fribroug* to her, brings her word of the health of her Son, and of the remembrance of his duty to her, and that he left him well in *Turin*, expecting the benefit of good company to travel up to *Rome*; whereat this harmleſs loving Mother, ſhe weeps for joy, and yet rejoyceth in weeping.

And now for ſome ten days after his return from acting this woful and deplorable Tragedy on his Son, he keeps a good correſpondency and decorum with his Wife *Heſter*; but at the end thereof (ſolely forgetting his heart and ſoul, his God and his conſcience, his promiſes and oaths, and his atonement and reconciliation) he again falls into the dangerous relapſe of his former old vices, whoredom, and drunkenneſs; and yet counſelled by a better Angel than his own, he forbears to beat her, as well ſeeing, and not knowing, that thereby nothing

thing redounded to him, but ſcandal and ſcorn from all his Neighbours, Friends, and Kinsfolks. But now his luſt again is ſo great, and his deſires ſo frequently laſcivious towards *Salyna*, that in ſtaying leſs than eight weeks, he thinks he hath ſtay'd more than ſeven years from her; when pretending to his Wife another journey, he rides over to *Cleraux* to her. *Salyna* gives him many kiſſes for his welcome, and a many more for relating to her that he hath ſent away his Son *George* to *Rome*, and to reſide and live there: for ſhe being his Father's ſtrumpet, her guilty and ſinful conſcience made her ſtand in extream fear of him; but yet amidſt her kiſſes and pleaſures with him (remembring the tenor and contents of his laſt Letter to her, and her anſwer thereof to him) her thoughts are ſomething touched with doubt, and her mind aſſaulted and perplexed with fear, that the Father had play'd no fair play with his Son, but that in regard of his inveterate malice to him for beating her, he might have ſent him to Heaven, and not to *Rome*. To which purpoſe ſhe feels and ſounds him every way, but he is as conſtant to deny it, as ſhe curious to enquire after it. So ſhe believing that he had aſſumed no bloody thoughts againſt his Son, ſhe is not yet ſo devoid of grace, or exempt of goodneſs, but ſhe gives him this religious caveat for a *Memento*, which ſhe delivers to him accentively and paſſionately, That if ſhe knew he had made away his Son by any untimely and unnatural accident, or that he were any way acceſſary to any prodigious diſaſter which had befaln him, ſhe vow'd to God, and ſwore to him, that ſhe would ſpit in his face, diſdain his company, and reject his affection and himſelf for ever; for that ſhe was moſt aſſured and confident, that God (in his due time) would pour down vengeance and confuſion on thoſe whom the Devil had ſeduced and drawn to embrue their hearts and hands in innocent blood. But *Vaſti* is paſt grace, and therefore ſlightly paſſeth over theſe vertuous ſpeeches of his vicious *Salyna*, with a denial and a kiſs, and then they fall to their Mirth and Familiarity, and ſtays there all that day, and lies with her the whole night following; but ſtill *Salyna* (reſembling her ſelf and her profeſſion) is very fing'rative of his Gold, and he as ſottiſhly prodigal in giving it to her, as ſhe is covetous to crave and deſire it of him: ſo (after he had glutted himſelf with his beaſtly pleaſure of *Salyna*) he the next day rides home to his Wife, who knowing where and with whom he had been, and conſidering it to be the firſt time of his new error, and the firſt relapſe into his old one, ſince their reconciliation, ſhe ſays nothing to him to diſcontent him, but yet thinks and fears the more. When retiring her ſelf into her Garden (after many bitter ſighs and tears for theſe her immerited croſſes and calamities) ſhe there grieves and repents her ſelf for permitting her Son *George* to go to *Rome*, and a thouſand thouſand times wiſheth his return, to aſſiſt and comfort her. But her tears herein prove as vain, as her wiſhes are impoſſible to be effected, although at preſent very needful and neceſſary for her.

For now *Vaſti* her Husband (to make her ſorrows the more infinite, her hopes the more deſperate, and her afflictions the more remedileſs) falls again to his old practice of beating her, notwithſtanding all his late oaths and new promiſes to the contrary; but he the more eſpecially plays the tyrant with her in this kind, when he comes home to her from his Cups and Whores: for ſhe knows with grief, that he retains and entertains more than *Salyna*; only ſhe is too ſure, that *Salyna* hath his purſe, his company, his affection, and his heart, at her command, far more than her ſelf; ſhe ſends her ſighs to Heaven, and her prayers to God, that (out of the profundity of his mercy and goodneſs,) he would be pleaſed either to amend her Husband, or to end her ſelf; for griefs, ſorrows, and afflictions, are ſo heaped on her, and (like the waves of the Sea) fall ſo faſt one upon the neck of the other to her, that ſhe is weary of her life, and of her ſelf. When on a time after he had cruelly beaten her, torn off her head-attire, given her a black eye, and ſwoln face, and diſhevell'd and diſparpled her hair about her ears and ſhoulders, making God her Protector, and her Chamber her Sanctuary, exempting her ſervants who came to aſſiſt and comfort her, and faſt bolting her door, ſhe to her ſelf very penſively and mournfully breaths forth theſe ſpeeches.

O poor *Heſter*! what ſenſible grief is it to thy heart to think, and matchleſs torments to thy mind, to ſee and remember, that whiles thou art true to thy Husband *Vaſti*, he proves both ingrateful and falſe to thee, and that he continually makes it his delight and glory to hate thee, who art his dear wife, purpoſely to beſtow his time and his affection, yea to caſt away his eſtate and himſelf on his lewd young Strumpet *Salyna*. O, were he more happy and leſs guilty in that laſcivious and beaſtly crime, I ſhould then be leſs miſerable, and more patient and joyful in the remembrance thereof. O how wretched is his eſtate and condition! and therefore how miſerable is thine, in that he wilfully forſakes God and his Church, to follow adultery and drunkenneſs; and abandoneth all piety and prayer, to ſhipwrack himſelf, and (which is worſe) his Soul, upon all carnal pleaſures, and voluptuous ſenſualities.

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The which grieving to ſee, and almoſt drowning my ſelf night and day in my tears to underſtand, I have none but God to aſſiſt me in theſe my bitter afflictions and miſeries, and, under God, none but my hopeful Son *George*, left to comfort me in theſe my unparallel'd calamities and diſconſolations. Therefore, O God, if ever thou heardeſt the prayers, or beheldeſt the tears of a poor miſerable diſtreſſed woman, becauſe I can neither now ſee, nor futurely hope for any reformation in the life and actions of my debauched and vicious Husband, be (I beſeech thee) ſo indulgent and gracious to me, thy moſt unworthy Handmaid, that either ſhortly thou return me my ſaid Son from *Rome*, or ſpeedily take me to thy ſelf in Heaven. But yet, O my bleſſed Saviour and Redeemer, not my, but thy will be done in all things.

She having thus (privately to her ſelf) vented her ſorrows, but not as yet found the means either how to remedy or appeaſe them, becauſe her Husband is no Changeling, but is ſtill reſolute in his ingrateful unkindneſs and cruelty towards her, ſhe is now reſolved (though with infinite grief and reluctancy) to acquaint the Preacher of the Pariſh, and ſome two of her Husband's deareſt and neareſt Kinsfolks, to ſpeak with him again, and to acquaint them with his pernicious relapſe into all his old vices and Drunkenneſs, Whoredom, and Fighting: and to deſire them to uſe all their poſſible power to divert him from it; wherein her reſolution hath this juſt excuſe, That if they cannot work it, none but God can. But all their care, affection, and zeal, cannot prevail with him: for he, with the filthy Dog, returns to his vomit; and, with the bruitiſh Swine, again to wallow in the dirt, and welter in the mire of his former vices and voluptuouſneſs. For now her Husband *Vaſti* is oftener at *Cleraux* with his *Salyna*, than at home at *Fribourg* with his Wife, who (as formerly we have underſtood) ſtill makes him pay dear for his pleaſures; and, as a ſubtil rooking Strumpet, empties his Purſe of his Gold, as faſt as he fooliſhly filleth it; he being not contented to waſte his body, to ſhipwrack his reputation, to caſt away his time, but alſo to caſt away his eſtate and himſelf for her: the which his vertuous Wife cannot but obſerve with ſorrow, and remember with grief and vexation; but ſhe ſees it impoſſible for her how to redreſs it: for ſhe is not capable to diſſemble her diſcontent to him ſo privately, as he publickly makes known his cruelty to her: wherefore her thoughts ſuggeſt her, and her judment prompts her, to prove another experiment and trial on him. To which end ſhe tells him, that if he will not henceforth abandon beating of her, forſake his old vices, and become a new man, and a reformed Husband, that then (all delays ſet apart) ſhe will ſpeedily (by ſome of her neareſt Kinsfolks) ſend Poſt to *Rome*, to his Brother Captain *Andrew Vaſti*, that her Son *George* return home to her to *Fribourg*; the which ſhe is more than confident, upon the receit of her firſt Letter, he will ſpeedily and joyfully perform.

Her Husband *Vaſti* is extreamly galled with this ſpeech, and netled with this reſolution of his Wife *Heſter*, becauſe (wretched villain as he is) he (but too well) knows he hath already ſent his Son to Heaven in a bloody Winding ſheet; and therefore both fears and knows, that by this his Wife's ſending Poſt to *Rome*, his deplorable and damned fact will infallibly burſt forth and come to light; the which therefore to prevent, he (as bad and cruel-hearted as the Devil himſelf) is execrably reſolved to heap *Oſſa* upon *Pelion*, to add blood to blood, and murther to murther; and ſo now to poyſon the Mother, his Wife, as he had lately Piſtoll'd his and her only Son to death. O *Heſter*, it had been a ſingular happineſs for thee, that thou hadſt not thus threatned thy Husband *Vaſti*, to ſend to *Rome* for thy Son *George*; but that thou hadſt either been dumb when thou ſpak'ſt it, or he deaf when he heard it; for hereby thinking to preſerve, thou haſt extreamly endanger'd thy ſelf, and hoping to make thy Son thy refuge and Champion, I fear with grief, and grieve with fear, that thou haſt made thy ſelf the ruin of thy ſelf.

For *Vaſti* is ſo ſtrong with the Devil, and ſo weak with God, in this his bloody deſign, to murther his Wife *Heſter*, as neither Grace or Nature, Religion or God, the fear of his Body's tortures in this life, or of his Soul's torments in that to come, are able to divert him from it, he having no other reaſon from this his damnable rage, nor no other cauſe for this his infernal and helliſh cruelty, but this trivial and yet pitiful poor one, that his Wife *Heſter* is an eye-ſore to him, becauſe his *Salyna* is ſo to her. A wretched excuſe, and execrable Apology, and no leſs execrable and wretched is he that makes it. So he (turning his back to God, and his face and heart to the Devil) provides himſelf of ſtrong poyſon, and cunningly infuſing it into a Musk-melon, which he knew ſhe loved well, and reſolved to eat that day at dinner, ſhe greedily eating a great part of it, before night ſhe dies thereof. When very ſubtilly he gives out to his Neighbours, that ſhe died of a Surfeit in them and there eating too much of the Musk-melon; and ſo all of them confidently believe and report.

Thus

Thus we have ſeen with ſorrow, and underſtood with grief, that this execrable wretch *Vaſti* hath played the part of a Devil, in poyſoning his virtuous and harmleſs wife *Heſter*, and now we ſhall likewiſe ſee him play the part of an Hypocrite to conceal it, as if it lay in his power to blind-fold the eyes of God, as well, or as eaſily, as to hood-wink thoſe of men, from the ſight and knowledge thereof. He ſeems wonderful ſorrowful for his Wife's death, dights himſelf and his Servants all in black, provides a greater dinner, and performs her Funerals with extraordinary ſolemnity. But notwithſtanding, God looks on him with his eye of Juſtice, for both theſe his cruel inhumane barbarous murthers of his Son and Wife, and therefore now he (in his Providence) reſolves to puniſh him ſharply and ſeverely for the ſame; as, mark the ſequel, and it will inſtantly inform us how.

Our debauched and bloody *Vaſti*, immediately upon his Wife's death and burial, doth without intermiſſion haunt the houſe and company of his laſcivious ſtrumpet *Salyna* at *Cleraux*, as if the enjoying of her ſight, preſence, and ſelf, where his chiefeſt delight, and moſt ſovereign earthly felicity. He ſpends great part of his eſtate on her, and to ſatisfie her covetous and his luſtful deſires, he that is at laſt enforced to mortgage and ſell away all his Lands: for as long as he had money, ſhe was his; but when that failed him, then ſhe (as a right Strumpet, acting a true part of her ſelf) failed in her accuſtomed kindneſs and familiarity towards him, and caſts him off.

The judgments of God, and the decrees of Heaven, are as ſecret as ſacred, and as miraculous as juſt, which we ſhall ſee will now by degrees apparently made good and verified in this Monſter of men, and Devil of Fathers and Husbands, *Vaſti*. For his Manſion houſe, and all his Utenſils and Moveables in *Fribourg*, are conſumed with a ſudden fire, proceeding from a flaſh of Lightning from Heaven; as alſo all his granges of Corn, and ſtacks of Hay, and yet thoſe of all his Neighbours round about him, are untouched and ſafe. His Corn alſo which grows in the field, brings forth little or no encreaſe, his Vines wither and die away, all his Horſes are ſtoln from him, and moſt of his Cattel, Sheep, and Goats, die of a new and ſtrange diſeaſe: for being (as it were) mad they wilfully and outragiouſly run themſelves to death one againſt the other. He is amazed at all theſe his (unexpected) wonderful loſſes, and croſſes, and yet this vile miſcreant and inhumane murtherer, hath his conſcience ſtill ſo ſeared up, and his heart and ſoul ſo ſtupified and obdurated by the Devil, that he hath neither the will, or power, or grace, to look up to Heaven or God, and to ſee and acknowledge from whom, and for what all theſe afflictions and calamities befal him. He grows into great poverty, and to raiſe him and his fortunes, he now knows no other art or means left him, than to marry his ſtrumpet *Salyna*, to whom he hath given great ſtore of Gold, and on whom (as we have formerly heard) he hath ſpent the greateſt part of his Lands and Eſtate. He ſeeks her in marriage; but (hearing of his great loſſes, and ſeeing of his extream poverty) ſhe will not derogate from her ſelf, but very ungratefully denies and diſdains him, and will not henceforth permit him to enter into her houſe, much leſs to ſee or ſpeak with him: he is wonderfully bitten and galled with this her unkind repulſe, and then is driven to ſuch extream wants and neceſſity, as he is enforced to ſell and pawn away all thoſe ſmall trifles and things which are left him, thereby to give himſelf a very poor maintenance. So (as a wretched Vagabond whom God had juſtly abandoned for the enormity of his delicts and crimes) he now roams and ſtraggleth up and down the ſtreets of *Fribourg*, and the Countrey-Pariſhes and Houſes thereabouts, without meat, money or friends, and which is infinitely worſe than all, without God. But all theſe his calamities and diſaſters, are but the Harbingers and Fore-runners of greater miſeries and puniſhments, which are now ſuddenly and condignly prepared to ſurprize and befall him; whereof the Chriſtian Reader is religiouſly prayed to take deep notice and full obſervation, becauſe the glory of God, and the Triumphs of his Revenge, in theſe his judgments, do moſt divinely appear and ſhine forth to the world therein.

Vaſti on a time returning from *Cleraux* towards *Fribourg* (where he had been to beg ſome money or meat of *Salyna* (either whereof ſhe was ſo hard-harted to deny him), the providence and pleaſure of God ſo ordained it, that in the very ſame Meadow and place, and near the ſame time and hour which formerly he and his Son *George* had their conference, there (being very faint and weary) he lay himſelf down to ſleep at the foot of a wild Cheſnut-tree; yea, there ſlept ſo ſoundly, the Sun being very hot, that he could not hear the great noiſe and out-cry which many people there afar off made in the Meadow, for the taking of a furious mad Bull; this Bull, I ſay, no doubt but being ſent from God, ran directly to our ſleeping and ſnoring *Vaſti*, toſt him twice up in the air on his horns, tore his noſe and ſo wonderfully mangled his face, that all who came to his aſſiſtance, held him dead: but at laſt, they know-

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ing him to be *Vaſſi* of *Fribourg*, and finding him faintly to pant and breath for life againſt death, they take off his clothes and apparel, and then apparently diſcover and ſee, that this mad Bull with his horns hath made two little holes in his belly, whereof at one of them a ſmall piece of his gut hangs out; they carry him to the next Cottage, and laying him down ſpeechleſs, they and himſelf believe that he cannot live half an hour to an end; and as yet he ſtill remains ſpeechleſs; but at laſt breathing a little more, and well remembring himſelf, and ſeeing this his diſaſterous accident, it pleaſed the Lord (in the infiniteneſs of his goodneſs) to open the eyes of his faith to mollifie the infiniteneſs of his heart, to reform the deformity of his conſcience, and to purge and cleanſe the pollution of his Soul: for now he lays hold of Chriſt Jeſus and his promiſes, forſakes the Devil and his treacheries, and God now ſo ordaineth and diſpoſeth of him, that for want of other witneſſes (ſeeing himſelf on the brink and in the jaws of death) he now becometh a witneſs againſt himſelf, and confeſſeth before all the whole company, That he it was, near *Loſanna*, who murthered his own Son *George* with a Piſtol, and who ſince poyſoned his own Wife *Heſter* with a Musk-melon: for which two foul and inhumane facts of his, he ſaid from his heart and ſoul he begged pardon and remiſſion of God.

Here, upon this confeſſion, ſome of the Company ride away to *Fribourg*, and acquaint the Criminal Officers of Juſtice thereof; who ſpeedily ſend two Chirurgeons to dreſs his wounds, and four Sergeants to bring *Vaſſi* thither alive, if poſſibly they can. They ſearch his wounds, and although they find them mortal, yet they believe he may live three or four days longer. So they bring him to *Fribourg* in a Cart, and there he likewiſe confeſſeth to the Magiſtrates, his two aforeſaid bloody and cruel Murthers, drawn thereunto (as he ſaith) by the treacherous allurements and temptations of the Devil. So the ſame day, they (for ſatisfaction of theſe his unnatural crimes, do condemn him to be hanged, and then his body to be burnt to aſhes; which is accordingly executed at *Fribourg*, in the preſence of a great concourſe of people, who came to ſee him take his laſt farewel of the World; but they thinking and expecting that he would have made ſome religious Speech at his death, he therein deceived their hopes and deſires; for he only prayed to himſelf privately, and repeating the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, recommending his Soul to God, and his Body to Chriſtian burial, without once mentioning or naming his Son *George*, his Wife *Heſter*, or his Strumpet *Salyna*, he (lifting up his eyes to Heaven) was turned over; and although (being a tall and corpulent man) he there brake the Rope and fell, yet he was found ſtark dead on the ground.

And this was the wretched life and deſerved death of this bloody Monſter of Nature, *Vaſſi*. May we therefore read this Hiſtory to God's glory, and to our own reformation.

The End of the Fifth Book.

THE TRIUPMHS OF GODS REVENGE Againſt the Crying and Execrable SIN OF MURTHER

EXPRESSED

In Thirty ſeveral Tragical Hiſtories (digeſted into Six Books) which contain great variety of mournful and memorable Accidents, Hiſtorical, Moral, and Divine.

BOOK VI.

Written by *JOHN REYNOLDS*

LONDON,

Printed for *Ben. Griffin* and *Sam. Keble*. 1702.

BOOK IV.

To the Right Honourable

Sir James Stanley.

Knight of the *Bath*, Lord *Strange*, Son and Heir apparent to *William* Earl of *Derby*, and one of the moſt ancient Knights of the Illuſtrious Order of the GARTER.

My Lord,

THE *firſt time that I had the honour to ſee and know your Lordſhip, was in* France, *when you then began your Travels, accompanied with your* Noble *and* Generous *younger Brother,* Sir Robert Stanley (*likewiſe Knight of the* Bath) *who now lives with God. And (if my fancy deceive not my judgment) it is equally worthy both of my thoughts and your Lordſhips memory, to ſee how propitious God hath ſince proved to your content, and remains to your felicity, in ſo highly recompenſing this your loſs of a* Noble Brother, *with the rich gift of a* Vertuous Wife, *your illuſtrious Lady, who is deſcended from no meaner Houſe than the famous Dukes of* Tremoville *by her Father, and the Victorious* Princes *of* Orange *by her Mother; and who, being tranſlated from* France, *and (in the ſacred Bonds of Marriage) here matched and incorporated to your Lordſhip, hath (by the* Mercy *and* Providence *of God) in a few years brought you many ſweet* Olive-Plants *and* Branches *to perpetuate your ancient* Name, *and moſt Honourable Family of the* Stanleys.

And what are all theſe benefits of Nature, *and bleſſings of* Grace, *which God hath ſo opportunely ſent, and graciouſly given you, in and by them, but ſuch, and ſo ſublime and tranſcendent, that they are ſtrong proofs of his* Mercy *and* Goodneſs *towards you, and I doubt not, but (in a pious reſolution) your Lordſhip reciprocally makes them the cauſe of your eternal gratitude and thankfulneſs to his ſacred* Majeſty *for the ſame.*

And indeed who can poſſibly have, or conceive a different thought, that obſerves how your Lordſhip conducts all your actions by Reaſon, *and not by* Paſſion? *That as you eſteem* Virtue *to be the chiefeſt Earthly* Honour, *ſo you likewiſe value* Piety *and* Godlineſs *to be the beſt and moſt Sovereign* Virtue. *That you are confident, that in* Hearts *and* Souls, *which are well and fairly endowed,* Honour *and* Honeſty *ſhould ſtill be Twins, or inſeparable Companions and Individuals, becauſe the former without the latter, is but as Fire of Straw to the Sun-ſhine; and to ſhut up this point that your Honour gives the chiefeſt Functions and Faculties of your* Soul *to* God, *and the ſecond to the proſperity and ſervice of your* Prince *and* Country, *that being the true mark of a Religious Chriſtian, and this of an excellent Subject, and Honourable* Patriot.

And this (my Good Lord) was the Original Cauſe, and theſe are the prevailing Motives and Reaſons, why I trench ſo far upon your Lordſhip's Greatneſs *and* Goodneſs, *in proffering up this my Sixth and Laſt Book of* God's Revenge againſt Murther, *to your Noble* Protection *and* Patronage; *not that your Lordſhip is the laſt in my* Affection *and* Zeal, *much leſs in my* Reſpects *and* Obſervance: *But, that I could give no ſatisfaction to my ſelf, before I had prefixed your* Illuſtrious Name, *to this my unpoliſhed Work; and before I had given a publick teſtimony to the whole World in general, and more eſpecially to our little World,* England, *in particular, what Place and Power your Honourable* Birth *and* Virtues *have deſervedly taken up in my heart, and worthily purchaſed in my moſt reſerved and entire affection.*

The Hiſtories *which this Book relates, are memorable and mournful; and, to give your Honour my opinion of them, they are as lamentable for the bloody facts, as memorable for the ſharp, yet juſt puniſhments inflicted for the ſame, wherein God's ſacred* Juſtice *and* Revenge *(with equal* Truth *and* Glory*) triumphed o're their wretched Perpetrators. I have caſt them in a low Region of Language; and therefore if they come ſhort of your Lordſhip's accurate judgment, my* Preſumption *in this my* Dedication *to you, hath no other hope of excuſe or pardon, than to flye to your Lordſhips innate* Goodneſs, *and to appeal to your known and approved* Generoſity *and* Candor, *as making it your Honourable* Ambition *to cheriſh* Virtue *in all men, and to defend it againſt unjuſt ſcandal, and malicious detraction.*

Proceed, my Lord, as you have fairly and fortunately began, in the happy exerciſe and progreſs of Piety, Virtue, *and* Honour; *and as the hopes are now ours, ſo may the happy fruits and effects thereof, infallibly ſtill prove your Lordſhips hereafter, until it have perfected and compleated you to be a moſt* Illuſtrious Pattern *of* Goodneſs *in this World, and a glorious Saint in that to come; the which none ſhall pray to God for, with more true* Zeal, *nor deſire with more unfeigned* Affection, *than*

Your Honour's humbleſt

devoted Servant,

John Reynolds.

GOD'S

26

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

ANITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY XXVI.

Imperia, *for the love ſhe bears to young* Moroſini, *ſeduceth and cauſeth him (with his two Conſorts,* Aſtonicus *and* Donato*) to ſtifle to death her old Husband* Palmerius *in his bed.* Moroſini *misfortunately letting fall his Gloves in* Palmerius *his Chamber, that night which he did it; they are found by* Richardo *the Nephew of* Palmerius, *who knows them to be* Moroſini's; *and doth thereupon accuſe him, and his Aunt* Imperia, *for the murther of his Uncle: ſo they together with their Acceſſaries,* Aſtonicus *and* Donato, *are all four of them apprehended and hanged for the ſame.*

THOSE intemperate and laſcivious affections which ſavour more of Earth than Heaven, are ſtill attended on with ſhame and repentance, and many times followed by miſery and confuſion: for God being our Maſter by Creation, and our Saviour by Redemption, conſequently ſhould be of our loves and affections, and the true and ſole object, in whom only they ſhould begin and terminate. For nature muſt be a Handmaid, not a Miſtreſs to Grace, becauſe God (in his divine Decree and Creation of man) hath made our Bodies mortal, but our Souls immortal. And the like Antitheſis which there is between Luſt and Charity, the ſame there is between ſinful Adultery, and ſanctified Marriage. But where our Youthful affections begin in whoredom, and end in Murther, what can there be expected for an iſſue, but ruin and deſolation? Crimes no leſs than theſe, doth this inſuing Hiſtory report and relate. A Hiſtory, I confeſs ſo deplorable for the perſons, their Facts and Puniſhments, that I had little pleaſure to pen it, and leſs joy to publiſh it, but that the truth and manner thereof gave a contrary Law to my reſolutions, in giving it a place among the reſt of my Hiſtories, that the ſight

ſight and knowledge of others harms, may the more careſully and conſcionably teach us to avoid and prevent our own.

The free Eſtates and Common-weals of *Italy*, more eſpecially the famous Seigniory of *Venice*, (which for wealth and power gives place to no other of Chriſtendom) holds it no degree of diſparagement, but rather an happy and honourable virtue in their Nobles and Gentlemen, to exerciſe the faculty and profeſſion of Merchants, the which they generally perform in *Turky*, and all other parts of the *Levant*-Seas, with as much profit as glory, to the admiration of the whole world, and the envy of their private and publick enemies: of which number of *Venetian* Gentlemen, Seignior *Angelo Moroſini* is one; a young man, of ſome twenty and four years of age, deſcended of a Noble Name and Family, and (if reports be true) from whence ours here in *England* derive their Original. He is tall and ſlender of ſtature, of a lovely ſanguine complexion, a bright Cheſnut-colour'd hair, but as yet adorned with a ſmall apparition of a Beard: he is active of body, of a ſweet carriage, and nimble wit, and a moſt pleaſing and graceful ſpeech; and he is not ſo young, but he hath already made two ſeveral voyages to *Conſtantinople* and *Alexandria*, in both which he reſided ſome five or ſix years, and through his wiſdom and induſtry won ſome wealth, but more reputation and fame, inſomuch as his deportments and hopes, to the eye and judgment of the world, promiſeth him a fortune equal, if not exceeding his blood and extraction. Holding it therefore rather a ſhame than a glory as yet to marry, or, which is a thouſand times worſe, to paſs his time vainly and laſciviouſly at home among the Ladies and Curtizans of *Venice*, upon whom (by the way of a premonition and precaution) he ſaw ſo many debauched young Gallants to caſt away their Eſtates and themſelves, he aſſumes his former ambition to travel, and ſo undertakes a third Voyage to *Conſtantinople*: He embarks himſelf upon a good Ship, named the little St. *Mark* of *Venice*; and in company of Seignior *Aſtonicus*, and Seignior *Philippo Donato*, likewiſe two young Gentlemen, Merchants of *Venice*, of his dear and intimate acquaintance: with a pleaſant gale and merry wind, they ſet ſale from *Malanoca*, the port of that City, and ſo direct and ſhape away their courſe for the Iſlands of *Corfu* and *Zant*, where they are to ſtop, and take in ſome Commodities, and from thence thorow the *Archipelagus*, by *Candy* and *Cyprus*, to the Port of the Grand Seignior. But as men propoſe, and God diſpoſeth of all terreſtrial actions and accidents, ſo they are overtaken by a ſtorm, and with contrary winds put into the Harbour and City of *Ancona*, a rich, populous, and ſtrong City, which belongs to the Pope, and which is the Capital of that Province of the *Marca Anconita*, from whence it aſſumes and takes its denomination, and wherein there are well-near three thouſand *Jews* ſtill reſident, who pay a great yearly Revenue to his Holineſs. The wind being as yet contrary for our three *Venetian* Gallants; and they knowing that our Lady of *Loretto* (the greateſt and moſt famous Pilgrimage of the Chriſtian world) was but fifteen ſmall miles off in the Country, whereas yet they had never either of them been, they in meer devotion ride thither, their Ship now being faſt anchored and moored in the Peer of *Ancona*, which ſtands on the Chriſtian ſide, upon the *Adriatick* Sea, vulgarly termed the Gulf of *Venice*.

And here it is neither my purpoſe or deſire to write much, either of the (pretended) piety of this holy Chappel of *Loretto*, which the *Romaniſts* ſay was the very Chamber wherein the Virgin *Mary* brought up her Son, our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt; or of her Picture, which they likewiſe alledge was drawn by the hand and pencil of the Apoſtle St. *Luke*, and both the one and the other, as they affirm, miraculouſly brought over the Seas from *Paleſtine* by Angels, and firſt placed by them on the Hills of *Recagnati* (three little miles thence) and long ſince by the ſaid Angels tranſlated and placed here in this ſmall Town of *Loretto*. But as for my ſelf this Legend is too weak to paſs currant with my faith, much leſs to eſteem it as an Article of my Creed: only this I will confeſs and ſay, That as it was Devotion, not Curioſity, which carried our *Moroſini*, *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* thither; ſo it was my Curioſity, not my Devotion, which made me to take the ſight thereof in my Travels: where, in the rich and ſumptuous Quire of a ſtately Cathedral Church, I ſaw this little old Brick Chamber (now termed the Holy Chappel) very richly adorned with great variety of maſſy Gold and Silver Lamps, and this Picture of the bleſſed Virgin in a ſhrine of Silver, moſt richly decked with Chains and Robes, imbroidered with Gold and Silver; and ſet with precious Stones of ineſtimable value, which (to expreſs the truth in one word) bred much admiration in my thoughts, but no veneration at all in my heart. So I leave *Loretto*, and return again to our Hiſtory, which was the only Relique that I brought thence.

The two firſt days, our three *Venetian* Gallants viſit this holy Chappel with much ſolemnity and devotion, where not to Jeſus the Son, but to *Mary* the Mother, they offer up their prayers, and pay their vows of thankfulneſs for their deliverance from the late ſtorm, which put them

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and their Ship in safety at *Ancona*. But the third day there betides an unexpected accident, to *Morosini*, which will administer matter and life to this History. He leaves his two Friends and Companions in Bed, and steals away to the holy Chappel, where being on his knees at his Devotion, he near to him sees a sweet young Gentlewoman likewise on her knees at her Devotions and Orisons, very rich in Apparel, but incomparable fair and beautiful. He curiously marks her Rose and Lilly Cheeks, her piercing Eye, the Amber-tresses of her Hair, her Alablaster Neck and Paps, and her strait and slender Waste; all which made her to be the Pride and Glory of Nature. At whose sight and contemplation, his mind is so suddenly inflamed with affection to her, that he who heretofore could not possibly be drawn to love any Gentlewoman or Maiden, now despight of himself (and of his contrary inclination and resolution) he at the first sight is inforced to love her, and only her. For the more he sees her the more he affects her; which ingendreth such strange Motions, and sudden passions in his heart, that the sweetness of this sweet Object enforced his eyes incessantly to gaze on her both with affection and admiration. Our *Morosini* would fain have boarded and saluted her there, but he would not make Heaven so much stoop to Earth, nor prophane the holiness of his affection, and of the place, with such impiety. But at last seeing her to rise from her prayers, and so to depart the Chappel, he could not, he would not leave her, nor forsake the benefit of this sweet opportunity, to make himself known to her: when, withdrawing his devotion from the old Lady of *Loretto*, to give it to this his young Lady (and pretended Mistress) in *Loretto*; he trips away after her into the body of the Church; where seeing her only attended by a well-clad Boy, and her young Waiting-Gentlewoman (after salutes on both sides performed) he there proffereth her his service in these general terms.

Moros. I know not sweet young Lady, whether I may term my self happy or unfortunate, in being this morning honoured with the sight of so beautiful a Nymph and Virgin as your self, because in thinking to gain my Soul, I fear I have lost my heart in the amorous extasies of that delicious Object and Contemplation: Therefore I beseech you think it not strange, that having received my wound from your Beauty, I flye to your Courtesie for my cure and remedy thereof; and that seeing you so weakly guarded, I presume to request the favour of you, that you will please to accept of my company to re-conduct you to your home.

This young Lady seeing her self so much gazed on by this unknown-Gentleman, in the holy Chappel, and now so courteously saluted by him in the Church, she could not refrain from dying her Lilly-Cheeks with a Vermilian-blush; when having too much beauty to be too unkind, and yet too much coyness and modesty at first to prove too courteous to him, she (brooking her name well) returns him this answer:

Imper. Sir, you being so happy to have given up your Soul this Morning in your devotion to the blessed Lady of this place, I do not a little wonder that you so soon prophane it, by endeavouring to make me believe, that you have lost your heart in the contemplation of so poor and so unworthy a Beauty as mine: for herein, as you prophane your zeal to her, so your affection to me, sith that should be more Sacred, and this not so much feigned or hypocritical. But such wounds still carry their cures with them; and therefore as my beauty was not capable to occasion the one, so shall not my courtesie be guilty in granting the other: if my weak guard be not strong enough to conduct me to my home, my *Innocency* and *Chastity* are, as also to defend me from the snares and lures of those Gentlemen, whose best virtue consists more in their tongues, than in their souls; and more in their complements, than their actions; of which number, fearing and taking you to be one, and my Father's house being so nigh, I shall not want your company, because as I deserve, so I desire it not: and therefore I will leave you, and yet not without leaving my thanks to you for this your proffered favour and unexpected courtesie.

Although *Morosini* could not refrain from smiling at this her sharp and witty answer; yet he seeing his complements retorted, and his courtesie returned with a refusal, he could not yet refrain from biting his lip thereat. But again, considering her to be exceeding fair and virtuous, and hoping withal that her Father might likewise prove rich, he would not disgrace his breeding, nor make himself a Novice in Love, to be put off with this her first repulse, but again sounds her in these terms.

Moros. My devotion to the Mother of our Saviour, doth not prophane, but I hope bless and sanctifie my affections to you, and therefore if it be not the custom of the young Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Loretto* to use strangers with this discourtesie, I cannot believe that you would purposely thus exercise your wit in my patience, by inflicting on me this your unjust refusal. As for your feigned shews of hypocrisie, I am as innocent of them, as you suspect and term me guilty; and have no more snares or lures, in proffering you my affection and service,

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than that which your pure Beauty and chaſt Virtues give me. Neither am I of the number of thoſe Gentlemen whom you pleaſe to traduce and diſparage, becauſe their Hearts and Tongues agree not, or for that their Actions prove not their Speeches and Complements real; becauſe I as much diſdain, as you condem them. Therefore if you cannot give me the courteſie, I pray at leaſt lend me the favour, that I may wait on you to your Father's houſe, whom I ſhall ever be ready to ſerve with as much humility for your ſake, as to cheriſh and obey your ſelf with affection for mine own.

This Anſwer of *MOROSINI*, makes this young Gentlewoman (whoſe name he and we ſhall anon know) as ſweetly calm, as right now ſhe was unkindly paſſionate; ſo that looking ſtedfaſtly on him, and compoſing her countenance rather to ſmiles than frowns, ſhe rejoyns him thus;

IMPERIA. It is the cuſtom of the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Loretto*, to uſe Strangers rather with too much Reſpect, than too little Favour; eſpecially thoſe Gentlemen who favour more of Honour than Vanity. If therefore I have any way wronged my own judgment, in ſuſpecting or not acknowledging your merit, I know I am yet as worthy of your excuſe, as of your reprehenſion. And becauſe I underſtand by you, that you are a ſtranger to this place, though not to this Country; as alſo that you ſeem to be ſo importunately deſirous and willing to conduct me to my Father's houſe, I will therefore give a contrary Law to my own will, and now make civility diſpenſe with my diſcretion, by accepting of this your kind proffer; and you ſhall not accompany me neither to him with ſo much Reſpect and Zeal, as I will you with Obſervance and Thanks.

Which kind Speech ſhe had no ſooner delivered, and *MOROSINI* received, but he again cloſed with her thus:

MOROSINI. Sweet Lady, this courteſie of yours, ſeconding your Beauty, ſhall eternally oblige me to your ſervice; and in requital thereof, I will ever eſteem it my beſt happineſs to receive your Father's commands, and my chiefeſt felicity and glory to execute yours; when, reciprocally exchanging ſalutes, he takes her by the hand and arm, and very gracefully conducts her to her Father's houſe, not far off from this ſumptuous Church; and by the way thither, among other Speeches and Complements, he gathers from her, that her Father's name is Seignior *Hierome Bondino*, and hers Donna *Imperia*, his only Daughter. Wherein he, for the former fame of his wealth, and the preſent ſight of her Beauty, doth both delight and glory, as dreaming of a future felicity which he ſhall enjoy in her ſight and company, whereof for the time preſent he hath far more reaſon to flatter, than to aſſure himſelf.

Now we muſt here underſtand, that this Seignior *Bondino* her Father, is a Gentleman of an Ancient Houſe, and Noble Deſcent, and of a very great Eſtate both in Lands and Means; and withal he was exceeding covetous, as glorying more in his Wealth, than in his Generoſity; and more in his Fair and Beautiful Daughter *Imperia*, than in any other of his Children. Here *Moroſini* brings *Imperia* home, and ſhe preſents him and his courteſie to her Father, who receives him reſpectfully, and kindly thanks him for this his obſervance and honour to his Daughter; who led by the luſter of her Eyes, and the delicacy of her Beauty, was ſo extreamly enflam'd with affection towards her, as at the very inſtant he proclaimed himſelf her ſervant, and ſhe Lady-Regent of his heart and deſires; and then it was that he firſt acquainted her with his Name and Quality, with his intended Voyage to *Conſtantinople*, but chiefly with his conſtant deſire and reſolution to ſeek her in marriage both of her ſelf and her Father. Wherefore, to contract this Hiſtory into a narrow Volume, I will paſs over his often courtings and viſits of her, as alſo thoſe ſweet ſpeeches, and amorous diſcourſes and conferences which paſt between them, during the ſpace of three weeks; wherein the Wind proving contrary to his Voyage, proved therefore propitious to this his ſuit and affection. In which time he proved himſelf ſo expert a Scholar (or rather a Maſter) in the Art of Love, that he exchanged hearts with her, obtained her affection and conſent to be his Wife, upon his firſt return from *Conſtantinople*; but yet it was wholly impoſſible either for him or her to draw her Father's conſent hereunto, although many times he ſought it of him with prayers, and ſhe with tears. For he, making Wealth to be the very Image and Idol of his devotion, and gathering that *Moroſini*'s Birth far exceeded his State and Means; as alſo, that in his opinion, his Eſtate was yet far greater than his Capacity or Judgment, he would never hearken to him, much leſs give any way that he ſhould be his Son-in-Law: but with much obſtinacy and reſolution, vowed that he would firſt rather ſee his Daughter married to her Grave, than to him; the which froward and harſh reſolution of his, makes our two Lovers exceedingly to grieve and lament thereat. But how to remedy it, they know not. *Moroſini* now acquaints his two Conſorts, *Aſtonius* and *Donato*, with his affection to *Imperia*, and

brings

brings them the next morning to ſee her, who highly commend his choice, and extoll her beauty and vertues to the Skies; They in *Moroſini*'s behalf deal effectually with *Bondino* to draw his conſent to this match, mounts his praiſes and merits as high as Heaven, and in a word, they leave no friendly Office, or reaſons unattempted to perſwade and induce him hereunto: but they ſpeak either to the wind or to a deaf man; for his will is his law, and therefore they find it a work, not only of extream difficulty, but of a meer impoſſibility to effect it: for neither they nor *Moroſini*, can ſo much pray and exhort *Bondino* to this match, as he with ſharp words and bitter threats ſeeks to divert his Daughter from it; which pierceth and galleth theſe two Lovers to their very Souls. For by this time their affections and hearts are ſo ſtrongly and firmly united, that *Imperia* loves *Moroſini* a thouſand times dearer than her own life, and he her no leſs. So when they think of their ſeparation and departure each from other, the very conceit and thought thereof draws even drops of blood from their hearts, and an Ocean of tears from their eyes. But becauſe they are more amorous than ſuperſtitious in their devotion and affection each to other, and that (in their thoughts and deſires), they ſacrifice more to the Altars of *Venus*, than to that of the Virgin *Mary*; Therefore Fortune more envying than pitying them, and therefore reſolving to ſeparate their bodies as far aſunder, as their hearts are nearly linked and combined together; the wind comes fair, and the Maſter of their Ship ſends ſpeedily from *Ancona* to them to *Loretto* to come away, for that he is reſolute to omit no time, but with all expedition to weigh Anchor, and ſet ſail for *Corfu*.

Moroſini receives this news with infinite ſorrow, and *Imperia* with extream grief and amazement, ſo if grace had not prevailed with nature, and her obedience to her Father vanquiſhed, and given a law to her affection towards *Moroſini*, ſhe could then and there have found in her heart to have left *Italy*, and accompanied him in his Voyage to *Turky* and *Conſtantinople*, ſo ſweet was his ſight and preſence, and ſo bitter was the very thought of his abſence to her heart and mind. Here *Moroſini* comes again with his Hat in his hand, and *Imperia* on her knees with tears to her Father, that he will grant they may contract themſelves each to other before his departure, but he is deaf to his requeſts, and inexorable to her tears and prayers; for he vows he cannot, and ſwears he will not conſent thereunto. And therefore here the Reader muſt conceive, for it is impoſſible for me to expreſs the thouſandth part of the ſighs which he, and the tears which ſhe expends, at this their ſorrowful departure, inſomuch as I cannot truly define, whether he then gave her more kiſſes, or ſhe him tears. So here ſhe vows to remain unmarried till his return, and he both promiſeth and ſwears, that he will return within one year to her and marry her; the which the more authentically to ſeal and confirm, he gives her a rich Emerauld Ring from his finger, and ſhe him a fair Carkanet of Orient Pearls from her neck, with which the great drops of her tears trickling down her vermillion cheeks, ſeemed to have ſome perfect ſympathy and reſemblance. Of which interchangeable and mutual contract *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* are joyful witneſſes, who ſeek to add comfort and conſolation to theſe her unſpeakable ſorrows, and unparallel'd afflictions, for this their ſeparation; whiles *Imperia* in the mean time at the very thought and conſideration hereof, (ſhe gazing on her *Moroſini*) ſeems to burſt her heart with ſighing, and drown the Roſes and Lillies of her beauty, with the ſhowers and rivolets of her tears. So *Moroſini* being again and again called away by *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, he then takes leave of *Bondino*, and then of his dear and ſweet Daughter *Imperia*, in whoſe heart and breaſt he imparadiſeth all his moſt Religious Prayers, and treaſureth up all his amorous deſires and wiſhes; and from thence (with his two faithful friends and companions) takes Horſe for *Ancona* where as ſoon as they come, their long Boat is aſhore and takes them in, when the wind continuing ſtill exceeding fair, they are preſently for *Corfu* and *Conſtantinople*, where we will leave them floating upon the Seas, expoſed to the favour and mercy of the winds, and according to the order of our Hiſtory, come we again to ſpeak of *Bodino*, and of his ſweet and fair Daughter *Imperia*, to ſee what matter they will adminiſter us, and what actions and accidents they will produce.

Whiles our fair *Imperia* day and night weeps and ſighs for the abſence of her deareſt and ſecond ſelf *Moroſini*, and with her eyes and hands erected to Heaven, continually prays for his proſperity and return, her old Father *Bondino* aſſumes a direct contrary courſe and reſolution; for within two or three Months of *Moroſini*'s departure, he makes it his greateſt care and ambition to provide another Husband for his Daughter. He is not ignorant of her tears and penſiveneſs for his abſence, and knows full well, that her ſolitary walks, and pale thin cheeks, look ſtill conſtantly to him, and never from him. But he is reſolute that his old covetouſneſs ſhall prevent and deceive this her young affection, and that to work on the advantage of *Moroſini*'s, abſence, his beſt and ſhorteſt courſe is to have him out of her heart and mind,

and contrarywiſe to propound and place another Husband in his ſtead. To which end his ſaid Daughter's beauty and his own wealth having already procured her two or three Suitors, who earneſtly ſeek her in marriage, he likes none of them ſo well as old Seignior *Palmerius* a rich Merchant of *Ancona*, aged of at leaſt ſixty years; whereas his fair Daughter *Imperia* was not above twenty four, who was of ſo deformed and decript a perſonage and conſtitution, that he ſeemed as a withered *January* to this freſh Lady *May*, and his age but a frozen Winter to the fragrant flouriſhing Summer of her youth and beauty. But this old Dotard *Palmerius* (who is every way fitter for his own grave, than for *Imperia*'s bed) is ſo taken with the daintineſs of her perſonage, as he hopes that her youth and her Father's age, will ſtoop and ſtrike ſail to his wealth; and therefore he tricks and prides himſelf up, both in his Apparel and Beard, as if love had taken away much of his age, now purpoſely to add it to his vanity and indiſcretion, ſo that he comes to *Bondino*'s houſe at *Loretto*, and ſeeks this his fair Daughter in marriage, where the conſideration of his great eſtate and wealth, act ſuch wonders with her Father's heart and reſolution, that her Father and he have already ſwapt a bargain, that he, and none but he ſhall marry his Daughter, before as yet he have the happineſs to ſee her. But at laſt her Father brings her to him, chargeth her with his commands, to diſpoſe her ſelf to affect and marry him, and ſpeaks to her, not only in the language of a Father, but of a King; for ſuch is his pleaſure. Theſe Speeches of her Father, and the ſight of her old Lover, yet new Suitor *Palmerius*, doth much amaze and terrifie his young Daughter *Imperia*: ſo ſhe receives and hears thoſe with infinite affliction and ſorrow, and him with much contempt and diſdain; for ſhe rejects his ſuit and himſelf, and boldly tells both her Father and him, that *Moroſini* is too deeply lodged in her heart, for any other of the world to have entrance or admittance, and therefore (with ſighs and tears) caſts her ſelf at her Father's feet, and prays him that he will not force her to marry Seignior *Palmerius*, whom ſhe affirms, ſhe cannot poſſibly affect, much leſs obey. But her Father is reſolute to have it ſo, and therefore (paſſing over all other reſpects and conſiderations) he adds threats to his commands, and vehemently chargeth her again and again to conſent thereto. But her abſent *Moroſini* is ſtill ſo preſent in her heart and mind, and ſo freſh and pleaſing to her eye and memory, that ſhe cannot, ſhe will not forget him. So that for this time her Father can no more enforce her to ſpeak with *Palmerius*, or draw her to ſee him: and thus ſhe put him off for his firſt coming to *Loretto* to her. *Imperia* being now infinitely gald to have thus given her Father the foyl, and old *Palmerius* the repulſe, ſhe raiſeth a thouſand new Trophies of joy, and Victories of delight in her heart for the ſame, as if that outragious ſtorm and tempeſt (ſo contrary and diſpleaſing to her heart) had received end almoſt as ſoon as beginning. Thus now ruminating on nothing leſs than on *Palmerius*, nor on nothing more, than on her ſweet and dear *Moroſini*, (to whom in his abſence ſhe ſacrificeth all the flames of her heart, and all the vows, deſires and wiſhes of her ſoul) ſhe paſſeth away her time away in perpetual praying for his return, for the which ſhe leaves not the Lady, no nor any other Saint of *Loretto*, unadored, or unprayed to. But contrary to her hopes and deſires herein, this her old Suitor *Palmerius*, (having wholly loſt the ſolidity of his judgment in the excellency of her beauty), he ſtill keeps good correſpondence, and curious intelligence with her Father, and continually his heart runs as much on her youth, as her Father's covetouſneſs doth on his wealth and gold; ſo within two months he returns again to *Loretto*, where he is received with as much joy of *Bondino*, as with extream diſcontent and ſorrow of his Daughter *Imperia*: who now poor ſoul can receive no peace nor truce from either them, but they inceſſantly haunt her as her ghoſts, and fail not day and night to importune her for the conſummation of this contract and marriage; but her heart is ſo cloſe united and wedded to *Moroſini*, that it is as yet impoſſible for either, or both of them to divorce or withdraw her from him. *Palmerius* thinks to gain her by rich gifts and preſents, but ſhe refuſeth them all for the ſake of the Giver: and her Father now tempts her with ſweet Speeches and perſwaſions, and then again terrifies her with bitter commands and threats, hoping thereby in the end, to make her flexible to his deſires and wiſhes: But his Daughter *Imperia* notwithſtanding all this, (with a conſtancy worthy of her beauty, and every way equal to her ſelf) reſolves to fruſtrate the hopes of the firſt, to annihilate and make vain the expectation of the ſecond, and ſo to deceive the deſires and wiſhes of them both, and to keep her heart wholly for *Moroſini*, as ſhe hath formerly promiſed and obliged her ſelf ſo to do.

But although *Palmerius* were heretofore the firſt time ſo eaſily beaten off with *Imperia*'s refuſal, he will not be ſo the ſecond; and therefore his heart and mind telling him, that the ſweetneſs of her youth, and the delicacy of her beauty, deſerve a ſtronger, and longer ſiege of his affection. He (by the free advice and conſent of her Father) reſolves to ſtay and burn all that Summer in *Loretto*, hoping that time would change her reſolution and make that ſea-

ſable

ſable in his Daughters affection, which now in a manner ſeemed to be impoſſible. Thus if *Palmerius* uſe his beſt endeavours to beat and conquer *Imperia* one way, no leſs doth her Father another way, for the firſt gives her a world of ſugred words and promiſes, and the ſecond of ſharp and bitter threats to effect it; Poor *Imperia* ſeeing her ſelf thus ſtreightly and narrowly begirt on both ſides, ſhe hath again recourſe to her ſighs and tears, the only weapons left her in the abſence of her *Moroſini*, to defend her affection and conſtancy, againſt the luſt of *Palmerius*, and the power and tyranny of her Father *Bondino*: A thouſand times a day ſhe wiſheth that *Conſtantinople* were *Loretto*, or *Loretto Conſtantinople*, and as often prays, that either ſhe were in *Moroſini*'s arms, or he here in hers. But *Palmerius* being as obſtinate as her Father was reſolute and furious in this ſuit and motion towards her, ſhe ſhuts her ſelf up in her Chamber, where ſeeming to drown her ſelf in a matter of this weight and importance, and what invention ſhe ſhould find out and practice, to abandon *Palmerius*, and to call home her *Moroſini* to marry her, than which under Heaven ſhe deſired nothing more, or to write truer, nothing elſe. So at laſt ſhe reſolves to ſend one purpoſely to *Conſtantinople*, to haſten his return, (which now wanted but little of his prefixed time of a year) when making choice of a dear friend of his of *Ancona*, named Seignior *Mercario*, and furniſhing him with gold for a long journey, as to ſail from *Brundiſium* to *Raguſa*, and ſo from thence, by Poſt to *Conſtantinople*; ſhe takes Pen and Paper, and thereon (as much with tears as ink) traceth her *Moroſini* theſe lines, wherewith ſhe diſpatched him away.

IMPERIA to MOROSINI.

I ſhould betray my affection to thee; and conſequently make my ſelf unworthy of thine, if by this my Letter (which I purpoſely ſend thee by thy friend Seignior Mercario*) I did not now acquaint thee, with how much impatience and ſorrow my ſelf, and with how much joy my Father brooks thy long abſence. Thou knoweſt in what a ſweet and ſtrict ſympathy of Love, our hearts are united. So as meaſuring* Moroſini *by* Imperia, *I am confident that all thoſe Seas between* Ancona *and* Conſtantinople, *are not capable to waſh away the remembrance thereof, either from thy heart or my ſoul. And yet holding it a part both of my duty and of my ſelf, I am enforced to command my pen to relate to thee, that my Father* Bodino *begins to exerciſe a point, not only of his will, but of his power, yea, I may juſtly ſay, of his tyranny over me, to perſwade me to leave my young* Moroſini, *to make me marry his old* Palmerius. *In which regard and conſideration, if my poor beauty or merit have left any impreſſion in thy breaſt or memory, I now moſt heartily pray thee to leave* Turky *for* Italy, *and* Conſtantinople *for* Loretto, *and to make me as happy in enjoying thy ſight and preſence, as I am miſerable without it. And when our God, and my good fortune, ſhall permit this my innocent and ſorrowful Letter to fall into thy hands, think, yea, judge with thy ſelf, what an ingratitude, yea what a crime it will be, for thee not to bring me thy ſelf, but to ſend me any excuſe whatſoever to the contrary. Farewel my other ſelf, my ſweet ſelf, and my God and his Angels ever prove propitious to thy deſires and my wiſhes.*

IMPERIA.

Mercario (in three weeks time) arrives at *Conſtantinople*, and finds out his friend, *Moroſini*, to whom he delivereth his Miſtreſs *Imperia*'s Letter; the which the firſt kiſſing, preſently peruſeth and very paſſionately both rejoyceth and grieves thereat: So *Moroſini* very kindly feaſts his friend *Mercario* there ſome eight days, and then returneth him home with an anſwer, which in leſs than a months time, he delivereth into *Imperia*'s own hands in *Loretto*, who is extreamly glad thereof, and then beautifying her ſnow white cheeks, with ſome crimſon bluſhes, ſhe hies her to her cloſet, and breaking up haſtily the ſeals thereof, finds it traced and charged with this meſſage.

MOROSINI to IMPERIA.

THY health and conſtancy makes me as joyful in the receit of thy Letter, as thy Father Bondino *his diſreſpect to me, and love to* Palmerius, *makes me ſorrowful, for ſo dear and tender is the affection of my* Imperia *to her* Moroſini, *and the ſympathy of our hearts ſo ſweetly and ſacredly united, that for my part, not only thoſe ſmall Rivers of the* Mediterranean *and* Adriatick *Seas between* Conſtantinople *and* Ancona, *but that of the vaſt* Ocean *is incapable to waſh off the leaſt ſenſe or memory thereof. But as in the actions and accidents of humane life, reputation and profit, deſerve ſometimes to be intermixed with pleaſure, becauſe the ſweetneſs thereof is ſtill made ſweeter by its ſubſtance and permanency. So by the Seigniory of* Venice, *and by* Landy *their Embaſſador preſident here in* Conſtantinople, *(contrary to my expectation or merit) I am now made Conſul of* Aleppo. *I cannot there-*

therefore ſo ſoon leave Turky *for* Italy, *which I infinitely deſire, nor in that conſideration ſo ſoon imbrace and kiſs my fair and dear* Imperia, *which above all the Crowns and Scepters of the world I chiefly love and long for; but what this year cannot perform, the next ſhall, and then (all delays and excuſes ſet apart) I will bring thee thy* Moroſini *with as much true joy, as he tranſported himſelf from thee with bitter tears and unfaigned ſorrows; in the mean time, my hopes and heart tell me, that thy affection to me, ſhall ſurmount thy Father's tyranny to thy ſelf, and that thy beauty and merits are ſo incomparably ſplendent, that tho'* Palmerius *be the foyl, yet* Moroſini *ſhall live and die the Diamond of thy love, and the love of thy heart, as God is of thy ſoul. O then, my dear and ſweet* Imperia, *repute it no ingratitude, much leſs a crime in me, to ſend thee this Letter of excuſe, inſtead of bringing thee my ſelf; for I ſpeak it in the preſence of God and his Angels, that as thou art my other half, ſo I am wholly thine, and that thou canſt not be the thouſand part ſo ſorrowful, as I am miſerable in this our ſhort, yet too long ſequeſtration: Farewel, farewel the only Saint of my heart, and goddeſs of my affections, and aſſure thy ſelf, that no mortal man whatſoever, is or can be ſo much thy faithful Servant and Slave, as*

MOROSINI.

Our *Imperia* kiſſeth this Letter a thouſand times for her *Moroſini*'s ſake, who wrote and ſent it her, and again as often weeps to ſee, that he loved honour and profit better than her ſelf, and *Turky* better than *Italy*; ſo whereas ſhe formerly hoped, now ſhe begins to deſpair of his ſpeedy return, and eſteems her ſelf as miſerable without him, as ſhe thought to have been happy with him. She reads over this Letter again and again, and then weeps as faſt as ſhe reads, at the very peruſal and conſideration thereof, ſhe would fain draw comfort from any part or branch of it; but then his intended ſtay, affords her nothing but a diſconſolation, and ſorrow inſtead thereof. She blames her own misfortune, as much as his unkindneſs, and then again imputes this impatiency of hers, more to her Father's cruelty, than to *Moroſini*'s diſcourteſie; ſhe loves him as much as ſhe hates *Palmerius*, and hates her ſelf, becauſe *Moroſini* will not love her more, and *Palmerius* leſs. But *Moroſini* is ſo firmly ſeated and enthronized in her heart, that ſhe is conſtantly reſolved to ſtay his return, and rather to die his Victim and Martyr than to live *Palmerius* his Wife. And here her affection acts a great part in paſſion, as this paſſion doth in love, ſhe cannot refrain from enquiring of *Mercario*, how *Moroſini* lives, and how he looks; who performs the part of a friend, to his friend, and tells her that he lives in great pomp and reputation, and is the propereſt and braveſt young Gallant, either of *Venice* or *Italy* which he ſaw in *Conſtantinople*; at the report whereof, ſhe could not refrain from bluſhing and ſmiling, as if her delight and joy thereof were ſuch, as ſhe could not receive or hear it, without this publick expreſſion and teſtimonies of her private zeal and interiour affection to him. But all this notwithſtanding, whereſoever ſhe goes or turns her ſelf, her Father as her ſhadow, and *Palmerius* as her ſpirit, are never from her, but ſtill follow her in all times and places without intermiſſion. It is a wonder to ſee and conſider their obſtinacy to make it a match, and her reſolution and refuſal againſt it, as if they were wholly compoſed and made of commands, and ſhe of denials. In which interchangable comportment, and different carriage of theirs, we muſt allow ſix months time more paſt and ſlidden away, where, in deſpight of *Palmerius* his importunities, and her Father's power, ſhe ſtill remains inflexible to them, conſtant to her *Moroſini*, and true to her promiſe. But at laſt this old luſtful Lover *Palmerius* (who was fitter to kiſs an Image in the Church, than ſo ſweet and fair a young Lady as *Imperia* in her bed) ſeeing that he had conſumed and ſpent ſo long time in vain by courting her, and that ſhe ſleighted him and his ſuit as much, if not more now, than when he firſt meant and intended it to her; he bethinks himſelf of a new policy and propoſition to gain her, which love cannot ſo much excuſe, as diſcretion juſtly condemn in him: He goes to her Father *Bondino*, and proffers him, That if his Daughter will become his Wife, that he will enfeoffe, and endow her with one half of his Lands, and give all the reſt of his Eſtate and Wealth into his hands and cuſtody, for him to purchaſe her more. Which great and unexpected proffer of his, doth ſolely and fully weigh down her covetous Father to *Palmerius* his will and deſire, as he conſtantly tells him, that in lieu of this his great affection and bounty to his Daughter, he will ſpeedily uſe all his power and authority with her, fully to diſpoſe her to affect and content him; To which end, *Bondino* goes to his Daughter *Imperia*, acquaints her with this great gift and voluntary proffer of *Palmerius* to her if ſhe will marry him; he lays before her, how infinitely it will import his content, and her own good and reputation, and that few Gentlewomen of *Loretto*, or Ladies of the whole *Marca* of *Ancona*, do enjoyn ſuch rich Fortunes; that his wiſdom and wealth is ſo far to preferred to the vanity and prodigality of *Moroſini*, and that the firſt will aſſuredly bring her much content

and

and proſperity, but the ſecond nothing elſe but poverty, ruin, and miſery, and therefore he moſt importunately conjures and commands her to cut and caſt off all delays, and ſo forthwith to diſpoſe her ſelf to love and marry *Palmerius*, or elſe he vows for ever to renounce her for his Daughter, and no more to acknowledge himſelf for her Father. A cruelty which (in my opinion and judgment) ought to be admired with pity, and pityed with admiration, and not to ſerve for a preſident and example to other Parents, becauſe this of *Bondino*'s was grounded on far more paſſion than reaſon, and covetouſneſs than virtue; and which Nature hath all the reaſons of the world, rather to term tyranny than providence, or fatherly affection in him.

Our *Imperia* is, as it were, ſtruck dead with grief and ſorrow, at the thunderbolt of theſe her Father's cruel Speeches towards her, ſo that ſhe cannot ſpeak, nor yet weep, for ſighing and ſobbing; but at laſt encouraged by her own vertue, as much as ſhe was daunted and diſmayed by her Father's ſeverity and cruelty towards her, ſhe (caſting her ſelf at his feet) with a trembling heart and faultering voice, returns her heart and mind to him in theſe terms:

Honoured Sir, although my afflictions and ſorrows are ſuch, and ſo infinite, that I am far more capable to weep and ſigh, than to breath or ſpeak them forth to you, yet I hold it my duty, not my diſobedience, to acquaint you, that becauſe Marriages are firſt made in Heaven, before contracted or conſummated in Earth; therefore being ſo happy firſt to love *Moroſini*, before I was ſo unfortunate as to ſee Seignior *Palmerius* wealth, I hope it is the pleaſure of God, that he hath ordained the firſt to be my Husband, and conſequently my ſelf never to be Wife to the ſecond: I am proud in nothing, but in my humility and obedience, and therein, I hope, I ſhall ſtill both triumph and glory; and yet I far more undervalue *Palmerius* wealth, then you do *Moroſini*'s virtues. If than you will not for my ſake, I humbly beſeech you for my Mother's ſake, or which is more, for God's ſake, to make me Wife to *Moroſini*, and not to *Palmerius*, becauſe my heart and mind tells me, that I ſhall be as happy in the company of the one, as miſerable in that of the other. In granting me which juſt deſired favour and courteſie, my ſoul ſhall become pledge and caution for my heart, and my heart for my tongue, that you ſhall have no true cauſe either to renounce me for your Daughter, or to deny your ſelf for my Father. And to conclude this my ſorrowful and humble Speech, it is impoſſible for you to wrong me, but you muſt and will extreamly wrong your ſelf, by attempting and reſolving to enforce me to the contrary. But if yet you will not be ſenſible hereof, then I invoke God to be a juſt witneſs and judge between us, of your cruelty towards me, and of my candid innocency towards you, and my betrothed Spouſe *Moroſini*.

Imperia had no ſooner (with ſighs and tears) delivered this her Speech to her Father on her knees, but (as it had lightning in his eyes, and thunder in his tongue) he ſuddenly ruſheth forth her company; when more to diſpleaſe her, than to pleaſe himſelf, he looking back on her, gives her this ſharp anſwer, and cruel farewel: Minion (quoth he), I will very ſhortly cool thy courage and thy tongue, and make thee know with repentance, what it is to diſobey thy Father, in making ſo much eſteem of *Moroſini*, and ſo little of Seignior *Palmerius*, contrary to my advice and requeſt to thee; for, I ſay, conſider well with thy ſelf, and thou ſhalt then do well ſpeedily to forſake this errour and obſtinacy of thine, except thou reſolve to die as miſerable, as I deſire thou ſhouldſt live happy. Once more Girl, conſider and remember what I have now ſaid to thee, and beware leſt *Moroſini* prove thy ſhame, as much as *Palmerius* will thy glory. *Imperia* weeps, becauſe ſhe can weep no more at theſe heart-killing Speeches of her Father to her, againſt her abſent *Moroſini*: So being not well, ſhe betakes her ſelf to her bed, and there again conſults with God and her ſelf, what ſhe ſhall do in this perturbation of mind, and affliction of heart, and then, and there, (with waking eyes); reads a whole nights Lecture to her ſelf, of her obedience to her Father, and her affection and conſtancy to the other half of her ſelf *Moroſini*; when in the morning being prompted by her thoughts and deſires, that ſhe ſhall receive more delights and joys from the laſt, than diſcontents from the firſt; ſhe at her up-riſing reſolves again to write away for her *Moroſini*, as hoping that his preſence would eaſily diſpel and ſcatter all theſe her clouds and tempeſts, when diſpatching a private Meſſenger to *Ancona* for *Mercario*, ſhe again earneſtly prays him to to undertake a ſecond Voyage for her, either to *Aleppo* or *Conſtantinople*, to her *Moroſini*; the which he then promiſeth; ſo that night again peruſing over his Letter, ſhe then from point to point, punctually makes anſwer to it, and the next morning very ſecretly, gives it to *Mercario* in her Chamber, and therewith takes off a rich Bracelet of Sparks of Diamonds from her right arm, and prays him to deliver it to him, as a token of her true affection and conſtancy, the which ſhe affirms to him ſhall ever live and die with her. *Mercario* having received his commiſſion from *Imperia*, as alſo more

Gold

Gold for the diſcharge and defraying of his journey, he hires a ſmall Brigantine to tranſport him to *Corfu*, and from thence embarks himſelf on a Ship of *Marſeilles*, which accidently ſtopped there, and ſailed firſt to *Aleppo*; where being arrived in leſs than three weeks, and finding his dear friend *Moroſini* to be Conſul there for the Seigniory of *Venice*, he ſecretly delivereth this Bracelet and Letter of *Imperia* to him in his ſtudy, where he was then haſtily writing a diſpatch for *Conſtantinople*: But the arrival of *Mercario*, who he knew came from his deareſt Friend and Miſtreſs *Imperia*, (for meer joy) made him preſently to caſt away his Hat and Pen, and ſo to kiſs and receive this her Letter and Token from him, whereof with much haſte and more affection breaking up the Seals, he therein found couched theſe enſuing Lines.

IMPERIA to MOROSINI.

I Had little thought (becauſe leſs deſerved) that either profit or preferment had been dearer to thee than Imperia, *or that the Seigniory of* Venice, *or their Embaſſador* Landy, *had had more power to ſtay thee in* Aleppo, *than ſhe to have requeſted or conjured thy return to* Loretto; *for if my poor beauty, or rich affection to thee be of ſo low and baſe an eſteem, as thou preferreſt thy wealth and reputation to it, then I am as miſerable, as I thought my ſelf happy in my choice, and the ſweetneſs of my deſires and wiſhes conſequently have end, as ſoon as they received a beginning. And ſee what a palpable incongruity, yea, what an apparent contradiction there is between thy heart and thy pen, ſith fainedly endeavouring to make me believe thou loveſt my kiſſes and embraces, above all the Crowns and Scepters in the world; I yet am truly enforced to ſee, that thou loveſt* Turky *far better than* Italy, *and art well contented, that* Palmerius *ſhould love me better than thy ſelf, for elſe thou wouldſt never permit, that my Father's tyranny to me, ſhould (in thy abſence) give a law to my affection to him, or conſent that* Palmerius *ſhould be the Diamond, and thy ſelf prove only the foyl of my heart and love: And if this ingratitude of thine be not a crime, I know not what a crime is, now how, nor in what terms to define or determine thereof. Judge therefore with thy ſelf, (at leaſt, if thou art not as wholly exempt of Judgment as of love) what a poor half, yea, what a ſmall part I am of thee, when by thy voluntary abſence thou wilt wholly reſign me up to another, and that* Palmerius *muſt be my Husband, when my heart and ſoul, yea, when God and his Angels well know, I deſire nothing under Heaven ſo much as to live and die thy wife; or elſe thou wouldſt not have been ſo unkind, to confine thy will, or to bound thy obſtinacy to no leſs than a whole years ſequeſtration and abſence from me, which if thy heart were equal, or but the leaſt ſhadow of mine, thou wouldeſt deem to contain as many months as hours, and as many ages as months. But God forbid this diſcourteſie of thine ſhould prove ſo great a cruelty to me, or before I know what belong to fortunacy, I ſhould be conſtrained to feel and ſuffer ſo much infelicity. Come away therefore, my dear* Moroſini, *and my ſighs, tears, and prayers ſhall implore the Winds and Seas to prove propotious to thy ſpeed return; and blame not me, but thy ſelf, if thy abſence, and my Father's obſtinacy bereave me of my ſweet* Moroſini, *and thee of thy dear*

IMPERIA.

Moroſini could not refrain from bluſhing, at the reading of this his Miſtreſs *Imperia*'s Letter, as aſhamed to ſee what exceeding advantage her courteſie had got of his unkindneſs: He oftentimes kiſſeth this her Letter and Bracelet, as the two ſweet pledges of her ſweeteſt love and affection to him, the which he vows to requite, and ſhortly to make his return, redeem and ranſome the ingratitude of his long ſtay from her. He ſhews this Letter of hers to his two old Comrades, *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, (for their friendſhip and familiarity is ſtill ſo great, as they cannot, will not forſake each other) who infinitely tax his unkindneſs, and condemn his inconſtancy, in ſequeſtring himſelf ſo long from ſo ſweet and fair a Miſtreſs as *Imperia*. Now for the ſpace of ſome ten days, *Moroſini* feaſteth his friend *Mercario* in *Aleppo*, wherein he forgets not continually to ſolemnize his *Imperia*'s health in the beſt and richeſt Greek Wines; at the end whereof (very bountifully rewarding his love and pains, for ſo often croſſing thoſe dangerous Seas in his behalf) he chargeth him with his Letter in anſwer of his, and in requital of her Bracelet of ſparks of Diamonds, he returns and ſends a fair Chain of Gold, and a rich Diamond Ring faſtned to the end thereof, with a pair of *Turkiſh* ſilver Embroydered Bracelets, and ſo commits him to the mercy of the Winds and Seas; who in ſix weeks after, arrives ſafely to *Ancona*, and the next morning poſts away to *Loretto*, where repairing ſecretly to *Bondino*'s houſe, he finds out his Daughter *Imperia* alone, ſolitarily walking at the farther end of the Garden among a rank of Sycamore and Olive-trees: Who no ſooner eſpies *Mercario*, but all her blood flaſhing in her face for joy, ſhe ſpeedily trips away towards him, who (after ſalutes) bidding him a thouſand times welcome home, and he giving her *Moroſini*'s

Letter

Letter and Token, ſhe claps the laſt in her pocket, and haſtily kiſſing and breaking up the Seals of the firſt, ſteps aſide a ſpace or two, and there finds and reads theſe Lines.

MOROSINI to IMPERIA.

THY ſweet beauty, and rich affection and conſtancy ſhall not only command my reſolution but my ſelf, and it is impoſſible either for my profit or reputation to give, but to receive a Law thereof; for thy requeſts being to me commands, and conſequently thy felicity and miſery equally mine, I will therefore ſhorten and haſten the time of my ſtay, and ſo convert a whole year into a few months: For if Imperia *be* Palmerius *his Wife,* Moroſini *can then neither be either himſelf or his own friend. And to write thee the life of my heart, as thou haſt now the heart of thy ſoul, it is not the ambition of a Conſulary dignity, nor all the treaſure of* Turky, *or the* Indies, *which ſhall keep me from enjoying of my fair and ſweet* Imperia, *in whoſe divine cheeks and eyes my heart hath imparadiſed all my moſt ſovereign earthly felicity: So that I not only deny, but defie, that* Palmerius *or any other of the world, is capable to love her the thouſandth part, or ſo tenderly or dearly as my ſelf; to whoſe ſake and ſervice I will ſtill be found ready to lay down my beſt blood, and to proſtitute and ſacrifice my deareſt life. O then, my fair and ſweet* Imperia, *live therefore my dear Wife, and* Moroſini *will aſſuredly die thy loving and conſtant Husband, and thou ſhalt briefly ſee, that I will hate ingratitude, as much as thy inconſiderate Father loves and intends cruelty towards thee, and make thee as joyful in my preſence, as thou writeſt me thou art afflicted and ſorrowful in my abſence. I come my ſweet* Imperia, *and if I want Winds or Seas to bring me to thy bleſſed preſence, my ſighs ſhall increaſe the one, and my tears ſupply and augment the other to effect it. Prepare therefore thy heart and eyes to ſee and ſalute me, as I do mine arms and lips to embrace and kiſs thee, and I both hope and reſt confident, that my prayers and conſtancy ſeconded by thine, will make thy Father's obſtinacy vain, and prove* Palmerius *his attempts and hopes ridiculous, in thinking to have thee to his Wife, who art already mine by choice and promiſe.*

MOROSINI.

This Letter of *Moroſini* affords no ſmall muſick to the heart, or melody to the mind of our *Imperia*, for ſhe ſweetly and carefully treaſureth it up in her breaſt and memory, and now in hope of his ſhort return, ſhe leaves no Church or Chappel in or about *Loretto* unfrequented to pray for it; yea, ſhe is ſo religious and virtuous, as ſhe gives her ſelf wholly to prayer, the ſooner to obtain it: whiles (in the mean time) her cruel Father *Bondino* (contrary to her expectation and deſires) cuts her out new work, in reſuming his old reſolution to marry her to her old Lover *Palmerius*, who ſtill loves her ſo tenderly, that for her ſake, he will not forſake *Loretto* to live in *Ancona*. So that here the Reader is prayed to underſtand and know, that *Bondino* finally, (and once for all) to caſt his Daughter *Imperia* and her affection from *Moroſini* to *Palmerius*, ſeeing that all other means will not prevail, he infinitely debars her of her liberty, takes away from her, her chiefeſt Apparel and Jewels, (the delight and glory of young Ladies and Gentlewomen) as alſo her beſt Viands and Diet; and in a word, treateth her ſo rigorouſly, as (upon the matter) he makes her more his priſoner than his Daughter. *Imperia* who was never heretofore acquainted with ſuch ſharp ſeverity, and courſe entertainment, bites her lip, and hangs her head hereat. But the more ſhe prays her Father to reſerve her for *Moroſini*, the more tyrannouſly he commands her ſpeedily to marry *Palmerius*, ſo that all her ſighs and tears to the contrary, do rather exaſperate than appeaſe his indignation againſt her, and now ſhe finds the long ſtay of *Moroſini* from her, not only to exceed her firſt expectation, but alſo his laſt promiſes to her in his Letter, and is inforced to ſee, that her Father is as cruel, as *Palmerius* is obſtinate and reſolute in his ſuit to her. She hath nothing to comfort her, but the memory and Letters of *Moroſini*, and yet nothing do ſo much confound her hopes and patience, as her Fathers cruelty in croſſing this her affection. But at laſt deſpairing of *Moroſini*'s return and vanquiſhed by her Father's tyranny, ſhe (with an unwilling willingneſs) is enforced to ſuffer her ſelf to be overcome by him, as alſo to permit the walls of her affection, and the bulwarks and fortifications of her conſtancy to be battered and razed down, by the inceſſant ſollicitations, gifts, and prayers of *Palmerius*; So that forgetting her promiſe, and her ſelf, and putting a rape on her former reſolution, ſhe is at laſt contracted and married to him, or rather to the calamities and miſeries which we ſhall ſhortly ſee will enſue thereof.

Here now then this old Dotard *Palmerius* is married to fair *Imperia*, who eſteems himſelf as happy as ſhe finds her ſelf unfortunate in this match. His Age is too old for her Youth, and her Youth far too young for his Age; Diſparity of years ſeldom (or never) breeds any true content or felicity in Marriage. He cannot ſufficiently eſtimate, much leſs deſerve or requite

quite the dainties of her youth: ſo that truth muſt here needs implore this diſpenſation for me of modeſty, to affirm that his chiefeſt power was deſire; and his beſt performance but luſt towards her; for whiles every night, as ſoon as he comes to bed to her, he falls to his ſleep; ſo poor young Gentlewoman, ſhe turns to her repentance, wiſhing (from her very heart and ſoul) that her Husbands bed were her grave, and that her Nuptials had been her Funerals. A thouſand times every day and night ſhe accuſeth her Father's cruelty, and (with bitter ſighs and tears) as often condemneth her own levity and inconſtancy for conſenting thereunto. She can neither honour or love her Husband, or rather not to love him, becauſe ſhe ſo tenderly loves the perſon, and honoureth the memory of *Moroſini*. Thus whiles *Palmerius* retaineth and enjoyeth our *Imperia* in his bed, no leſs doth ſhe her *Moroſini* in her heart; ſo that the firſt hath only her body, but the ſecond wholly her mind and affection. The ſorrowful conſideration and remembrance whereof, both ſo torment her heart, and perplex her mind, that ſhe proteſteth publickly to her ſelf, and privately to all the world, that there is no calamity equal to hers, nor no miſery comparable to that of a diſcontented Bed. Thus being as much a Maid as a Wife, and yet more a Nun than a Maid, ſhe makes ſpiritual Books her exerciſe, ſolitarineſs her paſtime, her Chamber her Chappel, and her Cloſet her Oratory, to pray to God to forgive her Father's cruelty, and her Husbands indiſcretion towards her; as alſo her own inconſtancy and treachery towards *Moroſini*, which foul ingratitude and crime of hers, ſhe cannot remember but with extream grief, nor once think of, but with infinite ſhame, ſorrow, and repentance. Although this her old Husband *Palmerius*, be ſo amorous and kind to her, and ſo tender of this his fair young Wife, that he leaves no coſt unbeſtowed on her, as well in rich Apparel, as Chains and Jewels, wherein the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Italy* chiefly pride themſelves; yet this was not the content and felicity which our *Imperia* deſired, becauſe deſerved. But her freſh youth, and her Husbands feeble and frozen age, caſt her heart on other oppoſite conceits, and her mind on other different contemplations.

Whiles thus *Bondino* and *Palmerius* as much rejoyce as *Imperia* mourns and grieves at this her unequal and diſcontented Match, and *Moroſini* confidently relying on the firm affection and conſtancy of his *Imperia*, made his ſtay in *Aleppo*, ſome ten months longer than his promiſe to her: He at laſt led by the ſtar of her beauty, and his own affection to her, leaves *Turky*, and (in company of his conſtant old Friends *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*) ſet ſail for *Italy*, and purpoſely put in with their Ship in to *Ancona*, where they and he are no ſooner arrived, but *Mercario* finding him out, entertains him with the welcome of this ſorrowful news, that his Miſtreſs *Imperia* is now in this City of *Ancona*, and married to old Seignior *Palmerius*, whereat *Moroſini* infinitely grieves, and *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* much wonder. He ſtricken at the heart, at this ſorrowful news, and (too too ſoon for him) believes it with as much affliction as admiration. By this time likewiſe is *Imperia* advertiſed of his and their arrival, whereat ſhe ſeems to drown her ſelf in a whole deluge of tears; yet not for ſorrow, but for joy of his arrival. He imploys *Mercario* to her, to grant him a private viſit, the which moſt joyfully the next night ſhe doth in her own houſe, her old Husband being in bed, and ſnoring faſt aſleep. At *Moroſini*'s firſt ſight and entrance into her Chamber, (where ſhe all alone privately ſtays for him), ſhe throws her ſelf on her knees at his feet, and with ſighs, tears, and bluſhes, begs his pardon for her unconſtancy in marrying *Palmerius*, the which ſhe no way attributes to his long ſtay, but rather to her Father's cruelty and her own misfortune. *Moroſini* is as joyful of her ſight, as ſorrowful of this her errour, and ſo will not permit her to kneel, becauſe he ſees and knows, and alſo aſſureth her, that ſhe is ſtill the goddeſs of his heart and affection. He takes her up in his arms, and there embraceth and freely pardons her; and ſo they reciprocally ſpeak each to other in the ſweet language of love, I mean, of kiſſes, ſighs, and tears, with the laſt whereof, they again and again, bedew and waſh each others cheeks, as if love had made them far more capable to ſigh than ſpeak, and to weep than ſigh: Here their old affection revives, and flames forth anew, with more violence and impetuoſity. She hath no power to deny him any thing, no not her ſelf. For as he ſwears to live her ſervant, ſo ſhe conſtantly vows to live and die his handmaid, and that his will ſhall ever be her Law, and his requeſts in all things her commands. Here his heart Beats for love, and her breaſts pant for joy. For as he promiſeth her, that ſhe ſhall be his ſole and only love, ſo ſhe (willingly) forgets her ſelf ſo far, as ſolemnly to proteſt to him, that he ſhall be more her Husband than *Palmerius*, when with many embraces and kiſſes, they for that night part.

The next morning *Moroſini* and his two Conſorts, *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, (by the feigned way of a rejoycing complement) do viſit his young Miſtreſs *Imperia*, and her old Husband *Palmerius*, who (more out of his own goodneſs than their deſerts) bid them all moſt kindly and courteouſly welcome. They congratulate with him for this his happy match with *Imperia*

for

for which, old *Palmerius* reſpectively thanks them; but he knows not what dangerous ſnakes lurk under the green leaves of this their pretended fair courteſie. As for his wife *Imperia*, ſhe is ſo reſerved in her comportment, and ſo coy in her carriage towards them, that (according to the cuſtom of *Italy*) her Husband can hardly perſwade or cauſe her to ſee and ſalute them, the which at laſt ſhe faintly and feignedly performs, rather with an eye of diſdain, than of reſpect. They all ſee the young Wife with love and pity, but look on her old Husband with contempt and envy; yet *Moroſini* then and there in ſtealth ſees *Imperia*'s heart in her eyes; when, in counterchange, ſhe knows his heart by his enamour'd looks and countenance. So *Palmerius* (being as innocent as aged) having diſcourſed with them about their voyage, and about *Turky* and *Conſtantinople*, and courteouſly prayed them to be no ſtrangrers to him and his houſe, while the contrary winds kept them here in *Ancona* (which they readily and thankfully promiſe him), they for this time take leave each of other; *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* highly applauding the beauty of *Imperia*; and *Moroſini* infinitely condemning and contemning the ſimplicity and age of her old Husband *Palmerius*.

But this is not all; for that very afternoon *Moroſini* (out of the intemperate heat and paſſion of his love) by a confident Meſſenger, ſends to pray *Imperia* to meet him at three of the clock in her Garden, which was a pretty way diſtance from her houſe: the which ſhe joyfully grants him: and here it is where they meet, and where I am enforced to ſay, that in the Pavillion or Banquetting-houſe of this Garden, there theſe two youthful lovers (after a thouſand ſweet kiſſes and embraces) firſt received each of other thoſe amorous delights and pleaſures which modeſty will not, and chaſtity and honeſty cannot permit me to mention; as alſo, for that theſe Pills of Sugar are moſt commonly candied in bitter Worm-wood and Gall, and but too frequently prove Honey to the Palate, but Poyſon to the Heart and Soul.

And here in this her Garden (I ſay again) was the very firſt time and place where our fair *Imperia*, who was ſo famous in *Loretto* and *Ancona*, for her Piety and Chaſtity, forgetting the firſt, made ſhipwrack of the laſt; and where, of a Gentlewoman of Honour, ſhe loſt her honour by committing this her beaſtly ſin of ſenſuality and adultery. When the winds, which were contrary to *Moroſini*'s voyage, proved ſo favourable and propitious to his luſtful deſires, that he thinks not nothing leſs than of his return to *Venice*; nor of any thing ſo much as of his ſtay here in *Ancona* with his fair and ſweet Love *Imperia*; who likewiſe finds leſs content and pleaſure in the company of her Husband *Palmerius*, than ſhe hoped for; and now far more in her dear Friend *Moroſini*, than ſhe either dreamt or expected. In which trivial regard, and ſinful conſideration, ſhe (in a manner) abandons the firſt, and gives her ſelf wholly over to the will and pleaſure of the ſecond; and ſo turning the cuſtom of theſe their laſcivious Dalliances, into a habit, and that into a ſecond nature, both in her Garden, and her own Houſe, ſhe very often (both by day and night) commits this bitter-ſweet ſin of Adultery with *Moroſini*; whereof a ſubtil young Nephew of *Palmerius*, of ſome eighteen years old, who was the Siſter's Son, and termed *Richardo*, takes exact and curious notice; and once among the reſt, he peeps in at the Key-hole of his Aunt's Chamber-door, and there ſees her and Signior *Moroſini* on the bed together, and in no leſs familiarity than was requiſite or could be expected betwixt his Uncle her Husband *Palmerius*, and her ſelf; whereupon ſecretly envying and hating her, becauſe he was afraid ſhe ſhould bear away all, or at leaſt the greateſt part of his ſaid Uncle's Eſtate and Wealth from him (who for want of Children, hoped that he therefore ſhould be his adopted Heir;) he therefore maliciouſly bears the remembrance of this object and accident in his mind, with an intent, that when occaſion ſhould hereafter preſent the report and knowledge thereof to his ſaid Uncle, he might juſtly cauſe him wholly to heave and raze her out of his good opinion and affection.

As for *Moroſini* and *Imperia*, they (notwithſtanding all this) do ſtill ſtrongly endeavour to blear the eyes of her Husband *Palmerius*, who (thinking his Wife to be as chaſt as fair, and rather a *Diana* than a *Lais*) out of his good nature doth ſometimes in his houſe feaſt *Moroſini* and his two Conſorts, *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*. But they will prove pernicious and fatal Gueſts to him: for ere long we ſhall ſee them requite this hoſpitality and courteſie of his, with a prodigious and treacherous ingratitude. In which mean time, all *Ancona* reſounds of the great expence and profuſe prodigality of *Moroſini* and his two Aſſociates: for they here revel it out in the beſt Taverns and Companies of the City, and not only exceed others, but alſo themſelves, in the richneſs and bravery of their Apparel; but moſt eſpecially *Moroſini*, whoſe Apparel is every way fitter for an *Italian* Nobleman, than a *Venetian* Merchant. Our Luſtful and laſcivious *Imperia*, never well contented or pleaſed, but in his preſence, or her Husband's abſence. And here, to relate the truth of her heart, *Moroſini* is more her Husband than *Palmerius*; or rather, *Palmerius* is but the ſhadow, and *Moroſini* the eſſential ſubſtance

of her Husband: and therefore I desire the Reader to know and remember, that in that regard and consideration I have purposely entituled this History, not to be of *Palmerius* and *Imperia*, but of *Morosini* and *Imperia*.

Morosini, *Asconius*, and *Donato*, (in their Lodging and Chambers) have many times many private Speeches and Conferences, what pity it is that so sweet and fair a young Gentlewoman as *Imperia*, should (by the constraint of her unkind and cruel Father) thus be clogged and chained in Marriage to so old a Dotard as *Palmerius*, (for a more favourable Epithete their Vanity and Folly could not afford to give him) and *Morosini* (in the dumb eloquence and Logick of *Imperia*'s sighs and tears) apparently believes, that (in her heart and soul) she infinitely desireth and wisheth, that *Palmerius* were in Heaven, and himself now her Husband here on Earth in his place. He reads as much in her looks and countenance; and is therefore confident, that her heart and ambition aspire to no sweeter earthly felicity. He hath not lost his Wit in his Affection, nor wholly drowned his Judgment either in the fresh Roses and Lillies of her Beauty, or in the resplendent luster of those sparkling Diamonds and Stars, her Eyes. He knows that his Estate is far inferior to his Birth and Extraction; and yet, that his prodigalities and expences (both in *Turky* and *Italy*) are far superior and above his Estate; he would fain (therefore) find out the means to bear it up. Then, I say, what his demands could not obtain of her, his kisses do, when swearing him to support, and consequently to preserve his Reputation with the whole world, the which he esteems equal to his life, if not above it. He knows that *Imperia* is already more his Wife, than her Husband's; and it is very confident, that he can make her apt for any impression, and capable of any design, which may advance his own fortunes, and confirm both their contents; whereunto conjoyning the sweetness of her beauty, and the excellency of her feature, and the exceeding great wealth of her old Husband; he adding all these considerations together, they here weigh him down to Hell and Satan, by terminating his thoughts, and fixing his heart upon this hellish resolution, To send him speedily to Heaven in a bloody Winding-sheet; and no other charitable thought, or Christian consideration, can divert him from this inhumane and bloody project; neither can he possibly reap any truce of his thoughts, or peace of his heart, before he have attempted and finished it.

To which end, the very next night that he lay and wantonized in bed with his *Imperia* (for, God knows, her old Husband lay but seldom with her) finding her extraordinarily to sigh, he lays hold of this advantage and opportunity, and very earnestly demands of her what ails her; whereat her tongue then fled to her heart, because her heart was then flying from God to the Devil; so she continues her sighing, but is still mute, and returns him no answer. That at last *Morosini* suspecting that in her heart, which his hopes desired, and his desires hoped for; then I say, what his demands could not obtain of her, his kisses do; when swearing him to secresie, she (after many far fetch'd sighs) tells him, that she loves him so dearly and tenderly, as for his sake she either wisheth her self in her Grave, or her Husband *Palmerius* in Heaven, which is the sweet Musick and Melody that *Morosini* expects, and which to his unexpressible joy he now receives from her; when paying her the principal and interest of this her dearest love and affection toward him, with many kisses, he passionately intreats her, that she will employ him to finish this pleasing Tragedy; but she is again mute hereat; and therefore he again more earnestly entreats her to confer this favour on him; who then taking councel of her Lust and of Hell, she grants his first request herein, with silence; but his second with a free and chearful consent. When (as two wretched and bloody Miscreants) they reciprocally swear secresie herein each to other, as also they will speedily dispatch him, and so in a very short time after marry each other; and no longer live in *ANCONA*, but in *VENICE*. But what a fatal, what a hellish Contract was this, which they equally confirm as well with their Oaths as Kisses? And how at one time do I pity both their youth and folly, and hate their obscene affections each to other, and their foul Crimes unto God herein! They cannot content themselves with Lust, but with Blood; for they are so resolutely inhumane and impious, as they will needs add Murther to Adultery; as if one of those two foul sins were not sufficient enough to make both of them wretched in this life, if not miserable in that to come. But the Devil is so strong with them, as they vow to advance, and disdain to retire in the perpetration of this deplorable business: so from the matter, they proceed to the manner hereof. *Morosini* propoleth poyson; but *Imperia* rejects this his opinion, as being dangerous both in the procuring and administring. When she propounded to have him stifled by night in his bed: To the which, after two or three pauses and considerations, he well and freely

freely conſenteth. So hereon they both do finally agree and reſolve. But becauſe *Moroſini* knows this *Imperia* to be a wiſe but weak woman, and therefore fitter for counſel than execution, and himſelf alone peradventure not ſtrong enough (with ſafety) to perform it, without ſome other Men's aſſiſtance; he therefore tells her, that he will likewiſe engage his faithful friends and companions, *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, herein. But *Imperia* is extreamly againſt it, as grounding her apprehenſion and fear upon this Maxim, That as one is more capable and proper to keep counſel, than two; ſo conſequently are two, than four. But when (in anſwer hereof) he vows and ſwears to her, That they are no leſs his faithful friends and ſervants than he hers: then (with much alacrity and joy) ſhe yields thereunto; ſo they confirming this their agreement with many oaths, and ſealing it with a world of kiſſes, he leaves this his fair Sweet-heart in bed, and at break of day departs from her, and ſo hies him home to his old Lodging to his two Companions, *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, who (the premiſes conſidered) do perfectly know at what Midnight-Maſs he hath been, what Shrine he hath viſited, and what Saint he hath adored and prayed to.

Some three hours after, they all call for their Breakfaſts, the which as ſoon as they have taken and ended, (for ſtill as yet the wind is contrary for them to ſet ſail for *Venice*) *Moroſini* prays them forthwith to walk with him up to the *Domo* (or Cathedral Church) of that City, which ſtands over it, on a high rocky hill, and there proudly looks up towards the Mountains of *Loretto*, and *Recagnati*, and down to the azured plains and valleys of the *Adriatick* Sea (whereon *Boreas* rings his Northern Peals, and *Neptune* danceth his Southern Lavolta's) So here in this famous Church, (which was built for offering up religious Prayers to God, and not for making up bloody conferences and contracts to and with the Devil) *Moroſini* firſt acquaints them with this buſineſs, and with his, and his *Imperia*'s moſt earneſt prayers, and affectionate requeſts for their aſſiſtance therein; ſith the life of her old doating Husband was no leſs their affliction and miſery, than this his death would infallibly prove their proſperity, triumph and glory, becauſe ſhe was formerly contracted to himſelf, long before he married her: which ſhe was inforced and conſtrained to do, through the cruelty and tyranny of her Father. Now as there needs not many good words and perſwaſions to baſe hearts and polluted and prophane Souls, who of themſelves are already diſpoſed to wickedneſs and prepared to ſinful actions: So (becauſe of *Moroſini*'s old friendſhip and familiarity, of *Imperia*'s beauty, and her old Husband *Palmerius* his exceeding great wealth and riches) theſe two graceleſs wretches, *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, do cheerfully promiſe *Moroſini* the very utmoſt of their poſſible powers for the accompliſhment hereof, whereon they all three do there ſolemnly and interchangeably give their hands and oaths, as alſo for eternal ſecrecy. Which done, they return to their Lodging, and at dinner (when they had purpoſely ſent away their Servants, as alſo thoſe of the Houſe) they in very great glaſſes of *Albania* wine, do on their knees drink Healths to the proſperity of this their intended great buſineſs: the which after dinner *Moroſini* (with much joy) fully relates to his *Imperia*, and ſhe (for her part) underſtands and receives it from him with no leſs delight and exhilaration. When being (as ſtrongly ſeduced and provoked by their laſcivious deſires, as they were meerly propagated and engendered by the Devil, who was the firſt and ſole Author thereof) impatient of all delays, they conclude to finiſh this buſineſs the ſecond night after, which (as I have been credibly informed in *Ancona*) was the very Eve of the Purification of the bleſſed *Mary*, ſo famous and famouſed in *Loretto*. And hereon theſe our two luſtful and lewd Lovers, *Moroſini* and *Imperia*, do give and take exact and curious direction each from other, both of the hour and the manner, thereby the better to diſpatch it with leſs danger, and more aſſurance and facility: and they are ſo laſcivious in their wiſhes, ſo vain and prophane in their hopes, ſo cruel and inhumane in their deſires, and ſo fierce and bloody in their reſolutions, as they think every hour an age before they ſee it effected. All this while our innocent and harmleſs old *Palmerius*, albeit he have the will, but not the power to pleaſe his young Wife *Imperia* by night, yet by day (yea, and almoſt every day) he hath both the power and will to beſtow ſome rich gifts and preſents on her, and to rain down ſhowers of Gold into her lap, as *Jove* did to his fair *Danae*; and as one way he held it felicity to gaze and contemplate on the excellency of her pure beauty; ſo again he made it his delight and glory to ſee her flant it out in rich and brave apparel, and alſo to provide her the moſt rareſt Viands, and daintieſt Diet that Gold or Silver could procure. But poor *Palmerius*! (all this coſt and courteſie of thine to thy Wife notwithſtanding) I am enforced to write with equal pity to thee, and ſhame to her; little doſt thou conceive or think what a dangerous Cockatrice or pernicious Viper thou harbourеſt, in harbouring her in thy houſe, thy bed, thy boſome.

The dismal night being now come which these four execrable persons have designed and destined for the finishing of this deplorable business; it is no sooner twelve of the Clock by *Morosini*'s Watch, but he with *Astonicus* and *Donato* (with their Rapiers and Pistols, without any light) issue forth their Lodging, and presently trip to *Palmerius* house, where (according to promise) they find the Street-door a little open, and *Imperia* as a Fury of Hell) there ready to receive them, when although it were a time and place far more fitter for them to tremble than kiss; yet so fervent is the fire of *Morosini*'s and *Imperia*'s lascivious and furious affections, as they cannot yet refrain from giving each other one or two at least. When leaving *Donato* (with his Rapier drawn) close within the door, to guard and make it good against all opposing and intervening accidents, *Morosini* leads *Imperia* by the right arm, and *Astonicus* by the left, and so for the more security (purposely) leaving their shooes below with *Donato*, and drawing on wollen pumps, they all three ascend the stairs, when she (with wonderful silence) first conducts them to her own Chamber, (which was somewhat distant from her Husbands) where the windows being close shut, and a small wax candle burning on her Table, and her Prayer-book by it, wherein (still expecting the hour of Midnight) she silently reads, while the Devil held the candle to her; she there gives each of them a pillow to work this damnable fact, having silently given such order, that her Husbands Nephew, *Richardo*, and all the servants of the house, were gone to bed above three hours before. Thus this treacherous She-Devil *Imperia* (for I can no more term her a woman, much less a Wife, and least of all a Christian) is the fatal guide to bloody *Morosini* and *Astonicus*; who brings them first to the door of her old Husband *Palmerius* his Chamber, which she had purposely left a little open, and then to his bed, who is deeply and soundly sleeping in his innocency towards them, as they were but too too wide waking in their inveterate malice against him; she keeping the door, and *Morosini* standing by one side of the bed, and *Astonicus* by the other, they there (in regard of his impotency and weakness) do easily stifle him to death, not so much as suffering him either once to cry or screech; and then to make sure work, they speedily and violently thrust a small Orange into his mouth, thereby the better to cover and colour out this their Villany to the world, in making all men believe, that it was *Palmerius* himself, who had put that Orange into his own mouth, thereby pupose ly to destroy himself: when leaving his breathless body in his bed, they secretly issue forth the Chamber, and she draws fast the door after her, and so descends with them down the stairs to the Street-door, where with much triumph, joy, and thanks, between them all, *Morosini* giving his *Imperia* many kisses, and she desiring them all three immediately to repair to their Lodgings, and not to stir thence till they hear from her, which she promiseth *Morosini* shall be as soon as conveniently and possibly she can, they depart home. When she, first softly bolting the Street-door, and then her own Chamber-door, she presently (with much security, and no repentance) betakes her self to her bed, where (vile wretch that she is) she no more wakes for grief at the life, but now sleeps for joy at the death of her old doting Husband *Palmerius*. But we shall not go far before we see God convert these her triumphs into tears, and this her false joy into true misery and confusion for the same.

The manner thus:

Whiles *Morosini*, *Astonicus*, and *Donato*, do in their Lodging, for joy of this their bloody fact, carouse the remainder of the night, and the next morning keep their beds till nine of the clock, without once thinking of God or Heaven, or of fearing either Hell or Satan. *Imperia* putting an Angel's face on her devilish heart, goes (according to her accustomed manner) about six of the Clock in the morning, away with her Waiting-maid, and her Prayer-Book and Beads in hand, to hear Mass at Saint *Francis* (which is the Grey Friers) Church, near to the Jews Street, with an intent to stay there in her Orisons till past eight. But let the Reader judge with what a prophane zeal, and prodigious and impious devotion, she doth it; as also farther know, that God, who is the great Judge of Heaven and Earth (in his sacred Justice) is now resolved to bring this lamentable murthering of *Palmerius* to detection and light, and to proclaim and publish it to the sight and knowledge of the world, by a way no less strange than remarkable.

Within less than half an hour, than *Imperia* went away to Mass at Saint *Francis* Church, an Inn-keeper of *Loretto*, who dwelt there at the sign of the Crown, named *Antonio Herbas*, arrives there in *Ancona* to *Palmerius* house, with a Letter for him from his Father *Bonidino*; who speaking with his Nephew *Richardo*, he delivereth and sendeth up the Letter to his Uncle, who then opening the latch of his Chamber-door, he no sooner entereth, but with his foot

ſoot he ſtumbles at a pair of rich gloves; which taking up, and knowing them to belong to *Seignior Moroſini*, becauſe ſome two or three days together he had ſeen him wear them; he with a ſmile claps them into his pocket; and ſo giving his Uncle the good morrow, he advanceth up to his bed to deliver him this Letter: When, withdrawing the Curtains, he (contrary to his expectation) finds him dead, and well near cold in his bed, with a whole ſmall Orange in his mouth; whereat he makes ſo lamentable and ſorrowful an out-cry, that the noiſe thereof brings up two ſervants of the houſe, to enquire and know what the cauſe thereof might be; who being likewiſe ſad ſpectators of this their Maſter's ſudden and unfortunate death, they conceive and believe, that he had voluntarily ſtopped his own breath, and deſtroyed himſelf by putting this Orange in his mouth; and that his face being black and ſwollen, was only his own ſtruggling for life againſt death: which opinion of theirs, in common ſenſe and reaſon, was probable enough, if God had not here reſolved to diſprove it, in verifying and making apparent the contrary. For *Richardo* (who was of a pregnant wit, and of a ſharp and quick apprehenſion) conſidering that theſe were *Moroſini*'s Gloves, which he found there in his Uncles Chamber; and his memory now telling his heart what laſcivious dalliances and obſcene embraces and familiarity his eyes had lately ſeen and known between him and his Aunt *Imperia*; as alſo, that God heretofore prompted and informed his ſoul, that they both had an equal ſhare and hand in this lamentable murther of his Uncle, and that it was far better for him juſtly to ruin her now, than ſhe unjuſtly to begger him hereafter: He therefore (with tears in his eyes) prays the ſervants to ſtay a little while in the Chamber, with his dead Uncle, till his return; and then (with thoſe Gloves in his pocket, and this Letter in his hand) he ſpeeds away to the Podeſtate (or Criminal Judge) of this City named Seignior *Ludovicus Ceranne*, and in a paſſionate and ſorrowful Speech, makes him know as much as himſelf knows of this lamentable Murther of his Uncle *Palmerius*; for the which, he ſtrongly chargeth *Moroſini*, and his ſaid Aunt *Imperia*, to be the authors and actors, and ſo craves Juſtice on them both for the ſame. This grave Perſonage is very ſorrowful at this lamentable accident, and likewiſe at this relation and accuſation of *Richardo*, as well for the manner thereof, as for the quality of the perſons, who he hears and fears are intereſted herein; when walking a turn or two, deeply contemplating hereon in his Chamber, he ſits himſelf down in his Chair, and then (bidding *Richardo* approach nearer to him) he ſeriouſly demands of him theſe four Queſtions: Firſt, If he were aſſured that theſe were *Moroſini*'s Gloves? To which *Richardo* anſwered, He perfectly knew them to be his, for that he had ſeen him wear them three or four ſeveral times. Secondly, Where *Moroſini* was lodged in that City? Whereat he replyed, That he and his two Aſſociates, *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, lay at the ſign of the Ship upon the Key. Thirdy, Where he thought his Aunt *Imperia* now was? Whereat he tells him, She is now in Saint *Francis* Church at her devotions. And fourthly, What Letter that was he held faſt ſealed in his hand? When he alſo informed him, That this was the very ſame Letter which he formerly told him of, the which Signior *Bondino* (the Father of his Aunt *Imperia*) ſent to his Uncle this morning from *Loretto*, by an Inn-keeper of that Town, named *Antonio Herbas*, whom he ſaid he had brought along with him to affirm ſo much: the which being called up before the Podeſtate, he upon his corporal Oath did ſo, when the Podeſtate taking that Letter from *Richardo*, and breaking up the Seals thereof, he finds it to ſpeak this Language.

BONDINO to PALMERIUS.

IT was a ſenſible grief to me, when I firſt heard of Moroſini's *arrival from* Turky *to* Ancona; *but far the greater, when I firſt underſtood of his long and lingring ſtay there: and to write thee the truth of my heart, my thoughts by day, and my dreams by night, do ſtill prompt and aſſure me, that as it is likely that he will attempt ſomething againſt the Chaſtity of thy Wife, my Daughter; ſo it is not impoſſible for him to plot ſomewhat againſt thine own life; for by nature and inclination I hear he is very malicious and revengeful. If he depart ſpeedily for* Venice, *then burn this Letter in* Ancona, (*which I now ſend thee here by my Neighbour* Antonio Herbas) *but if he farther protract his ſtay there, then ſpeedily bring thy ſelf and thy Wife away to me here in* Loretto, *where my Houſe ſhall be a ſanctuary for her, and a Caſtle and Cittadel for thy Self: Slight not this my careful and tender advice to thee, but rather reſolve with confidence, that as God gave it firſt to my heart, ſo from my heart I moſt affectionately now ſend it to thee.* BONDINO.

The Podeſtate being aſcertained of all theſe Evidences, from the confeſſion of *Richardo*, the Gloves of *Moroſini*, the Letter of *Bondino*, and the acknowledgement of *Herbas*, although hereupon

upon he verily believes that *Palmerius* was ſtifled in his bed by his Wife *Imperia*, and her Lover *Moroſini*; yet (as a wiſe Judge and a prudent Magiſtrate) he will inform his knowledge of one important point more, for the better diſquiſition and vindication of the truth of this deplorable buſineſs: He will not ſend any ſubordinate Officer, but a private friend of his, to the Hoſte of the Ship upon the Key, where *Moroſini* lodged, whoſe name he now knows to be *Stephano Fundi*, and that (in favour of a Cup of Wine) he ſhould courteouſly allure him home to his houſe and preſence, the which that Friend of his performs; where the Podeſtate then told him, that he had been informed by divers, that he is an honeſt man, and therefore in friendly ſort he prays him to anſwer him the truth of three demands, which he ſhall make unto him: Firſt, If *Moroſini*, and his Friends *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, lay in his houſe all the laſt night? or if not, When they went abroad, and at what hour returned. When *Fundi* (performing his duty and reverence to the Podeſtate) tells him, That they all three went forth of his houſe together the laſt night, with their Rapiers, without any lights, a little after twelve of the clock, and returned home again a little before two, as near as he could gueſs. Secondly, the Podeſtate ſhews him the Gloves, and asks of him if he thought theſe were *Moroſini*'s? to which he anſwered, He did aſſure him they were, for that he had many times ſeen him wear them. Thirdly, He enquires of him, if he knew where *Moroſini*, *Aſtonicus*, and *Donato* now were? Whereunto he made anſwer, That after they came home to his houſe the laſt night, they merrily carouſed and drank in their Chamber till ſix of the Clock in the morning; that they then went to their beds, and there as yet they lay all ſoundly ſleeping. The Podeſtate having thus happily cleared all theſe rubs, he makes no doubt but they were the Murtherers of *Palmerius*, and therefore reſolves ſpeedily to lay ſure hold of them all. But he is ſo ſolid and wiſe in his adminiſtration of Juſtice, as he will add ſubtilty to his power, and diſcretion to his authority. Firſt therefore in friendly manner he confines *Fundi* to a Chamber here in his own houſe, to prevent that he ſhould not return home to tell tales to *Moroſini* and his Aſſociates. Then he preſently ſends away two of his own Sons, who were gallant young Gentlemen, named Seignior *Alexandro* and *Thomaſo Ceranno* (who were ignorant of all this matter) with his Coach to St. *Francis* Church, and when they there ſee the fair Gentlewoman *Imperia* to iſſue forth, then in courteous manner, not to fail to bring her away in the Coach with them to his houſe, under pretext and colour, that the Lady *Honoria*, their Mother, doth deſire to ſee and ſpeak with her, and that ſhe will pleaſe to paſs one hour with her in her Garden, with whom and where ſhe (by the way of viſits) had formerly ſometimes been. Theſe two young Gentlemen (in obedience to their Father's commands) drive away to that Church, and preſently eſpy *Imperia* on her knees, who now riſeth and goes forth; they follow her, and in the Street, with their Hats in their hands, do preſent their Lady-Mother's requeſt and errand to her, as we have formerly heard. *Imperia* knowing them to be the Podeſtate's two Sons, ſhe at firſt is ſo infinitely perplexed, grieved and amazed hereat, yea, ſhe is hereupon vexed and tormented in ſo ſtrange a manner, that with much perturbation of mind ſhe now (through her ſoul and guilty conſcience) looks pale for ſorrow, and preſently red again for ſhame; ſo that in the turning of an hand, and twinkling of an eye, ſhe exchangeth the Lillies of her Cheeks into Roſes, and thoſe Roſes as ſoon again into Lillies: But then (fearing her danger leaſt, when ſhe had all the reaſons in the world both to doubt and fear it moſt) conſidering that the Podeſtate and the Lady his Wife were her kind and honourable good friends, and had now ſent their Coach for her; as alſo obſerving the fair carriage and courteous language of theſe two young Sons towards her; ſhe then (being blinded by the Devil) doth ſo wholly forget both her crime and her danger, her judgement and her ſelf, that rejecting her fear, and compoſing her countenance to a modeſt chearfulneſs, ſhe willingly obeys the Mother's commands, and accepts of the Sons courteſie, and ſo goes along home with them in their Coach: Where being arrived, theſe two young Gentlemen do uſher and conduct her up the Gallery, where not the Lady their Mother, but the Podeſtate their Father (accompanied with two other grave Officers of Juſtice) attended her coming. Their very firſt ſight is ſufficiently capable to daunt her courage with fear, and to tranſpierce her heart and ſoul with ſorrow: When the Podeſtate calling her to him, he with a ſterm countenance gives her this thundering-peal for her good morrow and Breakfaſt: That he is ſorry to ſee that ſo fair a Gentlewoman as her ſelf, ſhould harbour and enſhrine ſo foul a heart. That her good old Husband Signior *Palmerius*, is this morning found ſtifled to death in his bed, with an Orange in his mouth; and that he both thinks and aſſures himſelf, it is done by her, and by her bloody Ruffian and Enamourato, *Moroſini*: for the which he ſaith, he is conſtrain'd (in honour to Juſtice) to make her Priſoner to the Pope his Holineſs, his Sovereign Lord and Maſter: whereat this falſe Hypocrite *Imperia* (with a world of ſighs and tears) cries out and

tells

tells him, That ſhe left her old Husband, *Palmerius*, in perfect health in his bed this morning, that therefore ſhe hoped and truſted in God he is not murthered; or if he be, that it muſt needs be done by his wretched Nephew *Richardo*, who impatiently gaped and hoped for his great Wealth and Riches; or elſe by ſome Devil in his ſhape, of his ſeducing and hiring him thereunto. That *Moroſini* is not her Ruffian or Enamourato, but a brave Merchant by his Profeſſion, and an honourable Gentleman of *Venice* by Birth and Extraction; and that ſhe dare pawn her life for his, that they are both of them as innocent of this foul Crime, as the Infants who were born but the laſt night, and that ſhe hath far more reaſon to weep for the death of her Husband, than any way to fear her own life, becauſe ſhe knows that God is the defender of innocents, and the protector of the righteous; with many other paſſionate and ſorrowful Speeches conducting and looking that way: but theſe her ſpeeches and tears cannot prevail with the Podeſtate; for both he and his two Colleagues do yet firmly believe that ſhe is guilty of this inhumane murther. So he impriſoneth her in a Chamber of his own houſe for that day, and intends at night to ſend her to the Common Goal of that City. Now as ſhe is led along between two Uſhers (or Serjeants) through a lower room, where all the Podeſtate's Servants, and ſome few others of the City, were flocked thither to ſee her paſs by: ſhe infinitely more caring for her *Moroſini*'s life, and rather fearing his death than her own, it is her chance to eſpy *Mercario* (whom we have formerly underſtood ſhe ſent with her Letters to him to *Conſtantinople* and *Aleppo*), and knowing that the Serjeants would then difficultly permit her to ſpeak with any of the company; ſhe, admidſt her tears, bethinks her ſelf of a pretty policy: for as ſhe paſt cloſe by *Mercario*, ſhe purpoſely lets fall her Gloves and wet Handkerchief for him to take up, the which he doth; and as he was ſtooping to effect it, ſhe ſecretly and ſwiftly rounds him in his ear thus: I pray go inſtantly upon the Key to *Moroſini*'s Lodging, and tell him that I am a Priſoner in the Podeſtate's houſe, for the buſineſs he knows of, and therefore that he (and *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*) do ſpeedily provide for their ſafety; as alſo, that if I had a thouſand lives, I would willingly loſe and ſacrifice them all for to preſerve his, and that I will live and die his moſt loving friend and faithful Handmaid, the which as ſoon as ſhe had uttered, ſhe is impriſoned in a dark Chamber, where ſhe hath none but her guilty Conſcience, the bear Walls, and the two Serjeants, for her miſerable Comforters. And yet here thinking to breath and draw ſome hope among all her deſpair and ſorrows, ſhe prays one of the Serjeants to report her humble Service to the Lady *Honoria*, the Podeſtate's Wife, and to pray her to oblige and honour her ſo much, as to ſee and ſpeak a word with her. But ſhe having been informed by the Judge her Husband, that he abſolutely held and believed her to be the murthereſs of her own Husband, Seignior *Palmerius*, ſhe was too honourable to grant *Imperia* this courteſie, and therefore (in deteſtation of her foul fact) highly diſdained to afford her this charity and conſolation, and ſo flatly denies either to ſee or ſpeak with her. And now do the Podeſtate and his two Colleagues, ſit and debate in Council with themſelves, how and in what manner to ſurprize *Moroſini*, *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*; for although they are not ſure, yet by their abſence the laſt night from their Lodging with *Moroſini*, they think that they are two Acceſſaries with him, herein: Firſt, they are of opinion to ſeize on their Ship, which is at anchor in the Road, termed the *Realto* of *Venice*, (a name I think derived and taken from the Merchants Exchange of that City, termed the *Realto*: or elſe from the *Realto* Bridge, (which for one Arch) is doubtleſs the rareſt, faireſt, and richeſt Bridge of the World) which Ship was of ſome three hundred Tuns, and bore ſome twenty pieces of Ordnance, and then preſently after to ſeize on themſelves in their Lodging. But upon more mature deliberation, they reſolve to abandon this their opinion, and ſo to ſeize on their perſons, but not to arreſt or make ſtay of their Ship: and although their Zeal to Juſtice, and haſte for their apprehenſion, be very great; yet *Mercario*, out of his reſpects to *Imperia*, and affection to *Moroſini*, trips down through the By-ſtreets, and neareſt way to the Key, ſo ſwiftly, as he had already ſecretly related to him and his two Conſorts, the ſorrowful news which *Imperia* ſent them by him. Whereat with fear in their hearts and courages, and amazement in their looks and countenances, they all three leap from their Beds to their Swords, diſcharge their Inn, pack up their Trunks and Baggage, and reſolve with all poſſible ſpeed to fly to their Ship; and then if not with, yet, againſt the wind, to put to Sea, and for their ſafety to leave *Ancona*, and ſail for *Venice*. But yet here *Moroſini*'s heart is perplexed with a thouſand torments, to underſtand of his *Imperia*'s imminent and apparent danger; and with many Hells inſtead of one, to ſee that he muſt now thus ſuddenly leave her dear ſight and company, which he every way eſteems no leſs than either his earthly Felicity, or his Heaven upon Earth.

But

But here again, violently called away by the importunate cries of *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, and yet far more by the conſideration of his own proper fear and danger, *Marcario* is no ſooner ſtoln away from them, but they all three, with their Swords drawn, ruſh down the ſtairs with equal intents and reſolutions to exchange their Inn for their Ship, and thereby to metamorphoſe their danger into ſecurity. But they ſhall ſee, that theſe weak and reeling hopes of theirs will now deceive them: for they find all the Doors of their Inn lock'd within-ſide, and ſurrounded and beleagur'd without, with many armed Serjeants, Soldiers, and Citizens, for their apprehenſion: and although *Moroſini*, *Aſtonicus*, and *Donato*, were ſo inflamed with their youthful blood and courage, as they were once generouſly reſolved to ſell their lives dearly, and with their Piſtols and Swords, to prefer an honourable to an infamous death; yet being far over-maſtered with numbers, are therefore enforced to take a Law of the ſtronger; whereunto they they ſooner hearken and conſent, in regard the Serjeants and Officers do politickly cry out to them, and pray them to yield; as affirming, that to their knowledge, their reſolution and fear doth far exceed the danger of their offences. They make a vertue of neceſſity, and unlocking the Doors of their Inn and Chambers, do cheerfully yield up their Perſons, Piſtols, and Swords, to the Pope's Officers of Juſtice, who ſoon convey them all three to the Common-Priſon of that City, which was the ſame wherein our not ſo ſorrowful as unfortunate *Imperia* was already entred; and where, to her unexpreſſible grief, and *Moroſini*'s unparallel'd affliction and diſconſolation, ſuch exact charge was given of the Podeſtate, and ſuch curious heed obſerved and taken of the Gaoler, that he could not poſſibly be permitted either to ſee or ſpeak with her, or ſhe with him; the which indeed they conceived to be far more ſharp than their Crime, and infinitely the more bitter than the conſideration either of their or danger.

Now the news of this lamentable accident, being ſpeedily poſted from *Ancona* to *Loretto*, our *Imperia*'s cruel Father *Bondino* no ſooner is aſſerted thereof, but ſeeing his Son-in-law *Palmerius* murthered in his Bed, and his Wife, his own only Daughter, *Imperia* (with her Ruffian *Moroſini*, and his two Conſorts) to be impriſoned as the Authors and Actors thereof, he for the love he bore to her life, and the tender pity and ſorrow he felt of the infamy of her approaching death, ſuddenly falls ſick and dies; whereof his impriſoned Daughter *Imperia* underſtanding, ſhe (in regard of his former ſeverity towards her) is ſo much paſſionate, and ſo little compaſſionate, as ſhe rather rejoyceth than lamenteth at it; only ſhe prays to God to to forgive his Soul of that cruelty of his enforcing her to marry *Palmerius*, which ſhe knows to be the original cauſe and fatal cloud, from whence have proceeded all theſe diſmal ſtorms of affliction, and tempeſts of untimely death, which ſhe fears muſt very ſhortly befal both her ſelf, and her ſecond ſelf, *Moroſini*.

Whiles thus *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* grieve at their hard fortune and danger, and *Moroſini* and *Imperia* do reciprocally more lament and ſorrow for their ſeparation, than for their impriſonment; and that the Podeſtate and other Officers of Juſtice of *Ancona*, are reſolved firſt to inform the Pope, and then to expect his Holineſs pleaſure for the Arraignment and puniſhment of theſe four Priſoners. It pleaſed God exceedingly to viſit the Town of *Loretto*, and eſpecially the City of *Ancona*, with the Plague, thereof many thouſands in a few months were ſwept away: ſo, by ſpecial Commiſſion and Order from *Rome*, they (in company of divers other Priſoners) are conveyed to the City of *Polignio*, two ſmall days journey from *Ancona*, and there to be arraigned and tryed upon their lives and deaths: at which time, as they paſt by the old little City of *Tolentino*, where I then (in my intended travels towards *Rome*) lay upon my recovery of a burning Fever; when, I ſay, the nature of their crimes, and the quality of their perſons, made my curioſity ſo ambitious, as to ſee and obſerve them in their ſeveral Chambers of the Inn, where they that night lay, which was at the Sign of the Pope's Arms: as for *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, I found them to be rather ſad than merry; *Moroſini* to be far more merry than wiſe; and *Imperia* to be infinitely more fair than fortunate; and all of them to be leſs ſorrowful for their affliction and danger, than for the cauſe thereof.

Within three hours of their arrival to *Polignio*, they are all four convented before the two Criminal Judges, who are purpoſely ſent from *Rome* thither, and are there and then ſeverally charged with this foul murthering or ſtifling to death the old Seignior *Palmerius* in his Bed, which all and every one of them apart do ſtifly deny, notwithſtanding that *Fundi* the Hoſt, and *Richardo* the Nephew, give in evidence of ſtrong preſumption againſt them, and alſo notwithſtanding of *Moroſini*'s Gloves, and *Bondino*'s Letter written to his Son-in-law *Palmerius*, and delivered by *Herbas*, as we have formerly underſtood. But theſe two grave and prudent Judges yet ſtrongly ſuſpecting the contrary, they will not be deluded with the Airy

words

words and ſugered ſpeeches and proteſtations of their pretended innocency, but conſult between themſelves what here to reſolve on for the vindication of this truth: ſo at laſt they hold it expedient and requiſite, firſt to expoſe *Aſtonicus* to the torment of the Rack; the which he (being a ſtrong and robuſt man) endureth with a firm reſolution and conſtancy every way above himſelf, and almoſt beyond belief, and ſtill confeſſeth nothing but his innocency and ignorance of this deplorable fact: whereof the Judges reſting not yet ſatisfied, they within an hour after adjudge *Donato* to the tortures of the Scarpines, who being a little timbred man, of a pale complexion, and weak conſtitution of body, his right foot no ſooner feels the unſufferable fury of the fire, and his tormentors then confidently promiſing him all deſired favour from his Judges, if he will confeſs the truth, but after ſome ſorrowful tears, and pitiful crys, he fully and amply doth, and in the ſame manner and form, as in all its circumſtances as we have formerly underſtood. The which, when the Judges hear of, they cannot refrain firſt from admiring and wondering thereat, and then from lamenting that Perſonages of their rank and quality ſhould be the Authors and Actors of ſo foul and lamentable a Murther, eſpecially of this fair Gentlewoman *Imperia*, to her own good old Husband *Palmerius*. Now by this time alſo are *Moroſini*, *Imperia*, and *Aſtonicus*, acquainted with this fatal confeſſion and accuſation of *Donato*, againſt them for this murther; whereat they do infinitely lament and grieve, becauſe they are thereby perfectly aſſured, that it hath infallibly made them all three liable and obnoxious to death; as alſo, for that their ſuppoſed firm friend *Donato* proved himſelf ſo falſe a man, and ſo true a coward, to be the cauſe thereof; wherein they ſo much forget themſelves, as they do not once think, and they will not therefore remember, that the detection of this their foul Muther proceeded immediately from Heaven, and originally from the Providence and Juſtice of the Lord of Hoſts.

The very ſame afternoon, the Judges ſent for *Moroſini*, *Imperia*, and *Aſtonicus*, to appear before them in their publick Tribunal of Juſtice, where they firſt acquaint and charge them with *Donato*'s confeſſion and accuſation againſt them for murthering of *Palmerius*; whereat they are ſo far from being any way diſmayed or daunted, as they all do deny and refel this accuſation, and ſo in high terms do ſtand upon their innocency and juſtification. But when they ſee *Donato* brought into the Court in a Chair (for his fiery torments of the Scarpines had ſo cruelly ſcorched, and pitifully burnt away the fleſh of the ſole of his right foot, almoſt to the bone, that he was wholly unable either to go or ſtand) and that they were to be confronted face to face with him; as alſo, they being hotly terrified and threatned by the Judges with the torments of the Rack and Scarpines, then God was ſo gracious to their hearts and ſo merciful to their ſouls, that they looking mournfully each at other, ſhe weeping, and, they ſighing, and all of them deſpairing of life, and too perfectly aſſured of death, they all confeſs the whole truth of this foul fact of theirs, and ſo confirm as much as *Donato* had formerly affirmed of this their bloody crime of murthering *Palmerius* in his Bed: when one of theſe two reverend grave Judges, immediately thereupon, doth condemn them all four to be hanged the next morning at the common place of Execution of that City; although *Donato*, becauſe of his confeſſion thereof, in vain flattered himſelf, that he ſhould receive a pardon for his life. So they are all ſent back to their Priſon from whence they came, where all the courteſie, which the importunate requeſts of *Moroſini*, and the inceſſant ſighs and tears of *Imperia*, can obtain of their Judges, is, that they grant them an hour of time to ſee, converſe, and ſpeak one with the other, that night in Priſon, in preſence of their Gaolers, and ſome other Perſons, before they die. When *Moroſini* being guided towards her Chamber, ſuch is the weakneſs of his Religion towards God, and the fervency (or rather the exorbitancy) of his affection towards her, that as he paſſeth from Chamber to Chamber, he is ſo far from once thinking, much leſs fearing of death, as he abſolutely believes he is going to a victory and triumph: here *Moroſini*, with a world of ſighs, throws himſelf upon his *Imperia*'s neck and breaſt; and here *Imperia*, with a whole deluge of tears, embraceth and encloiſtereth her *Moroſini* in her arms; when after a thouſand kiſſes, they beg pardon one of another for being the eſſential and actual cauſe each of other's death, and do interchangeably both kiſs and ſpeak, ſometimes privately, and ſometimes publickly, before the ſpectators; that, if thoſe reports be true which I firſt heard thereof in *Tolentino*, next to *Polignio*, and laſtly in *Rome*, I ſay, to depaint and repreſent it at life, in all its circumſtances, I ſhould then begin a ſecond Hiſtory, when I am now on the very point and period to end the firſt; neither in my conceit, is it a task either proper for me to undertake, or pertinent for my pen to perform, becauſe (to ſpeak freely and ingenuouſly) I hold the grant and permiſſion of this their amorous viſit and interview in Priſon, before they die, to be every way more worthy of the pity, than of the gravity or piety of their Judges.

If therefore I do not content and pleaſe the curioſity, I yet hope I ſhall endeavour my ſelf to ſatisfie the judgment of my Chriſtian Reader, here briefly to ſignifie, this their limited hour is no ſooner paſt, but to the ſharp affliction of *Moroſini*, the bitter anxiety of *Imperia*, they by their Gaolers are ſeparated, and confined to their ſeveral Chambers, where (by the charity of their Judges) they find two Friers and two Nuns attending them, to prepare their ſouls for Heaven; and in a leſs vain, and the more ſerious and religious conference, to entertain both their time and themſelves, from an earthly, to the ſpeculation and contemplation of a divine and heavenly love; as alſo, from them to *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*. But before I proceed farther, we muſt underſtand, that the two Friers have not been with *Moroſini*, and the two Nuns with *Imperia* above an hour, but by the two Judges there is a chief ſubordinate Officer of theirs ſent to Priſon, to tell *Imperia*, that her Uncle, Seignior *Alexandro Bondino*, a great Senator and famous Judge of *Rome*, hath obtained her pardon of this preſent Pope *Urban* VIII. But ſhe is not ſo glad of his news, as ſhe is then curious to enquire if her *Moroſini* be likewiſe pardoned; ſo the Officer tells her, no; and that he abſolutely muſt ſuffer death: then ſhe weeps far faſter than ſhe rejoyceth; and affirms, that ſhe will not live, but die. The Judges ſend for her and perſwade her to live; but ſhe begs them as importunately to give *Moroſini* his life, as they do her, to accept and receive her own. They tell her, they have not the power to grant her the firſt; and ſhe replies, That ſhe then hath not the will to embrace and entertain the ſecond. They acquaint *Moroſini* herewith, who by their order, and by their ſelves, do ſtrongly perſwade her hereunto; but her firſt anſwer and reſolution is her laſt, that ſhe will accept of no life if he muſt die; neither will he refuſe any death conditionally, that ſhe may live to ſurvive him. The two Friers and the two Nuns uſe their beſt Art and Oratory to perſwade her hereunto: but they meet with impoſſibility to make her affection to *Moroſini*, and her reſolution to her ſelf, flexible hereunto. Her life is not half ſo pernicious to her, as is his; for if ſhe had many, as ſhe hath but one, ſhe is both ready and reſolute to loſe and ſacrifice them all for his ſake; and would eſteem it her felicity, that her death might redeem and ranſom his life: the Judges (out of their goodneſs and charity) afford a whole day to invite and perſwade hereunto: but ſhe is ſtill deaf to their requeſts, and ſtill one and the ſame woman, deſirous to live with him, or conſtant and reſolute to die for him. Therefore, when nothing can prevail with her, becauſe die he muſt, ſo die ſhe will; to the which ſhe chearfully prepares her ſelf, with an equal affection and reſolution, which I rather admire than commend in her.

So the next morning they are all four brought to the Place of common execution to ſuffer death: Where *Donato* is firſt lifted up to the Ladder; who, being fuller of pains than words, ſaid little in effect, but that he wiſhed he had either died in *Conſtantinople* or *Aleppo*, or elſe ſunk in the Sea before he came to *Ancona*, and not to have here ended his days in miſery and infamy. The next was ordered to follow him, was *Aſtonicus*; who told the World boldly and plainly, that he cared leſs for his death, than for the cauſe thereof; and that he loved *Moroſini* ſo perfectly and dearly, that he rather rejoyced than grieved to die for him; only he repented himſelf for aſſiſting to murther *Palmerius*, and from his heart and ſoul beſeeched God to forgive it him; and ſo he was turned over. Then *Moroſini* aſcends the Ladder clad in a hair-colour Satin ſuit, and a pair of Crimſon ſilk Stockens, with Garters and Roſes edged with ſilver Lace, being ſo vain in his carriage, action and ſpeeches, as before he once thought of God, he (with a world of ſighs) takes a ſolemn leave of his Sweet-heart *Imperia*, and with all the powers of his heart and Soul, prays her to accept of her life, and ſo to ſurvive him. He makes an exact and godly confeſſion of his ſins to God and the World; and yet nevertheleſs he is ſo vain in his affection towards *Imperia*, as he takes both to witneſs, that had he a thouſand lives, he would chearfully loſe them all to ſave and preſerve hers. As for *Imperia*, ſuch was her dear and tender affection to him, as ſhe would fain look on him as long as he lives; and yet ſhe equally deſires and reſolves rather to die than to ſee him die: and becauſe ſhe hath not the power, therefore ſhe turns her face and eyes from him, and will not have the will to ſee him die: when he having ſaid his prayers, and ſo recommended his ſoul into the hands of his Redeemer, he is alſo turned over.

Now although that *Imperia* be here again and again ſolicited by the Judges, Fryers, and Nuns, to accept of her life; yet ſhe ſeeing her other ſelf, *Moroſini*, dead, ſhe therefore diſdains to ſurvive him: ſhe hath ſo much love in her heart, as now ſhe hath little life, and leſs joy in her looks and countenance. She aſcends the Ladder in a plain black Taffata Gown, a plain thick Set Ruff, a white Lawn Quoif, and a long black Cypreſs Vail over her head, with a white pair of Gloves, and her Prayer-book in her hands. When being far more

capable

capable to weep than ſpeak, ſhe caſting a wonderful ſad and ſorrowful look on her dead lover *Moroſini*, after many Volleys of far fetch'd ſighs, ſhe delivers this ſhort ſpeech to that great concourſe of people, who from City and Countrey flocked thither to ſee her and them die:

Good people, I had lived more happy, and not died ſo miſerable, if my Father *Bondino* had not ſo cruelly enforced me to marry *Palmerius*, whom I could not love; and to leave *Moroſini*, whom in heart and ſoul I ever affected a thouſand times dearer than mine own life; and may all Fathers, who now ſee my death, or ſhall hereafter hear or read this my Hiſtory, be more pitiful and leſs cruel to their Daughters, by his example. I do here now ſuffer many deaths in one, to ſee that my dear *Moroſini* is dead for my ſake: for had he not loved me dearly, and I him tenderly, he had never died for me, nor I for him, with ſuch chearfulnes and alacrity as now we do. And here to deal truly with God and the World, although I could never affect or fancy my old Husband *Palmerius*, yet now from my heart and ſoul I lament and repent that ever I was guilty of his innocent and untimely death: the which God forgive me, and I likewiſe requeſt you all to pray unto God to forgive it me. And not to conceal or diſſemble the truth of my heart, I grieve not to die, but rather becauſe I have no more lives to loſe for my *Moroſini*'s affection and ſake. I have and do devoutly pray unto God for his Soul, and ſo I heartily requeſt and conjure you all to do for mine. Thus I commend you all to happy and proſperous lives, my ſelf to a pious and patient Death in Earth, and a joyful and a glorious Reſurrection in Heaven; when ſigning her ſelf often with the ſign of the Croſs, ſhe pulls her vail down over her face, and ſo praying that ſhe might be buried in one and the ſame Grave with *Moroſini*, ſhe bad the Executioner perform his Office; who immediately turns her over.

And if reports be true, Never three young men, and one fair young Gentlewoman, died more lamented and pitied than they: for *Moroſini* died with more reſolution than repentance; and *Imperia*, with more repentance than reſolution: thus was their lives, and thus their deaths. May we extract wiſdom out of their folly, and charity out of their cruelty; ſo ſhall we live as happy as they died miſerably, and finiſh our days and lives in as much content and tranquility, as they ended theirs in ſhame, infamy and confuſion.

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A GERMAN HISTORY.

HISTORY XXVII.

Father Juſtinian *a Prieſt, and* Adrian *an Inn-keeper, poyſon* De Laurier, *who was Lodged in his houſe, and then bury him in his Orchard; where a month after, a Wolf digs him up, and devours a great part of his body; which Father* Juſtinian *and* Adrian *underſtanding, they fly upon the ſame, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.*

WHERE our hearts are given to covetouſneſs and cruelty, there is little ſign of Grace, and therefor leſs hope of our proſperity either in this life or the next: for thoſe are ſins which ſo eclipſe our judgments, and obſcure and darken our underſtandings, that we thereby run blind-folded and headlong to all miſery and confuſion; and makes our eſtates ſo deſperate, that we ſhall not deſerve to be pitied of others, becauſe we would neither pity nor compaſſionate others, or (which is worſe) our ſelves. A deplorable example whereof, this enſuing Hiſtory will preſent to our knowledge and conſideration, in the perſons of two execrable wretches, which did wilfully caſt away themſelves and their lives, upon foul and enormous motives. May we religiouſly read it, to the information of our conſciences, and reformation of our lives.

A rich Goldſmith of *Dijon* (the Capital City of *Burgundy*) named Monſieur *De Laurier*, aged of ſome threeſcore years or upwards, having been at *Frankfort* Mart, and there ſold many Jewels, Bracelets, and Chains of Pearl, for the which he had there receiv'd ſome 1700 Crowns; as he returned homewards with all that great ſum of money, converted into double Piſtols,

Pistols, which he carried behind him in his Cloak-bag; and some remaining Jewels in a private Leather Girdle next to his Body. It chanced that he fell sick on the way, whereof finding himself ill and weak, and therefore both unwilling and unable to travel he got into a poor Country Tavern upon the High way, some five leagues off from the Town of *Salynes*, where he took up his lodging for that night; and there three other Merchants who were in his company (whereof one was of *Auxone*, and the other two of *Troys* in *Champaign*) very unkindly forsook him and left him alone to himself. His sickness that night increasing (which gave him much pain and little rest) he not liking his lodging, and fearing himself not safe there, the next morning takes Horse, and very softly rides towards *Salynes*, where he arrived about some two of the Clock after Dinner, and went into the very first Inn which he met, at the extreamest end of the Town, at the Sign of St. *Denis*, whereof the Host of the House was named *Adrian* and his Wife *Isabella*; they were both of them about some forty years old, very short of stature, and weak of constitution of body: he of a cole-black countenance, but she was fair and of a pale white colour. As for him he was of a dissolute life and carriage, extreamly given to Wine and Women; he was of a poor parentage, and born to no means at all; but she was well descended, and brought him at least two thousand Crowns to her portion in marriage; the which he had prodigally wasted, and debauchedly spent and squandred away in following of his vicious riot, and obscene pleasures and prodigalities. As for her, she was of a modest carriage, and of a vertuous disposition and inclination; so that by Antithesis, I may very well aver and affirm, That his base vices made her sweet vertues the more apparent and conspicuous, and her vertues his vices to all that knew them. She made Chastity and Piety to be the two sweet ornaments and innate vertues of her life; yea, to be the Elixir of her life, and the life of her soul. It was therefore an extream grief to her heart, and a matchless torment to her mind, to see the sordid actions and humours of her Husband, as being every way more capable to pity than to remedy them. She grieved to see how (because he would not serve God) she could not serve him; and therefore, that he had viciously spent so much, as now in a manner he had almost nothing more left to spend: the sight and knowledge whereof, drowns all the pleasures of her life, insomuch as she could sacrifice to nothing but to sorrow and repentance; and that which grieved her most and worst of all, was, to see that he disdain'd her advice and councel, and that he was so far from Reformation, as his vices grew and encreased with his years; and had now not only taken up a habit, but a second nature, in the perversity of his lewd actions and affections. All the Lillies of her joys, and the Roses of her content, were turned into Thorns of grief, and Briers and Thistles of her vexation; insomuch as she was far more able to sigh, than to speak forth her calamities and miseries. He loved not his house; and (which was worse) he hated her company: yea, his estate was so miserable, so deplorable, as he never conversed with God in prayer, and very seldom frequented his Church, the Service, or Sacraments; and, to shew himself the more prophane, he hated all Priests and Preachers of God's holy Word and Ordinances, and loved none so well as his riotous and roaring companions, the very bane of her Heart, and the true poyson and contagion of the Soul.

And into this house, and to this vicious Host *Adrian*, is our sick *De Laurier* entred, for the end of his sickness, and the recovery of his health; and I write rather with tears than Ink, that it was impossible for him to have entred into a worse: but such was his fate, such his misfortune. He likes the carriage of *Isabella* his Hostess, far better than the countenance or condition of *Adrian* her Husband; but as his disease gives him no truce, so consequently he can give no peace to his patience. He grieves to be sick in an unknown place, and among Strangers; but far more to be so far off from his own house, and from his only Child and Son, *Leonardo*, whom he loves far dearer than himself. It is another affliction to him, that his money and some Jewels are here and not at home; and if his judgment fail him not, he suggesteth to himself, that the sight and knowledge thereof may engender in him far more danger than security: but he conceals and dissembles that, far better than he can his sickness; for he puts his little Casket wherein it is, under his head and bolster. He causeth *Adrian* his Host to bring him a Physician named *La Motte*; who seeing his water, and feeling his Pulse, tells him he is very dangerously sick of a burning Fever; the which to prevent, he lets him blood two several days following, and then gives him far more hope than despair of his health; but all this notwithstanding, *De Laurier* finds himself very weak, and his sickness rather much to encrease, than any way to diminish. As for *Isabella*, according to the Laws of Hospitality (which ought to be inviolable to all the world) she tends him with much respect and diligence, and in a word, performs the part and duty both of a good Hostess, and of a good Woman. But for her Husband *Adrian*, his thoughts and resolutions run another contrary course and career:

career: for he, imagining *De Laurier* to be rich, doth therefore verily hope and pray, that he may ſpeedily die in his houſe, or elſe he hath already ſwapt a bargain with the Devil to murther him, thereby to make up the breaches and ruins of his poor and tottering eſtate. He finds it not only a work of difficulty, but of impoſſibility, to know what rich ſtuff he hath in his Casket and Cloak-bag, becauſe he ſtill keeps it under his pillow; and yet gathering and wreſting from him that he is a Goldſmith of *Dijon*, and that he now came from *Franckford* Mart, he therefore believes, that he hath ſtore of Gold and Jewels about him. His poverty and his covetouſneſs gives the ſwitch to the Devil, and the Devil gives the ſpur to him, to raiſe his uncharitable contemplation into bloody actions, and his thoughts and reſolutions as ſo many lines, run to terminate in this one only Center, which is that of *De Laurier*'s death. He ſets his wits and invention on the Tenterhooks, to diſcover this imagined Indies; but he finds him to be as cautious and ſecret in concealing, as he himſelf is curious to bewray it. He purpoſely keeps all company from him, and will not ſo much as permit his Phyſician or Apothecary to ſpeak a word with him, but he will be ſtill preſent to hear and underſtand it. He with oily words and ſilken ſpeeches, prys into his deepeſt ſecrets, and purpoſely endeavoureth to inſinuate and ſcrew himſelf into his familiarity. But *De Laurier* doth rather fear than love him, and ſo eſteems the revealing of his Gold to be accelerating of his danger; to the which end, with the many colourable excuſes and evaſions, he puts him off the knowledge thereof. But he is ſo miſerable to ſee his miſeries approach, becauſe violence and impetuoſity of his Fever doth every way advance, no way retire: and now it is that his hopes of the recovery of his health, do fade, not flouriſh; and rather quail than proſper. He reſolves to be as religious as he is ſick, and therefore prays his Hoſt, *Adrian*, to bring him a Prieſt to give him the Sacrament: *Adrian* performs his requeſt, but brings him a Prieſt named Father *Juſtinian*, of his own humour and complexion, and who loves Whores and Wine better than he doth either Wife or God: ſo this unſpiritual Father gives him the Extream Unction, and prepares him for his journey and tranſmigration from Earth to Heaven. His continual vanities and prodigalities, have likewiſe made him poor: ſo being equal with *Adrian*, both in vice and poverty, he is likewiſe equal, and ſympathizeth with him in hope and deſire to repair his indigence, and to enrich himſelf by the ſuppoſed treaſure and death of *De Laurier*. But as this debauched Prieſt is malicious in this his policy, ſo he is alſo politick in this his malice; for imagining that *Adrian* levels and aims with him at the ſame Butt and Mark, He dares, but yet will not acquaint him with this his bloody purpoſe, to contract a hellish league and conſideration with him, for the violent diſpatch, and inhumane and untimely diſpeeding of him away from Earth to Heaven. Whiles thus *De Laurier*'s ſickneſs and weakneſs encreaſeth, and his Prieſt's and *Adrian*'s covetouſneſs begin wholly to weigh down their ſouls and reſolutions, to haſten his deplorable death: as the Prieſt is ready to break his mind to *Adrian*, how and in what manner they ſhould finiſh and compaſs this bloody buſineſs, *Adrian* contrariwiſe, yea and directly contrary to the Rules of Nature, and Laws of Grace, breaks his mind hereof to his vertuous and religious Wife *Iſabella*, whom he ſeeks to draw in as an Actor in this mournful, and as an Agent in this cruel Tragedy. He is as graceleſs as impudent in this foul and fatal attempt of his: for he ſets upon her with the ſweeteſt ſpeech and ſmootheſt perſwaſions that either art could ſuggeſt, or the malice of the Devil invent or dictate to him, and therein ever and anon leaves not to convey and diſtil in her mind, yea, and to imprint in her memory their fore paſt wealth, their preſent poverty and miſery, and the undoubted great riches of Gold and Jewels which *De Laurier* had with him, in that (as formerly we have obſerved) he very carefully day and night kept this Casket under his Pillow; and in a helliſh eloquence repreſents unto her the facility of this fact, either by Poniard, or Poyſon; adding withal, that the danger thereof would infallibly die with him; with a thouſand other damnable alluring ſpeeches, conducing and looking that way, which I am far more inclinable to ſilence, than expreſs; But wretched Villain, and execrable Miſcreant that he is, he ſpeaks not a word, no not a ſyllable, of God or his Juſtice, of Heaven or Hell, or of the foulneſs of that fact, or the juſt revenge and puniſhment incident and due thereunto.

His virtuous Wife *Iſabella* is amazed and aſtoniſhed at this bloody and inhumane propoſition of her Husband; and all trembling, with ſighs and tears, receives it from him with no leſs true affection and ſorrow, than he delivered it her with cruelty and impiety. Her cheeks were as red for ſhame, as his were pale with envy thereat; when God infuſing as much goodneſs into her heart and tongue, as Satan had cruelty into his Soul and Reſolutions, ſhe fell on her knees to his feet, and with her eyes and hands erected towards heaven, delivered him this virtuous and religious ſpeech: That it was with infinite grief and amazement that ſhe underſtood

derſtood this his bloody propoſition to her, which ſhe knew he could derive from none but Hell and Satan; She repreſents to him (with much grief and paſſion) that as puniſhment is ever the reward of ſin; ſo that of all ſins Murther was the fouleſt, and the moſt pernicious and diabolical. She tells him farther, that covetouſneſs is the root of all miſchief; that for her part ſhe is as thankful to God, as he is diſpleaſed with himſelf, for their poverty, and that ſhe would ever chuſe rather to live in want, than to die in miſery and ſhame, and which is worſt of all, either to live or die in the horrors and terrors of a guilty and ulcerated conſcience: that it is prophane and prodigious impiety to violate the laws of Hoſpitality; but a fearful, yea, horrible crime, to kill any one under our own roof, and who (in the right of of Humanity and Chriſtianity) comes to us for ſhelter and protection. When riſing again from her knees, ſhe takes him about the neck, and (bedewing his cheeks with her tears) conjures and prays him, by the remembrance of her youth and beauty, which had formerly been ſo dear and precious to him; by the memory of her ſixteen years ſweet cohabitation and converſation together in the holy ſtate of Wedlock; yea, for his own ſake, for his Souls ſake, and for God's ſake, that he would defie the Devil, which thus with his two bitter-ſweet Pills of Covetouſneſs and Murther, mocked and ſought to betray him; and that therefore (in the name and fear of God) he would thenceforth reſume and put on a conſtant and religious reſolution, no more to ſeduce her, or to ſuffer himſelf to be ſeduced by the Devil, in the embruing their guilty hands in the innocent blood of this honeſt and harmleſs Goldſmith *DeLaurier*, whom God hath now made their gueſt and lodger; in doing whereof (quoth ſhe) the ſame our ſacred Lord and God (in his due time) will be graciouſly pleaſed to encreaſe our eſtate and means, and to bleſs our poverty with plenty. But her Husband *Adrian* (as a moſt wretched Villain) takes this godly refuſal and denial of his Wife, in ill part; and in requital and conſideration thereof, henceforth looks on her with a ſquint-eye, I mean with an eye rather of contempt and envy, than of affection; but at board and bed, yea, day and night, he haunts her as a Ghoſt, and never leaves perſuing of her with his prophane and importunate Solicitations, to draw her conſent to the acting and perperrating of this bloody buſineſs: but God ſo well aſſiſted her mind and thoughts with the Grace of his holy Spirit, and ſo divinely fortified her heart and ſoul with his ſacred fear, that her Husband's ſweet perſwaſions could not gain, nor his threats or menaces obtain any thing of her; but ſtill ſhe anſwered this murtherous requeſt of his ſometimes with religious refuſals, and then again with paſſionate and peremptory denials; and therefore the more ſhe ſees her Husband bent to malign and hate *De Laurier*, the more devoted and reſolute ſhe is to reſpect and tend him, ſtill bearing a curious, a careful, and a vigilant eye over him, during all the time of his ſickneſs, to ſee that no diſaſter whatſoever might befal him in her houſe.

Adrian miſſing of this his purpoſe and deſire in his Wife, he is yet ſo haſty and violent in this his bloody malice towards *De Laurier*, that meaſuring of Father *Juſtinian*, the Prieſt, by himſelf, and finding a conformity in their debauched vices and inclinations, he the ſooner hopes to find a ſympathy in their affections and reſolutions; and therefore although he be a Prieſt, yet knowing him to be extream poor, he therefore the more eaſily believes, that the hope of Gold and Silver will act wonders with him, and make him act wonders for the obtaining thereof.

Upon theſe hopes and this confidence, he delays no time, but on a Monday-morning repairs to his houſe; and after their morning cups, telling him he hath a ſecret of great importance to reveal to him, he takes him into a little Grove of Walnut-trees, behind his houſe, and there (ſwearing him to ſecreſie) reveals this his bloody buſineſs, where this vicious Prieſt, *Juſtinian*, in hope of *De Laurier*'s wealth, needed no great labour or induſtry, to be drawn to make one in this deplorable Tragedy: for, had not *Adrian* now opened it to him, ſuch was his inſatiable thirſt and deſire of Gold, though with blood, that the next day he was fully reſolved to do it to him; ſo he freely conſents to him herein, and ſwears to aſſiſt and ſecond him in murthering of *De Laurier*; and the tye and condition of this their helliſh bargain is, That what Gold, Silver, or Jewels, they ſhall find him to have, they will inſtantly after his death equally divide and ſhare between them: and hereunto (like two bloody Hell-hounds) they interchangeably give hands, and ſolemnly ſwear each to other. Now from the matter of this their bloody deſign and reſolution, they proceed to the manner and time thereof, but they then are prevented therein: for Father *Juſtinian*'s little Boy, which was accuſtomed to anſwer him at Maſs, comes thither haſtily, and with his little Wine-Pot on his finger, tells him, that there were many perſons who ſtayed for him before the Altar on their knees, and earneſtly enquired for him to ſay Maſs: whereupon they both refer the concluſion hereof to the very next morning, and in the very ſame place and Grove, but at leaſt

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an hour ſooner. So away goes *Adrian* home to his houſe, and away likewiſe trips Father *Juſtinian* with his Surplice under his Arm, and his Breviary (or Mattins-book) in his hand to the Church, where every one may imagine, what a prophane ſacrifice his bloody hand and heart offereth up to the Lord.

They this night thinking of nothing but of Gold and Blood, in the morning they (impatient of all delays) come at the aforeſaid time and place of their rendezvous, where they preſently fall to their former conſultation of the manner and time of murthering *De Laurier*; firſt they propoſe to ſtab him in his bed to death; but this they reject, becauſe the blood will appear in the ſheets, bed and chamber. So they reſolve to poyſon him; and to this end *Adrian* buys the poyſon, and Father *Juſtinian* will give and adminiſter it to him in a Wafer, or *Agnus Dei*, the which he ſometime accuſtomed to give him in his ſickneſs. But here Father *Juſtinian* ſuggeſteth another doubt, and propoſeth another deſign; which is, that *Adrian* muſt likewiſe draw in his Wife *Iſabella*, to make one in this bloody conſpiracy and murther, or elſe he alledgeth that it can never be ſafe for them to attempt or effect it. *Adrian*, anſwereth him, that he hath heretofore with his beſt power and art thought to ſeduce his Wife hereunto, but that he finds it wholly impoſſible to draw her to this conſent. But Father *Juſtinian* will yet make another trial and experiment on her himſelf; ſo he, and her Husband *Adrian*, ſet afreſh on her, to allure her, to bring at leaſt her conſent, if not her hand, to the murthering of *De Laurier*. But our ſweet and vertuous *Iſabella* is ſtill one and the ſame woman, for ſhe hears theſe bloody ſpeeches and perſwaſions of theirs, with infinite diſcontent and deteſtation. She is too much a Chriſtian, to be ſo much a Devil, to conſent to the murther of this honeſt man; and therefore (with a world of tears and prayers) ſhe ſeeks to divert them from it, but eſpecially her Husband, becauſe (quoth ſhe) the iſſue thereof will infallibly prove ruinous to them both. They are both much grieved at this her reſolute repulſe and denial; and yet, to make a virtue of neceſſity, and to caſt the better gloſs and varniſh on their villany, they now falſly ſeem to be diſſwaded from this Murther, by the ſight of her tears, and the conſideration of her requeſts and prayers: wherefore (with a prophane and helliſh diſſimulation) they tell her, that God by her religious ſpeeches and diſſwaſions, hath now made them wholly to abandon that bloody attempt of theirs againſt *De Laurier*, as alſo the very thought thereof; and therefore they conjure her to keep and ſwear ſecreſie herein from all the World; the which ſhe willingly doth. But yet her fear prompts her heart, that this humane converſion, and religious reſolution of theirs is only falſe and feigned, as every way ſavouring more of diſſimulation than truth. In which regard ſhe fears with ſuſpicion, and ſuſpects with doubt, that no leſs than honeſt and innocent *De Laurier*'s life, lies now at the ſtake of their bloody malice and envy.

Here Father *Juſtinian* and *Adrian* (to make ſmooth and clear work) do conclude and reſolve, that *Iſabella* muſt be ſpeedily removed from *Salynes*, to ſome place in the Country, without once ſeeing and ſpeaking with *De Laurier*; when a favourable occaſion ſeconds their damnable intents and deſires herein: for now there is unexpectedly brought them word, that her old Father, who dwelt ſome four leagues off from *Salynes*, is very ſick, and not like to live: whereupon *Adrian* preſently diſpatcheth away his Wife *Iſabella* to him, and with her their Servant-maid *Graceta*. But before her departure, ſhe is deſirous to ſee *De Laurier*, and take her leave of him; But her Husband will by no means permit her: ſo ſhe goes from her home, and from him, into the Countrey, with a ſorrowful and a trembling heart; as far more fearing *De Laurier*'s unnatural death, than doubt of her Father's natural cauſe: for her heart frames her ſo many apprehenſions, fears, and terrors, that her Husband and Father *Juſtinian* are fully reſolved to murther and make away *De Laurier*, as ſhe abſolutely ſorrowfully believes that he ſhall never ſee her more, nor ſhe him. Poor *De Laurier* takes his Hoſteſs *Iſabella*'s ſudden and unexpected departure from him, very penſively and heavily, and far the more, in that ſhe could not be permitted to ſee him before ſhe went; he holds it for a bad preſage, and fatal Omen to him, in regard ſhe was as diligent as her Husband diſtruſtful to him; for that her care and carriage towards him, pleaſed him as much, as his harſh looks and ſowr countenance diſcontented him: and now it is that God firſt imprints in his heart and thoughts a fearful ſuſpicion, and a ſuſpicious fear, that his Hoſt *Adrian*, and Father *Juſtinian* the Prieſt, have aſſuredly ſome dangerous and execrable plot both againſt his Gold and his Life. For he now ſees himſelf reduced to this miſery and deſpair, that he can be permitted to ſee no body, nor no body to ſee him, except only they two. He prays them both, that his Phyſician *La Morte*, may come to ſee him to conſer with him about the ſtate of his ſickneſs; but they maliciouſly and wilfully deny it him, and tell him he is gone into *France*: this refuſing anſwer of theirs doth now very much appale and daunt our ſick and diſcontented *De Laurier*, ſo that his fear

encreaſeth

encreaſeth with his ſickneſs, and his ſickneſs with his fear. Every day and night brings him more cauſe of deſpair, than hope of conſolation, and almoſt every moment he wiſheth his Gold and himſelf in *Dijon* with his Son *Du Pont*, or he here in *Salynes* with him, to comfort him with his ſight and preſence. He ſtill conceals his Gold and Jewels from this Prieſt and his Hoſt, with the greateſt Art and Care he can, and yet he thinks and fears that their jealouſie thereof is not only the foundation, but will alſo prove the acceleration of his Danger: for he very often ſees them privately whiſpering together, and ſtill he obſerves ſome bad ſign and fatal apparition in their Looks and Countenances, which infallibly tell him that all is not well. And although they yet give him ſome ſweet words and ſugred ſpeeches, yet he notwithſtanding the more believes that they are candid in Wormwood and confected in Gall; and that they are no other but falſe and flattering Sun-ſhines, which portend ſome enſuing cruel ſtorms and diſmal tempeſts towards him. Once he was minded to write and ſend to *Dijon* for his Son, but then he as ſoon reſolves the contrary, as finding it to reliſh more of Danger than Diſcretion, as well for the matter which his Letter might contain, as alſo for the party who ſhould carry it thither to him. But leave we him a little to his weakneſs and ſickneſs, to his doubts and fears, and to ſorrows, and calamities and perplexities, and come we again to ſpeak of wretched *Adrian* his Hoſt, and of prophane Father *Juſtinian* the Prieſt, to ſee in what ſhapes they will come forth to act their bloody parts upon the Stage of this Hiſtory.

They are both of them ſo inhumane and cruel in their reſolution to murther poor ſick *De Laurier*, that neither the conſideration of Heaven or Hell is capable to reclaim or divert them from this their bloody attempt. As for this helliſh Hoſt *Adrian*, he is ſo wilful and haſty in his malice, as he tells Father *Juſtinian*, that they delay too long from murthering *De Laurier*, and that it is high time, yea more than time for them to diſpatch him. But for Father *Juſtinian* who was no leſs malicious in his ſubtilty, but yet far more ſubtil in his malice towards *De Laurier*; He, I ſay, maturely conſidering that it were both a folly and a madneſs for them to murther him before they firſt knew he were rich, and that he had ſome ſtore of Gold about him, he therefore in ſweet terms and phraſes pathetically adviſeth him to write and ſend for his Son *Du Pont* to come over to viſit and comfort him; when likewiſe, the better to guild over his ſpeeches with the more pleaſing and palpable ſhew of affection, he proffereth to ride to *Dijon* himſelf to deliver it him with his own hands. Our poor ſick *De Laurier* taking this Prieſts kind advice to him in good part, thereupon firſt thanks him for this his courteſie, but then again deeming and fearing that it proceeded more from falſe treachery, than for any true or real affection to him, he begins to grow cold therein, and ſo rather to reject, than embrace and follow that reſolution; but at laſt, weighing and conſidering his ſickneſs by his danger, and his Gold and Jewels by both, as alſo if he ſhould chance to die or miſcarry there, that his Son were then conſequently ruined in the loſs thereof; he thereupon changeth his reſolution, and preſently reſolves to write and ſend over to *Dijon* for his Son, and to that end requeſteth Father *Juſtinian* to excuſe him, and ſo prays his Hoſt *Adrian* to undertake that journey and buſineſs, the which he willingly and chearfully granteth. Now the reſt of that day, and the greateſt part of the next night *De Laurier* lies ruminating and muſing in his Bed what he ſhould write to his Son, and no leſs doth Father *Juſtinian* and *Adrian* to think and know what he would write to him; the next morning, ſix of the clock having ſtrucken, *De Laurier* takes his pen and paper, and with a weak and trembling hand writes this Letter to his Son. An hour after, *Adrian* comes to his Chamber booted and ſpurred to receive his commands, whom he bad to take and ride his own Horſe, then gives him four double Piſtols to defray his journey, and ſo ſeals and gives him this enſuing Letter, and prays him and his Son *Du Pont* to make all poſſible ſpeed back from *Dijon* to him.

DE LAURIER to DU PONT.

SOME ſeven weeks ſince, coming from Franckfort *Mart, I fell ſick at* Salynes, *where I ſtill lye very weak in body, and much diſcontented in mind, in the houſe of my Hoſt* Adrian *(the bearer hereof) who I purpoſely ſend over to thee, to pray and command thee to come ride hither to me with all poſſible ſpeed: I have here with me in Gold and Jewels to the value of one thouſand ſeven hundred Crowns, and (for ſome private reaſons) I fear that neither it nor my life is ſafe here; Come away with an intent to find me dead or dying. Conceal this Letter from all the world. Love this Meſſenger, but truſt him not; God proſper my health, and ever bleſs thy proſperity.*

DE LAURIER.

As soon as *De Laurier* had delivered his Host *Adrian* this Letter, and he taken leave of him, Father *Justinian* begs leave of *De Laurier* to see *Adrian* take Horse. But alas these two lewd Villains do deceive his honest hopes, to perform their own treacherous intents and purposes; for they fly to a low Parlour, and then lock and bolt the door to them, where (as if the Devil had thrown them on covetousness, or covetousness on the Devil) they hastily break up the seals of *De Laurier*'s Letter to his Son (which we have already seen and understood) wherein they glut and surfeit their hopes with joy of this new desired treasure, and discovered *Indies*, and so they presently sacrifice it to the fire, and wretchedly resolve to make that very same ensuing night to be the very last of *De Laurier*'s time, and the first of his Eternity. To which end *Adrian* hasheth himself up privately in his house from the sight of all the world, and especially from *De Laurier*'s knowledge, and so here he ends his pretended, but not his intended journey to *Dijon*, before he began it: And he, having procured exceeding strong poison, therewith that night to send *De Laurier* to Heaven, whereof giving a little to his great old Mastiff-dog in a piece of bread for a tryal, he therewith presently fell dead to the ground; he likewise sends away *Thomas* his Ostler a days journey into the Country upon some feigned business, to the end he should be no witness of this foul and cruel fact of theirs; and then, all things being, first by the Devil, and then by these his two execrable Agents, prepared in a readiness, Father *Justinian* goes up to *De Laurier*'s Chamber, and treacherously entertains him with the hope of his recovery of his health, the haste of *Adrian*'s journey, and consequently with the speedy return of his Son *Du Pont* to him from *Dijon*. But I write it with truth and grief, that *De Laurier*'s heart and mind is pre-occupated with too many obnoxious apprehensions and fears, and taken up with too much doubt and despair to the contrary. For as most sicknesses and diseases are most commonly devanced and preceded by their symptoms, so all that day, and all the evening he found a swimming in his head, and his sight obscured and darkned, as if some black scurf, or fatal cloud had been drawn and extended before his eyes. His heart likewise pants, beats and trembles within him, as if it and his senses were in a factious mutiny each with other at this their direful departure and fatal sequestration. For still his fears and doubts inform him, and his apprehensions and despair prompt him, that either Father *Justinian* the Priest, or his Host *Adrian*, or both of them, had conspired to murther him: the which he once thought to have revealed to Father *Justinian*, but yet again he dares not, as holding it more folly than discretion, and that it might therefore produce him more danger than safety; he neither can, nor will eat any thing that day, and his heart and mind is so incessantly perplexed with fear, that he fears he shall not out-live the next ensuing night: And now indeed comes that sorrowful and dismal night, wherein these two bloody Villains have fully resolved to poison him, *Adrian* having in a lower room the poison ready, and Father *Justinian* above, almost ready to call for it: Whiles thus the Candle in *De Laurier*'s Chamber burnt dim and obscure, as disdaining to see, or be accessary to so cruel a murther; near about twelve of the clock of that night he awakes out of his sorrowful distracted slumbers, and prays Father *Justinian* to give him a little spoonful or two of warm wine, in a small earthen pot, wherein he was used to drink; when this Monster of men, rejoycing for this fit opportunity, he steps forth to his bloody companion *Adrian*, takes the poisoned wafer from him, and pours the poison from it into the small black pot of wine, and so warms it a little by the fire in *De Laurier*'s Chamber, and then gives it to him to drink, the which he as greedily as innocently doth, whereof, after many strong convulsions and struglings, he within one hour after dieth, having neither the means to utter one word, or the power to scritch or cry, and yet for fear and doubt hereof, like two furies, or Devils incarnate of Hell, they with the Bed-staves ram in a great Holland-towel into his mouth, that he may tell no tales, when God knows that deadly strong Poison had wrought its operation before, made a full conquest of his life, and given up his soul into the hands of his Redeemer, of whom he had formerly received it.

As soon as these two wretched Miscreants have dispatched this lamentable business, then they tear off his secret Leather-girdle full of Gold from his waste, and then break open his Casket which was under his pillow, wherein (before his breathless body was half-cold) they find this aforesaid great sum of Gold and Jewels, the which they presently divide, and equally share between them; when having curiously searched his Purse, Pockets, Doubler, Hose, they make a great fire, and immediately burn it all, as also his Riding-coat, Casket and Leather-girdle, yea, and his Hat, Band and Cuffs, that no marks might remain either of it or him, and likewise turn his Horse into the open Field and High-ways, to seek for the fortune of a new Master; so wise (as they thought) were they in their Villany, and so industrious and cautious in their devilish cruelty and inhumanity. By this time, as the murthered corps

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of *De Laurier* grew cold, theſe two Factors of Hell likewiſe begin to provide for his burial, ſo a little after two of the clock, they dig a pit in *Adrian*'s Orchard, next adjoyning to his houſe, and ſo giving him no other winding-ſheet or Coffin but his ſhirt, they ſecretly and ſilently carry down his body between them, and there bury him; and to make all things ſure, they cover over the pit, or his grave with green turffs, that no mortal eye might take ſuſpicion or notice thereof. This bloody buſineſs being thus acted and perpetrated by theſe two execrable wretches, Father *Juſtinian* and *Adrian*, who now ſurfeit in Gold, and wallow in Jewels, they preſently dight themſelves in new apparel, and coſtly ſutes, and then day and night haunt and frequent the Taverns and Stews, as if they wilfully meant to drown themſelves in all ſorts of ungodly riots, prodigalities and voluptuouſneſs, whereof their Neighbours, yea, all *Salynes* take exact obſervation and knowledge, as wondering at the manner, but far more at the cauſe hereof, or from whence it ſhould proceed.

Some three weeks being paſt over, *Adrian* now holds it fit to ſend home for his Wife *Iſabella* to *Salynes*, the which he doth; who much wondering at her Husbands unaccuſtomed bravery, ſhe preſently enquires of him for Monſieur *De Laurier*, as if ſhe had far more cauſe to think and fear of his danger, than any way to aſſure her ſelf of his ſafety and welfare. When, he putting on a brazen face, and ſteeling and tempering his tongue with equal falſhood and impiety, tells her that he departed thence ſafe and well ſome ten days ſince, that he gave him fifty Crowns for the charges of his entertainment and lodging, and for a token of his love, had likewiſe left her and Father *Juſtinian*, to each of them twenty other Crowns in Gold: But his Wife *Iſabella* (out of her goodneſs and piety) deeming theſe ſpeeches of her Husband to be as falſe as fatal, and verily ſuſpecting and fearing, that he (with the aſſiſtance of Father *Juſtinian*) had ſent that harmleſs good old man to an untimely Death and Grave; ſhe burſts forth into immoderates ſighs and tears; as ſuſpecting all was not well, yea fearing nothing more, and believing nothing leſs, than that which he affirmed to her herein. He proffers her the twenty Crowns in Gold, but (good vertuous woman) ſhe fearing it to be the hire and price of innocent blood, her tender conſcience is too prevalent, and her harmleſs heart and ſoul too powerful with God to accept thereof, and therefore ſhe refuſeth it with as much diſdain and diſcontent, as he endeavoureth to give it her with affection and deſire. And that the Reader may the more fully be informed of her integrity and charity herein. I mean to the preſent memory and well-wiſhes of abſent *De Laurier*, who ſhe ſilently fears is for ever abſent, both from this life and this world; ſhe never goes into the Chamber where he lay ſick, but ſhe ſacrificeth ſome ſighs to ſorrow in his behalf, and her imaginary apprehenſion of his death, makes her mournfully conceive, that either ſhe ſtill ſees his living picture, or his dead Ghoſt, and repreſentation, ſuch was her charitable care of him, ſuch her Chriſtian fear for him.

We have ſeen this deplorable and cruel murther committed on the harmleſs perſon of old *De Laurier*, by theſe two members of Satan *Adrian* and Father *Juſtinian* the Prieſt, and if the truth deceive not my hopes, we ſhall not proceed much farther in this their Hiſtory, but we ſhall ſee God's juſt judgments miraculouſly to reſplend and ſhine forth in his puniſhments on them for the ſame: For I may properly term murther and puniſhment to be individuals and companions, in regard the one follows the other, as the ſhadow doth the body, as the firſt derives its Original from Satan, ſo doth the ſecond from God, to whom (in a language of blood) it ſtill crys for reſtauration and ſatisfaction. But nevertheleſs God is ſecret and ſacred in diſpoſing of the manner and time thereof, and in ordaining by whom, when and how he will afflict and execute it: It is no falſe Axiom in Philoſophy, but a true tenent and Maxim in Divinity; *That God who made all things, ſees and governs all things, and that nothing can be concealed from the eyes of his ſacred Power and divine Providence.* All the four Elements are the Miniſters of his Juſtice, yea, Men and Angels, the Sun, Moon, and Stars, the Fowls of the Air, and the Beaſts of the Field prove many times the Agents of his revenge; of which laſt ſort and nature, the Reader (to God's Glory, and his own information and admiration) may here obſerve a lively example, and receive a moſt powerful precedent, but whether more ſtrange for the truth, or rare for the ſtrangeneſs thereof I know not, and therefore will not define. For the ſame day month next after, that *Adrian* and *Juſtinian* had buried the dead body of *De Laurier*, behold a huge and ravening Wolf (being lately arrouſed from the adjacent vaſt Woods) ſeeking up and down for his prey, came into *Adrian*'s Orchard next adjoyning to his houſe (purpoſely ſent thither by God as a Miniſter of his ſacred Juſtice and Revenge) who ſenting ſome dead Carrion (which indeed was the dead Corps of *De Laurier*, that was but ſhallowly buried there in the ground) he fiercely with his paws and noſe tears up the Earth, and at laſt pulls and drags it up, and there till an hour after

the break of day remains devouring and eating up the flesh of his Arms, Legs, Thighs and Buttocks. But (as God would have it) he never touched any part of his face, but leaves it fully undisfigured; When instantly some Gentlemen Hunters of *Salynes*, and the Neighbour-Parishes, being ascertained by some Peasants in the fields, that the Wolf was past that way, they closely follow him with their Dogs and Horns, and so at last find him in *Adrian*'s Orchard, eating as they think of some living beast or dead carrion: But the Wolf being terrified with the noise of the Hunters loud shouts and cries, as also of their Dogs fierce yawlings and bawling, presently forsakes his prey, and saves his life by his flight, although the Dogs and many Peasants do eagerly pursue him; Whiles all the Gentlemen (as if led by the immediate finger of God) with their Javelins and Borespears in their hands, rush into the Orchard to see and find out whereon the Wolf had preyed, when loe (contrary to their expectations) their amazed eyes are enforced to behold the pitiful spectacle, and lamentable object of a mangled dead man's body, miserably devoured and eaten by that savage Wolf, and the which they saw he had digged and torn up, as they fully believed from his untimely Grave: They therefore at first stand astonished with grief, and amazed for sorrow at this prodigious and deplorable sight, and yet such was their living compunction to this dead Corps, and consequently their zeal to God's glory and justice, as confidently believing that he was proditoriously murthered by some inhumane person or persons; that the odious stink of this long buried body, could not hinder them from approaching to survey and behold it; They find the greatest part of the flesh of his Body devoured by the Wolf, but (as before) his face whole and untouched, when they see (and extreamly grieve and sorrow to see) that it was a grave old man with a long white Beard, but so besmeared with earth and dust, as they could not refrain from sighs and tears to behold it. Here they ceast to pursue the Wolf, and because neither of them knew this poor miserable dead carcas, they therefore step to the other end of the Orchard, and there consult what is fit to be done in this lamentable business and accident. But their opinions as so many lines concur and terminate in this center, that absolutely this dead body was cruelly murthered, and there by the murtherers privately and silently buried. They farther vehemently suspect and believe, that because it was buried in *Adrian*'s Orchard, that therefore it was apparently probable, it was he with his Wife and Servants who had murthered and buried him there; wherefore keep these suspected bloody Birds in the Cages, they (as wise and judicious Gentlemen) place a strong Guard of their Servants and Peasants to watch the doors and windows of *Adrian*'s house, that none issue forth thence, and they themselves go presently to the Criminal Judges of the Town, acquaint them with this lamentable object and accident.

In the mean time our harmless and vertuous *Isabella*, hearing these loud shouts and outcries at her doors so soon in the morning, she in the absence of her Husband; (who lay forth of his house that night debauching and revelling with his cups and queans) fearing that all was not well, and therefore her amazed and sorrowful heart, not willing to know that whereof she was infinitely desirous to be ignorant, she is still bitterly sighing and weeping in her bed, because her thoughts and mind, her suspicions and fears told her, that this unseasonable alarm and noise might descend and reflect from some fatal news which had betided *De Laurier*, and if this storm and tempest fell not on her, yet alas she extreamly fears and doubts it would fall on *Adrian* her Husband, whom she vehemently thought and feared had imbrued and imbathed his hands in the innocent blood of this honest man. As for *Thomas* her Ostler, and *Graceta* her Maid, although this unaccustomed noise made them suddenly forsake their Beds, and apparel themselves to receive their Mistress commands, how they should bear themselves in this hurly-burly, yet because they were white with innocency, yea, so innocent as they knew no hurt or thought of danger, they only deemed, that it was either some unlawful assembly of Peasants, or else some cast and disbanded Soldiers from *Flanders*, who came to rob their Master's House or Poultry in his absence, wherefore meer fear hereof, kept them from either opening the doors, or looking out at the Windows. By this time the Gentlemen hunters bring the Criminal Judges on the place to view this dead body, and with them come a great number of the Neighbours and Inhabitants of *Salynes* to do the like, and amongst the rest, the Physician *La Motte* (of whom this History hath already made mention) and he of all the rest knows the dead body, and therefore with much passion and sorrow crys out; that it was a Goldsmith of *Dijon*, named *Monsieur De Laurier*, who lay long sick in *Adrian*'s house, and that he had formerly given him Physick there, and so he said and affirmed that he perfectly knew him to be the same, and verily imagined that he was brought to some untimely end, and so buried there, but by whom he knew not.

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The Judges therefore believing the report of this honeſt Phyſician *La Motte*; they cauſe the remainders of the fleſh of this dead body to be ſearched and viſited, the which they find without any wounds. And yet nevertheleſs deeming both *Adrian*, his Wife *Iſabella*, and their Servants, to be the murtherers of this honeſt man, they break open the doors, and miſſing *Adrian*, they ſeize on his Wife *Iſabella*, as alſo on his Oſtler *Thomas*, and her Maid *Graceta*, and then bring them to the ſight of this dead body, with whoſe murther they flatly charge them, and enquire what is become of *Adrian* himſelf. At this unexpected ſorrowful news and object, *Iſabella* is all in tears, yea ſhe is ſo extreamly perplexed and afflicted, as wanting all other aſſiſtance and comfort, ſhe implores that of God. She tells them that her Husband *Adrian* lay not at home with her laſt night; and freely and plainly affirms to them, that that dead body was Monſieur *De Laurier* a Goldſmith of *Dijon*, who lay long ſick in her houſe as he came from *Franckford Mart*, but how he came to his end, or by whom, ſhe takes Heaven and Earth to witneſs ſhe knows not; and with this her depoſition do her Oſtler and Maid concur and agree in all proofs and circumſtances. The Judges likewiſe cauſing a curious ſearch to be made in *Salynes* for *Adrian*, it was found out that that night he lay in Father *Juſtinian*'s houſe the Prieſt, and two whores in their company drinking and revelling all night, and upon the very firſt report they heard of *De Laurier*'s unburial by a Wolf, they both (gailed with guilty conſciences) betake themſelves to their heels, and left both their two Strumpets to their repentance. Their flight proclaims their guiltineſs of this murther to all the world, eſpecially to the Judges. Who upon knowledge thereof, to find the truth of this deplorable diſaſter, they adjudge *Iſabella*, *Thomas* and *Graceta* to the Rack: as for *Thomas* and *Graceta* their innocency makes them brook their torments with admirable patience and conſtancy, for they can never be drawn to reveal that of which they are ignorant, nor to accuſe themſelves of that whereof they are guilty. But for *Iſabella*, the inceſſant prayers and importunate requeſts and ſollicitations of many of her honeſt Neighbours, doth ingrave ſuch deep impreſſions of her virtues and piety, and of her ſweet inclination and diſpoſition in the hearts of the Judges, as they change their reſolutions againſt her, and ſo diſpence with her for that torture: when ſending every way abroad to purſue *Adrian* and Father *Juſtinian*, they content themſelves to keep the Miſtreſs, the Man and the Maid cloſe Priſoners. They are ſo adviſed in their judgments, and ſo judicious in their advice, as they ſpeedily ſend away Poſt to *Dijon* to acquaint *Du Pont* the Son, with this diſaſterous accident which had betided his Father *De Laurier* here in *Salynes*, who at the firſt alarm of this ſad unexpected news, ſeems now to drown himſelf in his tears thereat, and ſo thereupon rather to fly than poſt away from *Dijon* to *Salynes*, where he confers with the Criminal Judges of that Town, who report to him the flight of Father *Juſtinian* and *Adrian*, as alſo of their impriſoning of his Wife *Iſabella*, of her Maid *Graceta*, and her Oſtler *Thomas*, in whoſe houſe his Father lay ſick. So *Du Pont* viſits the dead ſtinking, mangled body, and finds it to be that of his Father, whereat nature and duty preſcribe him ſo powerful a law, as at the ſight thereof, he burſts forth into many bitter tears and lamentable crys and paſſions. When giving him a decent and ſolemn burial in the next Church, he informs the Judges, that to his knowledge, his Father had good ſtore of Gold and Jewels about him; ſo he entreats them, that *Adrian* and Father *Juſtinian*'s houſe may be curiouſly ſearched for the ſame, which is performed; but finding no part thereof, and both of them fled, he is confident in his heart, that their flight proclaims them guilty of his Father's murther, and conſequently that *Iſabella*, her Oſtler and Maid, infallibly were acceſſaries thereunto. Whereupon he repairs again to the Judges, and with many importunities prays them, that all three of them may be put to the Rack for the ſame, thereby to bolt and find out the truth of this lamentable accident; the Judges approve of *Du Pont*'s living affection and zeal to his dead Father, but (as impartial Oracles and Officers of Juſtice) they tell him, that they have already cauſed *Thomas* and *Graceta* to be racked, and that they both have ſtrongly juſtified their innocency of his Father's murther, by ſuffering their torments with incredible fortitude and patience. And as for their Miſtreſs *Iſabella*, they tell him, they are fully reſolved and aſſured, that ſhe was abſolutely innocent, as well for that ſhe was many days abſent with her Father in the Country, when by all likelihood and circumſtance, his Father was murthered; as alſo becauſe the general votes and voices of all her Neighbours reported her to be a very virtuous and religious woman, and that therefore in their hearts and conſciences, they muſt needs exempt and free her from thoſe torments.

But they told him farther, that in honour to juſtice, and to ſee what God and time might produce, they would detain them all three in Priſon for the ſpace of three or four months,

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in which mean time concurring with him in opinion, that Father *Juſtinian*, and *Adrian* undoubtedly were the murtherers of his Father *De Laurier*, they therefore perſwade him with all poſſible ſpeed and diligence, to perſue them up and down the Country, until he had detected, apprehended, and brought them to juſtice; the which *Du Pont* doth, but with ſuch extraordinary zeal and haſte, that he forgat a ſingular circumſtance, of no mean importance, the omiſſion whereof might very well have made his reſearch of them vain. For he forgat at *Salynes* to take with him their Pictures and Effigies whereby to find them out in the Country, with far the more eaſe and facility, whereof he afterwards much repented himſelf.

As for our two execrable wretches, Father *Juſtinian* and *Adrian*; their guilty thoughts and conſciences like ſo many Ghoſts and Blood-hounds ſo inceſſantly purſued them, and ſtupified their judgments, that reſolving to fly and ſave themſelves, from the free Country, into *Switzerland*, they huſh themſelves up the day for ſhelter in ſome thick Grove or Wood, and travelling all night from *Salynes*, they notwithſtanding the next morning (to their unſpeakable fear and vexation) ſaw themſelves again within a little league thereof, and in this manner they for ſome eight nights following, travelled a foot through unknown Ways and Woods: and yet here let the Reader behold and obſerve the wonderful juſtice of God towards them; for at the end thereof, they are not as yet fully gone ſeven leagues off from *Salynes*, and they could not aſcend the leaſt Hill or Hillock, but they looking back behind them, the Towers and Turrets of *Salynes* were ſtill apparent and conſpicuous to them, as if they purſued and followed them: the which indeed ſtruck extream fear to their guilty hearts, and infinite terror and amazement to their foul and trembling conſciences. But this circumſtance of God's wrath and revenge towards them, is forthwith ſeconded and followed by another; wherein his divine providence and juſtice miraculouſly appears and ſhines forth (with infinite luſtre and glory) to all thoſe who ſhall read, or hear this Hiſtory. For the tenth evening after their flight from *Salynes*, they being extreamly wearied and tired with their foot travels (for horſes they dared not buy any one) and within a mile off entring into a great Wood, they in a fair plain, ſeeing no body preſent, they at laſt eſpied an erring horſe, without a Rider, a Saddle or Bridle; which reſolving to ſeize on, thereby to recreate their wearied limbs and bodies, they approach and ſurprize him. And then *Adrian* knowing him well to be *De Laurier*'s horſe, which (we have heard) they had formerly turned off in *Salynes* the ſame night wherein they murdered his Maſter, they extreamly joyful of this unlooked for good fortune, make a halter of their Girdles and Garters, and ſo caſting their Cloaks under them, they both ride away on him, and night drawing on, they hope to recover the Town of *Pontarlin* before break of day: But God is here ſtrongly bent againſt them, ſo that this horſe which they took for the cauſe of their joy, will very ſhortly prove the matter of their miſery, and that which they thought would be the matter of their ſafety, will fall out to produce their inevitable danger and confuſion. For God (in his revenging Juſtice) carrying their horſe, and he them a ſtraying, and marching that night through contrary ways and lanes, they the next morning at break of day to their unſpeakable grief, do ſee themſelves three great Leagues off from *Pontarlin*, when their foul facts and conſciences make them ſtill ſo trembling fearful, that every buſh they beheld, every bird they heard, and every leaf they found wagging, they think are ſo many Serjeants come to arreſt them; as alſo every tree they ſaw, they confidently believe are ſo many Judges come to ſentence and condemn them to death for this their cruel murthering of *De Laurier*; ſuch was their prodigious deſpair, ſuch was their ominous and fatal fear for the ſame.

But here their horſe (orecharged with this foul and monſtrous burden) begins to fail them; ſo the more he leſſeneth his pace, the more it increaſeth their apprehenſion and fear: And here they conſult what to do, whether to retire with their Horſe into the next Wood till night, or elſe to advance towards *Pontarlin*. But their bread and meat failing them, and they ſeeing their coaſt clear, they therefore reſolve to ride thither, and far the ſooner do they aſſume and embrace this reſolution; becauſe as yet they knew it was timely in the morning, and conſequently few or no people ſtirring. Now to diſpatch their journey the ſooner, *Adrian* is content to walk on foot, and Father *Juſtinian* to ride, and both of them are equally reſolved to put chearful faces on their perplexed and trembling hearts. And here, as I will not ſay, it was their bad, but their juſt fortune, which conducted them within leſs than one League of *Pontarlin*, without being eſpied or ſeen of any: So it was likewiſe the Providence and Juſtice of God, at that very hour and place, firſt to bring *Du Pont* in ſight of them, who in two days was parted from *Salynes*, and in all that time had left no Hamlet, Village, or

Town

Town unſought, to find out and apprehend theſe murtherers of his Father; Now as he draws neat them, his eyes tell him, that the Horſe whereon one of theſe two men rid, was of the very ſame hair and ſhape as was that of his Fathers; which ſtruck ſome ſuſpicion and apprehenſion, in his heart, that ſure theſe were Father *Juſtinian* and *Adrian*, and far the more, becauſe by his habit he knew that he who rid was a Prieſt. The better therefore to be fully aſſured hereof, he reſolves to out-ride them, thereby the more narrowly to obſerve both the horſe and them, the which he doth. He paſſeth by them, and views them with his countenance purpoſely compoſed more of neglect than of obſervation towards them. When perfectly knowing the horſe (by his two white feet, and white ſtar in his fore-head) to be his Fathers, and therefore they by all conſequence and appearance to be his murtherers: then, I ſay, nature and grace infuſed a ſecret reluctation into his heart and ſoul, whether he ſhould more grieve or rejoyce to ſee them; Now, as he is loath to leave them behind him, ſo he bethinks himſelf of a pretty policy. For riding ſome hundred ſpaces before them, he deſcends from his horſe, ties him up to the branch of a tree, caſts down his Sword and riding Coat in the High-way, untruſſeth his points, and ſteps within the hedge, as if he purpoſely meant to eaſe himſelf; but indeed it was to have them paſs before him, that ſo he might incompaſs them, as two murthering Wolves in a Toyl; At his deſcent from his Horſe (as guilty conſciences are ſtill afraid of all things) Father *Juſtinian* and *Adrian* firſt begin to fear this Stranger, as being ſent to apprehend them, and ſo reſolve to truſt to their heels, and the woods for their ſafety; but when they ſee his Sword and Coat in the way, and himſelf within the hedge with his hoſe down then they again take courage and heart at graſs, and ſo proceed on the way towards the Town, but ſtill they look back on him, as if the foulneſs of their fact continually made their fears and dangers the more eminent. This is carefully and curiouſly obſerved of *Du Pont*, who (now comes after them a ſoft trot) contenting himſelf to ſee them a flight ſhot before him; as well knowing that his Horſe was far nimbler and ſwifter than theirs, and that therefore he might fetch them up at his pleaſure. By this time they two arrive at *Pontarlin*, which they enter; where, (being hungry and fearful, and their Horſe weary and hungry) they take up one of the next Inns, which is at the ſign of the *Tyger*, where, thinking themſelves free of him who followed them, they recommended their Horſe to the Oſtler and calling for ſome Mutton, Bread and Wine, they there privately huſh themſelves up in their Chamber. But the vigilant eye and care of *Du Pont* ſees where they are entered, ſo he puts up his Horſe to another Inn cloſe by, and preſently with much ſilence and celerity, trips away to the *Tyger* Inn, where they are, and knowing them to be above the ſtairs in their Chamber at Breakfaſt, he calls for the Hoſt thereof, takes him into a cloſe low room next the door; tells him that the Prieſt and the other man which entered his houſe right now, had cruelly murthered his Father in *Salynes*, and therefore moſt courteouſly and earneſtly prays him, to ſtep preſently and fetch the Criminal Officers of that Town to apprehend them for the ſame, and till his and their return that he will give him two of his ſervants to guard the doors that they eſcape not away: The Hoſt of this houſe in detection of this foul fact of theirs, and to the honour and reputation of himſelf and his houſe, ſpeeds away to the Officers; who preſently arrive with him, to whom *Du Pont* ſorrowfully and paſſionately relates, that this Prieſt named *Juſtinian*, and this *Adrian* who was an Inn-keeper of *Salynes*, and now above, had very lately in his own houſe murthered his Father *De Laurier*, who was a Goldſmith of *Dijon*, ſtript and robbed him of much Gold and Jewels, and then buried him in his Orchard; and therefore (with tears in his eyes) conjures them to do him juſtice by ſpeedily apprehending them for the ſame, the which they as ſoon grant him. So they all aſcend to their Chamber where they find them deeply tipling in their Cups, as much devoid and inſenſible of danger as of grace. Here *Du Pont* (with equal paſſion and ſorrow) ſtrongly chargeth them both with the murther of his Father *De Laurier*, as alſo for robbing him of his Gold and Jewels, and for burying of him in the Orchard. But theſe two bloody factors of Hell, with a world of ſtout looks, impious oaths, and fearful aſſeverations, vow and ſwear the contrary. So the Officers take them aſide and examine them ſeverally herein. But they can receive nothing from them but peremptory denials, and prophane execrations.

The which *Du Pont* hearing and underſtanding, he (with much affection to his Father and diſcretion to himſelf) to vindicate and know the truth hereof with the more facility and the leſs time, intreats the Officers to ſearch them both narrowly for his Father's Gold and Jewels, which by God's direction they do, the one after the other; when they find quilted up in their doublet and hoſe, ſtore of Gold, and ſome rich Jewels and Rings; yet theſe two bloody Villains deny this murther of theirs with much audacity and impudency, ſwearing that they found this treaſure in a Casket in the high-way, a little League beyond *Salynes*. But this lye

of

of theirs is as falſe, as their murther and robbery of honeſt old *De Laurier* was too true, which God (in his mercy and juſtice) will briefly bring to light and puniſhment far ſooner than theſe bloody Miſcreants either think or fear of.

Du Pont (all this notwithſtanding) conſtantly aſſures theſe Officers, that all this Gold and Jewels, much and many more, were his Fathers, and therefore are now his both by right and propriety, as being his only Son and Child, and ſo demands poſſeſſion thereof. But theſe Officers mildly deny this requeſt of his, telling him they muſt take them by an Inventory, and ſo together with the two Priſoners to ſend them to the Judges of *Salynes* under whoſe juriſdiction, they affirmed they were. So for that night they commit Father *Juſtinian* and *Adrian* to two ſeveral Priſons, where they find leiſure, though not enough, to repent this foul and lamentable fact of theirs. Which was no ſooner done, but *Du Pont* (having thanked theſe Officers of *Pontarlin*) ſends away a Poſt to *Salynes*, to acquaint the Judges thereof, of his apprehending of theſe two murtherers of his Father, whom he earneſtly beſought to haſten their Executions; ſo according to his requeſt at the end of two days theſe two Priſoners are ſent for, and brought from *Portarlin* to *Salynes*, and there impriſoned.

The very next morning the Criminal Judges ſend for them to one of their houſes, and firſt ſeverally privately, and then publickly by confrontation, examine them on this cruelty, murther and robbery, but the Devil is ſtill ſo ſtrong with them, that with much courage and vehemency they continue and ſtand firm in their Negative reſolution and denial; but *De Laurier* being now found and known to have lain ſome ſeven weeks ſick in *Adrian*'s houſe, as well by the confeſſion of *Iſabella* his Wife, of *Graceta* her Maid, and of *Thomas* their Oſtler, as alſo of the Apothecary *La Motte*, then his body found buried in the Orchard, and *Adrian* and Father *Juſtinian* their ſudden flight upon the ſame, and now laſtly, his Horſe, Gold and Jewels found upon them in *Pontarlin* by the Officers of that Town, and his Son *Du Pont*, were evidences as bright and apparent as the Sun: that (in honour to Juſtice, and in glory to God, from whom all true juſtice is derived) theſe wiſe and grave Judges of *Salynes*, do reject theſe denials of *Adrian* and Father *Juſtinian*, as falſe, prophane and impious, and therefore that very inſtant adjudge them both to the Rack, at the hearing of which Sentence they ſeem to be appalled and daunted; but they being advertiſed that *Iſabella* his Wife was likewiſe impriſoned for this fact, ſhe for her part, by ſome friends of hers makes ſuit to the Judges, that ſhe may be permitted to ſpeak with her Husband, and ſo doth Father *Juſtinian*, that he likewiſe may ſpeak with her. But the Judges hold both of theſe their requeſts to be vain and impertinent, and therefore flatly contradict and deny them.

So *Adrian* is firſt brought to the Rack, who, though he be weak of conſtitution, yet he is ſtill ſo ſtrong in his Villany, as he will not be perſwaded or drawn to confeſs it, but with much courage of body, and animoſity of mind, ſuffers himſelf to be faſtned thereto, whereof the Judges being advertiſed, they in their diſcretion hold it expedient to delay his torments for a time, and ſo firſt to make trial of Father *Juſtinian*, to ſee if theſe his torments will make him leſs ſtout, and more flexible in the confeſſion thereof. Wherein (I write it with joy) their judgments nothing deceive them, for at the very firſt wrench of the Rack, God is ſo merciful to his ſoul, and ſo propitious to his new converſion and repentance, that he then and there confeſſeth this lamentable murther in all its branches and circumſtances (as we have formerly underſtood) affirms only himſelf and *Adrian* to be the Authors and Actors thereof; ſwears that *Iſabella*, *Graceta* and *Thomas* were every way innocent thereof, and had no hand or knowledge therein whatſoever. Whereupon the Judges ſend again for *Adrian*, and cauſe him anew to be brought to the Rack, but firſt they hold it fit to confront him with his bloody companion, Father *Juſtinian*, who boldly affirming and conſtantly confirming all his former depoſition to him in his face to be ſincere and true, *Adrian* is amazed and daunted thereat, as alſo at the ſight of the Rack, which was again prepared and brought for him, when the Devil flying from him, and he caſting his heart and ſoul at the ſacred feet of God's mercy, he there very ſorrowfully confirmed all Fathers *Juſtinian*'s confeſſion to be true, and then falling on his knees, he (with many bitter ſighs and tears) ſaid again and again aloud; that his Wife, his Man, and his Maid were as truly innocent, as Father *Juſtinian* and himſelf were alone truly guilty of this foul and cruel murther and robbery of *De Laurier*.

When their Judges, as much rejoycing at the detection and confeſſion of theſe their crimes, as they lamented and detected their perpetrations thereof; they condemn them both to be hanged the next morning; and becauſe Father *Juſtinian* had violated his ſacred Order, and *Adrian*, the humane and Chriſtian Laws of Hoſpitality, their bodies after to be burnt to aſhes.

So as ſoon as Father *Juſtinian* was degraded of Sacerdotal Order and Habit, and committed to the ſecular powers, he together with *Adrian* were for that night returned to their Priſon

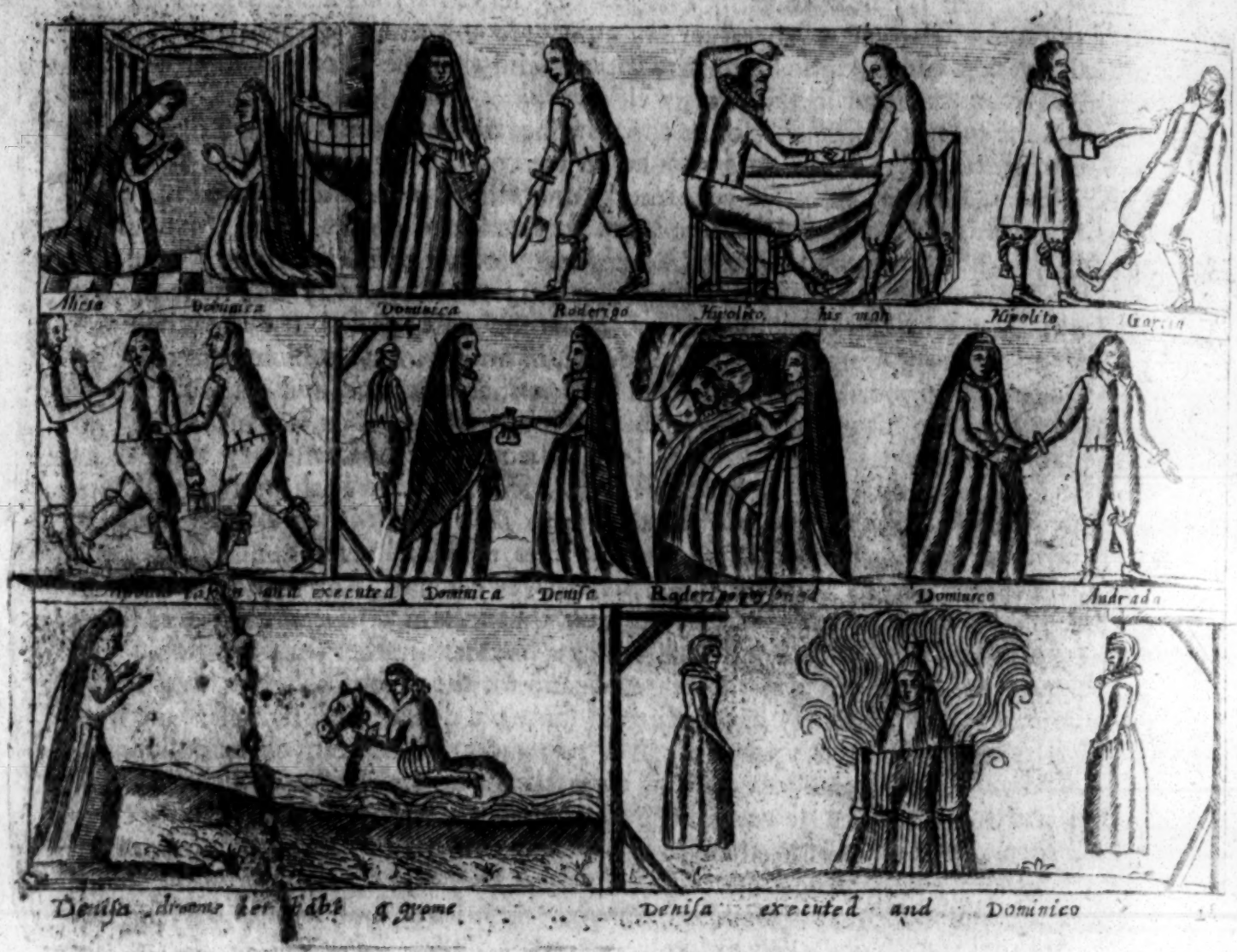
and

and repentance, where two Priests, and one Frier of the order of the *Jacobines* prepare their Souls for Heaven against the next morning. It was a grief to *Isabella*'s heart to hear that he was guilty of this foul and lamentable murther, but a far greater torment and hell to her mind to understand that he must suffer death for the same, and that she should neither see nor speak with him any more either in this life, or this world. Again, looking from him to her self, as she could not hope for his life, so she thought she had some small cause, or at least scruple to doubt and fear her own, in regard it lay at the courtesie or cruelty of her Husband and Father *Justinian*, for that (as we have formerly understood) they acquainted her with their intents and desires to murther *De Laurier*, and she revealed it not. But yet (nevertheless) in the purity of her heart, and the candid innocency of her Soul, she commits the success both of her life and death to God; and not being able to sleep away any part of that night for sorrow, (as a religious woman, and a most virtuous wife) passeth out the whole obscurity thereof, in the brightness of heavenly ejaculations and prayers, which from the profundity of her heart, she preferreth up to Heaven both for her Husband and her self.

Very early the next morning, before *Justinian* and *Adrian* went to their execution, *Du Pont* and (at his request) the Judges repair to the Prison to them; where he and they enquire of them, to what value of Gold and Jewels they had taken from his dead Father? who tell him, that in a Letter, which his Father had written to him to *Dijon*, and the which they had suppressed and burnt, he therein mentioned the value of one thousand seven hundred Crowns. And being again demanded by him, what and where was become of all that great sum in Gold and Jewels, they freely and ingenuously tell him, that one third part thereof was taken from them, by him and the Officers of Justice in *Pontarlin*, and another third he should find hidden in such and such secret places of their houses, and for the other third part, they blushed not to confess and aver, that they had since paid some old debts, and bought some new apparel, and spent the rest thereof upon their Whores, and other of their voluptuousness and prodigalities. So the Judges and *Du Pont* speed away to *Adrian* and Father *Justinian*'s houses where they find the Gold and Jewels according to their confessions, the which together with the other former part taken from them at *Pontarlin* (both which amounted to some 11, or 1200 Crowns) these wise and honest Judges deliver up unto *DuPont*, who receives it from them with joy and thankfulness, but, as a good Son, rejoyces far more at the now approaching deserved deaths, of these two bloody and execrable wretches, Father *Justinian* and *Adrian*, the murtherers of his good old Father *De Laurier*, of whom some twenty and five years before he had the happiness to receive his life.

Some two hours after, which was about ten of the clock in the morning, these our two condemned Malefactors are brought to the place of Execution, where a great concourse of people of *Salynes*, and the Country thereabouts attend to see them finish the last Scene and Catastrophe of their lives. The first, who ascends the Ladder, is *Adrian*, who speaks but little; only he takes it to his death, that his dear wife *Isabella*, his servant-Maid *Graceta*, and his Ostler *Thomas*, are as absolutely innocent of this murther of *De Laurier*, as he himself here again confesseth he is guilty thereof. He prays God to forgive him this foul fact, and beseecheth all that are present to pray to God for him, and for his wretched and miserable Soul, the which he knoweth hath great need and want of their Prayers, when casting his handkerchief over his face, and privately ending some few prayers to himself he is turn'd over. Instantly after him Father *Justinian* mounts the Ladder, who (in his looks and countenance) seems to be very repentant and penitent for this his foul and hainous fact, the which he prays God to absolve and forgive him; he here again clears *Isabella*, *Graceta*, and *Thomas* of this murther. He much lamenteth that he hath so highly scandalized the sacred Order of Priesthood in his crime and person, and therefore beseecheth all Priests and Church-men, either present or absent to forgive it him; when repeating some *Ave Maries*, and often making the sign of the Cross, he was likewise turned over.

And thus was the miserable life and death of this impious Priest, and wicked and bloody Host, and in this sharp manner did God justly revenge himself, and punish them with shame and confusion for this cruel and lamentable murther. Immediately after which execution of theirs, the Judges set our vertuous and innocent *Isabella*, and her Maid, and Ostler free from their undeserved durance and troubles, whereat all the Spectators do as much praise God for the liberty of the three last, as they detest the foul crime, and rejoyce at the just punishments of the two first. If we make good use of the knowledge of this sorrowful History, the profit and consolation thereof will be ours, and the glory Gods, which God of his best favour and mercy grant us, *Amen.*



GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A SPANISH HISTORY.

HISTORY XXVIII.

Hippoleto *murthereth* Garcia *in the Street by night, for the which he is hanged.* Dominica *and her Chamber-maid* Deniſa *poyſoneth her Husband* Roderigo: Deniſa *afterwards ſtrangleth her own New-born Babe, and throws it into a Pond, for the which ſhe is hanged. On the Ladder ſhe confeſſed that ſhe was acceſſary, with her Lady* Dominica, *in the poyſoning of her Husband* Roderigo; *for the which* Dominica *is apprehended, and likewiſe hanged.*

HOW eaſily doth malice and revenge enter into our hearts, and how difficultly do we expel and baniſh it thence? and what doth this promiſe, or rather threaten unto us, but that it is a wretched ſign and teſtimony, that the Devil hath more power with us than God; that we more dearly affect Nature than Grace, and Earth than Heaven? in many ſins there is ſome pretence or ſhadow of pleaſure; but in murther there is none, except we deſire that it ſhould bring grief and repentance to our hearts, horror and terror to our Conſciences, and miſery and confuſion to our Souls: which indeed, deſpight of our earthly policy and prophane prevention, it will infallibly both ſhew and bring us. But (to ſhew our wickedneſs in our weakneſs) through the ſlie ſubtilty and treachery of Satan, we think, we act and perpetrate it ſo ſecretly, that it cannot be found out of men, nor detected or puniſhed of God. Wherein, what fottiſh fools, and fooliſh mad men are we, thus to deceive and betray our ſelves with falſe hopes and erroneous ſuggeſtions; for although men may be deluded, and not ſee it, yet can God be mocked, or will he be blinded or deceived? Oh no, his decrees and reſolutions are ſecret and

ſacred

ſacred, and though inviſible to our eyes, yet our deſigns and actions are tranſparent to his: For he (in his all-ſeeing Providence) reſerves to himſelf the manner and time, how and where to puniſh it. As read we this approaching Hiſtory, and it will confirm as much, in the lives and deaths of ſome bloody and inhumane perſonages, who were born to honour, and conſequently to have lived more happy, and yet died more ignominiouſly.

In the rich and populous City of *Granado* (which *Ferdinand* and *Iſabella*, King and Queen of *Spain*, *Anno* 1492. ſo famouſly and fortunately conquered from the *Moors*) there (within theſe few years) dwelt an ancient Lady, named *Dona Alicia Cervantella*: who was deſcended of noble parentage, and by her late Husband *Don Petro de Cardinas* (dying a chief Commander in the *Weſt Indies*) ſhe had two children, a Son and a Daughter; he named *Don Garcia*, and ſhe *Dona Dominica*; he of ſome twenty years of age, and ſhe of ſome eighteen; he tall of ſtature, but ſomewhat hard-favoured, and ſhe ſhort, but exceeding fair and beautiful. Their Mother *Cervantella* being not left rich by her deceaſed Husband, did yet bring up theſe her two Children very honourably and virtuouſly, and maintained them exceeding gallant in their apparel; though ſhe clad her ſelf the worſe for it, for their ſakes. She obſerves her Son *Don Garcia* to be of a mild diſpoſition, and very witty and judicious; but for her Daughter *Dominica*, ſhe ſees with fear, and fears with grief, that her wit will come ſhort of her beauty, and her chaſtity of her wit: in which regard and conſideration, ſhe loves him better than her, and yet bears ſo vigilant an eye over her actions, that as yet ſhe keeps her within the liſts of Modeſty, and the bounds of obedience, as holding it far truer diſcretion to make her more beloved than feared of her, or rather that fear and love by turns might act their ſeveral parts upon the Theater of her youthful heart and reſolutions. There is an old rich Gentleman of that City nobly deſcended, termed *Don Hippolito Sevino*, commonly known and named *Don Hippolito*, aged of ſome threeſcore and ten years, and much ſubject to the Gout, a diſeaſe better known than cured, and which loves rich men as much as poor men hate it: And this old *Hippolito*, in the froſt and winter of his age, falls in love with our fair young Lady *Dominica*, and ſo by the Lady the Mother ſeeks her Daughter in Marriage. As for the Mother ſhe loves *Hippolito*'s Gold better than her Daughter doth his age, and affects his Lands as much as ſhe hates his Perſonage. But *Don Garcia*, at the often requeſts of his Siſter being at laſt vanquiſhed by her importunity, ſoon changeth his Mother's opinion and good eſteem of *Hippolito*, and ſo they all three give him the repulſe and denial. But his affection to this delicate freſh young beauty makes him more perverſe and obſtinate than his age, ſo he will take no anſwer, for an anſwer; nor a refuſal, for a refuſal from them, but (will or nill) frequents their company daily and their houſe almoſt hourly; they are all three tired with his ſottiſh incivility, and doting importunacy, eſpecially *Dominica*, who meaſuring his age by her youth, and knowing him to be far fitter for his Grave than a Wife, ſhe therefore ſcorns him as much as he loves her: but yet ſay ſhe what ſhe will, or do her Mother and Brother what they can, yet they cannot free their houſe, or ſhift their hands of him; although they many times make him look upon bare walls, content himſelf to converſe with the meaneſt of their ſervants, and ſo return without ſeeing either of Mother, Son or Daughter.

But *Dominica* holding her beauty and years now to be worthy of a Husband, ſhe is ſo incivil and incontinent, as ſhe prays her Mother to procure and provide her one: For (to uſe her own words) ſhe ſaith, *She is weary to lie alone, and live ſingle, and fully reſolved no longer either to trifle away her time, or to caſt away her youth and beauty.* Her Lady Mother (in moſt vertuous terms) checks her impudency, blames her impudicity, and concludes, that if ſhe forſake thoſe immodeſt humours and inclinations, and to ſerve and fear God religiouſly, then there is no doubt but in good time he (of his propitious favour and goodneſs towards her) will provide her one; When turning from her Daughter, the very tears of ſorrow fall abundantly from her old eyes, to ſee her thus immodeſt, thus irregular and wanton, as doubting and fearing that in the end it will prove ominous and fatal to her.

But her laſcivious Daughter *Dominica* is not contented with this general anſwer of her Mother; for ſhe is yet ſo vainly imprudent, and ſo viciouſly impudent, as ſhe importunately prays her Brother *Don Garcia*, effectually and ſpeedily to ſolicite her Mother to provide her a Husband; whereat he rather laughs, then gives ear. But when again he ruminates and conſiders with himſelf this her fooliſh levity and wantonneſs, fearing the worſt; and to the end ſhe might not hereafter prove a diſgrace to her ſelf, a ſcandal to their houſe, and a diſhonour to their blood, he (taking time at advantage) breaks and treats with his Mother hereon: who concurring in opinion with him, returns him rather her conſent than her denial; the which he reports to his immodeſt Siſter *Dominica*, who is thereat as joyful, as before ſhe was diſcontented.

Not long after it fell out, that *Dominica* with her Mother going on a great Holy-day in the morning to the Church of the *Benedictine* Monks, and being behind on her knees at her Beads and Oriſons, her devotion was ſo cold and her zeal ſo frozen towards God, as ſeeing a very proper young Gentleman (richly apparell'd) likewiſe there on his knees at his prayers not far from her; ſhe as a poor (I may ſay as a prophane) Chriſtian, beckons her Mother's man to come to her, and whiſpers him in the ear, that he diſcreetly go and enquire what that young Cavalier is, whom ſhe deſcribes to him by his Apparel, and eſpecially by a rich Diamond Ring which he wears on his finger: Her Mother's man demanding of the Gentleman's ſervants, returns ſpeedily to his young Lady, and tells her in her ear, that it is *Don Roderigo*, Son and Heir to *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, whereat her luſtful affection makes her heart leap and dance within her for joy; for ſo uncivilly unchaſt is ſhe in her deſires and wiſhes, that at this very firſt ſight ſhe deſires him for her Husband, before any other man of the world, yea, before any other earthly felicity. Whereupon ſhe vows, that her Mother ſhall have no truce, nor her Brother any peace of her, before they powerfully make this motion of Marriage for her to *Don Roderigo*; who being often ſolicited and provoked by her importunate requeſts, they conſult hereon, and both of them approve and deſire it, as holding it a match equally honourable to them both. The Son will have his Mother firſt to break the ice of this Motion to *Don Roderigo*, but the Mother will have her Son firſt perform that Office to him, and ſo to take a fair occaſion to invite him home to her houſe to ſpeak with her; the which *Don Garcia* perſorms, and deals herein ſo effectually with *Don Roderigo*, that home he comes with him. The Lady *Cervantella* (after many complements and ſpeeches) preſents this motion to him. He ſees the young Lady *Dominica*, her Daughter, and finding her to be exceeding fair and witty, he likes and loves her, and ſo takes time to adviſe hereon with his Father, for the Lady his Mother was formerly gone to Heaven. *Roderigo* breaks this motion to *Don Emanuel*, his Father; who not pleaſed therewith, ſeeks to divert his Son from it, in regard he knows that her Mother *Dona Cervantella* is very poor, and of a weak eſtate, as being much incumbred with the great debts of her deceaſed Husband. *Roderigo* alledgeth to his Father, his true affection to the true beauty and vertues of *Dominica*, and that her deſcent and blood is no way inferiour to his. But his Father being of an exceeding covetous diſpoſition, will have wealth to over-ſway beauty, and not beauty wealth, and ſo is reſolute to hear no more of this motion, whereat his Son *Roderigo* bites his lip, and is much diſcontented. Yet nevertheleſs, he hath caſt his affection ſo deeply and firmly on the freſh and delicate beauty of *Dominica*, that holding it to be the Gold of Nature, and ſhe the Queen and Phœnix of beauty, he cannot, he will not refrain, but very often frequents *Dona Cervantella*'s houſe, and her Daughter's company: To whom (notwithſtanding his Father's diſtaſte of her) he yet gives her far more hope than deſpair, that he will be her Husband, which raviſheth her with delight, and her Mother *Dona Cervantella* and her Brother *Don Garcia* with content.

But the order of our Hiſtory invites us for a while to leave *Don Roderigo*, to feaſt his eyes and ſurfeit his thoughts and contemplation on the Roſes and Lillies of his Miſtreſs beauty, and again to return to ſpeak of our old Dotard *Hippolito*, who now (led by his luſt and voluptuous deſires, as they are by the inſtigation of the Devil) comes to perform and act a bloody and deplorable part on the ſtage of this Hiſtory. He ſees with grief, and grieves to ſee, that he is refuſed of the Lady *Dominica*, whom he loves far dearer and tenderer than his life; and underſtanding that *Don Roderigo de Cortez* doth ſtill frequent her company, hath gained her affection, and ſhall ſhortly marry her, he thereupon turns his reaſon into rage, converts his judgment into revenge, and ſo reſolves to murther him by night, as ſoon as he finds him to iſſue forth of the Lady *Cervantella*'s houſe; the Devil making him ſtrong in the vanity of this belief and confidence, that he being once dead, undoubtedly the fair *Dominica* will fall for his ſhare and Wife. So he is reſolute in this his bloody and damnable deſign, and conſults with himſelf, whether he ſhould do it by himſelf, or by ſome ſecond inſtrument; but finding it dangerous to effect it by another, becauſe he muſt then commit his life to his courteſie, and ſeeing that his Gout had now forſaken him, he therefore reſolves to do it by himſelf. But firſt he thinks it not improper, rather pertinent for him, to write *Roderigo* a Letter: the which he doth in theſe terms, and ſends it him by one of his own confident ſervants.

HIPPO-

HIPPOLITO to RODERIGO.

WErt thou informed but of the hundredth part of my dear affection to the fair young Lady Dominica, *and reciprocally of hers to me, thou wouldſt (if not out of honour, yet out of judgment) ſurceaſe thy ſuit to her, and not to make thy obſtinacy ridiculous, by thinking to obtain her to thy Wife: and although ſhe feed thee with Sugar of many ſweet proteſtations and promiſes to the contrary, yet if I have any eyes in my head, or thou judgment in thine, to diſcern the truth hereof, thou haſt far more reaſon to relie upon the integrity of my age, than the vanity and inconſtancy of her youth: And wert thou not a Gentleman whom I love for thine own, and honour for thy Father's ſake, I had not ſo long permitted thee to frequent her company, nor ſo often to converſe with her to the prejudice of my content and thy diſcretion: and if this friendly Ambaſſador of my heart, my Letter, will not induce thee to leave her to me, whom Heaven and Earth, God and her Mother have given me; I will then, either by thy Father, or by the uſual courſe of Juſtice, take that order with thee therein, as ſhall redound as much to my honour and fame, as to thy infamy and diſrepute.*

HIPPOLITO.

Roderigo having received and read this Letter of *Hippolito*, he cannot refrain from ſmiling and laughing, to ſee his ſottiſh error and ridiculous ignorance herein; for he perfectly knows that both *Dominica* and the Lady *Cervantella* her Mother, are long ſince reſolved to bear no more either of him or of his ſuit, and therefore he holds it more worthy of his laughter than of his obſervation; likewiſe to ſee, that this old Dotard, when Nature is ready to wed him to his Grave, that his Luſt ſhould yet be ſo forward, to deſire to marry ſo young and beautiful a Lady as *Dominica*: The which conſidering, once he thought to return him no other anſwer but ſilence; but at laſt reſpecting his age and quality more than his indiſcretion or power, after he had ſhewn his Letter to *Cervantella*, to *Dominica*, and her Brother Don *Garcia*, who all concur in opinion with him, to make it the publick object, as both it and himſelf were the private cauſe of their general laughter; he calls for Pen and Paper, and (rather with contempt than choler) by *Hippolito*'s own ſervant returns him this anſwer.

RODERIGO to HIPPOLITO.

I Have as ſmall reaſon to doubt of thy affection to the young Lady Dominica, *as to believe that hers is reciprocally ſo to thee, and therefore I ſee no juſt cauſe in honour, or ſolid ground in judgment to ſurceaſe my ſute towards her, much leſs to deem my obſtinacy ridiculous in hoping to obtain her for my wife. And although it be in thy pleaſure, yet it is not in thy power to make me doubtful of her fair words, or call in queſtion or ſuſpition her ſweet promiſes or proteſtations to me, ſith that were to prophane the purity of my Zeal to her, and of her true and ſincere affection to me, the which yet to do to thee a courteſie, I will rather excuſe than condemn in thee, becauſe I am confident it exceeds thy knowledg, though not thy fear, and in this behalf and aſſurance, thine eyes cannot ſo much prevail with my Judgment, but that I will more relie upon the integrity of her youth, than the vanity of thy age. As for thy love to me, or honour to my Father, when I find it ſo, I will acknowledge it to be as true, as now I conceive it feigned: but for thy threats to me in thinking thereby to make me forſake the converſation and company of that fair and vertuous young Lady, I do rather pity than eſteem them, and every way more contemn than care for them. Aſſuring thee that I cannot poſſibly refrain from laughter, to ſee thee ſo devoid of common ſenſe, as to think to be able either to ſcare me with thy power of the Law, or to daunt me with the prerogative and authority of my Father in making me to forſake her, whom in life and death, I neither can nor will forſake; reſolve therefor henceforth to prevent thy infamy and diſrepute; for I will be left to my ſelf to eſtabliſh mine own content and honour, as I pleaſe.*

RODERIGO.

Hippolito upon the receit and conſideration of this peremptory Letter of Don *Roderigo*, is ſo inflamed and incenſed againſt him; to ſee that (perforce) he will make him wear a *Willow* Garland, as (without any more delays or expoſtulations) underſtanding him to be that very ſame night which he received his Letter, with his Lady *Dominica* at her mother's houſe; the Devil cauſeth him to gather all his malice, wit and ſtrength together about him that night to murther him as he iſſueth forth to go home, which bloody ſtratagem of his to effect and finiſh, he chargeth a Piſtol with three Bullets and he waits his coming thence; But Don *Gar-*

cia

cia accidentally iſſuing forth all alone privately to go viſit a friend of his not far off, this wretched old Villain, *Hippolito*, taking him to be *Roderigo*, lets fly at him, and all three Bullets pierce his body, ſo he falls down dead to the ground. The blow is heard, and the breathleſs body of Don *Garcia* is found reeking in his blood, whoſe Mother, Siſter, and Don *Roderigo* are amazed and aſtoniſhed at this deplorable diſaſter, and ready to drown themſelves in their tears for ſorrow thereof. So *Roderigo* leaving ſome Neighbours to comfort them, he takes order to find out the Murtherers, and goes himſelf ſpeedily throughout the Street to that effect; When the good pleaſure and providence of God directs his courſe to find out this old execrable wretch *Hippolito* going lirking and limping in the ſtreets, having thrown away his Piſtol, and only holding his dark Lanthorn in his hand, which then (the better to colour out this damnable fact of his) he opened to light him. *Roderigo* meaſuring things paſt by the preſent, and finding *Hippolito* there in the ſtreets all alone, at this undue and unſeaſonable hour of the night; God prompts his heart with this ſuſpition, that he in likelihood was the murtherer of Don *Garcia*, and ſo lays hold on him, and cauſeth him to be committed to the Priſon, notwithſtanding all the entreaties, means and friends, which he could then poſſibly make to the contrary. The next day all *Granado* rings and reſounds of this Murther, and of the ſuſpition and impriſonment of *Don Hippolito* for the ſame, when the Lady *Cervantella* goes to the Criminal Judges of the City and accuſeth him for the ſame, and with grief, ſorrow and paſſion, follows it cloſe againſt him; and although *Hippolito* at the firſt examination denies it, yet being by his clear-ſighted Judge adjudged to the Rack for the ſame, he at the very firſt ſight thereof confeſſeth it, for the which bloody and lamentable crime of his, he is ſentenced the next day to be hanged, although he proffered all his eſtate and means to ſave his life; But the zeal and integrity of his Judges was ſuch to the Sacred name of Juſtice, as they diſdained to be corrupted herewith.

So the next Morning this old bloody wretch *Hippolito* is brought to the common place of execution, where a very great concourſe of people repair from all parts of the City to ſee him take his laſt farewel of the world, moſt of them pitying his age, but all condemning the enormity of this his foul and bloody crime. He was dealt with by ſome Prieſts and Friers in Priſon, whoſe Charity and Piety endeavoured to fortifie his heart againſt the fear of death, and to prepare his Soul for the life and joys of that to come. But the Devil was yet ſo ſtrong with him, that he could not be drawn to contrition, nor would not be either perſwaded or enforced to repentance, or to ask God, or the world forgiveneſs of this his bloody fact, but as he lived prophanely, ſo he would die wretchedly and deſperately, for on the Ladder he made a fooliſh ſpeech, the which becauſe it ſavoured more of beaſtly concupiſcence and luſt, than of Piety or Religion, I will therefore bury it in oblivion, and ſilence, and ſo he was turned over.

Come we now to ſpeak of Don *Emanuel de Cortez* the Father, who underſtanding of his Son *Roderigo* his continual frequenting of Dona *Cervantella*'s houſe, and her Daughter *Dominica*'s company, and now hearing of this murther of her Son at her door, his own Son being then therein preſent; he is much diſcontented therewith: and becauſe he will ſequeſter him from her ſight, and provide him another Wife, he ſends him to *Aſnallos*, a Mannor-houſe of his, ſome ten leagues off in the Country, with a ſtrong injunction and charge, there to reſide till his farther order to return: *Roderigo* is wonderful ſorrowful thus to leave the ſight of his fair and dear Miſtreſs *Dominica*, and (to the view of the world) no leſs is ſhe, ſo he tranſporteth only his body to *Aſnallos*, but his heart he leaves with her in *Granado*. But a month is ſcarce expired after his departure, but the Lady *Cervantella* (the death of her Son Don *Garcia*) wanting a man to conduct and govern her affairs, eſpecially her Law-ſuits, wherewith (as we have formerly heard) ſhe is much incumbred, ſhe thereupon (as alſo at the inſtant requeſt of her Daughter) writes *Roderigo* this Letter for his return.

CERVANTELLA to RODERIGO.

AS thou tendereſt the proſperity of my affairs, and the content and joy of my Daughter, I requeſt thee ſpeedily to leave Aſnallos, *and to return to reſide here in* Granado, *for I wanting my Son* Garcia, *who was the joy of my life, and ſhe her* Roderigo, *who art the life of her joy, thou muſt not find it ſtrange, if my age and her youth, and if my Law-ſuits, and her love affections and deſires aſſume this reſolution: Thy Father is a noble man of reaſon, and his Son ſhall find this to be a requeſt both honourable and reaſonable, except thou wilt ſo far publiſh thy weakneſs to the world, that thou doſt more fear thy Father than love my Daughter, for if thou ſhouldeſt once permit thy obedience to him ſo far to give a Law to thy affection to her, thou wilt then make thy ſelf as unworthy to be her Husband,*

Husband, as I deſire it with zeal, and ſhe with paſſion. She is reſolved to ſecond this my Letter, with one of her own to thee; to which I refer thee: God bleſs thy ſtay, and haſten thy return.

CERVANTELLA.

Dominica reſolving to make good her promiſe to her Mother, and that of her Mother to *Roderigo*, ſhe withdraws her ſelf to her Chamber to write; and knowing her Mother's Meſſenger ready to depart, chargeth him with the delivery of her Letter to her Lover *Roderigo*, and to caſt the better luſtre and varniſh over her affection, ſhe takes a Diamond-Ring from her finger, and likewiſe ſends it him for a token of her love.

DOMINICA to RODERIGO.

AS the death of my Brother Don Garcia, *made me extream ſorrowful; ſo this of thy abſence made me infinitely miſerable: for as that nipt my joys and hopes in their bloſſoms, ſo this kills them in their riper age and maturity. When I firſt received thy love, and gave and returned thee mine in exchange, I had well thought thou hadſt affected me too dearly, ſo ſoon to leave my ſight, and to baniſh thy ſelf from my company: but now I ſee with grief, and feel with ſorrow, that thou loveſt thy Father far better than me; and delighteſt to prefer his content before mine: for elſe thou hadſt not made me thus wretched in thy abſence, who am (as it were) but entring into the happineſs of thy preſence. If thou canſt find in thy heart to obey his commands, before thou grant my requeſts, then come not to* Granado, *but ſtay ſtill in* Aſnallos; *but if the contrary, then leave* Aſnallos, *and come to me in* Granado, *where I will chide thee for thy long ſtay, and yet give thee a world of thanks and kiſſes for thy ſo ſoon return; and as my heart and ſoul doth deſire it, ſo the proſperity of my Mother's affairs doth likewiſe want, and therefore crave it. Judge of the fervency of my affection to thee, by thine to my ſelf, and then thou wilt ſpeedily reſolve to ſee thy* Dominica, *who deſires nothing ſo much under Heaven, as to have the happineſs of thy ſight, and the felicity and honour of thy Company.*

DOMINICA.

Roderigo receives theſe their two Letters; imputes that of the Mother to much reſpect; and this of her Daughter to infinite affection; ſo as the very knowledge and conſideration thereof, makes him rejoyce in the firſt, and triumph in the ſecond; and therefore knowing himſelf to be a man, and paſt a child, and that as he is bound by nature and reaſon to obey his Father, ſo he is not tied to be commanded by him beyond it; wherefore he reſolves to give content to the Mother for the Daughter's ſake; and to the Daughter for his own ſake; and ſo by their own Meſſenger returns them theſe Anſwers: That to the Lady *Cervantella*, ſpake thus:

RODERIGO to CERVANTELLA.

I So much tender the proſperity of thy affairs, and thy Daughter's content and joy, that my reſolutions ſhall ſo diſpoſe of my ſelf towards my Father, as very ſhortly I will ſee thee with reſpect and obſervance, and viſit her with affection and zeal: for this deſire of hers, and requeſt of thine, is ſo honourable, ſo reaſonable, as my Father ſhould be guilty of unkindneſs to deny the one, and my ſelf of ingratitude not to grant the other: Or if he will yet continue to croſs our affections, I will then make it apparent to the world, that I will not fear him the thouſanth part ſo much as I will love her; and that I cannot receive a greater felicity and honour, than to ſee her my Wife, and my ſelf her Husband. I have given an anſwer to her Letter, and very ſhortly I will give her my ſelf every way anſwerable to her merits, to thy expectation and my promiſe.

RODERIGO.

His Letter to *Dominica* was charged and fraughted with theſe lines.

RODERIGO to DOMINICA.

TO deface thy ſorrows for thy Brother's death, and thy miſeries for my abſence, and likewiſe to preſerve thy joys in their bloſſoms, and thy hopes in their riper age and maturity, I am full reſolved very ſhortly to grant thy requeſt in leaving Aſnallos, *to live and die with thee in* Granado; *and thou doſt offer a palpable wrong to the truth, and an immerited diſparagement to the purity and candor of my affection, to think that I any way preſer my obedience to my Father, before my affection to thee, or conſequently his content to thine. Therefore prepare thy ſelf to kiſs, not to chide me,*

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for elſe I will reſolve to chide, and not to kiſs thee at my return. My beſt endeavours ſhall wait on the proſperity of thy Mother's affairs, and my beſt love and ſervice ſhall eternally attend on her Daughter's pleaſure and commands, and judge thou if my zeal to thee, do not exceed thine to my ſelf, ſith Earth is not ſo dear to me, as the Honour of thy ſight, nor Heaven, as the felicity of thy company.

RODERIGO

He hath no ſooner diſpatched theſe two Letters to his Miſtreſs and her Mother, but the very next day after he enters into a reſolution with himſelf; that he ſhall not do well ſo ſoon to diſoblige and diſobey his Father, by ſo ſpeedily precipitating his return from *Aſnallos* to *Granado*, as urging this reaſon to his conſideration, and propoſing this conſideration to his judgment, that *Dominica*'s affection and beauty can difficultly make him rich, but that his Fathe's diſcontent and diſpleaſure towards him may eaſily make him poor: Whereupon reſolving to cheriſh his conſtancy to her, and yet to retain his obedience to him, he holds it no ſin, if a little longer he diſpence with his content, and preſume to temporize for his diſcretion and profit, as grounding his hope upon this confidence, and this confidence upon this preſuming infallibility, that his Lady and Miſtreſs *Dominica* is as chaſt as fair, and will prove as conſtant to him as ſhe is beautiful in her ſelf. But ſhe is a woman, and therefore ſhe may deceive his hopes, and he is a man and therefore it is poſſible that her beauty may betray his judgment, the which prediction and propheſie (to his grief and ſorrow, and to her ſhame and miſery) we ſhall ſhortly ſee made true and verified: the manner thus.

Dominica (as we have formerly underſtood) being of a wanton diſpoſition and carriage, and very unchaſtly and laſciviouſly inclined, ſhe finding *Roderigo*'s ſtay in *Aſnallos* to exceed his promiſe and her expectation; ſhe cannot live chaſte, ſhe will not remain conſtant in his abſence, but hath a friend or two, I mean two proper young Gentlemen of *Granado*, to whom ſhe many times privately imparteth her amorous favours and affection, the which ſhe acteth not ſo cloſely, but the Lady her Mother (being a Lincy-eyed, and curious obſerver of her actions) hath notice thereof, and thinking to reclaim her from this foul ſin of fornication and whoredom, which threats no leſs than the ruins of her fortunes, and the Shipwrak of her reputation; ſhe firſt attempteth to perſwade her by fair means with tears and prayers; but ſeeing ſhe could not thereby prevail with her, then ſhe gives her many ſharp ſpeeches and bitter threats, and menaces, as wholly to deprive her of her Father's Portion, and either to make her ſpend her days in a Nunnery, or end them in a Priſon. That ſhe is not worthy to tread upon the face of the earth, or look up to Heaven, becauſe this her foul crime of Fornication makes her odious to God, and an infinite ſhame and ſcandal to all her Parents and friends in general, and to every one in particular, with many other reaſons looking and conducing that way, the which for brevities ſake, I reſolve to omit and bury in ſilence.

But this lecture of the Mother prevails not with the Daughter, but rather inflames than quencheth the fire of her inordinate and laſcivious luſt; the which ſhe perceiving, and to prevent her own ſcandal in that of her Daughters, ſhe (as a careful Mother and wiſe Matron) meweth her up in her Chamber, where *Dominica* (for meer grief and choler) to ſee her ſelf thus debar'd of her pleaſures in the reſtraint of her liberty, ſhe grows very ſick, looks exceeding wan, pale and thin, and ſo keeps her Bed, the which the Lady *Cervantella* takes for a fit occaſion and opportunity again effectually to write to *Roderigo* to haſten his return to *Granado*, as doubting leſt her Daughters Belly ſhould chance to ſwell and grow big in his abſence. This her Letter to *Roderigo*, reported her mind, and repreſented her deſires to him in theſe terms.

CERVANTELLA to RODERIGO.

THou doſt thy ſelf no right, but me and my Daughter infinite wrong, in ſtaying ſo long from Granado, *in regard it is contrary to thy promiſe, to my expectation, and to her deſerts and merits: for her affection is ſo intire and fervent to thee, becauſe ſhe conceives and hopes that thine (in requital) is ſo to her, that ſhe hath theſe many months languiſhed in expectation of thy return; whereof beginning to deſpair, that deſpair hath ſtruck her into ſo dangerous a Conſumption, that I fear it will ſhortly prove fatal to her: For already the Lillies have baniſhed the Roſes of her cheeks, yea, her cheeks are grown thin; and thoſe ſparkling ſtars, her eyes, have loſt a great part of their wonted luſtre and glory; ſo if thy affection will not, yet pity ſhould move thee to haſten thy return, to ſee and comfort her, eſpecially ſith thou wilt ſcarce know her when thou ſeeſt her; in regard I may (almoſt) juſtly affirm, that ſhe is no longer* Dominica, *but rather the living Anatomy of dead* Dominica. *How thou canſt anſwer for this her ſickneſs to thine honour (which is occaſioned by thy unkindneſs) I know not;*

but

but ſure I am, if ſhe go to her Grave before thou come to her, thou canſt never ſufficiently anſwer it to thy conſcience, nor thy conſcience to God. In her ſick-bed thou art the only Saint to whom ſhe offereth up her devotions; and therefore it will be a miſerable ingratitude in thee to permit her to die thy Martyr.

CERVANTELLA.

At the receit and peruſal of this Letter, *Roderigo* is infinitely ſorrowful, eſpecially when he conſidereth, that it is only *Dominica*'s dear affection to him, and his long ſtay from her, which hath occaſioned her ſickneſs: Whereupon his love conſulting with his honour, his honour with his conſcience, and his conſcience with God; he conjureth the Meſſenger to return ſpeedily to *Granado*, to the Lady *Cervantella*, and her Daughter *Dominica*, from him, and to aſſure them, that all buſineſs of the World ſet apart, he will be there with them the next day, and bring them the anſwers of their Letters himſelf; whereat, at the Meſſenger's return, they both of them exceedingly rejoyce. *Roderigo* now (according to his promiſe) comes to *Granado*, viſiteth *Cervantella*, and his ſick Miſtreſs *Dominica*; ſalutes the one with compliments, the other with kiſſes. *Dominica* intended to give him her body, but not her heart, diſſembleth her affection to him, and frowns on him exceedingly, as if her love to him, and his to her were dearer to her than all the world, and far more precious than her life. But contrariwiſe, *Roderigo* intends as he ſpeaks, and ſpeaks as he intends; yea, he is ſo ſincere and real in his affection to her, as ſhe is counterfeit and treacherous to him. So, glorying in her beauty, and triumphing in her youth, he with much difficulty obtains his Father's conſent, and marries her, their Nuptials being ſolemnized in *Granado* with ſtate and bravery, anſwerable to their deſcents and qualities: but he will find a wanton *Lais*, for a conſtant *Lucrece*; and a laſcivious *Phryne*, for a chaſt *Penelope*. Never Husband bore himſelf more reſpectfully, loving and courteouſly to his Wife, than doth *Roderigo* to his *Dominica*; for he thinks that her fare cannot be too curious, nor her Apparel coſtly enough for her; yea ſuch was his tender reſpect of her, and affection to her, that he willingly permitted her to go where ſhe would, and to come when ſhe pleaſed; contrary to the cuſtom of *Spain*, and generally of moſt *Spaniards*, who hold it far more folly than affection, to give this licentious freedom and liberty to their Wives, which we do in *England* and *France*; the which we ſhall ſee verified in our young Bride *Dominica*; for the more her Husband *Roderigo* loves her, the more ſhe ſlights him; and the more he reſpects her, the more ſhe neglects and contemns him: whereat he grieves, his Mother-in-Law *Cervantella* ſtorms, and his own Father, *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, repines and murmurs. But as it is labour in vain to make an *Ethiopian* white; ſo all of them cannot reclaim *Dominica* to love her Husband, nor ſcarce to lie with him. He conceives infinite grief hereat, which breeds in him a lingring Conſumption in earneſt, as his Wife *Dominica* was formerly poſſeſſed of one in jeſt: whereat ſhe the more hates him, in regard the extremity of his ſickneſs and weakneſs, will not permit him to perform the rites and duties of a Husband towards her; but ſhe need not care, much leſs grieve thereat, for ſhe takes her obſcene and laſcivious pleaſures abroad, whiles her dear ſick Husband (for grief of body and mind) is ready to die at home. He bewails his hard fortune in marrying her; but yet loves her ſo tenderly and dearly, as he will not ſpeak ill of her himſelf, nor ſuffer any other to do it, either in his preſence, or her abſence. Yea, her love is ſo frozen to him, though his be ſtill conſtantly and fervently inflamed to her, as ſhe difficultly ſees him once in three days, nor yet ſpeaks two words with him when ſhe ſees him; and yet when he is ſo happy to obtain her ſight and company, he ſo exceedingly rejoyceth thereat, that it ſeems to him his pain for that time gives him peace, his ſorrows truce, his ſickneſs eaſe, his heart comfort, and thoughts conſolation. But *Dominica* hath not deſerved the leaſt part of all this true affection and courteſie from him heretofore, much leſs will ſhe requite it to him hereafter, except in a moſt ingrateful and bloody manner; which is thus:

The Devil reſolves to trouble the harmony or ſerenity of their Marriage, or rather our *Dominica* hath helliſhly derived and drawn this reſolution from the Devil, to poyſon her Husband; and the ſooner ſhe fixeth her mind upon this infernal ingredient, and ſetteth her barbarous cruelty upon this devilliſh Drug, becauſe the violence of this Conſumption having already made almoſt an Anatomy of his body, ſhe therefore flattereth her ſelf with this opinion, that no ſuſpition at all can ſeize upon the belief of any, that he is poiſoned, much leſs of his Father, or her Mother. She cannot procure poiſon her ſelf; and therefore albeit ſhe be unwilling to acquaint or employ any other herein, yet ſhe is inforced thereunto. Of all her acquaintance, ſhe thinks ſhe may more ſafely intruſt and repoſe this great ſecret with her Chamber-maid *Deniſa*: for having formerly made her acceſſary to her ſins of Fornication

and Adultery, she thinks she may with less difficulty, and more ease, now draw her to conceal and participate in this Murther with her; the which the better and sooner to effect, she gives her fifty Duckats, and adding thereunto many sweet perswasions, and sugred promises, of her continual care and affection for her preferment, this wretched miserable Wench yeilds her consent thereto. So they give their hands, and swear secresie each to other, the Devil laughing at this their bloody compact and capitulation.

So (without either the grace or fear of God) they are resolute in their rage, and outragious in this their barbarous cruelty, thinking every minute a month, and every day a year, before they have finished and perpetrated this lamentable business. So this Fury, this She-devil *Dominica*, being as impatient in her lascivious lusts to her self, as in her deadly malice to her kind and honest Husband *Roderigo*, she makes *Denisa* secretly to procure some strong poyson from some remote unknown Apothecary, and not only causeth, but sees her to put it into some white-Broath for him; which the Chamber-Maid brings, and the Wife and Mistress gives to her Husband in the morning, before he was out of his bed, under pretence and colour of some comfortable Broath, and hot Meat; whereof (O grief to think it! O pity to report it!) before night he died thereof. And *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, his Father, being at that time ridden to the City of *Sevil*, in the Province of *Andalusia*, about some important business of his, she (taking the opportunity and advantage of his absence, thereby the better to overveil this her foul and bloody fact) doth speedily cause this his breathless body to be encoffined, and so buried somewhat privately, but not in that solemn manner as was requisite, either for his quality, or her reputation; yea, contrary to the opinion of the Lady *Cervantella* her Mother, who much grieved and feared at this sudden death of her Son-in-Law *Roderigo*, in doubting lest her Daughter, his Wife, had too hastily and untimely sent him to Heaven in a bloody Winding-sheet. This mournful Tragedy thus acted, our wretched *Dominica*, of a discontented Wife, is now become a joyful and frolick Widow: and now her exorbitant lust, and lascivious desires break pail, and rage both beyond the bounds of chastity, and the limits of discretion: for she will hearken to no advice, nor follow any counsel from the Lady *Cervantella* her Mother, but forsakes her house and her sight the greatest part of the day; and which is worse, many whole nights, to keep company with those vicious Gallants, and debauched young Gentlemen, of her former acquaintance and familiarity, with whom she delighteth to lose her honour, to cast away her chastity, and to shipwrack her reputation, if not her Soul; when neither thinking of God or her Conscience, of Heaven or Hell, of her murthering Self, or murthered Husband, she so incessantly (without any intermission or repentance) abandons her self to her prophane and beastly Whoredoms, that in a very short time she makes her self the laughter of the worst, and the pity of the better and most vertuous sort of people in *Granado*; yea, her actions are so devoid of Grace; and replear of Impiety, that her own Mother is ashamed to speak with her, and *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, her Father-in law, to see her.

And here, Christian Reader, let me request thy curiosity to observe, and thy piety to remark, how (by degrees) the Indignation and Justice of God falls upon this debauched young Lady, for the foulness of these their Crimes, the very cry and sent whereof hath pierced the Windows of Heaven, and are now ascended to the ears and nostrils of the Lord of Hosts, to draw down condign vengeance on her for the same; yea, and at those times when she least dreams or thinks thereof, and when she is in the very prime of her prophaness, and the chiefest ruff of her lascivious jollity, and voluptuous sensuality. The manner whereof is thus:

Two months are scarce expired since she sent this her Husband *Roderigo* thus untimely and cruelly to his Grave, but having as it were drowned her Wits and Senses, her Reason and Judgment, yea, her Heart and Soul, in the Ocean of her beastly Lusts, and lustful desires and pleasures, (but to her own shame, to the grief of her mother, and the contempt and anger of her Father in-law *De Cortez*) she marrieth *Don Lewis de Andrada*, one of her former Favourites and Paramours; for her Lover I cannot, and therefore I will not term him; a very proper Gentleman of his personage, but every way as debauched and vicious as her self; and therefore a fit Husband for such a Wife. That she was honest he knew the contrary; but hoping that her wealth should supply his wants, and repair the ruins of his decayed fortunes, was that which solely induced him to become her Husband. But at last, when he saw her wealth to come short of his expectation, and her lustful desires to exceed it, then he thinks it high time to be wise, in not imitating the example of his Predecessor *Roderigo* in his carriage and conduction towards this his lascivious wife *Dominica*; so he holds a strict hand over her, and in a manner makes her no better than a Prisoner to her Chamber, and a Scholar to her

Book

Book and Needle, in ſuch ſort, that her ranging unchaſt thoughts are now bounded in her new Husbands jealouſie, and pent and immured up in her own grief and diſcontent: For thus he reaſoneth with himſelf, that although formerly he made her his Courtizan, yet now he will not permit that ſhe make him a Cuckold; then he was her Friend, now her Husband; and then ſhe was anſwerable for her own life and actions to God; but now he is, both for his own, and for hers. But this her preſent affliction and miſery, is but the ſhadow and leaſt part of her future: for *Andrada* her Husband being as reſolute in reforming her, as ſhe was neither to digeſt or endure it; he the better to curb her incontineney, and to debar her from any more returning to her former lewd pranks, and debauched life and converſation, he keeps her very ſhort of mony, takes from her moſt of her beſt Apparel, and all her Rings, Chains, and Jewels, which the Ladies of *Spain*, (more than any others of the world) hold to be a great part of their Earthly felicity.

Dominica is amazed, yea all in tears, to ſee this ſtrange alteration of her fortune, and difference of her two Husbands; and now (though too late) ſhe ſees *Roderigo*'s love, in *Andrada*'s hardneſs towards her; ſhe ſpeaks to her Mother to reconcile her to her husband; but having ſhut up this her ſecond match without her knowledge or conſent, ſhe rejects and abandoneth her from her favour, to ſeek her own fortune, as holding her unworthy of the blood which Nature, and the Education which God and her ſelf had given her. She was cruel to her firſt Husband, and therefore no marvel if the ſecond prove unkind to her; yet he doubting of her ſecret malice towards him, he apprehends her revenge, as much as he condemns her lubricity. He will not add faith to her diſſembling promiſes, nor hazard belief to her treacherous tears and kiſſes; but keeps her ſtill rather as a priſoner than a Wife, and more like a Criminal than a Companion: and yet as cloſe and retired as he kept her in his houſe, his vigilancy and jealouſie was inforced to meet with this unknown misfortune, that he was no ſooner abroad, but ſhe had another Friend or Ruffian at home, with whom ſhe very often and very diſhoneſtly familiarized; inſomuch, that ſhe had infallibly murthered her ſecond Husband, as ſhe had formerly done her firſt, if God (out of the ineſtimable treaſure of his mercy and goodneſs) had not prevented her rage, and diſappointed and diſſipated her bloody deſign and revenge, by another accident as mournful as miraculous, and wherein the Juſtice and Providence of God doth equally reſplend and ſhine forth unto us for our inſtruction, with a moſt divine power and heavenly influence.

For we muſt here know and underſtand, that the fifty Duckats which *Deniſa* had given her of her Lady *Dominica*, for conſenting to poyſon her Maſter *Roderigo*, gave her new apparel, and they likewiſe procured her a new Suitor or Sweet-heart, named *Hugo* (who made ſhew to marry her, but intended it not), with whom ſhe wantonized ſo often, as in a ſhort time ſhe became guilty of a great belly, the which ſhe conceal'd from all the world, except from *Hugo* the Father of her unborn Child; who upon notice thereof, either for fear of preſent puniſhment, or of future danger, or that he ſhould be conſtrain'd to marry her, and ſo to maintain her and her Child, when he had not means to maintain himſelf; he fled from *Granado* to *Murcia*, without taking his leave of *Deniſa*, or any way acquainting her therewith; and now, when it is too late, this wretched Wench exceedingly grieves thereat, when knowing his return uncertain, his affection to her doubtful, her ſelf poor, and her Lady and Miſtreſs *Dominica*, as then not able to maintain her or her Child, ſhe aſſumes another bloody reſolution, which is, that as ſhe was formerly acceſſary to the poyſoning of her Maſter, ſo ſhe now will be principal actor in murthering and making away of her own Child, as ſoon as it ſhall be born, and neither conſcience nor her fear are able to divert her from this her bloody and damnable purpoſe. For being provoked thereunto, firſt by her ſhame, then by her neceſſity, but chiefly and eſpecially by her fatal Counſellor and Inſtigator the Devil, ſhe being delivered (almoſt a month before her time) of a fair young Son, as ſoon as he had cryed once (to bewail his own miſery, and his inhumane Mother's cruelty) ſhe as an execrable Fury of Hell, ſtrangles it, giving him his mournful and untimely death in that very ſame hour and inſtant, which God and her ſelf gave it life; and the very ſame evening wrapt it in a clean white linnel cloath, and with a pack-thred ties a great ſtone thereunto, and (the Devil giving her ſtrength) the very ſame night carries it half a mile off to a Pond, without the Eaſt-gate of the City, where ſeeing no body preſent to ſee her, ſhe (not as a Mother, no not as Woman, but rather as a Fury of Hell) there throws it in, which before her departure thence, preſently ſunk to the bottom.

And here let us behold and contemplate on the wonderful mercy and judgment of God, in ſo ſpeedily revealing this deplorable and cruel Murther of this harmleſs and innocent little new-born Babe, whom being ſo newly brought from the adulterate womb of his pi-

tileſs Mother ſhe maliciouſly caſts into that Pond, giving it death for life, the Pond for its Cradle, a Bank of Mud and Oze for its Bed and Pillow. For upon the inſtant of *Deniſa*'s delivery, and her murthering and throwing of thisher Infant-babe into the Pond, God (to revenge this foul and bloody fact of hers) deprived her of diſcretion and judgment to return for that night to her Maſter's houſe: for ſhe thinking to make ſure and ſound work for her own reputation and ſafety, ſhe that very night takes up her Lodging in the next poor Inn, which was at the Sign of St. *John*'s Head, where to the Hoſt and Hoſteſs ſhe pretends lameneſs by the Receit of a Fall: But God will give her ſmall time to reſt and repoſe her ſelf in the guiltineſs of this her cruel ſin of murthering her own innocent new-born Babe; for within one hour after, a Groom riding to water his horſe in the ſame Pond, his horſe ſnuffeth and ſtarts exceedingly, pawing in the water with his farther fore-feet, and many times thruſts down his head therein.

The Groom gives him the ſpur and ſwitch to bring him off, but in vain: for the horſe the more paweth with his foot, and ſnuffeth with his noſe; yea, ſo long, till at laſt (it ſeems) the Packthread being broken, the white cloath appears and floats upon the water; which the Groom, upon the ſtrange behaviour of his horſe (but indeed the immediate Providence and Pleaſure of God, who then and there was well pleaſed to make this reaſonleſs Beaſt an inſtrument of his glory, in the detection of this cruel murther) cauſeth to be fetched a-ſhore; where opening the cloath in the preſence of ſome others, who flock thither to the Pond-ſide to ſee what this may be, they find a ſweet young Infant-boy, whoſe body was as white as the ſnow, with a flaxen-coloured hair, a chearful look, a cherry lip, and ſome blackneſs about his throat and neck, whereby they gueſſed it to be newly born, and ſtrangled of ſome Strumpet, his Mother, whom to detect and find out, they ſearch all the adjacent houſes, and at laſt find out *Deniſa* in her Inn: when the Officers of Juſtice, ſetting a Midwife and ſome three or four elderly Women, to ſearch her; they (deſpight of her reſiſtance or prayers to the contrary) give in evidence againſt her, that ſhe was that day delivered of a Child: ſo ſhe is impriſoned, and the next day brought to her arraignment, where (threatned with the Rack) ſhe confeſſeth the ſtrangling of her child, and the throwing of it into this Pond; for the which foul and inhumane fact of hers, ſhe is the next day condemned to be hanged; when deſirous to ſave her ſoul, though (through the inſtigation of Satan) ſhe hath miſerably caſt away her body, ſhe entreateth that Father *Euſtace*, a Prieſt of her acquaintance, may be ſent to her in priſon, to prepare her ſoul for her ſpiritual journey to Heaven, who is accordingly ſent her; who after a long and religious exhortation to her, falling on this point, That ſhe ſhould do well to disburthen her Conſcience of any other capital crime, which in all the whole courſe of her life ſhe might have committed; as affirming, that the revealing thereof exceedingly tended to God's glory, and the felicity of her own ſoul: ſhe (with tears and ſighs) deeply thinks thereof that night in priſon.

Now the next morning ſhe is brought to the place of execution, where a great number of people flock together to ſee her end, and there on the Ladder, after ſhe had again confeſſed the ſtrangling of her Infant, and the throwing of it into the Pond: ſhe likewiſe then and there confeſſeth, that ſhe was acceſſary, and conſented with her Lady *Dominica*, to poyſon her Maſter *Roderigo*, which ſhe affirmed they both effected in the ſame manner as we have formerly underſtood. The confeſſion of this her foul murther, as alſo of her Lady *Dominica*, doth much amaze her Auditors, and aſtoniſh her Judges; who to clear and vindicate the truth hereof, they cauſe her to deſcend the Ladder, and to be confronted with her ſaid Lady *Dominica*, who by this time in the midſt of her ſecurity, is likewiſe apprehended and brought before the Criminal Judges; where, contrary to her expectation, being enforced to underſtand the effect and tenour of her Chamber-maid *Deniſa*'s confeſſion and accuſation againſt her for the poyſoning of her Husband *Roderigo*, ſhe with much paſſion and choler terms her Witch and Devil, and curſeth the hour, that ever ſhe foſtered up ſo peſtilent a Viper in her houſe, to eat out her own heart and life: when with more confidence and boldneſs, than contrition and repentance (being firſt by the Judges threatned with the torments of the Rack) ſhe confeſſeth her ſelf likewiſe to be guilty of murthering her firſt Husband *Roderigo*. So *Deniſa*'s ſentence is altered; for ſhe is condemned to be hanged for her firſt murther, and her dead body after to be burnt to aſhes for her ſecond; and the Lady *Dominica* to be hanged for poiſoning her Husband; which news ſo reſounds and rattles through all the Streets of *Granado*, that almoſt all the people of that City flock the next morning to the place of Execution, to ſee this cruel Miſtreſs, and her bloody Chamber-maid, take their laſt farewel of this world: for the Lady *Dominica* muſt likewiſe die, notwithſtanding her Mother *Cervantella*'s tears, and her Husband *Andrada*'s importunate requeſts, and paſſionate prayers to her Judges to the contrary.

And

And firſt *Deniſa* is cauſed to aſcend the Ladder (who was a tall and comely young woman), to whom God was ſo merciful to her ſoul, that there with many bitter ſighs and tears ſhe was wonderful ſorrowful for theſe her two Murthers, eſpecially for that of her poor Infant-babe, whom ſhe had almoſt as ſoon diſpatched out, as ſhe brought into the world. She earneſtly beſought all her auditors and ſpectatorss to pray unto God to forgive her, and to be merciful unto her ſoul: ſhe affirmed, that her Lady *Dominica*'s enticements and gold firſt drew her to be acceſſary to the poyſoning of her Maſter *Roderigo*, the which again and again from her heart and ſoul ſhe prayeth God to pardon her, when intreating all young people, eſpecially all young women, to be more wiſe and religious, and leſs prophane and bloody-minded, by her example; and now recommending her Soul into the hands of our Saviour and Redeemer, ſhe is turned over. When immediately after this, our wretched Lady *Dominica* is likewiſe brought to her execution, whom the vanity of her heart, and the impurity and profaneſs of her Soul, had purpoſely dighted in her beſt dreſs, and richeſt apparel; which was a purple wrought Velvet Gown, and a curious great laced Ruff, with all things elſe ſuitable to it; but, which is lamentable to ſee, and fearful to conſider, ſhe was as careleſs of her Soul as curious of her body; for the Prieſts and Friers in her Priſon, could not abate or beat down her impiety; but as there, ſo here on the Ladder, ſhe enters into many deep execrations and curſes, as well againſt her ſecond Husband *Andrada*, as againſt her Chamber-maid *Deniſa*, who ſhe ſaid was now rather gone to the Devil, than God: but no ſpark of grace, nor ſhew of ſorrow, nor ſign of repentance, could appear in her looks, or be heard in her ſpeeches, for poyſoning of her Husband *Roderigo*, but with much choler and vehemency ſhe there uttered many other lewd and laſcivious ſpeeches, the which grieved her Chriſtian Auditors to hear, and therefore I will not defile my pen, or offend the Reader's religious and chaſt heart, with the knowledge thereof: ſo this miſerable and wretched Lady was turned over the Ladder, who made her death anſwerable to the foulneſs and enormity of her life, being not ſo happy in her death, as her bloody Chamber-maid *Deniſa*; and I fear me, as exempt of grace and goodneſs as the Devil could wiſh her. But God is the Lord of Juſtice, and Father of Mercy, to whom I leave her.

The youth and beauty of this cruel and inhuman Lady *Dominica*, was pitied by many, but her foul fact abhorred and deteſted of all who were preſent at her death: May we who read her Hiſtory cheriſh her virtues by the knowledge and ſight of her vices; and fortifie our ſouls with Religion and Piety, as ſhe ruined hers by the neglect and want thereof. *Amen.*

GOD'S

GOD'S Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY XXIX.

Sanctifiore (*upon promiſe of marriage*) *gets* Urſina *with child, and then afterwards very ingratefully and treacherouſly rejecteth her, and marrieth* Bertranna. Urſina *being ſenſible of this her diſgrace, diſguiſeth her ſelf in a Frier's habit, and with a Caſe of Piſtols kills* Sanctifiore *as he is walking in the fields; for the which ſhe is hanged.*

IT is a poor profit, a wretched pleaſure, for the ſatisfaction of choler and revenge, to embrue our hands in the innocent blood of our near Kindred, ſith in ſeeking to wound him, we more properly kill our ſelves in ſoul and body; ſtriking him (who is the figurative Image of God) we preſumptuouſly ſtab at the Majeſty of God himſelf, by whom our Souls muſt, without whom they can never be ſaved. Therefore if we will not know as we are men, yet we ought firmly both to know and believe as we are Chriſtians, that Revenge and Murther are the two prodigious Twins of Satan, the laſt being ingendred and propagated of the firſt, and both from Hell: for Revenge is not half ſo ſweet in the beginning, as bitter in the end; nor Murther by many degrees ſo pleaſing, as it proves pernicious to its Authors; as this enſuing Hiſtory will verifie and make apparent unto us.

Let your thoughts be carried over thoſe high hills of *Europe*, the *Alps*, and *Apennines*, to the noble and famous City of *Naples*, the head and Capital of that flouriſhing Kingdom (and from whence it receives and derives its denomination); a City exceeding rich, populous, and fair, and graced and adorned with more Nobility and Gentry of both Sexes, than any other of *Italy* whatſoever. Wherein of very late years (when the Duke of *Oſſuna* was Viceroy thereof) there dwelt two rich and beautiful young Gentlewomen, the one named Dona *Urſina Placedo*,

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the only Daughter and Child of Seignior *Augustino Placedo*, and the other Dona *Bertranna de Troes*, likewise the only child and daughter of Seignior *Thomaso de Troes*, the first native of *Terenzolo* in *Pulia*, and the second of *Materana* in *Calabria*, both of them being exceeding rich and well descended Gentlemen, who with their Wives and Daughters, for the most part, built up their residence in *Naples*, but especially all the winter-time. Now because these two young Gentlewomen (whom henceforth we will term by their Christian, and not by their Sir-names) are two of the chiefest Personages which give life to this History, therefore I hold it not impertinent for me, surperficially to give the Reader their different characters and delineations. *Ursina* was past the twentieth year of her age, and *Bertranna* entering into her eighteenth. *Ursina* was tall and slender, *Bertranna* short and somewhat crook-backed. *Ursina* was the fairer of the two; but *Bertranna* by far the subtiller and wiser. *Ursina* was of a deep Amber hair, but *Bertranna* of a coal-black: and to conclude this point, *Ursina* was affable and courteous, but *Bertranna* coy, proud, and malicious.

The truth and order of this History must here inform us, That although these two rich young Gentlewomen had divers brave Gallants who were suitors to them for marriage, yet none of them so dearly and passionately loved *Ursina*, as the Baron of *Sanctifiore* of *Capua*, a very rich young Noble-man, but far more proper than wise; and withal, far more lascivious than rich; nor did or could *Bertranna* in her heart and mind affect any other but the said Baron; neither was it possible for her Father *De Troes* to perswade or draw her to desire any other Nobleman or Gentleman for her Husband, than him. Thus we see *Sanctifiore* deeply to love *Ursina*, and *Bertranna* him, but not he her; and we shall not go far till we likewise see what effects these their different affections will produce.

Whiles *Ursina* is assured of *Sanctifiore*'s love to her, *Bertranna* contrariwise, by her self and her friends, makes it her chiefest care and ambition to perswade and draw him to forsake *Ursina*, and to love and marry her self; but she will find more oppolition and difficulty therein, than she expects. True it is, that although the Baron of *Sanctifiore* do continually frequent *Placedo*'s house, and his Daughter *Ursina*'s company; yet understanding and considering with himself, that *Bertranna* honoured him with her constant love and affection, he therefore held himself in a manner bound sometimes to see and visit her, although indeed it was every way more to content and please her than himself; where, albeit that her policy to her self, and her affection to him, gives him many quips and jerks of his Mistres *Ursina*; yet his reputation and discretion makes him comport his actions and speeches so equally towards *Bertranna*, that although he give her little cause to hope, yet he gives her none to despair of his love and affection to her, in requital of hers to him: and upon these and no other terms stand *Sanctifiore* and *Bertranna*. But as for *Ursina*, her hopes and heart of *Sanctifiore*'s affection to her, sails on with a more pleasing and joyful gale of wind: for she loving him as deeply as he doth her dearly, she accounts her self his, and he hers; as we may the more particularly and perfectly perceive, by four Love-letters of theirs, which secretly and interchangeably past between them; the which, for the Reader's better satisfaction, I thought good here to insert and publish; whereof his first to her spake thus:

SANCTIFIORE to URSINA.

THE sweetness of thy Beauty, and the excellency of thy Virtues, have so fully taken up my thoughts and so firmly surprized and vanquished my heart, that I am so much thine both by conquest and duty, as I know not whether I do more affect or honour, or more admire or adore thee. Wherefore if thou art as courteous as fair, and as loving to me, as I am faithful to thy self, then return me thy heart, as I now give and send thee mine; and assure thy self, that my affection is so infinite and intire to thee that I love and desire thee a thousand times more than mine own life, and will esteem my death both sweet and happy, if thou wilt henceforth live mine by purchase, as I am now thine by promise. Thy will shall be my Law; and as there is a God in Heaven, so Ursina *hath not so fervent a Lover or constant a Servant on Earth as her.*

SANCTIFORE.

Ursina's Answer hereunto was couched in these terms:

URSINA to SANCTIFIORE.

IF thy heart be as full of affection, as thy Letter is of flattery to me, I should then have a just cause thankfully to believe that, as now I have to suspect and fear this: For the iniquity of our times, and the misery of many former examples, do prompt and tell me, that most men love more with their

tongues

tongues, than with their hearts; and that they all know far better how to profess than preserve their affections and fidelity to their Mistresses. As for me, judge with thy self how courteous and loving I am to thee: for if I perfectly knew that thy Letter were the true Ambassador and unfeigned Ecchо of thy heart, I would both say and promise thee, that I would love thee, and none but thee: Make my self thy Wife, when and as soon as thou wilt please to be my Husband: for in life and death I here now promise thee to be more thine, than mine own. Resolve me of this doubt and free me of this fear, and then manage this affection and favour of mine with discretion, and requite it with fidelity to thy

URSINA.

The Baron of *Sanctifiore*'s second Letter to her, contained this Language.

SANCTIFIORE to URSINA.

AS I am not guilty, so I am not answerable for other mens crimes of infidelity, but do as justly detest and scorn, as you unjustly fear them in me. That my affection is pure and sacred, and shall be inviolable to thee, be God my judge, and my heart and conscience my witnesses. Therefore to resolve thy doubt, and to free thy fear thereof, I vow by the pureness of thy beauty, and the dignity of thy virtues, that both my former Letter and also this, are the true Ambassadors and Ecchoes of my heart, and which is more, of my Soul. I will shortly kiss thee for my love to me, then love thee for thy kisses, and after embrace and thank thee for both; and when I fail of my affection and fidelity to thee, may God then fail of his grace and mercy to my self: I will make my self thy dear Husband, and thee my sweet Wife, when thou pleasest to crown and honour me with that sweet joy, and to ravish my heart with this desired felicity.

SANCTIFIORE.

Ursina's Answer hereunto, was traced in these terms:

URSINA to SANCTIFIORE.

RElying on the purity of thy affection, and the preservation and performance of thy constancy to me, for the which thou hast invoked God for Judge, and thy heart and consciences as witnesses thereof, I now freely acknowledge my self to be thy wife by Purchase, and thou to be my Husband by Promise, and do therefore wholly take me from thy self, eternally to give my self to thee. I desire the enjoyance of thy company and presence, with as much impatiency as thou longest for mine; and thou shalt find, that I will make it my chiefest care and ambition to love thee, and my greatest glory to honour and obey thee: and let both of us beware of infidelity each to other; for God will assuredly punish it with justice, requite it with revenge, and revenge it with misery, on the Delinquents and Offenders.

URSINA.

By the perusal and consideration of these four precedent Letters, we may plainly perceive, what a firm promise, and secret contract there was past between the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, and the Lady *Ursina*, and how fervently and sweetly they had given themselves to each other in the promise and assurance of marriage, so not contented to have gotten the Daughter's good will, he in very honourable fashion and terms likewise seeks the Father Seignior *Placedo*'s content thereto, whom though for some few months he found to be averse and opposite to his desires therein; yet upon *Sanctifiore*'s importunate entreaties, and his daughter *Ursina*'s frequent tears, he at last consenteth to this their marriage, only he delay'd the consummation thereof, for some secret reasons and considerations best known to himself, the which I cannot publish, because I could never gather or understand them. Whiles thus the Baron of *Sanctifiore* remains in *Naples*, his long stay, great train, prodigal expences there, and his absence from *Capua*, where his lands and means lay, made him be in some distress and want of mony; and not knowing how to procure it there, thereby to support his fame and reputation with his pretended Father-in-law, and also with his intended Wife, his Daughter; it greatly perplexed and troubled him: but at last he saw himself reduced to this extremity, that he was enforced to borrow of one *Nobleman* and *Gentleman* of his friends, to pay another; a course which he well saw could not long endure and subsist, without clamorously calling his reputation in question: The which to prevent, knowing Seignior *Placedo* to be a hide-bound and close-fisted old Gentleman, who loved his gold far better than his God, and that if he offered to borrow any of him, he would absolutely refuse and deny to lend it him; and that it was not impossible, but rather very probable, that hereby the prodigality of the one, and the covetousness of the other, might prove a great blot and hinderance to this his marriage; he therefore, as a debauched and vicious young Nobleman, despairing of his Father's love, resolves to make sure work with the Daughter's affection, who with a thousand amorous speeches, and lascivious lures, dalliances, and temptations, seeks to draw her to his lustful desires; and so by usur-

uſurping on her chaſtity (which is the honour of Ladies and the glory of Gentlewomen) to have carnal knowledge of her before he were married to her. *Urſina* (who loved her ſweetheart *Sanctifiore* far dearer than the whole world, and yet her honour and chaſtity a thouſand times more dear and precious than her own life) infinitely grieves and wonders at this his intemperancy and obſcenity; when (as a chaſt and virtuous Gentlewoman) ſhe with ſighs and tears lays before his eyes and conſideration, and repreſents to his heart and ſoul, the lewdneſs of his deſire, the impiety of his requeſt, the foulneſs and odiouſneſs of this fact, both to God and man, the loſs of her reputation and honour, both with her Father and with all the world, and that in the end, it would aſſuredly prove the break-neck of their marriage, and conſequently the ruin of both their contents and fortunes; as alſo that ſhe is ready to be his Wife, but diſdaineth to prove his Strumpet, with many other wiſe and godly reaſons tending that way, and therefore utterly refuſeth to blemiſh or ſhipwrack her chaſtity, by participating with him in the ſhare of this laſcivious and impious ſin of Fornication, and indeed it had been a happineſs and glory, very worthy both of her ſelf, and of her honourable old father, if ſhe had lived in the purity, and continued in the piety of this chaſt and virtuous reſolution.

But this laſcivious Baron *Sanctifiore*, ſeeing his luſt ſo ſtrongly oppoſed by her chaſtity, he is ſo far from grace and from God, as he redoubleth his violence and impetuoſity thereof, as alſo of his lures and prayers, of his art and policy to enrich himſelf with the loſs of that ineſtimable and irrecoverable Jewel her Virginity, ſo that day and night ſhe cannot be in quiet for him, nor he without her; but ſtill he follows her as her ghoſt or ſhadow, and with many falſe oaths and feigned ſighs and tears, doth bewitch or rather minſtralize into her ears and heart, that his deſire of this ſweet pleaſure which he requeſteth from her, proceeds wholly from his tender affection to her; and ſo with a thouſand laſcivious words he makes ſo large and ſo impious an Apology to her for this his obſcene requeſt, that becauſe modeſty cannot and diſcretion will not permit me to relate it, as well knowing, that the expreſſion and publiſhing thereof, will every way prove unprofitable to the Reader, and no way pleaſing but diſpleaſing to God: when this weak and inconſiderate Gentlewoman, loving him far dearer than her own life, and confidently relying on his ſworn affection and fidelity to her, which he ſo paſſionately and ſo often reiterated to her; ſhe ſo raſhly and fooliſhly permitted her ſelf to be weighed down, overcome and vanquiſhed with the importunacy of his requeſts and oaths, that it was neither in her power or will to deny him any thing, no not her ſelf; but as ſhe formerly had given him the full command of her heart, now ſhe likewiſe gives him the free uſe and poſſeſſion of her body.

Thus *Sanctifiore* bereaves and unparadiſeth his Miſtreſs *Urſina* of the moſt precious Jewel which ever Lady-Nature gave her; I mean, her chaſtity and honour: but both of them ſhall ſhortly pay dear for theſe their bitter-ſweet pleaſures, (or rather ſins) of ſenſuality and fornication, and ſhall redeem and ranſom them with no leſs than ſhame and repentance: The manner whereof is thus.

After he had thus defloured and taken his obſcene pleaſure of his young and beautiful Miſtreſs, and ſtayed an hour or two complementing with her, he then takes his leave of hers when triumphing more in the conqueſt of her ſhame, and his folly, than in his own repentance for occaſioning the one and committing the other: he within a week or two after, again makes her ſo flexible and tractable to his deſires, as he three or four times more familiarly wantonizeth with her in this laſcivious manner, and ſhe with him; as not contented to ſtain and blemiſh, but wholly to defile and pollute themſelves in this their beaſtly ſin of concupiſcence and fornication. But here now begins his infamy, and her grief and miſery: For, (as a baſe Nobleman) he forgetting his oaths and promiſes to her, and her extraordinary love and affection to him, and which is more, his honour and himſelf, and his ſoul, and his God, he (by degrees) now begins to freeze in his affection to her, viſiteth her ſeldom, and then but faintly and coldly; and when (with equal bluſhes and tears) ſhe mentioneth him to marry her, he is either deaf to her requeſts, or elſe anſwereth her ſo impertinently and ambiguouſly, as (with much perturbation of mind and affliction of heart) ſhe begins to ſuſpect and doubt with her ſelf, that ſhe hath more reaſon to fear, than cauſe to hope of his future affection and fidelity towards her. Neither is her fear vain, or her judgment and apprehenſion deceived of him herein: for as men love Noſe-gays in the morn, and throw them away ere night, ſo this ignoble Nobleman *Sanctifiore*, after he had ſurfeited and ſatiated his deſire of this his intended and contracted Wife *Urſina*, he in leſs than three months after, is ſo ingrateful and treacherous towards her, as in a manner he abandoneth her Father's houſe, and forſakes her ſight and company, leaving her nothing to comfort her, but her ſighs, tears, and repentance; and which is worſe, a growing great Belly, as the true ſeal of her preſent grief and ſorrow, and the undoubted pledge

and preſage of her future ſhame and miſery, which torments and terrifies her heart and ſoul, but how to remedy it ſhe knows not. And now (with as much ſpeed as vanity and infidelity) away goes *Sanctifiore* to his other ſecond Sweet-heat *Bertranna*, who not for her beauty, but for her Father's great wealth, and his own preſſing wants, he now ſeems to affect and court a thouſand times more familiarly and tenderly than before, whereof ſhe is infinitely glad and joyful. For having a long time loved him in her heart and mind, and therefore deſiring nothing ſo much under Heaven, as to ſee him her Hurband here on earth, and having to that end her ſecret eyes and ſpies every where abroad upon his life and actions, ſhe is at laſt advertiſed, that there is ſome great diſtaſte and difference fallen out between him and the Lady *Urſina*, as alſo that being far from home, he wanteth Monies to defray his Port and Expences in *Naples*; ſhe being of a ſharp wit and deep judgment, thinks that the laſt of his defects was the cauſe of the firſt, and that peradventure *Sanctifiore* having attempted to borrow ſome Mony of her Father Seignior *Placedo*, and received the repulſe, he therefore was fallen out and become diſpleaſed and diſcontented with his Daughter: And although her conceit and judgment miſſed of the truth herein, yet the better to eſtrange *Sanctifiore* from *Urſina*, and conſequently the more powerfully and ſtrongly to unite and tye him to her ſelf, ſhe well knowing that her own Father *de Torres* exceedingly loved him, and deſired him for his Son-in-law, as much as ſhe did for her Husband: ſhe therefore, as much in love to him, as in diſdain and malice to *Urſina*, doth underhand deal ſo politickly and yet ſo ſecretly with her Father to lend *Sanctifiore* ſome Mony, that he meeting him the very next day in his houſe, he takes him aſide in his ſtudy, and told him that in regard of his abſence from *Capua*, and his long ſtay and great Expences here in *Naples*, it was rather likely than impoſſible that he might want ſome Mony, and therefore he freely lent, and then and there laid him down 500 double Piſtols: adding withal, that if he needed more, he ſhould have what he pleaſed, and repay it him again when he pleaſed, and that if he would honour him ſo much as to marry his Daughter, he would give him all the Lands and Wealth he had.

This great courteſie of *De Torres* to the Baron of *Sanctifiore* he held was redoubled to him in the value, in that he lent it him ſo freely and undemanded, as alſo that it came ſo opportunely and fitly to pay his Debts, and ſatisfie his wants, as after a long and reſpective Compliment between them, *Sanctifiore*'s neceſſity ſo eaſily prevails with his modeſty, that he moſt thankfully takes this Gold of *De Torres*, and likewiſe gives him more hope than diſpair to his motion of marrying his Daughter the Lady *Bertranna*; wherewith the one reſts well ſatisfied, and the other exceeding well contented. This point of courteſie being thus performed between them, *Sanctifiore*'s joy thereof was ſo great, I may ſay ſo boundleſs, as he preſently finds out his new Miſtreſs *Bertranna*, and with a frolick countenance and chearful voice, relates her, how much her Father had obliged him, and from point to point, what had paſt between them, and immediately after no leſs doth her Father; her muſick of which news was ſo pleaſing to her mind, and ſo ſweet to her heart and thoughts, that ſhe hereupon flatters her ſelf with a confident hope, that he will ſhortly marry her: and in this hope doth he ſtill ſpeed and entertain her, being ſeldom or never from her, but ever and anon both together billing and kiſſing, drowning his judgment ſo wholly in her company, and his heart ranging and dreaming ſo fully on her youth and beauty, and on her Father's great wealth and eſtate, that he hath not the grace, no nor which is leſs, the will or good nature once to think of his poor deſolate and forſaken *Urſina*, of whom in her turn I come now to ſpeak.

We have formerly underſtood with ſorrow, and our ſorrowful and unfortunate *Urſina* hath to her grief too too ſoon ſeen, how unkindly *Sanctifiore* hath uſed, and how baſely and treacherouſly abuſed her in the points of her honour, and his infidelity; and yet all this notwithſtanding, her love and affection is ſtill ſo dear and conſtant to him, and her hopes ſo confident of him, that all this diſcourteſie of his to her, is only but to try her patience, and that conſidering what familiarity hath paſt between them, it is impoſſible for him to be ſo cruel-hearted towards her, as in the end not to marry her. She hath likewiſe acquainted him, that ſhe is with child by him, and when all other reaſons and perſwaſions fail, ſhe hopes this will prevail to reclaim his affection to her, and to induce him to take pity on her, and compaſſion of his unborn Babe within her. But to refell and diſſipate all theſe her flattering and deceitful hopes, and which is worſe, to make her loſe all hopes of this her deſired happineſs and good fortune from him, his new contracted and inceſſant familiarity between him and the Lady *Bertranna*, is not ſo privately carried and huſhed up in ſilence between them, but ſhe hath ſecret and ſorrowful notice thereof; which ſo inflames her mind with hot jealouſie, and likewiſe afflicts her heart with cold fear and apprehenſion, that ſhe hath ſeduced and drawn his affection from her to her ſelf, as alſo that he will utterly forſake her to Marry *Bertranna*, that ſhe fully

fully believes that the wind of his discourteous absence from her proceeds from this point of the compass. Wherefore fearing that which she already knows, but far more that which she knows not of, this their familiarity between them, all her hopes of *Sanctifiore* are almost vanished and banished, and her heart is as it were wholly depressed and weighed down with bitter grief and sorrow thereof. She dares acquaint no body with her disgrace, much less her Father; and her looking on her great belly, doth both infinitely augment her sorrows, and increase her afflictions, in regard that that which should have been the cause of her joy and glory, she now knows will shortly prove the argument of her shame and misery. A thousand times a day, yea, I may truly say as many times in an hour, she wisheth she had been more chast and less fair, and not so easily to have hearkened to *Sanctifiore*'s sugred oaths and temptations, as to have lost her honour and fortunes, in seeking to preserve them in her affection to him; she would fain draw comfort from all these her calamites, or from any one of them, and yet she knows not from whom, except from her *Sanctifiore*; when presently she checks her folly, and reproves her ambition for terming him hers, when she believes she hath far more cause to fear than reason to doubt, that he already is, or shortly will be *Bertranna*'s Husband. And yet again, because excess of her sorrows hath more ecclipsed her joys than her judgment, and more dulled and obscured her heart than her understanding, therefore judging it a Master-piece of her policy, if she can sequester and reclaim her *Sanctifiore* from *Bertranna*, and so retain him to her self in marriage; she to that end that very morning sends for *Sebastiano* her Fathers Coachman (whom she knew to be faithful to her) and taking off a rich Diamond ring from her finger, which *Sanctifiore* well knew, she bad him find out the Baron of *Sanctifiore* at his lodging, or elsewhere, to deliver that Ring as a token of her love to him, and to tell him, that she is infinitely desires him to honour her with his presence at her Father's house sometime in the forenoon. *Sebastiano* accordingly finds out the Baron, and delivers him his young Mistress's Ring and message, by whom he returns this answer; Commend me to the Lady *Ursina*, and tell her I will be with her immediately after dinner. Whiles thus our sorrowful Lady *Ursina* (betwixt hope and fear, grief and consolation) prepares to receive him, he arrives to her in his own Coach, and her Father's servants attending for him, conduct him to her Chamber, where composing her countenance to affection, and yet to sorrow, she meets him at the door, and conducts him to the Window which answereth and looks into the Garden, where he giving her only one slight kiss, and she absenting her Father's servants, she bursts forth into tears and sighs.

She complains of the coldness of his affection, of his long absence from her, of the violation of his oaths and vows to her, and of her great belly by him, which she tells him he may better see than she conceal, but especially of his deep promise to marry her, praying him to set down the time and place when he will perform and consummate it, and that he would infallibly prove his shame and infamy, if he forgot himself, his honour and conscience, to forsake her and marry the Lady *Bertranna*, whom she affirms to him with tears, that she understands is the Mistress of his thoughts and heart, and the Queen Regent of his desires and affections. When this base Baron is so cruel-hearted to her, as (preferring his fury to his affection, and his passion to his compassion) he replies not a word to all the former parts and branches of her speeches and complaints, but only to the two last he gives her this thundering and heart-killing answer: Know *Ursina* that I have used all lawful and possible means with my Parents to draw their consents that I might marry thee, but it is out of my power ever to obtain it of them, and without it I will never marry: as for *Bertranna*, she is not so much thy inferiour in beauty, as she is thy superiour in virtue, therefore provide thou for thy fortunes, and so will I for mine; when with a look (which savoured no way of love, but wholly of contempt and indignation) he hastily throws her her Diamond Ring, and without once kissing her, or bidding her farewel, suddenly rusheth forth her Chamber, wherein he leaves her to her self, and her mazes; and so takes Coach and away, vowing to himself as he went forth the doors, that he will not be Father to a Bastard, nor Husband to a Whore.

Here let all vertuous Ladies and Gentlewomen, and all true-hearted and generous Noblemen and Gentlemen judge, if this *Sanctifiore* did not shew himself a most base Nobleman, and a cruel-hearted Tyrant towards this sweet and unfortunate Gentlewoman, sith the consideration of her youth and beauty in her self, of her tender love and affection to him, of his oaths and promises to be her Husband, of the loss of her honour and fortunes; yea, sith the sight of her lean and thin cheeks, wherein the Roses and Lillies of her former beauty were withered with her sorrows and his infidelities, and the sight and consideration of her great belly which he had given her, together with her birth and quality, and the infiniteness of her sighs, prayers, sobs and tears, could draw no more reason or compassion from him towards her.

And now it is, that at the sight and consideration of this his barbarous cruelty towards her,

her very heart and ſoul is wounded and pierced thorow with ſorrow; and now it is that ſhe looks back on her former folly and error, and on her preſent affliction and grief, and on her future ſhame and miſery; and now it is, that deeming him loſt to her for ever, and on her ſelf conſequently ruined without him; that her ſorrows and miſeries are ſo great, ſo infinite, that ſhe is ready to drown her ſelf in her tears, and moſt willingly deſires to forſake this life and this world to fly up to Heaven and to God, upon the wings of her ſighs and prayers. But alas poor ſoul, thou art too unfortunate to be yet ſo happy, becauſe theſe thy afflictions and ſorrows do as it were but now begin; therefore thou muſt prepare and arm thy ſelf to ſuffer them with patience, and to end them in leſs paſſion, and more repentance and piety.

Although this ignoble Baron triumph in this his cruelty towards his former love *Urſina*; and ſo ſpeedily poſt away and acquaint his new one *Bertranna* therewith, who as much rejoyceth, as the other bitterly weeps and laments thereat; yet (according to order) I muſt again ſpeak of our ſorrowful *Urſina*, who hath other more mournful parts, and lamentable paſſions to act upon the ſtage of this our Hiſtory. Who having thus received the repulſe and refuſal from her treacherous lover *Sanctifiore*, ſhe (within a month after) with a ſorrowful heart and courage, reſolves (as well as ſhe may) to diſpenſe for a time with her tears, and to provide for her reputation; ſhe hath as yet acquainted none but *Sanctifiore* with the diſgrace of her great belly; for neither her kinſfolks, friends, neighbours, father, or his ſervants, do as yet know it; ſhe is of a weak body and feeble conſtitution, and therefore to conceal this ſcandal from her Father, as alſo from all the world, and to provide for the lying down of her great belly, ſhe holds it requiſite to diſcover this great and important ſecret but only to one, and ſo to crave the aid and aſſiſtance of this confident boſom friend. To which end, ſhe thinks none ſo fit for her purpoſe, and therefore makes choice of no other, but of an old Aunt of hers, who was her Mother's Siſter, named Dona *Mellefanta*, who being a wiſe and rich widow woman, dwelt at *Putzeole* ſome ten ſmall miles diſtant from *Naples*: a place ſo famous for its ſubterranean Grots, Vaults and Water-works; when inventing an excuſe of her Father, which was as worthy of her heart and policy, as ſhe was every way unworthy of theſe her croſſes and afflictions; ſhe tells him, that it is not unknown to him, how ſhe hath a long time been weak and ſickly, that the air of *Naples* is neither wholeſome for her, nor pleaſing to her; and becauſe ſhe hath often dreamt ſhe ſhall in a little time recover her former health in *Putzeole*, ſhe humbly beſeecheth him, that he would ſpeedily ſend her thither, to live ſome ſmall time there with her Aunt *Mellefanta*. Her Father Seignior *Placedo*, whoſe age, contentment, and joy, lived chiefly in the youth, proſperity and health of this his only child and Daughter, makes her will and deſire herein to be his, when not knowing any thing of the diſtaſte that had paſt between his daughter and the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, or of his affection to the Lady *Bertranna*; he demanded of her, when you are at *Putzeole*, what ſhall become of the Baron of *Sanctifiore*? to whom (rather from her apron-ſtrings than her heart) ſhe returns this witty and ſpeedy anſwer; if *Sanctifiore* love me, he will then leave *Naples* and viſit me, or if he do not, I will not love him; which reply of hers pleaſed her Father ſo well, that he cauſeth her to fit up her Apparel and Baggage, and within three days after, (attended on by a Chamber-maid, and a man of his) ſends her away to *Putzeole* in his Coach to his Siſter *Mellefanta*; where being arrived, ſhe ſpeedily and privately acquaints her Aunt with this ſecret of her great Belly, which ſo much imports her reputation or diſgrace, and alſo with all the circumſtances thereof, and ſo prays her beſt love and aſſiſtance to her herein, the which ſhe faithfully promiſeth her, adding withal, that becauſe ſhe is of her own blood, ſhe will regard and love her as her own Child, telling her, that ſhe highly commended her policy, for thus blinding the eyes of her Father, and for leaving *Naples*, to come to lay down her great belly with her in *Putzeole*; yet ſhe could not chuſe but blame her for the cauſe thereof, in ſuffering her ſelf to be thus abuſed and betrayed, by ſo baſe a nobleman as the Baron of *Sanctifiore*; but then again ſhe excuſeth that error of this her Neece upon the freſhneſs of her youth and beauty; and bids her fear nothing, but to reſolve to be here chearful, couragious, and merry with her.

Here we ſee our beautiful *Urſina* ſafe at *Putzeole*, under the wings and protection of her Aunt *Mellefanta*, and far off from the eyes of the known or ſuſpected rejoycing enemies of her diſgraces lodged in a dainty houſe, a delicate air, having variety of curious ſweet garments, and dainty ranks and groves of Orange and Lemmon-trees to walk in, well attended on, and fairing moſt deliciouſly; and who therefore would believe, that ſhe would not now quite abandon her former ſorrows and tears, and wholly reject and caſt off that baſe Baron of *Sanctifiore*, who ſo ungratefully had ruined, and ſo treacherouſly had firſt forſaken and rejected her; but here in *Putzeole* we ſhall ſee her perform nothing leſs; for although ſhe yet hold him to be intangled

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in the lures of *Bertranna*'s beauty, and the temptations of her Father *DeTores*'s wealth, yet judging his heart and affections by her own, and meaſuring him by her ſelf, ſhe ſtill loves him ſo dearly that ſhe nevertheleſs believes he cannot hate her ſo deadly, as to reject and repudiate her to marry the ſaid *Bertranna*; when the more to fortifie her belief and reſolution thereof, ſhe very often again reads over his two former Letters which we have heard and ſeen, and therein finding, that by his conſcience and ſoul, and by Heaven, and by God, he had bound himſelf to marry her, and to live and die her faithful Husband; ſhe then believes that no man, much leſs a Nobleman, and leaſt of all a Chriſtian, will be ſo prophane and impious (without any cauſe or reaſon) to violate all theſe his great Oaths and promiſes ſo deeply made, and ſo religiouſly atteſted unto God; wherefore although this Baron of *Sanctifiore* were abſent from her, yet ſeeing him ſtill preſent in her eyes and heart, ſhe therefore (in conſideration of his promiſes) doth yet continually ſo plead for him againſt her ſelf, and for his affection and fidelity to her againſt her ſuſpition and diffidence of him, that ſhe yet flatters her ſelf with a conceit, that in the end his conſcience will ſo call home his thoughts, and God his conſcience, that he will marry her ſelf, and none but her ſelf. Again, conſidering him to be the Father of her unborn Babe, ſhe thinks her ſelf a very unkind and unnatural mother, if ſhe ſhould not love him for her Child's ſake as well as for his own, and that God would neither bleſs her nor her burthen, if ſhe ſhould any way neglect or omit him; upon the foundations of which reaſons, (truly and courteouſly laid by her, but ſo falſly and treacherouſly by him) ſhe thinks it a good way, and an excellent expedient, for her to ſeek to reclaim him to her by a Letter, the proof whereof ſince his defection from her, ſhe had not as yet practiſed or experienced; but as ſhe began to fall on this reſolution, her hope and deſpair of *Sanctifiore*, and yet her love and affection to him make her meet and fall on a doubtful ſcruple, whether ſhe ſhould write kindly or cholerickly to him; but at laſt her affection to him, declined and excuſing his infidelity to her, and her love and courteſie giving a favourable conſtruction of his cruelty towards her, ſhe holds it more behoveful for her deſire, and his return, to write to him paſſionately and effectually, but not harſhly or ſeverely, and ſo to take the ſweet and fair way which ſhe deſired, but not the ſharp and bitter which he deſerved: when flying to her Cloſet, ſhe (full of grief and tears) writes him this enſuing Letter, the which, without the knowledge of her Aunt *Mellefanta*, ſhe ſends him to *Naples*, by her truſty meſſenge *Sebaſtiano* her Father's Coachman.

URSINA to SANCTIFIORE.

TO preſerve thine own honour, and prevent mine own diſgrace and ſhame, I have left Naples *to ſojourn here for a time in* Putzeole *with the Lady* Mellefanta *mine Aunt, where thy preſence will make me as truly joyful and happy, as I feel and know my ſelf infinitely miſerable without it; For although of late (but for what cauſe or reaſon, God knows, I know not) it hath pleaſed thee to exerciſe my affection and patience in thy diſcontent; yet in regard I am thy Wife by purchaſe, ſith thou art my Husband by promiſe, whereof the copies of thy former Letter will inform and remember thee, that thou madeſt God the judge, and thy ſoul and conſcience the witneſſes, I cannot believe that thou art ſo irreligious, or that thou beareſt me ſo little love, or ſo much malice, to make thy ſelf guilty of ſuch foul infidelity to me, and impiety towards God, and I appeal to them all, if my tender and untainted affection to thee, have not every way deſerved the contrary at thy hands. Again, as in hoping to marry thee, I gave thee my heart, ſo in aſſurance and confidence thereof, thou didſt likewiſe bereave me of my honour; and therefore if the counterpain of that contract do any way fade or die in the memory, yet reſt confident, that the Original lives ſtill in Heaven, as the pledge and ſeal thereof doth now in my unhappy Womb here on earth. Miſtake me not, my dear* Sanctifiore, *for I write not this out of any malice, but out of true affection to thee, to the end, that thou mayeſt thereby ſeriouſly conſider, and religiouſly remember with thy ſelf, what I am to thee, thou to my ſelf, and what that unfortunate innocent unborn Babe in my belly is to us both. And although I am thy Wife before God, yet I will now in all humility make my ſelf thy hand-maid, and with a world of ſighs and tears, throw my ſelf at thy feet (and lower if I could) to conjure and beg thee; By my poor beauty which once thou didſt ſo much admire and adore; by the memory of my loſt Virginity, which thou wreſtedſt from me with ſo many amorous ſighs and tears; by all thy deep oaths, vows, and promiſes which thou ſo religiouſly gaveſt me to remain ſtill loving to me; by thy honour which ſhould be dearer to thee than thy life; by thy conſcience and ſoul, which ought to be far more precious to thee, than all the lives and honour of the world, yea for thy poor Infant's ſake; and laſtly for God's ſake, abandon thy unjuſt diſpleaſure and immerited diſcontent conceived againſt me; and my dear* Sanctifiore, *come away to me to* Putzeole, *and there make me thy Wife in the ſight of his Church and People, as I am already in that of Heaven and his Angels,*

gels, I ſay again, come away to me my ſweet Sanctifiore, *for thy ſight will delight my heart, and thy preſence and company raviſh my Soul with joy. It is impoſſible for* Bertranna, *either to love or honour thee the thouſandth part ſo dearly as thy* Urſina *doth, and till death reſolve to do; I will freely forget all thy former eſcapes and diſcourteſies towards me, and to attribute them more to her fooliſh vanity, than any way to thy unkind diſpoſition or inclination; yea, I will not knit my brows when thou comeſt to me, but will chearfully and joyfully prepare my ſelf to feaſt thee with ſmiles, and to ſurfeit thee with kiſſes: But if contrariwiſe thou wilt not hearken unto me, or this my Letter, or regard theſe my requeſts and ſorrows, nor obey and follow God and thy conſcience herein, in ſpeedily repairing to me, to make me thy joyful Wife: then what ſhall I do or ſay, but according as I am bound in affection and duty to thee, I will notwithſtanding ſtill reſolve to love thee dearly, though thou hate me deadly, and to pray for thee though thou curſe me; yea, I will then leave thee to God, and religiouſly beſeech his divine Majeſty, to be a juſt Judge between both of us, of my firm affection and conſtancy to thee, and of thy cruel ingratitude and treachery to me. Live thou as happy, as thy conſtant* Urſina *knows that without thee, ſhe ſhall aſſuredly live ſorrowfully and die miſerably.*

URSINA.

Her Meſſenger *Sebaſtiano* arrives privately at *Naples*, and finds out the Baron of *Sanctifiore* in his Chamber by the fire, to whom he gives and delivers this Letter, who at firſt (knowing from whom it came) ſtood a pretty while muſing and conſulting with himſelf, whether he ſhould read or burn it; but at laſt he breaks up the ſeals thereof, and with much ado affords himſelf the time and patience to peruſe it, which having done, although he no way merited to receive ſo ſweet and loving a Letter from *Urſina*; yet not bluſhing for ſhame, but looking pale with envy and malice thereat, he darting forth a diſdainful frown, and tearing the Letter in pieces, throws it into the fire; when turning himſelf haſtily towards *Sebaſtiano*, who ſtood near him, and ſaw all that he had done, he in great choler ſpake to him thus; *Tell that proud and fooliſh gigglet* Urſina, *that I diſdain her as much as ſhe writes ſhe loves me, and that as now, ſo ever hereafter I will return no other anſwer to her and her Letters, but contempt and ſilence*; when to expreſs his greater fury, *Sebaſtiano* was no ſooner forth his Chamber, but he very haſtily throws faſt the door after him; and in this furious and chollerick manner doth this baſe *Sanctifiore* receive the love, and entertain the Letter of our ſweet and ſorrowful *Urſina*.

Sebaſtiano as much grieving as admiring at the uncivil choler and rage of *Sanctifiore*, preſently leaves *Naples*, and carries home this poor news of cold comfort to his young Miſtreſs the Lady *Urſina* at *Putzeole*, the which he faithfully and punctually delivers to her, who expected nothing leſs but directly the contrary thereof. She is amazed to underſtand this his diſdainful, barbarous, and cruel anſwer; and infinitely perplexed in mind, that he ſhould firſt tare, then burn her Letter; and for converting his pen into *Sebaſtiano*'s tongue for his anſwer thereof; But above all, that word of his, Gigglet, kill'd her very heart with ſorrow, to think, that for all her former courteſies ſhewed him, he ſhould now at laſt repay her with this foul ingratitude and ſcandalous aſperſion; at the ſorrowful thought and conſideration whereof, reſolving to make her piety exceed his cruelty, ſhe could not refrain from bedewing her roſeat cheeks with many pearled tears, nor from evaporating this heavenly ejaculation from the profundity of her heart, and the center of her ſoul: God forgive the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, and be merciful to me *Urſina*, a great and wretched Sinner; had ſhe continued in this godly mind and reſolution, ſhe had done well, but alas (notwithſtanding the wholſome comfort and counſel of her Aunt *Mellefanta*) we ſhall ſhortly ſee her run a contrary courſe and career.

It is a common phraſe and Proverb, that misfortune ſeldom comes alone, which we ſhall now ſee our ſorrowful *Urſina* will verifie by her deep ſighs, and confirm by her bitter tears for this diſcourteſie of *Sanctifiore* towards her, for ſhe hath ſo deeply nailed it in her mind, and riveted it in her heart, that it begins to impair her health and ſtrength, and conſequently to pervert and alter the conſtitution of her body; ſo that whereas her poor unborn babe had lived but one full month within her, ſhe now finds ſo many ſudden throws, and unaccuſtomed convulſions, that ſhe is ſpeedily conſtrained to betake her ſelf to bed, when calling upon her Aunt *Mellefanta*, and with all poſſible haſt ſending away for the Midwife, ſhe after many ſharp torments, and bitter crys and groans (to the great peril and eminent danger of her life) is delivered of a very pretty little ſon, which God ſends into the world dead born: now although ſhe want no curious care, comfort and attendance from her Aunt, in this her ſickneſs and extremity, yet ſhe weeps bitterly and pitifully, for the abortive birth and untimely death of her

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poor innocent Babe and Infant; and becauſe her Aunt ſees, that this laſt affliction and ſorrow of her Neece, doth infinitely increaſe and revive her former, and that ſhe alſo conceives a wonderful fear in her heart and ſcruple in her conſcience, that it is only her immoderate grief and ſorrow which hath killed her Child; therefore as a diſcreet Matron and wiſe Lady, (to remove this Article out of her Neeces belief and memory) tells her plainly and freely, that ſhe is extreamly deceived in that point and doubt of fear, and that it is not her ſorrow, but the baſe ingratitude and treachery of her falſe Lover *Sanctifiore* to her ſelf, which kill'd her child within. A tart, and yet a true ſpeech, which *Urſina* neither will ſo ſoon, nor can ſo eaſily forget, as her Aunt *Mellefanta* hath ſpoken it. But ſhall I here term this to be affection in *Urſina* towards *Sanctifiore*, or a needleſs vanity, or ſuperfluous ceremony in her ſelf, for ſhe deſires to kiſs her breathleſs innocent Babe for his ſake, which ſhe doth; when giving it a thouſand kiſſes, than waſhing his face with her tears, and lamenting and grieving that ſhe could not breathe life into it with her ſighs, ſhe recommends it again to her Aunt, and ſhe the ſame night to its ſecret and decent burial.

Whiles thus *Urſina* remains very weak and ſick in her bed, yet ſtill her heart and affection looks conſtantly on *Sanctifiore*, as the needle of the compaſs doth to the North, notwithſtanding all his baſe ingratitude, and cruelty from time to time ſhewed towards her; and becauſe it is a thouſand griefs and pities that ever he ſet his eyes on her, or ſhe on him, and as many ſhames for him, firſt to ſeduce, and then to betray her; therefore who would any way commend her for continuing of her love to him, or rather, eſpecially who would not infinitely blame her of folly, and condemn her for want of wit and judgment, ever any more either to hope or hearken after him? And yet this ſilly young Lady is ſo bewitched to him, as in the very midſt of her ſickneſs and ſorrows, and contrary to all ſenſe and reaſon, here breaks forth a ſparkle and flaſh of her policy in her ſelf, and of her affection towards him. She neither can, nor dare truſt any other but *Sebaſtiano* her Coachman, with this great ſecret, (which ſo much imports her honour or diſgrace) or with this her meſſage with *Sanctifiore*, from whom (though in vain) ſhe expects ſome hope and content; when exempting all from her Chamber, ſhe calls him to her Bed-ſide, and ſwearing him to ſecreſie, for want of ſtrength to write, chargeth him preſently to ride poſt to *Naples* again, to find out the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, and to tell him from her, That ſhe her ſelf is extream ſick, and not like to live, that ſhe is delivered of his and her Son, who is dead born, and therefore ſhe begs him, that for God's ſake he will ſpeedily come over to her, becauſe for his good, and her content, ſhe infinitely deſireth to diſcharge her mind and conſcience to him before ſhe go to Heaven. So *Sebaſtiano* (in diſcharge of his duty, and his Ladies command) ſeems rather to fly than poſt to *Naples*, where arriving at *Sanctifiore*'s houſe, and finding him within, he ſends him his name by one of his men, as alſo, that he moſt earneſtly deſires to ſpeak a word with his Lordſhip; but *Sanctifiore*, knowing who it was, and therefore imagining from whom he came, bids his man carry *Sebaſtiano* back this anſwer, That he will neither ſpeak with him, nor ſee him. *Sebaſtiano* is perplexed with this his ſhort and ſharp reply, but becauſe his Meſſage is of a great importance, as alſo for that he exceedingly reſpecteth and honoureth his young Lady and Miſtreſs, he reſolves not to return to her as a fool, to which end, at the foot of the ſtairs, he enquires of another of his Servants, when he thinks his Lord will go forth, who tells him, he will take Coach within half an hour, whereof *Sebaſtiano*, being exceeding glad, he thinks it beſt to ſtay for him in the ſtreets, where (with much vigilancy and impatiency) he attends his coming; ſo at laſt he ſees him iſſue forth his gate, when preſently *Sebaſtiano* placeth himſelf betwixt him and his Coach, and with his hat in his hand, very reſolutely and orderly delivereth him his Miſtreſs her Meſſage at full, the which *Sanctifiore* underſtanding he at firſt ſmiles thereat, but then preſently again entring into choler, he rounds *Sebaſtiano* this anſwer in his ear. Tell that Strumpet thy Miſtres *Urſina* from me, that I wiſh ſhe were buried with her Baſtard, and that they were both with the Devil; and ſo without ſpeaking any word more, in a mighty fume of anger and diſdain, he throws himſelf away from *Sebaſtiano* into his Coach, and ſpeedily hurries away to his Sweet-heart *Bertranna*, from whom he is ſeldom or never abſent, to whom he revealed all that had paſt in this paſſage, endeavouring as much as in him lies, to make it to be her laughter, as his own contempt and ſcorn.

Now here ere I proceed farther, I know there is no Chriſtian whatſoever, but that his very heart and ſoul will yearn within him, at the reading of theſe cruel, barbarous and helliſh ſpeeches of this baſe-hearted Nobleman, againſt our ſorrowful and unfortunate *Urſina*, and her poor harmleſs deceaſed Babe, and no leſs doth *Sebaſtiano* in hearing, and my ſelf in penning and relating them. Do I term him Nobleman? O let me (with reſpect and repentance) revoke that noble title from *Sanctifiore*, and to give him his due, let me term him, as he is, a

monſter

monſter of men, or if he will, a noble debauched villain, or whether he will or no, a meer Tyrant, or elſe a Devil in the ſhape of a man, to uſe ſuch ingrateful cruelties, and helliſh actions and ſpeeches againſt theſe two innocent perſons, who contrariwiſe in the higheſt degree, deſerved from him all manner of affection, reſpect, charity, pity and compaſſion; but let him look to himſelf as well as he can, yet (God being as juſt as merciful) it is not impoſſible for him in the end, to pay dear for theſe his foul infidelities and cruelties.

Return we now to *Sebaſtiano*, who (by this time) is returned to *Putzeole*, whereof he preſently ſends up notice to his young Lady and Miſtreſs *Urſina*, who ſtill keeps her bed through diſcontent and ſickneſs; but at the news of his arrival, or rather hoping that he had brought her ſome good news from her *Sanctifiore*; ſhe (without any regard to her weakneſs and ſickneſs) riſeth from her bed by the fire, and calls her Chamber-maid for her night-Gown, which having drawn on, ſhe bids her for a while abſent her ſelf, and to ſend up her Coachman *Sebaſtiano* to her; and although in his ſorrowful looks and countenance ſhe may already tacitely read a large lecture of the bad news he brings her from *Sanctifiore*, yet ſhe calls him to her, and bids him ſpeak on; but alas he ſpeaketh too ſoon for her, for (with a faultering and trembling voice) he tells her the harſh entertainment which *Sanctifiore* gave to him, and his meſſage in *Naples*, and the inhuman and cruel anſwer which he bids him return to her in *Putzeole* without any way adding or diminiſhing a word thereof: the which as ſoon as ſhe underſtood ſhe for the extremity of her grief and ſorrow hangs down her head, and croſſing her arms uttereth this paſſionate ſpeech: Good God, is it poſſible that *Sanctifiore* will thus abuſe me? or is this the favour which I muſt expect of him, in requital of thoſe extraordinary courteſies he hath received from me? when walking up and down her Chamber, ſhe thanks *Sebaſtiano*, and giving him ſome Gold for his pains, bids him to leave her, and to ſend up her Aunt *Malleſanta*, and her Chamber-maid to bring her to bed; who thereupon running up haſtily to her, her Aunt chides her for that little care ſhe had of her own health, but more for her fooliſh tears and indiſcreet ſorrows: Now after they had lain her in her bed, and that *Urſina* had purpoſely ſent away her Maid, ſhe prays her Aunt to ſhut her Chamber door, and then to ſit down by her beds ſide, for that ſhe had ſome ſecrets of importance to reveal unto her; when with a thouſand ſighs and tears, bedewing the Roſes and Lillies of her freſh and lovely Cheeks, ſhe acquaints her from point to point, what had now again paſt between *Sanctifiore* and her ſelf, in this ſecond journey of *Sebaſtiano* to him at *Naples*. Her Aunt *Malleſanta* laughs as much at this folly of her Neece *Urſina*, as ſhe her ſelf weeps at her own ſorrows and affliction; and having as much wit as the other had weakneſs, ſhe makes bold to call her ſot and fool, to care for him, who contemned and ſcorned her, and for ſetting that to her heart, which he did at his heel, yea, ſhe advanceth further in this her paſſionate choler to her, and ſaid, fie, fie Neece, ſell your ſorrows to buy more courage and wit, and ſo becauſe that baſe Baron *Sanctifiore* deteſts and defies you, pay him in his own coyn, and do the like with him: a ſharp and bitter ſpeech, which *Urſina* (amidſt her ſorrows) now conveys to her heart, and it may be we ſhall hereafter ſee her to remember it, when her Aunt *Malleſanta* hath forgotten it: for poor Soul, ſhe being as it were depreſſed and weighed down, with the multitude of *Sanctifiore's* affronts and diſgraces, and of his treacheries and cruelties to her, ſhe hath wept ſo much, as ſhe yet weeps becauſe ſhe can weep no more thereat; as if the difference of their conſtellations and horoſcopes were ſuch, that as *Sanctifiore* was born to hate her, ſo was ſhe notwithſtanding, (as yet) to affect and love him.

Alas *Urſina*; It is true indeed, that the leaſt of theſe treacheries and cruelties of *Sanctifiore* to thee, are cauſes enough of all thy tears and ſorrows; but yet the conſideration and comparing of thoſe with theſe, conducts and leads me to this dilemma; That I know not whether he be more to be blamed for committing the firſt, or thou for permitting the ſecond, in regard they are every way more worthy of thy ſcorn than of thy care, and of thy contempt than of thy affliction. His ingratitude and crimes to thee, I know, are many in quantity, and very baſe and odious in quality, yea, the number is ſo great, and their nature ſo foul, that their recapitulation cannot be drawn within a ſmaller, nor their repetition contracted in a leſſer or narrower volume than this; he hath betrayed his love, violated his faith, and falſified his oaths and promiſes to thee, he hath bereaved thee of thy Virginity, torn and burnt thy Letters, diſdained to ſee thee, called thee gigglet and whore; thy innocent Babe baſtard, and which is worſt of all, he hath wilfully and cholerickly wiſhed both of you to the Devil; ſo judge with thy ſelf *Urſina*, if all theſe be not fair motives for thee ſtill to love *Sanctifiore*, or rather if they be not juſt reaſons and provocations for thee now at laſt to hate him, or if thou think they be not enough to work and eſtabliſh this metamorphoſis in thee, have but a little patience, and it is not impoſſible for thee to find more to effect and finiſh it, for now while her Aunt

Malleſanta

Mellefanta is rating and ratling her for not casting off her heart and hopes from *Sanctifiore*, and *Ursina* (in counter-exchange) chiding her Aunt because she cannot indure that she should eternally love him, here falls out an unexpected accident (within a month after she had prettily recovered her health and strength) which we shall presently see will work and produce strange effects both in her heart and mind, as also in her affections and resolutions toward her *Sanctifiore*, for as yet (privately to her self) she many times so terms and stiles him.

On a fair afternoon, when the Sun (that glorious lamp of Heaven) had in his fiery glistering Chariot taken leave of the South, and was posting towards the West, to view the *Atlantick* Seas, as the Lady *Mellefanta* carried her Neece *Ursina* forth in her Coach to take the Air, and to recreate her sorrowful spirits, in a great walk of Orange-trees, orderly and pleasantly growing upon the banks of a fine Crystal Brook, about a mile from *Putzeole*, they afar off (in the Boot of the Coach) espied two Horsmen galloping directly towards them, when *Ursina* flattering her self with hope, and therefore blushing for joy, that it was her *Sanctifiore*, who was purposely come from *Naples* towards *Putzeole* to her, she therefore cries out to her Coachman *Sebastiano* to stay the Coach, and to attend and expect them; when presently she sees her hopes deceived, and her joys ended as soon as began, for the one was a servant of *Mellefanta's*, who from *Putzeole* conducted thither to *Ursina* a servant of her Father *Placedo's*, who came from *Naples* with a Letter from him to her, whereupon the Aunt much wondring, and the Neece far more, what this sudden business might be, they both descend the Coach, and *Ursina* taking her Father's Letter from his man, she steps a little aside from her Aunt *Mellefanta*, and breaking up the seal thereof, (directly contrary to her expectation and desires) finds these lines therein:

PLACEDO to URSINA.

HOping that by this time the sweet air of Putzeole *hath recovered thy health, my will and order therefore to thee now is, that thou speedily return home to me to* Naples, *(in thy Coach) by the bearer hereof, whom I have purposely sent to conduct thee thither. I believe that thy Country absence hath lost thee a good fortune here in the City, for yesterday morning the Baron of* Sunctifiore *was (in the* Augustines *Church) married to* Dona Bertranna, *Daughter to Seignior de* Torres, *with great state and solemnity, whom I had well hoped should have been thy Husband. I remember my best respects to my Sister, thy Aunt* Mellefanta, *and my best prayers to God for thy vertues and prosperity, as being thy loving Father.*

PLACEDO.

Ursina hath no sooner read this Letter, but every member of her body trembles for grief and vexation thereat, yea her sorrows are so great, as she cannot speak a word, when being ready to fall to the ground, her Aunt *Mellefanta* steps to her assistance, and so do the two men, but they have all of them much ado to support her up, when at last wringing her hands, and looking up stedfastly to Heaven, she throwing her Letter to her Aunt to read, utters forth this bitter exclamation against *Sanctifiore*; And hath this base Nobleman at last requited all my love with this monstrous ingratitude and treachery! O why do I live to suffer it! And O wherefore should he live for offering it to me? Her Aunt reads her Letter, and in detestation of *Sanctifiore's* baseness, she adds fuel to the flame of her Neeces choler against him, but she needs not, for this very last act of his Marriage with *Bertranna*, sets her all in fire and revenge against him, yea her heart is absolutely diverted, and taken away from him, as heretofore she never loved him so much as now she hates him; she swears to her self, that she will make him pay dear for this his ingratitude and treachery towards her, and limits her revenge with no less than his death for so basely abusing and deceiving her, she but now threw away his Letter for sorrow; but now she again takes it up for joy, because it calls her home to *Naples*, where as soon as she arrives, she again resolves and vows with her self, that she will murther him her self, or cause him to be murthered by some others: Her Aunt *Mellefanta* by all sweet means and perswasions seeks to pacifie her discontent and fury, and so to appease and cool the raging tempests of her heart; but she speaks to a deaf Woman, who is not capable either of counsel, consolation or reason, for her malice and revenge against *Sanctifiore*, have so fully taken up her heart and soul, and so absolutely surprized her thoughts, and possessed her resolutions, that she neither resolves nor thinks of any thing else, but how and in what manner she may murther him; to which end she takes Coach for *Putzeole*, there packs up her baggage,

conceals her bloody intents and resolutions towards *Sanctifiore* from her Aunt *Millefunta*, thanks her most lovingly and courteously for all her care of her, and affection to her, the remembrance whereof she affirms, she will bear to her grave, and from thence to Heaven, and so within three days takes leave of her, and returns to *Naples* to her father, who receives her with much content and joy, and is very glad of the recovery of her health, and yet perceives some secret discontent lie lurking in the furrows of her brows; but she dissembleth it both to him and the world, and so bears her self fairly, modestly, and temperately towards him in her speeches and actions, who all this while is every way ignorant of her disgraceful great Belly, as also of the birth and burial of her Infant-Child. She is no sooner come to *Naples*, but her deadly malice and revenge to *Sanctifiore* will give no truce to her thoughts, nor peace to her resolutions, for her heart having conspired with the Devil, and both of them against God, to dispatch him to Heaven; so now from the matter she falls to the manner, and from her consultation to the practice thereof. She first thinks it best to get him poysoned, to which end within ten days after her arrival to *Naples*, she sends for her own Apothecary named *Antonio Romancy*, and having sworn him to secrecy, proffers him two hundred Duckatoons to poyson her mortal enemy the Baron of *Sanctifiore*; but *Romancy* is too honest a man, and too religious a Christian to undertake it, and so utterly refuseth her, and rejecteth her proffer; and then and there with many godly reasons and pious speeches, endeavoureth to disswade her from this foul and bloody fact, but he speaks either to the wind, or to a deaf woman, for she is resolute not to retire, but to advance in this her cruel and inhumane design, only she here again strongly conjures this honest Apothecary to secrecy, the which he solemnly promiseth.

Ursina is still implacable in her malice and revenge against *Sanctifiore*, the which revives with more violence, and flames forth with the greater impetuosity, when she (by her secret spies) is given to understand, that he triumphed in her affliction and scandal, and reputes it his chiefest content and felicity, to have erected the Trophies of his joy upon the ruins of her Honour, and the demolitions of her reputation and fame, as also that she and this her disgrace is now become the publick laughter and private scorn and glory of his proud and ambitious Wife *Bertranna*: so she cannot endure the thought, much less digest the remembrance and consideration hereof, and therefore she speedily resolves to reduce her malicious contemplation into bloody action towards him, and to try another experiment and conclusion thereof. She in a pleasant morning, somewhat sooner than accustomed, walks alone with her Waiting-maid in her Father's curious and dainty Garden, but not to please her eyes with the delicious sight and fragant smell of the great variety of rare and fair Flowers, wherewith it was richly adorned and diapred; or to recreate and delight her ears with the mellifluous Ditties and Madrigals, of those sweet Quiristers of the Air, the Nightingals, Thrushes, and Lennots, who sat Chanting of some sweet Division in some Trees of this Garden, and on some branches of these Trees; or to preserve her self from the intemperate heat of the scorching Sun-beams; and therefore to pass her time either in some shadowed Walks and Arbors, or to sit her self down by some curious Crystal Fountain, with all which delights and rarities, this her Father's Garden was deliciously enriched and embellished; O no, nothing less, for she was resolute to make her self more miserable, and not so happy, because her thoughts were wholly bent on blood, and her resolution on the murther of *Sanctifiore*, at what price or rate soever. Having therefore formerly mist of her Apothecary *Romancy* to poyson him, she else knows not any so fit or proper to dispatch him, as her trusty Coachman *Sebastiano*, who (as we have formerly understood) was both an eye and an ear-witness, of this his base and ignoble cruelty towards her; wherefore she by her Waiting-maid, sends for him into the Garden to her, and with many ruthful looks, and sorrowful sighs, having first commended and applauded his fidelity to her, and then sworn him to secrecy to what she should now relate and deliver unto him; she tells him, that she cannot live except that base Lord *Sanctifiore* die, and therefore she proffereth him an hundred Spanish double Pistols of Gold, if he will either murther him by night in the streets with his Rapier, or Pistol him to death abroad in the fields, at his first seeing and meeting of him, to the which she very earnestly prays and requests him. *Sebastiano* was amazed at this bloody proposition and entreaty of his young Lady *Ursina*, whom he ever held to be more charitable and not so cruel-hearted to any one in the world; and although he be poor, yet he is so honest, virtuous and religious, as he highly refuseth to distain his heart, or dip his hands in innocent blood, for any silver or gold whatsoever: So in humble (and yet in absolute) terms, he gives her the denial, and (with tears in his eyes) prays her to desist from this her cruel purpose, because he affirms to her, that the end of murther proves most commonly

the beginning of ſhame, repentance, miſery, and confuſion to their authors; ſo ſhe bites her lip, and hangs her head for ſorrow at this his repulſe and refuſal; and yet is ſo cautious and wary in her actions, as ſhe makes him again ſwear ſecrecy to her in all things, which now doth, or hereafter may concern this buſineſs; the which he faithfully promiſeth her, provided, that her command and his ſervice, be every way exempt of the effuſion of innocent blood, and the perpetration of murther, to the which he conſtantly vows to her, it is impoſſible for him ever to be ſeduced or drawn, and ſo he takes leave of her, and leaves her ſolitary alone in the Garden to her muſes; but yet as he was iſſuing forth, ſhe again calls him to her, and ſtrictly chargeth him, firſt carefully and curiouſly to inform himſelf, and then he her, of *Sanctiſiore*'s moſt frequent haunts and walks without the City, the which he likewiſe promiſeth her to perform.

Our malicious and revengeful *Urſina* is not contented to receive the denial from her Apothecary *Romancy*, and the repulſe from her Coachman *Sebaſtiano*, about the finiſhing of this deplorable buſineſs, but without making any good uſe of their honeſt and religious diſſwaſions of her from it, or without once looking up to God, or thinking of Heaven or Hell, ſhe as a fatal member and prodigious agent of Sátan, is ſtill reſolute to proceed therein; for he is ſtill ſo ſtrong with her heart, becauſe her faith and Soul are ſo weak with God, that ſhe ſees not her ſelf ſo often in her Looking glaſs with delight, as ſhe both ſees, and finds *Sanctiſiore* in her heart and mind with deteſtation; for her malice to him hath quite expelled all reaſon, and baniſhed all charity and piety in her ſelf, and conſequently now made her memorative and capable of nothing but of revenge and blood towards him; which takes up every part, and uſurps every point, both of her time, and of her ſelf, and works ſo ſtrange (I may rather truly ſay ſo miſerable) a metamorphoſis in her, as if ſhe were now wholly compoſed of one, or both of theſe two impious and diabolical vices; ſo that every moment ſeems a year, and every day an age to her, before ſhe hath diſpatched him for Heaven: ſhe now ſees that ſhe cannot (with ſafety) employ any other herein but her ſelf, and therefore day by day, calling upon *Sebaſtiano* to know of him, where *Sanctiſiore*'s uſual haunts and walks were out of the City, he at laſt tells her, that he is fully aſſured, that moſt Mornings and Evenings, he takes his Coach, and ſometimes his Page, but many times alone, and ſo goes a mile out of the City, beyond the Gate which looks towards St. *Germains*, and there in a dainty Grove of Olives and Orenge-Trees (near a ſmall River-ſide) he with his Book in his hand, and his Spaniel-Dog at his heels, paſſeth an hour or two alone in his private contemplation, his Coach being ſometimes out of his ſight from him, and ſometimes returns to the City, and ſo comes and fetcheth him back again; which report is no ſooner heard and underſtood of *Urſina* from her Coachman, but ſhe receiveth it with much joy, and entertains it with infinite content and delectation; ſhe is therefore ſo cruel in her thoughts, and ſo determinate and bloody in reſolutions, as ſhe will protract no time, but ſhe ſpeedily bethinks her ſelf of a helliſh ſtratagem and policy (no leſs ſtrange than cruel) which the Devil himſelf ſuggeſted, and found out for her, to wreak her inveterate malice and infernal revenge in murthering of *Sanctiſiore*; the manner whereof is thus;

She very ſecretly provides her ſelf of a Frier's compleat Weed, as a ſad Ruſſet-Gown and Cowl, with a Girdle of a knotty Rope, and Wooden Sandals, proper to the order of the *Bonnes homes* (which is the reformed one of that of Saint *Francis*) with a falſe negligent old Beard, and hair for his head ſuitable for the ſame, and in one of the Pockets of this Frock, ſhe put a ſmall Begging-box, ſuch as thoſe Frier's uſe to carry in City and Country, when they crave the charitable Alms and Devotion of well diſpoſed People; as alſo a new Breviary (or ſmall Maſs-Book) of the laſt Edition and Form of *Rome*, bound up in blew Turky-Leather richly Guilt: But in the other Pocket thereof, ſhe puts a couple of ſmall ſhort Piſtols which ſhe had ſecretly purloined out of her Father *Placedo*'s Armoury, and had Charged each of them with a brace of Bullets, faſt rammed down, with Priming Powder in the Pans, and all theſe fatal Trinkets, ſhe (with equal ſilence and treachery) packs and tyes up cloſe in the Gown, expecting the time and hour to work this her cruel and lamentable feat on innocent *Sanctiſiore*, who little thinks, or dream what a bloody Banquet his old Love, and now his new Enemy *Urſina* is preparing for him.

And here I write with grief, that it was the Tueſday after Palm-ſunday, (a time and week which the bleſſed Paſſion of our Saviour *Jeſus Chriſt*, makes ſacred and famous, and which all true Chriſtians in his commemoration ought to keep holy, and not to pollute and defile it with barbarous and bloody ſacrifices) when our maſculine Monſter, rather our femal fury *Urſina*, being aſſured by *Sebaſtiano* that the Baron of *Sanctiſiore* was that day about three of the

Clock after Dinner gone out alone in his Coach to his aforesaid usual place of walking, a Mile off the City in the Fields; she infinite glad of this desired occasion and longed for opportunity, bids *Sebastiano* make ready his Coach, and silently to leave him without the Postern-Gate of her Father's Garden, and so presently to come up to her Chamber to her, the which he as soon performs; to whom she now (prophanenely and treacherously) says, *Sebastiano* by the favour and mercy of God) I have exchanged my cruelty into courtesie, towards the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, and do therefore presently resolve to give him a merry meeting in the Fields, whereat before our departure and return, I know thou wilt rejoyce, and laugh heartily at the sight hereof; the which indeed was very welcome and pleasing news to *Sebastiano*, to whom she then gives this little Fardel, and so purposely leaving her Waiting-Maid behind her, she cheerfully and speedily follows him to the Coach, wherein being seated, and the little Fardel likewise within by her, she bids him drive away with all speed to find out *Sanctifiore*, the which (armed with his innocency) he joyfully doth. Now as they are come within two flight shots of him, *Ursina* bids *Sebastiano* not to proceed farther, but to drive the Coach into some close shadowed place out of the high-way, where they might see *Sanctifiore*, but not (as yet) to be either seen or espied of him; which accordingly he doth, where she descends her Coach, draws off her own Apparel, and so puts on her false Frier's Apparel, as also the Hair and Beard, having made and prepared all things fit and ready before; and here likewise she folded up the Tresses and Tramels of her own Hair under it and hath purposely shaved away the Hair of a little part of the Crown of her Head; and all this while her Coachman *Sebastiano* turns her Chamber-maid here in the fields to make her ready, where he cannot refrain from exceedingly smiling and laughing to see what a strange metamorphosis this now is, that his young Lady *Ursina* is here become an old Frier, but still she hides and conceals her two Pistols carefully in her Pocket from him, as also her bloody designs and intents towards *Sanctifiore*, and whereof he was every way as innocent, as she her self and only her self is guilty thereof. Now being all in a readiness, she out of her other Pocket, takes her Alms Box, and holds it in one of her hands, and her Hours, (or Breviary) in her other, and so taking leave of her Coachman, and (with a dissembling cheerful countenance) charging him to pray for her good fortune, and speedily to bring up her Coach to her, as soon as he sees her wave her white Handkerchief towards him, so, as a jolly old Frier, away this she-Devil softly trips toward *Sanctifiore*, having piety in her looks, but prophaness and barbarous cruelty in her heart and intentions, and all the way as she goes, *Sebastiano* cannot refrain from laughing to see this great change, and alteration in his young Lady and Mistress, but directly believing, that she in merriment went a Maying or Masking; such was his ignorance, that he least thought or dreamt, that she went to commit Murther, or what a Devil was here vailed and shrouded under this Frier's Weed.

So (with more assurance than fear, and with far more impiety than grace) she goes on towards *Sanctifiore*, who was there alone walking and reading, to whom approaching, and giving him a duck or two, she holding up her Begging-box, and counterfeiting an old Frier's voice, prays him for the blessed Virgin *Mary*'s sake and also for holy St. *Francis* sake, to bestow something on him for their Society and Order; which *Sanctifiore* (being alone, as having sent back his Coach to the City), resolving to do; he seeing that fair new Breviary in the Frier's hands, fairly takes it from him, and carefully vieweth and peruseth it, which being that which *Ursina* aimed and looked for; she for manners sake (but indeed purposely and maliciously) steps behind him, and very softly drawing out one of her Pistols out of her pocket, which was already bent, she levels it at the very Reins of his Back, and so lets fly at him, whereof he presently was falling to the ground; when (the Devil making her nimble and dexterous in her malice) in the turning of a hand, she whips out the other Pistol out of her Pocket, and to make sure work with him, likewise dischargeth it in his breast; and to make her inveterate malice and revenge to him the more conspicuous and apparent to all the world, as near as she could guess to his very heart; of which mortal wounds made by her four Bullets, *Sanctifiore* fell immediatly dead to the ground, having neither the power, grace, or happiness to speak a word; and she pulling off her false Beard, discovered her self to him, as he was dying, and spurning him most disdainfully and maliciously with her foot, gave him this cruel farewel; Such death such Villains deserve, who triumph and glory to betray harmless and innocent Ladies: which having acted and said, she waving her Handkercheif to her Coachman, he comes up to her with her Coach as swift as the Wind, who is all amazed and in tears to behold the woful accident and spectacle; for descending speedily from his Coach, he finds the Baron of *Sanctifiore* dead, and his soul already fled and ascen-

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ded from Earth to Heaven; to whom his Lady *Urſina* in a graceleſs inſulting bravery) ſays Rejoyce with me *Sebaſtiano*, that I have now ſo bravely and fortunately revenged my ſee on this baſe and treachetous Baron *Sanctifiore*; but honeſt *Sebaſtiano*, (being as full of true grief, as ſhe was of falſe joy) replies and tells her, Oh Madam! what have you done? for this is no cauſe, and no time to rejoyce, but rather to lament and mourn for this lamentable fact and crime of yours, and not to diſſemble you the truth, as much as you (in this fatal Frier's frock) did me your bloody intentions, have far more reaſon to fear than cauſe to doubt that your murthering of the Baron of *Sanctifiore* will prove the ruin and confuſion of your ſelf, except God be graciouſly pleaſed to be more merciful to you, than you have been to him; therefore look from his danger and misfortune ſpeedily to provide for your ſafety; which as ſoon as he had ſaid, he (in the Frier's Weeds) ſpeedily takes her up in the Coach, and then drives away a full gallop to the ſhadowed Thicket from whence ſhe came, where ſhe caſts off her Frier's Apparel, Beard, Hair, Box, and Book, as alſo the two Piſtols, the which they two wrap up all in the Gown, and throw it into a deep Ditch, or Precipice, and ſo he helps her to put on all her own Apparel and Attire, and then with more haſt than good ſpeed drives home amain towards *Naples*; and it was a diſputable Queſtion, whether our bloody and execrable wretch *Urſina* more rejoyced, or her honeſt Coachman *Sebaſtiano* lamented and grieved at this unfortunate and deplorable fact.

We have ſeen with what a malicious courage, and a deſperate and prophane reſolution, this cruel hearted Gentlewoman *Urſina* hath (in the habit of a Frier) murthered this unfortunate Baron *Sanctifiore*, and the Reader ſhall not go much further in this Hiſtory before (if not in the ſame moment, yet in the ſame hour) he ſee the ſacred Juſtice of God will ſurprize and bring her to condign puniſhment for the ſame, as if the laſt (as indeed it is) were co-incident and hereditary to the firſt, or as if it were wholly impoſſible for her to rejoyce ſo much here on Earth for that, as God and his Angels do both triumph and glory in Heaven for this.

God's Judgments are as juſt as ſacred; and as miraculous as juſt: ſo that all people ſhould rather admire it with awful reverence, than any way neglect it with a prophane preſumption. But our wretched *Urſina* will not make her ſelf ſo happy to be of the firſt, but rather ſo miſerable to be of this ſecond rank; for ſhe wholly deſpiſeth God's Juſtice, and ſo abſolutely forgets God himſelf, as ſhe neither thinks of what ſhe hath now done, what ſhe now is, or which is worſt of all, what hereafter ſhe may be; but rather (as an inconſiderate and wretched Gipſie) laughs in her ſleeve for joy, to have thus happily bereaved *Sanctifiore* of his life, who ſo lately and ſo treacherouſly had bereaved her of her honour and chaſtity. Whiles thus ſorrowful *Sebaſtiano* is hurrying away his joyful murtherous young Miſtreſs the Lady *Urſina* in her Coach towards her Father *Seignior Placedo*'s houſe in *Naples* (as thinking to make his way the ſhorter and ſecurer) he drove his Coach on a narrow path by the ſide of a hill; it ſo pleaſed God (in his ſacred Providence) as of his two Coach-horſes, that on the outſide fell ſhear over the path, and drew his fellow-horſe, the Coach, the Lady *Urſina*, and her Coachman *Sebaſtiano* down the Hill after him; with which ſudden terrible fall the Coach was ſhattered and torn in pieces, ſhe brake her right arm (wherewith ſhe had diſcharged theſe two Piſtols) and he his left leg, ſo that ſhe had the power, but not the will, and he the will, but not the power to ſtep to her aſſiſtance, only he leaps from the Coach box to the ground on his right leg, and with his knife cuts of the ſtays and trappings of his Horſes, that they in their amazed fury might not draw the Coach and themſelves after them; and yet ſuch is her impenitency and his affliction, as ſhe here was not half ſo much terrified, as he perplexed and aſtoniſhed at this their misfortunate diſaſter, the which though ſhe ſlighted, as only looking down to her ſelf, yet he deemed and conceived to be no leſs than a blow from Heaven, as looking up to God, and therefore it was a fatal Omen, portending ſome diſmal calamities and afflictions which were immeadiately to ſurprize and betide them.

As thus diſtreſſed *Urſina*, and her lame and ſorrowful Coachman *Sebaſtiano*, ſate down on the bare ground, rather able to behold, than to know how to help one the other; and they both grieving to ſee their Coach lie torn on the Sea-ſide and ſhore of the Hill, and their two Coach-horſes (without hurt or fear) licentiouſly playing their friſks and figaries below in the valleys, neither he nor ſhe knew what courſe to take for their preſent conſolation and ſafety, and ſo to prevent the eminency of their danger; but at laſt ſhe taking ſome ten double Piſtols of *Spaniſh* Gold out of her pocket, and giving it him, ſhe again makes him ſwear ſecrecy, never to reveal what he had ſeen her perform to *Sanctifiore*, the which (with more

more reluctancy than willingneſs) he doth. Then as it was agreed between them, he by ſome loud crys and holla's ſhould call in ſome Contadines (or Country-labourers) to their aſſiſtance, whom they ſaw a good diſtance off very buſily working in the Vines : the which as he was about to do, lo God (in his ſacred Providence) ſo ordained, that the Baron of *Sanctifiore's* Coach came ratling above them, where they two ſate comfortleſs and ſorrowful upon the ground : and in the Coach was his Page *Hieronymo*, who therewith was going to fetch home the Baron his Maſter, who perfectly ſeeing and knowing the Lady *Urſina*, and her Coachman *Sebaſtiano*; and ſeeing her Coach lie by her all reverſed, and ſhattered and torn in pieces, grieving at this her diſaſter, he for the reſpect he bore her for the Baron his Maſter's ſake, (whom he knew formerly loved her) takes his Coachman with him, and ſo deſcends down to her aſſiſtance, where being more fully acquainted, with the breaking of her arm, and her Coachman *Sebaſtiano's* leg; he very humanely and courteouſly proffers her his Lord's Coach, and his beſt ſervice to conduct and carry them both home to her Father *Seignior Placedo's* Houſe in the City; little thinking or dreaming that ſhe came from ſo cruelly murthering his kind Lord and Maſter *Sanctifiore*, or that his breathleſs body lay now expoſed as a prey to the Fowls of the Air in the field.

Sebaſtiano is much perplexed and grieved, but his Lady *Urſina* infinitely more at this unexpected incounter, and ominous meeting of *Sanctifiore's* Page, Coach and Coachman, which threatned her no leſs than fear, and this fear no leſs than eminent danger and confuſion, eſpecially to her ſelf, if not to him; when looking wiſtly and ſorrowfully each on other, they know not how to bear themſelves in the unfortunacy of this accident, neither dare ſhe accept, or well knows how to refuſe this proffered courteſie of the Page *Hieronymo*. But at laſt (deſpight of her ſelf) ſhe is inforced to imbrace this opportunity, when making a virtue of neceſſity, ſhe (though much againſt her will) is conſtrained very thankfully to accept, and make uſe of this kindneſs of *Hieronymo*, who leading the Lady *Urſina* by her left arm, and his Coachman, hers by his right, they ſoftly bring them up the hill to the Baron their Maſter's Coach, and ſo convey her home to her Father *Seignior Placedo's* houſe in the City, who was then gone forth to ſup with the Prince of *Salerno* (who by the Mother's ſide was his Couſin German) where *Urſina* (ſetting a good face upon her bad heart) gives the Page many hearty thanks, and the Coachman three Duckatoons for this their courteſie; ſo they take leave of her, and ſpeedily return with their Coach into the fields to fetch home the Baron their Maſter, to whom they reſolve at full to relate this accident; when *Urſina's* fears far exceeding her hopes, and knowing upon what tickliſh terms and dangerous points both her ſelf and her life now ſtood, ſhe (in the abſence of her Father) ſpeedily reſolves to provide her a ſwift Coach and ſo to fly from *Naples* to her Aunt *Mellefanta's* houſe in *Putzeole*, where ſhe promiſeth her ſelf far more ſafety and leſs danger than here at home with her Father; but contrariwiſe we ſhall ſee that God is now reſolved to deceive both her hopes, and her ſelf herein, to her utter ſhame and confuſion.

The Page *Hieronymo* being ſorrowful for this Lady *Urſina's* misfortune, and yet exceeding glad that he had the happineſs and good fortune to perform this fair office, and friendly courteſie to her, he now bids his Coachman drive away o're the fields to that pleaſant Grove to find their Lord and Maſter *Sanctifiore*, where being arrived he deſcends his Coach, and with his vigilant eye looks about every where for him, when alas he hath ſcarce gone forty paces off, but (directly contrary to his expectation) he finds him there dead on the ground, and moſt lamentably all gored, and ingrained in his own blood; at the ſight whereof he burſts forth into many bitter tears and out-cries; yea, he throws away his hat, and tares his hair for grief and ſorrow hereof, and no leſs doth his Coachman. They are both of them ſo amazed with grief and aſtoniſhment, and with ſorrow at this lamentable ſpectacle and accident, as they (for a quarter of an hours time) know not what to think or ſay hereof, as whether this their Lord and Maſter had here killed himſelf, or were murthered and robbed by thieves; but at laſt this ſorrowful Page *Hieronymo*, will ſtay alone weeping by the breathleſs body of his Lord and Maſter, and ſo ſend away the Coachman in his Coach ſpeedily to *Naples*, to acquaint their Lady *Dona Bertranna*, and her Father *Seignior De Torres*, with this ſad and ſorrowful news, whereat ſhe almoſt drowns her ſelf in tears, and he very bitterly laments and ſorroweth for it; ſo (being incapable of any hope, comfort or conſolation) they do both of them take Coach and drive away into the field, where ſhe almoſt murthereth her eyes with her tears, to ſee her dear Lord and Husband lie thus murthered in his blood. They here ſee none in ſight of him, neither do they know any body but themſelves that hath ſeen him; ſo

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by whom, or how he is killed they cannot as yet either conceive or imagine, when the Father leaving his Daughter to waſh and bedew her dead Husbands Cheeks with her Tears, he himſelf gallops away in his Coach to *Naples*, and brings thence along with him the Criminal Officers of Juſtice, firſt to know, and then to be eye-witneſſes of this ſad and deplorable accident; at the hearing and ſight whereof (in nature and Juſtice) they cannot refrain from equally wondring and grieving at it, when (to act the part in duty of themſelves) they cauſe the Coachman to ſpread his Cloak on the ground, then to remove the dead Corps from his blood, and to lay him thereon, and ſo they make a Chirurgion (whom they had purpoſely brought with them) to unapparel and ſearch his body for wounds, who finds and ſhews them that he was ſhot with two Piſtol-bullets in his back, and other two in his breaſt; when miſſing likewiſe of his purſe, they do all of them confidently believe, that undoubtedly he was murthered and robbed by Thieves. The which the better to diſcover, the Judges ſent their Serjeants and Servants, and *De Torres* likewiſe ſends the Page and his Coachman ſearching and ſcouring all over the adjacent fields, to apprehend and bring before them all thoſe whom they find there; who are ſo far from meeting of many perſons, as they all of them bring in but one poor ragged boy (of ſome twelve or fourteen years old) who ſome two hundred paces off, kept a few Cows, (which yeilded milk to the City) and him they find ſitting within a hedge in a Ditch, whom they bring along with them to the Judges, where he ſees this dead body lying on the ground before them, whereat, poor ſilly boy, he ſhakes and trembles for fear.

The Judges demand his name of him, who tells them he is called *Bartholomeo Spondy*: they further enquire of him what his Father is, and where he dwells: who replies, that his Father is a poor butcher, named *Pedro Spondy*, and dwells at *Naples* in St. *John's* Suburbs (which the Judges afterwards find true) then theſe grave Judges, perceiving the poor boy to be baſhful and timerous, they therefore bid him be of good cheer, and to fear nothing, for the which he thanks them both with cap and knee. Then they enquire of him, if he ſaw any one to come near and kill the Gentleman, to whom in plain and ruſtick terms he anſwered them, that from the hedge, within which he kept his Father's Cows, he ſaw this Gentleman walk alone by himſelf at leaſt an hour, with a Book in his hand reading, and that then he ſaw an old Frier come to him, who as he thought begged ſome alms of him, whom he ſaw did ſhoot off two Piſtols at him, and therewith killed him, for he then and thereupon preſently ſaw the Gentleman fall to the ground: They again demand of him, what afterwards became of this Frier; who tells the Judges, that a Coach came up inſtantly to him and carried him away, but where, he knows not. They ask of him, why he had not cried out againſt the Frier, when he ſaw he had killed this Gentleman? to whom he makes anſwer that he dared not do it, for fear leaſt he would then likewiſe have killed him with his Piſtols. The Judges farther demanded of him, whether this were a white, a black, or a gray Frier; to whom he anſwers, that he was neither of them, but that he wore a minime, or a ſad ruſſet Gown and Hood. Thereupon they thought it fit again to demand of him, how many Horſes this Coach had, and of what colour they were? to whom he affirms, that they were two black Coach horſes. When the Judges to conclude this query, and his examination, they demand of him what coloured cloak this Coachman wore, who tells them he wore a red cloak, and as he thought ſome white laces upon it: The which the pregnant poor little boy *Bartholomeo* had no ſooner pronounced and ſpoken, but *Sanctiſiore's* Page *Hieronymo*, crys out and relates to the Judges, to his Lady *Bertranna*, and her Father Seignior *de Torres*, where, and in what manner and accident he ſome two hours ſince found the Lady *Urſina*, and her Coachman *Sebaſtiano*, whom he ſeriouſly affirmed wore a red cloak with white laces, and that her two Coach-horſes, which they ſaw ſtraying below in the Valley were coal-black, right as *Bartholomeo* had deſcribed them; adding further, that her Coach was broken with a fall, as alſo her right arm, and his left leg, and that out of reſpect and pity to her, he had carried both her, and him home to her Father Seignior *Placedo's* houſe, but he affirmed he ſaw no Frier either in their ſight or company: all which relation of his, was likewiſe there confirmed to the Judges by the Baron of *Sanctiſiore's* own Coachman, who was alſo there preſent; the which evidence of theirs as ſoon as the Lady *Bertranna* over-heard, ſhe with a world of ſighs and tears (as if ſhe were ſuddenly inſpired and prompted from Heaven) paſſionately cries out firſt to her Father, and then to the Judges, that God and her conſcience told her, that doubtleſs *Urſina* was this deviliſh Frier, and her Coachman *Sebaſtiano* the very ſame damnable fellow who had here thus cruelly murthered her Lord and Husband, when throwing her ſelf on her knees to their feet, ſhe very earneſtly begs Juſtice of them, againſt them for the ſame, who partly concurring in the opinion and belief with them, they do here moſt ſeriouſly and ſolemnly promiſe it her.

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To which effect, these Reverend Judges, leaving her Father, her self, and her Page and Coachman decently to convey her Husband's dead Body home to their house in *Naples*, they themselves make great hast thither before, and presently send their Officer and Serjeants to Seignior *Placedo*'s house, there to apprehend the Lady *Ursina* his Daughter, and their Coachman *Sebastiano*, whom they both opportunely find issuing forth his Gate in a fresh Hackney-Coach, speedily flying to *Putzeole* to her Aunt *Mellefanta*, for protection and Sanctuary; so these fierce and mercileſs Serjeants do presently divert and alter their course, yea, they furiously and suddenly rush upon them, apprehend and constitute them close Prisoners in the Common-Goal of that City, placing them in two several Chambers; to the end they should not prattle or tell tales each to other; where they shall find more leisure than time, both to remember what they have done, and likewise to know what hereafter they must do.

Whiles thus all *Naples* generally resound and talk of this mournful fact, and deplorable accident, and Seignior *Placedo* particularly grieves at these his Daughters unexpected crosses and calamities, as also those of his Coachman *Sebastiano*, the which he fears, he can far sooner lament than remedy; our sorrowful Widow *Bertranna* (with the assistance of her Father *De Torres*) gives her Husband the Baron of *Sanctifiore* a solemn and stately burial in the *Facil-lantes* Church of *Naples*, correspondent to his Noble Degree and Quality. And then within two days after, at her earnest and passionate solicitation to the Judges, *Ursina* and her Coachman *Sebastiano*, are severally convented before them, in their chief Forum (or Tribunal) of Justice, and there strongly accused by her, and charged to be the authors and actors of this cruel murther, committed on the person of *Sanctifiore* her Husband, the which both of them do stoutly deny with much vehemency and confidence, and when the little Boy *Bartholomeo*, is face to face called into the Court, to give in Evidence against them, he there maintains to the Judges, what he had formerly deposed to them in the fields, but says he thinks not that this Lady was that Frier; nor can he truly say, that this was the Coachman who carried him, although when his Cloak was shewed him, he could not deny but it was very like it; but *Bertranna* having now secretly intimated and made known to the Judges, all the passages that had formerly past between *Ursina* and her Husband *Sanctifiore*, as his getting of her with Child, and then (contrary to his promise) refusing to marry her, they do therefore more than half believe, that it was her discontent which drew her to this choler, her choler to this revenge, and her revenge to this murthering of him, as also (that in favour of some Gold) she had likewise seduced and drawn her Coachman *Sebastiano* to be consenting and accessary herein with her: Whereupon the next day they will begin with him; and so they adjudge him to the Rack; the torments whereof he endures with a wonderful fortitude and patience, so that (remembring his Oath of secrecy to his Lady *Ursina*) he cannot thereby be drawn to confess any thing, but denies all, whereof she having secret notice, doth not a little rejoyce and insult thereat; now the very next ensuing morning, *Ursina* her self, is likewise adjudged to the Rack, the wrenches and torments whereof, as soon as she sensibly feels, God proves then so propitious and merciful to her Soul, that her dainty Body, and tender Limbs cannot possibly endure or suffer it, but then and there she to her Judges and Tormentors, confesseth her self to be the sole author and actor of Pistoling to death, the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, in the same manner and form, as we have already understood in all its circumstances, but in her heart and Soul she strongly affirms to them, that her Coachman *Sebastiano* was not accessary with her herein; upon which apparent and palpable confession of hers, her Judges (in honour to Sacred Justice, and for expiation of this her foul Crime) do pronounce Sentence of Death against her, that she shall the next morning be hanged at the place of Common-Execution, notwithstanding all the power and tears of her Father and Kinsfolks to the contrary.

So she is returned to her Prison, where her Father (not being permitted to see her that night) sends her two Nuns, and two Friers, to prepare and direct her Soul for Heaven, whom in a little time, through God's great mercy, and their own pious perswasions, they found to be wonderful humble, repentant and sorrowful. She privately sends word to her Coachman *Sebastiano*, that she is thankful to him for his respect and fidelity to her on the Rack, and wills him to be assured and confident, that she being to die to-morrow, her Speech at her death, shall no way prejudice, but strongly confirm the safety and preservation of his life. Thus grieving far more at the foulness of her Crime, than at the infamy and severity of her punishment, she spends most part of the night, and the first part of the morning in Godly Prayers and religious Meditations, and Ejaculations, when, although her

sorrowful old Father Seignior *Placedo*, by his noble Kinsman the Prince of *Salerno*, made offer to the Vicetroy, the Duke of *Ossuna*, the free gift of all his Lands to save this his Daughters life, yet the strong solicitation of the first, and the great proffer of the last proved vain, and fruitless, for they found it wholly impossible to obtain it.

So about ten of the Clock in the morning, our sorrowful *Ursina*, is (between two Nuns) brought to her Execution-place; clad in a black wrought Velvet-Gown, a green Satin-Petticoat, a great laced Ruff, her head dressed up with Tuffs and Roses of green Ribbon, with some artificial Flowers, all covered over with a white Cypress-Veil, and a pair of plain white Gloves on her Hands: When ascending the Ladder, she, in the great confluence of people, who came thither to see her take her last farewel of this Life, and this World (with a mournful Countenance, and low Voice) delivered them this Sorrowful and Religious Speech.

Good People, I want words to express the grief of my heart, and the anxiety and sorrow of my Soul, for imbruing my hands in the innocent blood and death of the Baron of *Sanctifiore*; although not to dissemble, but to confess the pure truth, he betrayed his promise to me of Marriage, and me of my honour and chastity without it, whereof I beseech Almighty God, that all men, (of what degree or quality soever) may hereafter be warned by his example; and all Ladies and Gentlewomen deterred and terrified by mine. I do likewise here confess to Heaven and Earth, to God and his Angels, and to you all, who are here present, that I alone was both the Author and Actor of this foul Murther, and that my Coachman *Sebastiano* is no way consenting or accessary with me herein; and that albeit I once promised and proffered him a hundred double Pistols of *Spanish* Gold to perform it, yet he honestly and religiously refused both me and it, and strongly and pathetically disswaded me from it, whose good and wholesome Counsel, I now wish to God (from the depth and center of my Soul) I had then followed, for then I had lived as happy, as now I die miserable. And because it is now no time, but bootless for me, either to palliate the truth, or to flatter with God or man, the worst of his Crime, I being his Mistress, which (after with my hands I had committed that deplorable fact) was to bring me home from the fields to my Father's house, and for assisting me to cast the Frier's Frock, the false Beard and Hair, the Alms-box, Breviary, and two Pistols, into the next deep Pit, or precipice thereunto adjoyning, where (as yet) they still lie; for this my hainous offence, (the very remembrance whereof is now grievous and odious to me), I ask pardon first of God, then of my own dear Father, and next of the Lady *Bertranna*: and if the words and prayers of a poor dying Gentlewoman have any power with the living, then I beseech you all in general, and every one of you in particular, to pray unto God, that he will now forgive my sins in his favour, and hereafter save my Soul in his mercy; the which as soon as she had said, and uttered some few short prayers to her self, she (often making the sign of the Cross) takes leave of all the World; when pulling down her Veil, in comely sort over her eyes and face, and erecting her hands towards Heaven, she was turned over. Now as some of her Spectators rejoyced at the death of so cruel and bloody a Female Monster, so the greatest part of them, in favour of her Birth, Youth and Beauty, did with a world of tears, exceedingly lament and pity her, but all of them do highly detest and execrate the base ingratitude, infidelity, and treachery of this ignoble Baron of *Sanctifiore* towards her, which no doubt was the prime cause and chiefest motive which drew her to these deplorable and bloody resolutions.

As for her honest Coachman *Sebastiano*, although his own torments on the Rack, and now this solemn Confession of his Lady *Ursina* at her death had sufficiently proclaimed and vindicated his innocency in this murther of *Sanctifiore*; yet such was this Widow *Bertranna*'s living affection to her dead Husband, and her deadly malice to living *Sebastiano*, for thinking him to be guilty, and accessary hereunto with his Lady *Ursina*, that her power and malice so far prevailed with the integrity of the Judges, for the further disquisition of this truth, as they now again sentence him to the double torment of the Rack, the which he again likewise endureth with a most unparalleld patience and constancy, without confessing any thing, the which his Judges wondring to see, and admiring to understand, and having no substantial proofs, or real and valuable Evidences against him, they now fully absolve and acquit him of this his suspected Crime, when being moved in Charity, Justice, and Conscience to yeild

him some reward and satisfaction, for thus enfeebling his body, and impairing of his health by these his sharp and bitter torments, they therefore adjudge the Plaintiff Widow *Bertrand* to give him three hundred Duckatoons, whereof she cannot possibly exempt or excuse her self.

And thus lived and died our unkind Baron *Sanctfiore*, and our cruel-hearted young Lady *Ursina*, and in this manner did the sacred Justice of God requite the one, and condignly revenge and punish the other. Now by reading this their History, may God (of his best favour and mercy) teach us all, from our hearts to hate this Baron's levity, and from our Souls to abhor and detest this Ladies cruelty and impiety, *Amen.*

GOD'S

GOD'S Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A PORTUGAL HISTORY.

HISTORY XXX.

De Mora *treacherouſly killeth* Palura *in a Duel with two Piſtols. His Lady* Bellinda *with the aid of her Gentleman Uſher* Ferallo, *poyſoneth her Husband* De Mora, *and afterwards ſhe marrieth and then murthereth her ſaid Husband* Ferallo *in his bed: ſo ſhe is burnt alive for this her laſt murther, and her aſhes thrown into the air for the firſt.*

IN the general depravation of this Age, it is no wonder that many ſinful Souls are ſo tranſported by Satan, and their own outragious paſſions, to imbrue their guilty hands in the innocent blood of their Chriſtian brethren; and it were a great happineſs and felicity to moſt Countries and Kingdoms of *Europe*, if they were not ſometimes infected with the contagion of this bloody and crying Sin, which with a preſumptuous hand ſeems to ſtrike at the Majeſty of God himſelf, in killing man his Creature; but wiſhes avail little, and for that examples are more powerful and prevalent, and prove the beſt precepts to the living; therefore I here produce a lamentable one; of ſo inhumane a condition, that by the knowledge and conſideration thereof, we may know how to deteſt the like, and to avoid the temptations in our ſelves.

In the famous Kingdom of *Portugal*; and within a very little League of *Stremos*, one of the ſweeteſt and faireſt Cities thereof, there (within theſe few years) dwelt a noble Gentleman of ſome fifty ſix years old, named, *Don Alonſo de Mora*, iſſued and deſcended from one of the beſt

and famous houſes of that Kingdom, as being Nephew to that great and wiſe *Don Chriſtopher De Mora*, of whom the Hiſtories of *Spain* and *Portugal* make ſo often, and ſo honourable mention: and although he were by his Anceſtors and Parents left very rich in Lands and Poſſeſſions, yet his ambition and generoſity carried him to ſerve his King, *Philip* third of *Spain*, in his Wars of *Africa* and *Flanders*, wherein he ſpent the greateſt part of his time and of himſelf, won many renowned Laurels and Marſhal Trophees of Honour, and as an excellent Cavalier left behind him many approved marks and teſtimonies of his true valour and magnanimity. But (as all men are naturally conſtant in unconſtancy, and ſubject and co-incident to mutations, and that the world ſtill delights to pleaſe us with changes, and to feed our fancies and affections with different enterpriſes and reſolutions) ſo our *De Mora* at laſt, calls home his thoughts and himſelf from War to Peace, and now reſolves to ſpend the remainder of his age in as much eaſe and pleaſure as formerly he had done the heat and ſtrength of his youth in tumults and combuſtions; he now ſees that there is no life nor pleaſure comparable to that of the Country, for here the ſweetneſs of the imbalmed air, the delicacy of the perfumed and enamell'd fields, the unparalleld paſtime of Hawking and Hunting, and the free and uninterrupted acceſs which we have to Arts in our ſtudy, and to God in religious prayers and meditations, makes it to be no leſs, either an earthly Paradiſe, or a Heaven upon Earth. For the Camp (deſpite of Commanders) abounds with all kinds of inſolencies and impieties, the City (deſpite of Magiſtrates) with all ſorts of Vice, Deceit, Covetouſneſs and Pride, and the Court (deſpite of good Kings and Princes) too often with variety of hypocriſie, perfidiouſneſs and vanity. To his own great Mannor-houſe near *Stremos*, therefore is our *De Mora* retired, with a reſolution for ever, there to erect and build up his reſidence, making it his greateſt delight to have his Hounds and Grey-hounds at his heels, and ſee his Hawk on his fiſt. Now the Alarms of War no longer take up his thoughts and time, neither do the Drums and Trumpets, and the ratling peals and thunder of Muskets and Cannons, diſtract his day-pleaſures, or cut his nights ſweet ſleeps and ſlumbers in pieces. He is not addicted to women, but hates them as much as they love men; he ſpurns at love, and (in a diſdainful contempt there of) terms *Venus* a Whore, and her ſon *Cupid* a boy, and which is worſe, a Baſtard: in a word he profeſſeth himſelf to be as great, and as mortal an enemy to beauty, as beauty is many times to chaſtity, and never thinks himſelf happy, but when either he is out of womens Company, or they not in his. He is ſo far from effecting any marriage, as he pitieth it in others, and for ever abjures and deteſts it in himſelf; he compares ſingle life to Roſes and Lillies, and wedlock to briers and thiſtles, and therefore in the higheſt and ſublimeſt degree, ſcorns to have any Wife or Miſtreſs in his houſe, to over-maſter him.

But it is not for men to preſume to point out their own deſtinies: ſith we are but the ſlaves of time, as the Servants of God, and therefore (in this regard) our actions are ſubject to Heaven, not to earth, and to God's appointment, rather than to our purpoſes: and to preſuppoſe and think the contrary, is a preſumption, every way unworthy of a man, but far more of a Chriſtian, ſith nature is ſubject to grace, and our earthly paſſions and reſolutions muſt ſtill ſtoop to a ſacred power, and ever ſubmit and proſtrate themſelves to a Divine Providence and ſupernatural Predominancy: It is therefore folly, not wiſdom, and ſimplicity, nor diſcretion in *De Mora* generally to proclaim hate to women, for that he is the Son of a woman, or to malign and diſdain marriage, in regard he is the fruit and off-ſpring of marriage: for thus to violate and pull down the Temples and Altars of Love, is obſtinately to oppoſe nature, and prophanely to ſubvert the inſtitution of God himſelf in Paradiſe, but he ſhall not continue long in the clouds of this error.

In a clear and ſweet morning (as ſoon as *Aurora* leapt from the watry bed of *Thetis*, and purpoſely retired her ſelf to give way to approaching *Phœbus*, who in his fiery Chariot, with his gliſtring beams began to ſalute and guild the tops of the higheſt Woods and Mountains) *De Mora*, attended by half a dozen of his domeſtick ſervants, goes into the fields to Hawk and Hunt, where having killed one Hare, and ſet up another, all his ſervants left him alone, and with the Hounds purſue the Hair, who tripping through the Lanes and Thickets, the Hills and Valleys, at laſt leads them ſuch a dance, that in leſs than an hour, his Servants and his Dogs were a little league out of his ſight; whereat being exceedingly offended and angry, and far the more, that he was left all alone, he, not knowing how to paſs or delude away the tedioufneſs of the time, ſate himſelf down upon the ſide of a fair Hill, or the foot of a pleaſant Grove of Beach and Cheſnut-trees, whoſe curled tops ſheltered him from the ſcorching rays of the Sun, and there takes delight to behold how many frequent windings, and turning Meanders, the Neighbouring Cryſtal River made in that pleaſant Valley, as alſo to ſee how ſweetly the Troops of Snow-white feathered Swans, proudly ruffled their plumes,

plumes, and diſported themſelves therein, in there Majeſtical and ſtately bravery; and how many malicious Fowlers, both in boats and on the bank of that ſweet River, were curiouſly watching with their fiery Pieces to murther thoſe innocent watry-gueſts, who frequented there; and alſo how the patient Anglers (with their treacherous Hooks and Baits) betrayed many harmleſs Fiſhes, to their undeſerved deaths. When *De Mora*, (impatient of his ſolitarineſs) liſtening with his Ear, if he might either hear the loud cry and voices of his Hounds, or elſe the ſhrill rebounding Ecchoes of his Servants Hunting Horns; He looking up towards the Sky, beheld a *Heron*, ſoftly loaring, and proudly hovering over his Head, as if ſhe came purpoſely to bid defiance to *De Mora*, and his Goſ-Hawk which he held on his fiſt, and conſequenty to dare and challenge it to an airy Combat; whereat *De Mora* being exceeding glad, and diſdaining that his Hawk and himſelf ſhould be thus out-braved by ſo ill-ſhaped and unmannerly a Sea-ſoul; he ſpeedily riſeth up, and (betwixt choler and pleaſure) lets fly his Hawk at her: But the *Heron* ſtretcheth her Pinnions, and packs on her feathered Sails ſo nimbly and proudly, that ſometimes ſoaring aloft in the Air, ſometimes deſcending, and ſtill looking back with ſcorn on the Goſ-Hawk, as if ſhe purpoſely took delight and ſport, to ſee what infinite toyl and pain this malicious and ravenous Hawk took to ſurprize and devour her; ſo the ſwifter the *Heron* flew from the Hawk, the ſwifter the Hawk, redoubled her flight, and tugged away after her, when it being impoſſible for *De Mora* to reclaim his Hawk, either with his Hola's or Lure, at laſt both Hawk and *Heron* flew quite out of his ſight, and which is worſe, he was ſo unfortunate, as never after he could ſee either of them again.

De Mora being firſt highly diſpleaſed and offended for the abſence of his ſervants and hounds, he is now doubly enraged with grief and choler for the loſs of his Goſ-Hawk, and therefore curſeth the *Heron* for thus ſeducing and betraying her away from him; when wearying himſelf to run from Hill to Vale to have news of her; and in the end ſeeing both his labour and Hawk loſt, he betakes himſelf to the aforeſaid Grove, and (with much diſcontent and choler) firſt caſting his Hat and lure to the ground, he then likewiſe caſts himſelf thereon to repoſe him, ſtill attending and expecting his Hunters.

He had not remained there above half an hour, but cloſe by him paſſed an aged Country Gentleman, and indifferently well apparelled, with a very beautiful young Gentlewoman following him, clad in a Crimſon Taffeta Petticoat and Waſte-coat, trimmed with ſilver Lace, with a large cut-work plain band, her flaxen hair adorned with many knots of white and Crimſon Ribbon, covered with a black Cypreſs vail, having a rolling amorous Eye, (the true Index of deſire and luſt); her Snow-white painted breaſts open, but only a little hidden and over-veiled with curious Tiffeny, whoſe white purity, her pure white Paps (interveined with azure) infinitely out-braved and excelled. She had her Waiting-Maid attending on her, and he a Serving-man bearing his Cloak and Rapier after him, who that morning went ſome three Leagues from his own houſe to take the freſh Air, in that pleaſant and delicious Grove, without the hedge whereof he had left his Coach; this Country-Gentleman, I ſay, paſſing by *De Mora*, and well and perfectly knowing him, he according to his duty, and the others merits, reſpectfully ſaluted him by his name, and the young Gentlewoman who followed him, likewiſe gave him a low and graceful courteſie. *De Mora* ſurpriſed with the ſuddenneſs of their arrival, and the ſweetneſs of theſe their ſalutations, riſeth up, and having firſt ſaluted him, and kiſſed her, he prays his name, who tells him he is a Gentleman that dwelt ſome three Leagues off, termed *Emanuel de Curſoro*: *De Mora* demands of him if this young Gentlewoman be his Kinſwoman or his Daughter? who tells him ſhe is his daughter: When *De Mora* again enquires of him, if ſhe be married or no, and what name and age ſhe is of; *Curſuro* replies that ſhe is unmarried, of ſome twenty years of age, and her name is *Bellinda*. *De Mora* again tells him, that he is very happy in having ſo ſweet and fair a young Gentlewoman for his Daughter, whereat the Father ſmileth for joy, and the Daughter bluſheth for baſhfulneſs and modeſty. *De Mora* again queſtioneth *Curſuro* if any buſineſs brought him thither that morning; who tells him he had no buſineſs, but only came thither with his Daughter to take the Air, and that he had left his Coach without the hedge; ſo they walk together ſome turns in this pleaſant Grove, and from thence *De Mora* could not poſſibly refrain from gadding and gazing his enamoured eyes, on the Roſes and Lillies of *Bellinda*'s ſweet and delicate beauty; when *De Mora* acquaints *Curſuro* with his misfortunes, how that morning he came forth a hunting, that he had loſt his Men, his Hounds, and his Hawk, and that this three hours he was there left alone, and had no news of them,

they

they together make many walks, turns and returns. When *De Mora* led by the luſtre of *Bellinda*'s lovely attracture, and rolling eye, he ever and anon proffereth to lead and conduct her by the Arm, the which *Curſoro* modeſtly and reſpectfully excuſeth, as holding it too great an honour for *De Mora* to give, and his Daughter to receive: Here *Curſoro* proffereth *De Mora* to lend him his Coach, to carry him home to his Houſe, but *De Mora* freely and thankfully refuſeth it, and in counter-exchange of this courteſie, proffereth *Curſoro* and his Daughter to accompany and conduct them to their Coach, the which undeſerved kindneſs, *Curſoro* modeſtly refuſeth of him. Thus (in point of honour and courteſie) they a long time ſtand ſtriving and complementing, till at laſt *De Mora* hearing the cry of his Hounds, his importunity vanquiſheth *Curſoro*'s modeſty, and ſo will or nill, he conducts him to his Coach, and likewiſe leads his Daughter *Bellinda* by the Arm and Hand, and by the way doth at leaſt uſurp, and ſteal many amorous kiſſes from the Cherries of her ſweet lips, and damask Roſes of her pure delicate Cheeks, whereat ſhe is more admired than pleaſed. As they are thus going towards *Curſoro*'s Coach, *De Mora*'s Hounds and Servants arrive all ſweating and blowing, who (in redemption and requital of their long ſtay) do preſent their Lord and Maſter with a brace of Hares, and a wild white Fawn which they had kill'd, whereof he being exceeding glad, he very joyfully beſtows the Hares on *Curſoro*, and the white Fawn on his fair Daughter *Bellinda*, who from thenceforth, he ſwears ſhall be his Miſtreſs and his Love; *Curſoro* is too modeſt, and his Daughter too baſhful to accept hereof, ſo they a long time refuſe theſe his preſents, with many dilatory and complemental excuſes.

But at laſt *De Mora* finds out a means and medium to reconcile this difference, according to his own will and deſire; for he peremptorily ſwears to *Curſoro*, and his Daughter *Bellinda*, that they ſhall receive theſe poor preſents from him, and that in requital hereof, he will to morrow come over to his houſe, and eat his part of them to Dinner with them; upon which condition and terms *Curſoro* thankfully receives the Hares, and likewiſe cauſeth his Daughter *Bellinda* to do the ſame by the Fawn, the which (with a very low and obſervant courteſie) ſhe doth: ſo he conducts them on to their Coach, and by the way wrings her by the Lilly-white Hand, plays with the looſe treſſes of her ſweet Hair, her bluſhing Cheeks, dimpled chin, downy paps, and Alablaſter neck, when taking leave of *Curſoro*, and a ſolemn congee of his Daughter *Bellinda*, which he again ſeals and confirms with many new kiſſes, they take Coach and away, and *De Mora* with his Servants and his Hounds returns home to his houſe.

Thus in a little time we ſee an extraordinary alteration, yea a wonderful change and metamorphoſis in *De Mora*, but whether more ſtrange or ſudden I know not, for in the morning he went forth a free-man, and now before night comes home a ſlave and a captive. Heretofore he ſpurned at love and diſdained beauty, and now the very firſt ſight of our fair *Bellinda*, ſets fire to his blood, and flames to his heart, ſo that his old blood is paſſionately and amorouſly inflamed with this new beauty; formerly he (in deriſion) termed *Cupid* a little Boy, now he holds him to be a great God; then he called *Venus* a Whore, but now he recants that Atheiſm, and repents himſelf of that blaſphemy, vomited forth againſt her Deity, and terms her a Cœleſtial and Sacred Goddeſs; yea now in his heart and thoughts, he erects Altars to the firſt, and conſecrates all his Vows to the ſecond. The ſmall and ſtrait Waſte of his honoured *Bellinda*, together with her ſparkling Eyes, and ſweet Cheeks and bluſhes, do amaze his mind, act wonders in his heart, and caſt his thoughts into a confuſion of many amorous Raptures and Extaſies, yea the conſideration of her ſweet youth, and the remembrance of her freſh and delicate Beauty, do (in his conceit) ſeem to make his Age young, and to give the lie to thoſe infinite number of white Hairs, which Time had ſnowed on his Head, and ſhowred on his Beard. He a thouſand times repents himſelf of his former error and crime in living ſo long ſingle, and is now aſſured and confident, that there is no earthly pleaſure, or Heavenly delight, comparable to the heart-raviſhing kiſſes and embraces of his ſweet *Bellinda*: He is ready to lay down all his Lands and Life at the feet of her commands and ſervice, and eſteems both of them too poor, for the purchaſing ſo ineſtimable a Jewel; whom (in his determinations and reſolutions) he hath already adopted the Queen of his Heart, and confirmed and crowned the Sovereign Empreſs of his Soul, and the Sacred Goddeſs of his deſires and affections. He thinks not of the great diſparity and Antitheſis betwixt his declining Age, and her fragrant and flouriſhing Youth; nor what an unequal difference

ference and disproportion there is betwixt his fifty and six, and her twenty years. He will not consider what a poor Sympathy and palpable Antipathy there is betwixt such a *Summary* and such a *May*, but disdains to enter into consideration with himself, that he is every way fitter for his grave, than for her bed, and for death than marriage; yea, he flatters himself so far in his affection to her, as he hopes he shall be the joyful Father of many pretty Children by her, so that he is so deeply enamoured with the sweet youth of our *Bellinda*, and his heart so fast chained and entangled in the Tresses of her hair, and the lures of her alluring beauty, that he, upon his first sight of her, incessantly thinks of her by day, dreams of her by night, and neither thinks nor dreams of any thing but of her, and of his love to her: so now he advanceth and raiseth the standards of *Venus* and *Cupid*, as high as ever he formerly dejected them, and delights in nothing more, yea, I may truly say, in nothing else but in feasting his eyes and surfeiting his heart upon the heavenly *Idea* of her Angelical face and feature; he thinks so much of love, as if he were now wholly composed of love, and therefore purposely made to love *Bellinda*, and none but her. His Hawks and Hounds are now as far out of his mind, as he is out of himself, and no other delight or recreation whatsoever can take up any place in his heart or thoughts, because love hath already taken up all. He revokes to mind how *Macarius* was transformed into a Bird, for speaking against *Venus*, and that it is not his case alone to be so deeply plunged and tormented in love, but that the greatest Captains, Philosophers and Kings of the World; and as Poets affirm, the gods themselves have been subjected and vanquished with this passion, and so constrained them to make it their chiefest delight and glory to adorn the Temples and Altars of *Cupid*, with the oblations of their sighs, and the sacrifices of their tears.

Thus our *De Mora*, being at the first wholly inflamed with love towards his fair and beautiful intended Mistress *Bellinda*, he to seem far younger than he is, he is so vain in his affection, as (contrary to his custom) he shaves his beard, delights himself in an ash colour satin suit and cloak, with a white Beaver Hat, and a hat-band of Diamonds, a rich plain cut-work band, and a pair of green silk stockings, with garters and roses laced with silver, suitable thereunto, and so to perform his promise to *Cursoro*, takes Coach the next morning, and rides over to him, but not so much to taste of his good cheer, as to feast his enamoured eyes on the delicious rarities and dainties of his Daughter *Bellinda*'s beauty; where he finds his entertainment and good cheer, at least to equalize, if not to exceed his birth, rank and expectation; but this is not the end and object of his visit, nor the sum and period of his desires; Dinner being ended, he acquaints *Cursoro* with his affection to his Daughter *Bellinda*, and his suit to seek and obtain her for his Wife. *Cursoro* wonders that so great a Lord should descend so low from himself to seek so mean a young Gentlewoman as his Daughter in Marriage. But finding *De Mora* to be in earnest and not in jest, and understanding that his age was deeply and passionately enamoured of her youth and beauty; he therefore thanks him for that undeserved honour of his, promiseth him his best assistance towards his Daughter, and gives him no despair, but all hope and assurance, that he shall shortly obtain and enjoy her for his Wife. *De Mora* having thus won the affection and consent of the Father, he now seeks that of the Daughter, he takes her apart in the Parlour, where, of an old man, he plays the young Orator and Lover, and in sweet terms and sugred phrases and speeches seeks to gain her for his Wife; but *Bellinda* more considering *De Mora* his age, than the greatness of his Nobility or estate, she bites the lip and hangs the head at this his motion, yea, and seems to be as averse, as he was forward in this his research and persuit. Her Father lays his commands on her to imbrace this match and no other; he conjures her now to confirm, and not cast away her good fortunes in marrying this great Nobleman, and vows that he will for ever renounce her for his Daughter, if she disobey him herein: So he conducts her into the Arbour of his Garden, and there freely and courteously again gives *De Mora* the opportunity and benefit to speak with her, and the desired happiness to kiss her; but *Bellinda* is as much perplexed in mind, as they are obstinate in their motion towards her, when (composing her countenance rather to sorrow than joy, and to mourning than to mirth) she makes a modest excuse to her Father, gives no absolute or peremptory denial to *De Mora*, but fairly and discreetly craves of both of them a months time of respire to resolve on this great business, which (she saith) so much imports her happiness or her misery, her content or her affliction; which answer and request of hers, both her Father and *De Mora*, finding so full of discretion and reason, they severally grant, and joyntly consent to give her; but in all this interim, such was *De Mora*'s dear and tender affection to *Bellinda*, that he visits her many times in person, and very often with his rich gifts and presents, as holding it no irregular way, but a pertinent and prevalent course, first to make a breach in a young Ladies mind and affection,

affection, and then to enter and take poſſeſſion, both of her body and of her ſelf.

But before I proceed in the Narration and Progreſs of this Hiſtory, I muſt here unlock and reveal a ſecret myſtery to the Reader of no ſmall conſequence and importance; for he muſt underſtand, that our *Bellinda* is not ſo chaſt as fair, nor ſo honeſt as her education, youth and beauty preſuppoſe and promiſe her to be; for her Mother being dead, and her Father giving her too much liberty, and too little virtuous counſel and exhortation, ſhe for two whole years hath been in love with a poor, yet with a very proper and reſolute young Gentleman, of ſome twenty five years of age, being a Neighbour of her Father's, named *Don Fernando Palura*, who being deeply enamoured of her, had lain ſo cloſe, ſo conſtant, and ſo ſtrong a ſiege to her chaſtity, as (not to conceal the truth) firſt unknown to her Father, then to *Mora*, and next to all the world, he had unparadiſed her of her Maiden-head, and under colour and hope of Marriage, had very often taken his luſtful youth and pleaſure of her body; but his means being very ſmall, and her belly not growing great, ſhe was not yet fully reſolved, but therefore ſtill delayed to marry him: True it is, that her Father *Curſoro* was formerly acquainted with *Palura*'s affection and deſire to marry his Daughter, but as heretofore his poverty made him reject him for his Son-in-law, ſo now the conſideration of *De Mora*'s great wealth and Nobility, makes him fully to diſdain him, and commands his Daughter likewiſe to do the ſame. But ſhe not conſidering the premiſes, and loving *Palura*'s youth, as much as ſhe hated *De Mora*'s age; ſhe was nevertheleſs ſo inconſtant by nature, and ſo proud and ambitious by ſex, as ſhe could find in her heart and reſolution, rather to be a rich Lady than a poor Gentlewoman, and ſo to leave *Palura*, to eſpouſe and marry *De Mora*: but firſt her Crime and her Conſcience make her ſend for *Palura*, and ſeriouſly to conſider and debate hereon with him, which they do; ſo *Palura* perceiving by *Bellinda*'s looks, and obſerving by her ſpeeches that *De Mora*'s wealth was far more powerful with her, than his poverty; and that ſhe notwithſtanding ſtill aimed to keep her for her Husband, and himſelf for her friend; he at laſt tells her, That he will conſent and content himſelf, that ſhe ſhall marry *Don Alphonſa De Mora*, conditionally that ſhe will firſt faithfully promiſe him, to grant and perform him three Requeſts and Articles. So ſhe bids him propoſe them to her, the which he doth to this effect: Firſt, That he ſhall ſtill have the uſe and pleaſure of her body, as heretofore, and as often as he pleaſeth: Secondly, That from time to time ſhe ſhall beſtow ſome competency of *De Mora*'s wealth on him, to ſupport his weak eſtate and poverty: And thirdly, that if *De Mora* die before him, that within three months after his death, ſhe ſhall then marry him.

Which three unjuſt demands, and ungodly conditions of *Palura*'s, his ſweet-heart *Bellinda* (betwixt ſighs and ſmiles) immediately grants him; yea, ſhe ſeals them with many Oaths, and confirms with a world of kiſſes, and to add the more piety (I may truly ſay, the more prophaneſs) to this their contract and attonement, the y fall to the ground on their knees, and invoking God and his Angels for witneſſes hereof; they with their hands and kiſſes, again ratifie and confirm it: But poor ſinful Souls, how doth Satan abuſe you, and your intemperate and laſcivious luſts betray you? for God will not be mocked, and his holy Angels cannot be deluded by theſe your blaſphemies and impieties, for you ſhall in the end ſee with grief, and feel with repentance, that this vicious league, and obſcene contract of yours, will produce you nothing but ſhame, miſery and confuſion of all ſides.

By this time is *Bellinda*'s month expired, which ſhe gave her Father and *De Mora* for her reſolution of Marriage; and now do both of them repair to her, to underſtand and receive it: when her pride and ambition, having far more prepared, and diſpoſed her tongue, than affection, ſhe (as if ſhe were a pure Virgin, yea a *Diana* for chaſtity) making a low reverence to her Father, and a great reſpectful courteſie to *De Mora*, delivers her reſolution to them in theſe terms; That in humble obedience to her Father, and true affection and zeal to *Don Alonſa De Mora*, God hath now diſpoſed her heart and mind, that ſhe is reſolved to wait on his commands, and to be his hand-maid and Wife, whenſoever he ſhall pleaſe to make himſelf her Lord and Husband. This anſwer of *Bellinda* is ſo pleaſing to her Father, and ſo ſweet and delicious to *De Mora*, that in acceptation of her love, and requital of her conſent, he gives her many kiſſes, and then claps a great chain of Pearl, interlaced with ſparks of Diamonds about her neck, and an exceeding rich Diamond-Ring on her finger, and ſo moſt ſolemnly contracts himſelf to her, and within eight days after, in great pomp, ſtate and bravery marries her, whereat her Kinſfolks and Friends, and all the Nobility and Gentry of theſe parts do very much admire and wonder; ſome condemning his folly, in

marrying

marrying ſo poor and young a Gentlewoman, others praiſing and applauſing her good fortune, in matching with ſo great and rich a Nobleman.

Here we ſee the marriage of *De Mora* and *Bellinda*, but we ſhall not go far before we ſee what ſharp and bitter-ſweet fruits it produceth; for here truth gives a law to my will, and ſo commands me to relate and diſcover, that he is too old for her youth, and ſhe too young for his age, yea, here I muſt crave excuſe of modeſty to affirm, that ſhe is ſo immodeſt, as ſhe finds him not to be ſo bold and brave a Cavalier as ſhe expected, in regard his beſt performance to her, conſiſts only in deſire. Thus being in bed together, whiles he turns to his reſt, ſo doth ſhe to her repentance, but ſhe knows how to repair and remedy this her misfortune, for whiles her Husband *De Mora* only kiſſeth her, ſhe in her heart and mind, kiſſeth and embraceth her young and ſweet *Palura*, who many times comes over in ſhew to viſit her Husband, but in effect to ſee her; and as formerly, ſo now he laſciviouſly diſports and wantonizeth with her, and (in a word) very often performs and acts that part of love to her, which her old Husband cannot. Now within leſs than two months of their marriage, *De Mora* ſeeing that he is not capable to deſerve, much leſs to requite the Dainties of his Wifes youth and beauty; and obſerving alſo, that by degrees ſhe begins to diſrepect and ſlight him, and yet ſhe is very pleaſing and pleaſant to all Gentlemen who abrood and frequent his houſe; as firſt he doted on her, now he grows jealous of her, and ſo far forgets his diſcretion to himſelf, that he curſeth all thoſe, who (in right of the Laws of Hoſpitality, Civility, and Honour) come to kiſs her, but more eſpecially *Palura*, who he ſees is ſo often at his houſe, and ſo frequently converſing with his young Lady, as at laſt his ſuſpicion makes him jealous, and his jealouſie confident, that, with too much liberty and diſhoneſty, he uſurps upon his free-hold, and diſhonoureth him in diſhonouring his Bed, and defiling his Wife; the which to diſcover, he begins to reſtrain her of her liberty, ſo that ſhe ſees, and grieves to ſee her ſelf to be in a manner as much her Husbands Priſoner, as his Wife, yea he ſets many eyes over her, as ſo many Sentinels to watch her and her actions, and for himſelf, his jealouſie gives him more eyes than ever *Argus* had, to eſpy out what familiarity paſt between her and her Sweet-heart *Palura*: *Bellinda* takes this diſcourteſie and hard meaſure of her Husband in very ill part at his hands, yea, ſhe bites the lip thereat, and though outwardly ſhe ſeem to grieve and ſorrow, yet inwardly ſhe vows to requite and revenge it; he is ſo jealous of her, and ſo fearful that ſhe plays falſe play with him, that as ſoon as ever *Palura* comes to his houſe, he carries his eye and ear every where, to ſee if he can eſpy and hearken out, his and his Wife's Love-tricks together; yea, he is ſo curious in this queſt, and ſo vigilant and turbulent in this his reſearch and diſputation, as if he delighted to know that, whereof, it were his happineſs to be ignorant, or as if he had an itching deſire to make his glory prove his ſhame, and his content his affliction and miſery. But as a mild and ſweet perſwaſion is ever more capable and powerful to prevail with women than conſtraint, ſo our fair *Bellinda* is ſo diſtaſted with the Lunacy, and the phrenzy, and madneſs of this her Husband's jealouſie, that ſhe no ſooner ſees her *Palura* arrive in her ſight and preſence, but (deſpight of his ſuſpition and fear) ſhe is ſo obſcene in her luſt, and ſo laſcivious in her affection towards him, that ſhe takes pleaſure to ſeek pleaſure, and extreamly delighteth to ſeek and find delight with him, which (according to her former lewd promiſe, and ungodly contract) ſhe often doth. Now this fooliſh young couple (being the obliged Scholars of *Cupid*, and the devoted Votaries of *Venus*) think to be as wiſe as they are laſcivious in theſe their amorous pleaſures, for knowing that diſcretion makes lovers happy, and that ſecreſie is the true touch-ſtone, yea, the very life and ſoul of love, they therefore eſteem and keep the ſecrets thereof, as if they were ſacred, and that no morral eyes but their own can ſee and know it; But yet notwithſtanding all this, *De Mora*'s jealous fears in the detection, are ſtill as great as their care in the prevention thereof; for the very next night after *Palura*'s departure from his houſe, he purpoſely abſenteth and excludeth his Wife from his bed, and the next morning calling her into the Garden after him, and cauſing the door to be ſhut, he then and there, (with lightning in his looks, and thunder in his ſpeeches) chargeth her of Adultery with *Palura*. But this young Strumpet his Wife *Bellinda*, at the very firſt hearing of this ſad and unexpected news, diſſembles ſo artificially with her Husband, and ſo prophanely with God, as ſeeming to diſſolve and melt into tears, ſhe purgeth her ſelf hereof, with many ſtrong vows, and cleareth *Palura* with many deep aſſeverations. But this fanatick Tyrant, and frantick Monſter jealouſie, (which for the moſt part, we can ſeldom or never kill, before it kill us) had wrought ſuch ſtrange impreſſions in the brains, and ingraved ſuch extravagant Chimæra's in the heart and beliefe of old *De Mora*, that (notwithſtanding his Wife's oaths and tears to the contrary) yet he ſtill vows to him-

himſelf, and her, that ſhe is guilty of adultery with *Palura*, and therefore chargeth her, that henceforth ſhe dare not ſee him, or to receive him into her houſe or company. *Bellinda* hereat (to give her Husband ſome content in her own diſcontent) makes a great ſhew of ſorrow, and an extream apparition and exterior ſhew of grief: ſhe ſends for her Father *Curſoro*, acquaints him with the unjuſt wrong and indignity which her Lord and Husband offered her, and prays him to interpoſe his authority and judgment with him for their reconciliation; who ſeeing himſelf ſolicited and ſought to by his own blood, and by his Daughter's hypocriſie, believes her to be innocent as her Husband *De Mora* thinks her guilty of this foul crime of adultery with *Palura*, and ſo undertakes to ſolicite and deal with his Son-in law *De Mora* to that effect; which he doth, but with no deſired ſucceſs; ſo that finding it to be a knotty and difficult buſineſs, and upon the whole no leſs than an *Herculian* labour, becauſe of *De Mora*'s willful obſtinacy and perverſe credulity: he therefore prays for both of them, and thus leaves them and their difference to time and to God: and upon theſe unfortunate terms doth old *De Mora*, his young wife *Bellinda*, and their marriage now ſtand.

In the mean time *Bellinda*, (who ſuffers doubly both in her pleaſure and her reputation) is not yet ſo devoid of ſenſe, or exempt of judgment, but ſhe will ſpeedily provide for the one, and ſecure the other. To which effect (ſeeming ſorrowfully obedient to her Husband) ſhe thinks it not fit that her *Palura* ſhould for a ſeaſon approach her houſe or her ſelf; wherefore by a confident Meſſenger ſhe ſends him this Letter.

BELLINDA to PALURA.

MY Husband hath diſcovered our affections, and is confident that I love thee far better than himſelf: wherein as he is nothing deceived, ſo I conjure thee by the preſervation of thy fidelity and honour, to forbear my houſe and ſight for ſome two months, in which Interim I will uſe my chiefeſt art, and the utmoſt of my poſſible power to calm the ſtorms and tempeſts that jealouſie hath raiſed in him. So, be thou but as patient as I will be conſtant, and I hope a little time ſhall end our languiſhing, and again work our contents and deſires; for though thou art abſent from me, yet I am ſtill preſent with thee, and albeit my Husband De Mora *have my body, yet* Palura *and none but* Palura *hath my heart, as knoweth God, to whoſe beſt favour and mercy, I affectionately and zealouſly recommend thee.*

BELLINDA.

Palura receives this Letter, and although he fetch many deep ſighs at the reading thereof, yet he gives it many ſweet kiſſes for her ſweet ſake who writ and ſent it him; he knows not whether he hath far more reaſon to condemn *De Mora*'s jealouſie, or to commend his Lady *Bellinda*'s affection and conſtancy to himſelf; and becauſe he reſolves to prefer her content and honour equally with his own life, therefore he will diſpence with his luſtful and laſcivious pleaſures for a time, purpoſely to give her beauty and merits their due for ever; So in requital of her affectionate Letter, he (by her own meſſenger) returns her this kind and courteous anſwer.

PALURA to BELLINDA.

I Am as ſorrowful that thy Husband De Mora *hath diſcovered our affections, as truly joyful that thou loveſt me far better than himſelf; wherefore to prevent his jealouſie and equally to preſerve my fidelity with thy honour, and thy honour with my life, know, ſweet and dear* Bellinda, *that thy requeſts are my commands, and thy will ſhall eternally be my law, in which regard I will refrain thy houſe all thy long prefixed time, and ſo forbear to ſee thee, but never to love thee, becauſe thy ſweet and divine beauty, is ſo deeply engraven in my thoughts, and imprinted in my ſoul, that the farther I tranſport my body from thee, the nearer my affection brings my heart to thee. I will add my chiefeſt wiſhes to thy beſt art, and my beſt prayers to thy chiefeſt power, that a little time may work our content and deſires: but becauſe there is no torment nor death ſo languiſhing, nor no languiſhing to that of love, therefore I ſhall think every moment a month, and every hour a year, before we again kiſs and embrace; conceal this Letter of mine from all the world, with as much care and ſecreſie, as I ſend it thee with fervent zeal and tender affection.*

PALURA.

The peruſal of this Letter, and the affection of *Palura* demonſtrated in this his reſolution, makes *Bellinda* as glad, as the jealouſie of her Lord and Husband *De Mora* ſorrowful, and now ſeeing his rage ſo reaſonleſs, and his malice and obſtinacy ſo implacable towards her,

he

he abandoneth her ſighs and tears, reſolves to make trial of a contrary experiment, and ſo under a female face, aſſuming a maſculine courage and reſolution, ſhe ſlights him and his jealouſie, as much as he doth her and her levity, and bears her ſelf more highly and imperiouſly towards him than ever ſhe did heretofore; but this animoſity of *Bellinda* produceth not that good effect which ſhe expects from her Husband *De Mora*; for he attributing this pride of hers to proceed from ſome bad counſel given her by her minion *Palura*, it doth the more enflame his jealouſie, and exaſperate and ſet fire to his indignation, both towards her and him.

Whiles *Bellinda* ſtands upon theſe terms with her Husband *De Mora*, his brains (as ſo many Wheels and Sphears) are inceſſantly rolling and wheeling about the Orb of jealouſie, to find out the marrow and myſtery of this laſcivious League between his Wife and *Palura*, in the agitation and conduction whereof, he is as ſecret, as ſhe ſimple and inconſiderate, his Policy is to find out any Letter or Letters of *Palura* to her, and her Cloſet and Casket are the only places, as he ſuppoſeth, for her to hide and conceal them in. So on a Munday morning, as his Lady *Bellinda* is gone to the Pariſh Church to hear Maſs, he purpoſely ſtays at home to effect this his ſecret intent and purpoſe, and then very privately enters her Chamber, and his jealouſie makes him ſo induſtrious of Lock-ſmith's hooks and inſtruments as to open any lock: So he firſt reſolves to try and open that of her Cloſet, which when he was on the very point to do, caſting aſide his eye, he ſees the Tawny Damask Gown which his Wife wore the day before, wherefore he flies to it to ſearch and rifle the Pockets thereof, for her Keys. Now *Bellinda*'s haſt and devotion to the Church was ſo great, as both ſhe and her Waiting-Gentlewoman, had forgotten the Keys of her Cloſet and Cabinet, and left them in one of the Pockets of her ſaid Gown, where her Husband *De Mora* finds them; whereat being exceeding joyful, he claps up his hooks and inſtruments, and (with equal jealouſie and haſt) opens firſt her Cloſet, then her Cabinet, wherein leaving nothing unſearched, he at laſt finds the very ſame Letter of *Palura* to his Wife *Bellinda*, which we have formerly ſeen and underſtood, the which (as the richeſt relique of her heart, and the moſt precious jewel of her content and affections) ſhe had ſecretly enſhrined and treaſured up in a ſmall Crimſon Satin Purſe Embroidered with Gold. He reads it over again and again, but for that which ſaid, I ſhall think every moment a month, and every day a year, before we again kiſs and embrace; this line I ſay, his extream jealouſie makes him to read over, at leaſt as often as it hath ſyllables, for this Letter and this branch of this Letter confirms his jealouſie, and now makes him fully aſſured and confident, that his Wife and *Palura* have defiled his honour, and his bed, by committing Adultery together; when vowing a ſharp and ſpeedy revenge hereof, he (with a panting heart, and trembling hand) lays the Velvet Purſe again in the Cabinet, then locks it, as alſo her Cloſet and Chamber door, having firſt left the Keys again in the Pocket of his Ladies Gown, and ſo comes down into the Hall among the Servants, as if he were happy to know that, which it is his miſery, becauſe he cannot be ignorant thereof.

By this time his Wife the Lady *Bellinda* is returned from Church; he dines with her, and yet he cannot diſſemble his diſcontent and malice againſt her ſo artificially, but that ſhe obſerves ſome diſtemper in his looks, and extravagancy in his ſpeeches, but ſuch is her pride, as ſhe is no way either curious or careful thereof, nor as much as once ſurmiſeth of what he had now performed acted. Dinner being ended, as ſoon as ſhe betakes her ſelf to walk in the Allies and Arbours of her delicate Garden, her Husband *De Mora*, and his jealous and bloody reſolutions are walking a contrary way; he is ſo netled with jealouſie, and ſtung to the heart with malice and revenge, as he aſcends to his Armory, takes down an excellent Sword and Belt, a Caſe of Pocket-Piſtols, each whereof he chargeth with two Bullets, calls for *Emanuel de Ferallo*, his Ladies Gentleman-Uſher, who was a very proper young man, both of his perſon and hands, bids him to cauſe two of his beſt great Saddle Horſes ſpeedily to be made ready, and wills him to accompany him to the Town of *Arraiallos*. *Ferallo* performs this order of his Lord, and then tells him that he will go into the Garden, and acquaint his Lady and Miſtreſs with his abſence, and to receive her commands before his departure; but his Lord commands him to the contrary, and neither to ſee or ſpeak with her, ſo they take horſe and away. Now within half an hour after, the Lady *Bellinda* returns from the Garden, and underſtanding of their departure, (in regard of the ſuddenneſs and unexpectedneſs thereof) knows not what to ſay or think thereof, or whither, or about what buſineſs they are gone; but ſhe neither once dreams or conceives ſo much as a thought, that her Husband *De Mora* had found her Sweet heart *Palura*'s Letter, much leſs, that he had any malicious or deſperate attempt, ſo ſuddenly to put in execution againſt him for her regard and cauſe, as to ride to *Arraiallos* to him, to fight with him.

The youth and beauty of his young Wife and Lady *Bellinda*, arming him with jealousie, and this jealousie with irreconcilable malice and revenge against *Palura*, he cruelly resolving to make his Body and Life pay dear for it, rides away towards his house near *Arraiallos*, and staying some half a quarter of a League from it in a fair green Meadow, sends his man *Ferallo* to him, and prays him speedily to take his horse, and come speak with him there, about a business which much imports his good; *Ferallo*, (knowing least of this quarrel, whereof his Lord and Master *De Mora* thought most) finds out Don *Palura* at his house, and in respectful terms, delivereth him his message; which *Palura* understanding, his guilty Conscience makes him exceedingly to doubt, and wonder of *De Mora*'s intention and resolution herein; but his lustful heart and affections, looking more on the young Lady *Bellinda* his Wife, than the old Lord *De Mora* her Husband, he speedily (without any servant of his) takes Horse and rides away with *Ferallo* to him in the Meadow, where *De Mura* (on horse-back) impatiently attended his coming. Salutations being here ended between them, which *Palura* observes in *De Mora*, to be more short than ceremonious, and more abrupt than respectful; *De Mora* calls his man *Ferallo* to him, and privately commands him to ride a Meadow or two off, and not to dare to offer, either to stir or draw, whatsoever he see pass betwixt him and *Palura*, the which his man *Ferallo* obeys, but with much wonder and admiration, what this business might mean or produce between them. Here *De Mora* very passionately and cholerickly chargeth *Palura* for abusing and dishonouring of him, by committing Adultery with his Wife *Bellinda*; the which *Palura* retorts to him as a foul scandal, and false aspersion, and (as an honourable Gentleman) in his speeches and answers to *De Mora*, makes his own innocency, and his Wife the Lady *Bellinda*'s chastity very apparent and probable: But these feigned excuses and false oaths and speeches of *Palura* do no way satisfie, but rather the more incense the jealousie, and incite the malice and revenge of *De Mora* against him; whereupon he shews him his own Letter, and with much bitterness and vehemency, demands him if that his own hand-writing do not palpably convince him of Adultery with his Lady. *Palura* is amazed at the sight of this his Letter, so that blushing for shame, he cannot here yet refrain from looking pale with grief and anger thereat; nevertheless, he will not be so ingrateful to the beauty and affection of *Bellinda*, to think that she hath betrayed him, by delivering up this his Letter to her Husband, but rather (giving a good interpretation and instruction to the purity of her intents and affections towards him,) he believes with confidence, that he had sinisterly and surreptitiously betrayed her thereof; whereupon to fortifie her reputation, and to vindicate and clear his own innocency, he (with high words and loud cracks) protesteth his Letter to be false, suborned, and none of his; and that it was written by some Witch or Devil, and sent by some treacherous enemy of his, purposely to affront him, and to disgrace his vertuous, chast, and innocent Lady *Bellinda*: but these feigned palliating excuses of his, cannot pass currant with the jealousie and revenge of *De Mora*, who now (to reduce contemplation into action) tells *Palura* that nothing but his death can expiate this his Crime, and therefore (on horse-back as he was) draws his Sword, and bids *Palura* do the like. The which *Palura* hearing and seeing, he equally for the preservation of *Bellinda*'s honour, and his own life, (as a brave and generous Gentleman) likewise draws, as highly disdaining to have his youth and courage outbraved by this old Cavalier: but here before they began to fight; *Palura* with many strong reasons, and pathetical perswasions, again and again prays *De Mora* to desist from the combat, and to rest satisfied with the truth of the Lady *Bellinda*'s honour, and his own innocency in this their supposed and pretended Crime of Adultery: But he speaks to the Wind, for *De Mora* returns him blows for words.

The event and fortune of this their Combat on Horse-back is, that in two several meetings and incounters, *Palura* hath received no wound, but given *De Mora* two, the one in his neck, and the other in his left arm, whereof he bleeds so exceedingly, as he begins to despair of the victory, and with his Pistols to provide for his own safety and life; they by a mutual consent divide themselves a little distance off to breathe. When *Palura* reigning his Horse a little too strait, and his Horse being hot and furious, and by meer strength and force turning round, *De Mora* with his watchful and vigilant eye, taking the advantage of this favourable accident, (when *Palura* never once dreams or thinks of Pistols) speedily pulls his two Pistols forth his Pocket, and most basely and treacherously, with the first shoots him thorow the head, and with the second into the reins of the back, of which mortal wounds, he presently fell from off his Horse dead to the ground, having neither the power to repent his sins, nor the grace or happiness to pray unto God for the salvation of his own Soul;

Soul: And thus was the untimely end, and lamentable death of this valiant young Cavalier *Palura.*

De Mora ſeeing *Palura* dead, and having more reaſon outwardly to rejoyce in this his Victory, than inwardly in the cauſe and manner thereof, he waves his Handkerchief to his man *Ferallo* to come to him, (who was an eye-witneſs, and ſpectator, and co-mate) which he preſently doth, to whom he ſpeaks thus; Firſt, Acquaint *Palura*'s Servants in his houſe, that I have ſlain their Maſter in a Duel; then ride home, and tell my wife the Lady *Bellinda*, that I have ſent her Ruffian and Adulterer *Palura* to Heaven, and within ſix days days after come away to me at *Lisbon*, whether I am now poſting; when throwing him ſome Gold for his journey, he takes leave of him and away, and at the very next Town dreſſeth his wounds, which prove hopeful and not dangerous.

Now doth *Ferallo* (according to his Lords commiſſion and order) inform *Palura*'s Servants of his death, and of his ſaid Lord and Maſter's victory, but (for his honour and reputations ſake) conceals that he baſely and treacherouſly kill'd him with his Piſtols; they are extreamly ſorrowful for this his misfortunate end: ſo while they fetch home his breathleſs body, and prepare for his decent Burial; *Ferallo* returns home, and truly and punctually relates to his Lady *Bellinda* the iſſue of this Combat; as alſo of his Lord *De Mora*'s ſpeeches which he commanded him to tell her, whom, poor Lady is all in tears for the death of her Lover *Palura*; and well ſhe might, in regard ſhe loved him a thouſand times dearer than her own life. So upon the receit of this ſorrowful news, ſhe ſhuts her ſelf up in her Chamber, and for many days together, her grief and lamentations for his death are ſo infinite, as ſhe will admit of no company, counſel, or conſolation whatſoever; ſhe conſidereth how deeply the misfortune of this diſaſter will ſcandalouſly reflect on her honour, and fall on her reputation, and therefore vows to requite *Palura*'s death ſeverely, and to revenge it ſharply on the life of her Husband *De Mora*, who was his murtherer, at leaſt when ſhe ſhall be ſo happy, or rather ſo miſerable, to ſee him return to her from *Lisbon*. She exceedingly wondreth at his ſecret malice, and ſudden indignation and reſolution towards *Palura*, but more at the cauſe thereof, and from what point of the Compaſs, or part of Hell this furious Wind ſhould proceed; when at laſt, having nothing elſe capable to comfort her, or to give truce to her tears, but the ſight of *Palura*'s aforeſaid Letter ſent to her, the which in tender affection to him, ſhe had ſo often peruſed and kiſſed; ſhe therefore paſſionately and penſively flies to her Cloſet, and with affection and ſorrow, to the Cabinet, to feaſt her eyes with the ſight, and to delight and comfort her heart with the peruſal thereof; when (contrary to her expectation) ſhe finds the Letter taken away, her other Papers diſplaced, and her Jewels reverſed in her Cabinet, and then ſhe knows for certain, that it is her Husband *De Mora*, who had thus rifled her Cabinet, and who had bereaved and robbed her of this ſweet Letter, which (next to *Palura*'s ſight and preſence) was the chiefeſt joy of her heart, and the ſweeteſt felicity and content of her mind; the which conſidering, ſhe therefore abſolutely believes, that the detection and peruſal of this Letter, was the ſole cauſe of her Lord and Husband's jealouſie, as that of her ſweet *Palura*'s death; wherein indeed ſhe is nothing deceived; for ſome ſix weeks after, he returns home to her from *Lisbon*, where (in favour of his Noble Birth and Deſcent, of his many great Friends, and of a huge Sum of Mony) he (in abſence of the Viceroy) had obtained his pardon, from the Chamber of that City, and the very firſt ſalutation that he gave his Lady *Bellinda*, (the which, I know not whether he delivered to her with more contempt or choler) was thus:

Minion (quoth he) how many Prayers and Oraiſons haſt thou ſaid for the Soul of thy Ruffian and Adulterer *Palura*? when ſhe being exceedingly galled to the heart with theſe his ſcandalous ſpeeches, ſhe yet to juſtifie her own honour and innocency, diſſembles her grief for *Palura*'s death, as much as her jealous Husband triumphs and inſults thereat, and ſo frames him this ſhort reply; That *Palura* was not her Adulterer, but a Gentleman of honour, and therefore ſhe beſought God to forgive him his own heinous Sin and execrable Crime for ſo foully and baſely murthering of him. *De Mora* nettled with this his Ladies Apology and juſtification, which he knew to be as falſe as her, and *Palura*'s crime of Adultery was true; he produceth this Letter to her, then reads it her, and in a great rage and fury, immediately tares and burns it before her face; now although the ſight and knowledge of this Letter, as alſo her Husbands burning thereof, doth exceedingly vex and perplex our Lady *Bellinda*, yet ſhe was herewith no way daunted, but again very boldly tells him; that ſhe cannot prevent any Gentleman to write and ſend her a Letter; and although in the concluſion, of this

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his Letter to her had ſimply and ſiniſterly mentioned kiſſes and embraces, yet ſhe peremptorily vowed and ſwore to him, the firſt had not exceeded the bounds of civility, nor the laſt violated the laws and rules of honour; ſo wiſe and politick was ſhe in her anſwers, and ſo falſe and hypocritical in her juſtification towards her Husband.

The which he well obſerving, and underſtanding, as alſo with what a pleaſing grace ſhe ſpake it, his own luſtful age, yet ſtill doting on the freſhneſs of the youth and beauty of this his young Wife, ſeeing that *Palura* (who was the cauſe and object of his jealouſie) was now removed and dead, he therefore for the preſervation of his own honour and reputation of that of his Ladies, doth content himſelf ſo far, as to bury the greateſt part of his diſcontent and jealouſie againſt her, in the duſt of Oblivion, or in that of *Palura*'s Grave; and to that end he affords her his Table ſtill, and his Bed ſometimes, as if that obligation of courteſie, would reclaim her laſcivious thoughts, and again call home her wanton deſires to chaſtity and honour; nevertheleſs, the better to effect and compaſs it, he much reſtrains her of her former liberty, and debars her the company and ſight of all Gentlemen whatſoever, that come to his houſe. A peeviſh Cuſtom, which the Husbands of *Spain*, *Portugal*, and *Italy*, tyrannically uſe towards their Ladies; whereas contrariwiſe the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *England* and *France*, are far more happy, becauſe more chaſt and honourable towards their Husbands, in uſing, and not abuſing this their liberty and freedom.

Bellinda with a watchful eye, and a wanton heart, obſerves theſe paſſages and comportments of her Husband *De Mora* towards her, and in obſerving laughs at them; but becauſe her laſcivious mind inceſſantly tells her, that there is no Hell to that of a diſcontented Bed, therefore hating his age as much as he loves her youth, her *Palura* being dead, ſhe forthwith reſolves to make choice of another Lover, and at what rate ſoever, not to trifle away her time, and her youth idly, but to paſs it away in the amorous delights of carnal voluptuouſneſs and ſenſuality. To which effect miſſing of other Gentlemen, (and therefore enforced to make a vertue of neceſſity) ſhe forgetting her ſelf and her honour, makes choice of *Ferallo* her own Gentleman-Uſher, a man every way as proper as ſhe is fair, and as well timbered as ſhe is beautiful, and near of her own years, which as yet had not exceeded one and twenty; to *Ferallo* therefore ſhe freely imparts her affections and favours, who as freely receives, and as joyfully and amorouſly entertains both her and them; ſo that to write the beſt of truth and modeſty, I muſt here affirm, that as he was formerly his Ladies Uſher, now he makes himſelf his Lord's follower; and (unknown to him) very often ties her ſhooſtrings, and takes up her Mask and Gloves for her; and many times when the old Nobleman is aſleep, then this ignoble couple of unchaſt Lovers are waking in their obſcene pleaſures, and ſecretly ſacrificing up their laſcivious deſires to wanton *Cupid* the Son, and to luſtful *Venus* the Mother, but they ſhall find Wormwood intermixed in this Honey, and Gall in this Sugar.

For three months together our *Bellinda* the Miſtreſs, and *Ferallo* the Man, drown themſelves in the impiety of theſe their carnal delights and pleaſures, as if they made it their felicity and glory to continue the practice and profeſſion thereof; but at the end and expiration of this time, as cloſe as they bear this their adulterous familiarity from *De Mora*, it comes to his knowledge by an unexpected accident and means; for the Reader muſt underſtand, that *Ferallo* was heretofore diſhoneſtly familiar, with his *Bellinda*'s Waiting-gentlewoman named *Herodia*, who (under pretext and colour of Marriage) he had many times uſed, at his laſcivious pleaſure; ſo that *Herodia* ſeeing that *Ferallo*'s affections were now wholly tranſported from her ſelf to her Lady *Bellinda*, and that he ſlighteth and diſdaineth her, to embrace and adore the other; ſhe is ſo inraged with jealouſie at the knowledge and conſideration thereof, as ſhe calls a counſel in her heart and thoughts, what to do herein, how to prevent it, and again how to reclaim, and regain *Ferallo* and his affection from her Lady to her ſelf; and ſhe is ſo inflamed with jealouſie towards them, as ſhe can reap no peace by day of her mind, nor reſt by night of her heart, before ſhe have effected it; to which end, having ran over a whole world of remedies and expedients, ſhe at laſt reſolves on this, to acquaint her Lord and Maſter *De Mora* with this unchaſt and obſcene familiarity, between his Lady *Bellinda* and her Lover *Ferallo*, and her rage is ſo outragious, as with infinite malice and celerity ſhe performs it. At which unexpected and unwelcome news, our old Lord *De Mora*, hath now his heart anew ſet on fire with jealouſie and malice, both towards his Lady, and her Uſher *Ferallo*, ſo that he as ſoon believes as underſtands this their Adultery, without ever making a ſtand, either to conſider the truth, or to examine the circumſtances thereof; whereupon to make

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ſhort work, and to provide a ſpeedy remedy for this unfortunate diſaſter and diſeaſe; he without ſpeaking a word of it, either to his Lady *Bellinda*, or to *Ferallo*, ſuddenly caſhiereth him from his houſe and ſervice, and in ſuch diſgraceful manner, as he will not ſo much as permit him to know the reaſon hereof, or to ſee or take leave of his Lady and Miſtreſs; and from thenceforth *De Mora* looks on her with infinite contempt and jealouſie. For it galls him to the heart, firſt to remember her diſhonour and diſhoneſty with *Palura*, and now far more to know that ſhe is doubly guilty thereof with her own Domeſtick Servant and Gentleman-Uſher *Ferallo*; whereof he again reſtrains her of her liberty, and his jealouſie ſo far exceeds the bounds of judgment, and the limits of reaſon, as he will difficultly permit her to ſee any man, or any man to ſee her; but as Rivers ſtopped do ſtill degorge with more violence, and overflow with more impetuoſity, ſo *Bellinda* takes this new jealouſie of her old Husband, and this ſudden exile and baniſhment of *Ferallo* her Lover and Gentleman Uſher in extream ill part; and (after ſhe hath wept and ſighed her fill thereat) ſhe then believes the prime and original cauſe thereof, to proceed from the malice and jealouſie of her Waiting Gentlewoman *Herodia*: wherefore being infinitely deſpited and incenſed againſt her; ſhe (in her dear love and affection to *Ferallo*) to requite her Husband's courteſie, very diſcourteouſly turns her away, and for ever baniſhed her, her houſe and ſervice; and to write the truth, *Ferallo* likewiſe in hatred and malice to *Herodia*, will from thenceforth neither ſee nor ſpeak with her more. But to verifie the Engliſh Proverb, that love will creep where it cannot go, although *De Mora* baniſhed *Ferallo* from his houſe, and reſtraineth the Lady *Bellinda* of her liberty in his houſe, yet ſometimes by day, and many times by night, they (by the aſſiſtance of ſome ſecret Agents or Ambaſſadors of love) do in the Arbours of the Gardens, and in ſome other out-Rooms of the houſe very amorouſly meet, and moſt laſciviouſly kiſs and embrace together. They hold many private conferences on their unlawful affections, and many ſecret conſultations upon their unjuſt diſcontents: ſo at laſt both of them joyning in one wicked heart and mind, and (as matters are ſtill beſt diſtinguiſhed by their contraries) finding each others company ſweet, and their ſequeſtation and ſeparation bitter; they ſo much forget their ſelves and their Souls, and ſo much fly from Heaven and God, to follow Satan and Hell, as both of them believe and reſolve, they can have no truce or perfect content on Earth, before *De Mora* be firſt ſent to Heaven. Now upon this bloody deſign they agree, and upon this Helliſh Plot they fully reſolve, only the Gordian knot which muſt combine and link faſt this helliſh buſineſs is, that *De Mora* being dead, *Bellinda* muſt ſhortly after marry her Gentleman Uſher *Ferallo*, whereunto with as much joy as vanity ſhe cheerfully conſenteth; when they are ſo prophane, as they Seal this their ungodly Contract with many Oaths, and ratifie and confirm it with a world of kiſſes: and then of all violent deaths, they reſolve on that Drug of the Devil, Poyſon; ſo without either the fear or grace of God, they of Chriſtians metamorphoſe and make themſelves Devils, and *Ferallo* buying the Poyſon, *Bellinda* very ſecretly and ſubtilly in Diet-Drink and Broath, adminiſtreth it unto her Lord and Husband *De Mora*, which being of a languiſhing virtue and operation, he within leſs than four months dies thereof; when with much coſt, and a wonderful exterior ſhew of grief and ſorrow, ſhe gives him a ſtately Funeral, very anſwerable to the luſtre of his name, and the quality of his dignity and honour; but God in his due time will pull off the Maſk of this her monſtrous hypocriſie, and infernal prophaneſs. Our jealous old Lord *De Mora* being thus layed and raked up in the duſt of his untimely Grave; his joyful ſorrowful Widow the Lady *Bellinda*, according to the promiſe, to the grief of her Father *Curſoro*, to the wonder of *Stremos*, and the admiration of all *Portugal*, Marries with this her Gentleman-Uſher *Ferallo*; but ſuch luſtful and bloody Marriages, moſt commonly meet with miſerable ends.

For ſix months together, *Ferallo* day and night keeps good correſpondency in the performance of his affection to his old Lady and Miſtreſs, and now his new Wife *Bellinda*, and although they are unequal in birth and rank, yet marriage having now made them equal, they mutually kiſs and embrace with as much content as deſire; but at the end of this ſmall parcel of time, ſatiety of his uxorious delights and pleaſures makes him neglectful, and which is worſe, contemptible thereof, (a baſe ingratitude, but too often ſubject to men of his inferior rank and quality, and which the indiſcretion of Ladies of honour, very often pays dear for, as buying it many times with infamy, but ſtill with repentance) ſo that for ten nights, and ſometimes for fifteen together, he never kiſſed or imbraced her; which unkind ingratitude of his, and reſpectleſs unvaluation of her youth and beauty, as alſo of her rank and means, makes the Lady *Bellinda* his Wife, to be as hot in choler towards him, as ſhe is cold in affection

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and love towards. But to aſcend the head-ſpring of this his diſcourteſie towards her, and ſo to fetch it and derive it from its own proper original, we muſt know, that *Ferallo* was ſo vitious, inconſtant, and baſe, as now he is deeply in love with a new Waiting-Gentlewoman of his Ladies named *Chriſtalina*, a ſweet young Maiden, of ſome eighteen years of age, tall of ſtature and ſlender of body, and whoſe beauty was every way as clear and pure as her name; and yet whoſe Maiden-head (with a few rich preſents, and many poor flattering oaths and falſe promiſes) he had ſecretly purchaſed and gotten from her; yea his affection was ſo fervent to her, that part of the day could not content his luſtful deſires, but he forgets himſelf ſo far, as before his Ladies noſe, and almoſt in her ſight, he muſt lye with her whole nights, and which is worſe, almoſt every night, without ſo much as once thinking of his own Wife the Lady *Bellinda*, or either loving what ſhe cared for, or caring for what ſhe loved.

But *Bellinda* eſteems her ſelf too good a Gentlewoman, and too great a Lady to be thus out-braved and diſgraced by a Taylor's Son (for ſo was *Ferallo*) and therefore conſequently her heart is too well lodged, and too high fixed and ſeated in the degree of her high Deſcent, thus to receive and ſuffer an affront, by a man of ſo low a beginning, and ſo ignoble a quality and extraction as he was, and whom ſhe had raiſed from nothing, and conferred and honoured him with her affection and bed, and of her Servant made him her Husband; when for the ſpace of ſix months together, having continually uſed the beſt of her art, and the chiefeſt of her power, her ſweeteſt perſwaſions, and her moſt fugred prayers and ſolicitations to make him abandon her Maid *Chriſtalina*, and ſo again to reclaim him and his affection from her to her ſelf; but ſeeing all her care vain, and her prayers and entreaties towards him to prove frivolous, ſhe at laſt (conſulting with Satan, and not with God) begins to aſſume bad thoughts and revengeful malice againſt him, for this his foul diſloyalty, and baſe ingratitude and infidelity towards her: But firſt before ſhe attempts it, her turbulent and reſtleſs jealouſie, makes her reſolve to try another concluſion, which is to put off this her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Chriſtalina* from her ſervice and attendance, in hope that *Ferallo* her Husband would then thereby likewiſe put off himſelf and his affections from her; but this project and reſolution of hers reaps no ſucceſsful iſſue according to her deſires, but receives end, as ſoon as beginning. For he is ſtill ſo deeply enamoured, and ſo conſtantly affected to *Chriſtalina*, as he will neither permit nor ſuffer it; but in deſpight of his Lady *Bellinda*, and of all her ſighs, and tears, and prayers to the contrary, he kiſſeth her in her ſight, (cuſtom now making him licentiouſly bold and impudent) he in this his ſottiſh familiarity with her, ſets her at Table with himſelf and his Wife, and in her preſence, and before her face, terms her his dear, his love, and his ſweet-heart: a diſgrace of ſo unkind a nature, and diſcourteous a quality, as ſhe highly diſdains long to ſuffer or digeſt it at his hands. So that ſeeing no hope of amendment, and therefore deſpairing of any reformation thereof in him, ſhe reſumes her former bad and bloody thoughts againſt him, and ſo peremptorily and definitvely reſolves to murther him. Her jealouſie makes her thus malicious, her malice thus revengeful, and her revenge thus bloody-hearted and handed towards him. She cannot be content to pace, but ſhe will ride poſt to her confuſion, by heaping crime upon crime, and murther to murther; ſhe hath formerly poyſoned her firſt Husband *De Mora* and now ſhe reſolves to Ponyard to death *Ferallo* her ſecond, as if one of theſe two bloody ſins, and crimes were not enough capable, to make her as truly miſerable, as ſhe falſly thinks her ſelf happy, in the performance and execution thereof. But theſe are the bitter fruits of jealouſie, and the ſharp effects of choler, malice and revenge, which moſt commonly ſtream and proceed from it.

Whiles thus her *Quondam* Gentlewoman-Uſher, and now her unkind and diſloyal Husband *Ferallo*, (without fear or care) is wallowing in his beaſtly pleaſures and ſenſuality with his Strumpet *Chriſtalina*, this his ungodly Wife, and revengeful Lady *Bellinda* (with as much ſacreſie as treachery) is in requital thereof preparing for him a bloody Banquet; yea ſo haſty is ſhe, in her rage, and ſo outragious in this her revenge towards him, as ſhe will no longer be abuſed or defrauded by him, but thinks every hour an age, before ſhe have diſpatched him for Heaven. She will no more be controled or over-maſtered by him who was formerly her Servant, and who firſt reputed it his greateſt happineſs to kiſs her hand, before ſhe vouchſafed him the honour to kiſs her lips; or which is more, the felicity to embrace her in her Bed. She now ſees with grief, that he hath betrayed her, in betraying, and conveying his affection from her to her Maid *Chriſtalina*, and therefore although ſhe hath caſt away her favours on him, yet of the two, ſhe vows rather to caſt away him than her ſelf. No grace, no religion,

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not her conſcience, not her ſoul, nor the conſideration of Heaven or hell, can diſſwade or keep her from this her bloody purpoſe, or divert her from the perpetration of this inhumane and cruel murther; but the very firſt night that he leaves her maid *Chriſtalina*, and lies with her ſelf, ſhe (being purpoſely provided of a very ſharp and keen Razor, which ſhe put in one of her gloves, and clapt it under her Pillow) at break of day, as he lay in bed ſoundly ſleeping and ſnoring by her, ſhe as a Devil incarnate, cuts his throat, and leaves him ſtrugling in the Bed, and weltring in his blood, without once having the power to think, or ſpeak to God.

Thus we have ſeen the bloody malice, and infernal fury and revenge of this execrable young Lady *Bellinda*, in ſo lamentably and cruelly murthering her firſt and old Husband *De Mora*, and now her young *Ferallo*, and becauſe the perpetration of theſe her inhuman crimes and facts are ſo odious to God, that their knowledge hath already pierced the clouds, and their ſight aſcended to the ſacred preſence and tribunal of God; therefore his all-ſeeing, and all-potent glorious Majeſty, being as impartial in his judgments, as divine in his decrees, hath already ſharpned his ſword of Juſtice, and made ready his arrows of revenge, ſpeedily to inflict, and give her condign puniſhment for the ſame, yea, and far ſooner than either ſhe thinks or dreams thereof.

She having thus diſpatched this bloody buſineſs, and ſeeing her Husband *Ferallo* lie breathleſs in the bed by her, ſhe riſeth up, and the better to colour out, and overvail this her inhumane and monſtrous villany, ſhe takes this her dead Husband's Knife out of his Pocket, and goring it all in his blood, ſhe leaves it on his Pillow by him, thereby (with as much hypocriſie as treachery) to inſinuate a belief and confidence in the opinion of all men, that he had there murthered himſelf, and that infallibly he was the author and actor of this his deplorable death; which having performed, ſhe takes on a fine clean Holland Smock, and puts off her Cambrick one that ſhe wore; which, as a fatal mark of her cruelty, and a prodigious Banner of her inhumanity, was all ſtained and ingrained over with her Husband's blood, and wrapping it up very cloſe together, ſhe therein likewiſe invellops and enwraps her bloody Razor, and alſo a two pound braſs Weight, thereby the better to make it ſink, for ſhe reſolves that very morning to throw it into a Pond: ſo ſecret is ſhe in contriving, and ſo politick in the concealing of this her cruel fact. The morn advancing to ſix of the Clock, which was dark, cloudy and obſcure, as if (by ſome ſecret appointment, and ſacred providence of God) the Sun (with his gliſtering Beams) abhorred to behold ſo pitiful and lamentable a Spectacle; *Bellinda* hath no ſooner apparelled her ſelf, but triumphing in this her falſe victory and bloody conqueſt, and giving the murthered body of her Husband a farewel compoſed of many curſes and execrations, ſhe ſoftly iſſueth forth, clapping her bloody Smock and Razor in her Pocket, the which (to make ſure work) ſhe had tied faſt with one of her blew Silk garters, then locks the Chamber-door, and very ſecretly and ſurely conveys and throws in the Key within-ſide, and then deſcends to the Garden, where calling *Hellena* (another of her Waiting-Gentlewomen to her) ſhe bids her fetch her Prayer-Book; and thus away ſhe goes towards her Pariſh-Church of St. *Julian*'s on foot, which by computation was ſome half a ſmall League off their houſe, and forbids any Man-ſervant to wait or attend on her thither. She is not a Furlong off, but the more cloſely to finiſh her deſign, ſhe there purpoſely ſends away her Maid *Hellena* to the Pariſh-Church before her, with this invented and coloured errand: to ſeek out her own Prieſt, Father *Sebaſtian*, and to prepare him then to ſay Maſs to her, the which *Hellena* doth. Now in the midway between her houſe and the Church, is a great deep Pond, by the which ſhe is to paſs; but a little before ſhe draws near it, a poor old maimed Soldier, being caſhiered from the Garriſon of the Caſtle of *Caſtcayes*, (named *Roderigo*) travelling towards his home, and ſeeing this Lady all alone, and obſerving the ſweetneſs of her beauty, and the richneſs of her Apparel and Attire, his poverty inforceth and encourageth him to beg an Alms of her, the which with much humility he doth. But the Lady *Bellinda*'s heart and thoughts, were ſo much ſurprized and taken up with cruelty, as ſhe knew not what belonged to charity; and therefore having ſome other buſineſs and Windmills in her head, ſhe is offended with *Roderigo*'s begging importunity, and flatly refuſing to give him any Alms, ſhe forgets her ſelf ſo far, as inſtead thereof, ſhe gives him many harſh words, and at laſt ſends him away with ſome unkind and foul ſpeeches; the which poor *Roderigo* took ſo ill at her hands, that (in the fumes of a Souldier) he once thought to have requited it either on her Perſon, or her Apparel; but then again (by her port and bravery) deeming her to be ſome great Neighbouring Lady, who that morning had purpoſely left her followers to take the ſweetneſs of the air, and therefore fearing his danger more than he loved his profit, he abandoneth that cholerick and inſolent reſolution of his; when taking his leave

of her, he ſome two Butts length from her, betakes him to ſit down at the foot of a great Apple-Tree, where he might ſee her, but not ſhe him; and there looking after her with an eye of diſcontent and indignation, he bewails his wants and hard fortune, and alſo condemneth the obdurateneſs of this unknown Ladies uncharitable heart towards him; and enquiring afterwards of a Milk-Maid, which paſſed by, what ſhe was, he is informed that ſhe is the Lady *Bellinda*, Widow to the dead *Alonſo De Mora*, and now Wife to Don *Emanuel de Feralſo*, who hereat doth not a little both grieve and wonder, that ſo rich and great a Lady was guilty of ſo much uncharitableneſs. By this time ſhe being arrived at the Pond, looking about her, and believing that no mortal eye had ſeen her, ſhe therein throws her Smock and Razor, (which, as formerly I have ſaid, ſhe ryed faſt together with one of her blew ſilk Garters) and the ponderoſity of the Braſs Weight made it inſtantly ſink to the bottom; whereof ſhe being infinitely joyful, away ſhe trips to the Pariſh Church, and there hears Maſs, and mumbles out many *Ave Maries* and *Pater Noſters* to her ſelf; but the whole world in general, and the Reader in Particular, may imagine with what a foul Conſcience, and ulcerated Soul, ſhe then and there performs this her Devotion.

Now although this our wretched Lady *Bellinda* have murthered this her ſecond Husband *Feralſo*, with wonderful ſecreſie, and buried theſe bloody evidences thereof in the Pond with ſuch admirable care and privacy, that ſhe thinks it wholly impoſſible for all the Earth to reveal it; lo, if Earth cannot, yet now Heaven will. So here, before I proceed further, let me, in the Name and Fear of God, requeſt the Chriſtian Reader here to admire and wonder with me, at the mercy and goodneſs, and at the providence and pleaſure of God, in his miraculous detection, and condign revenge and puniſhment thereof; for he muſt know and underſtand, that it ſeems God had purpoſely brought, placed and ſeated this poor, old, weary, maimed Souldier *Roderigo*, at the foot of this Pine-Tree, to be a happy inſtrument of his praiſe, and a true Sentinel and diſcoverer, both for his ſacred Juſtice and divine honour; for here, although *Bellinda* carried away her heart and charity from him, yet (as if guided by ſome heavenly power or cœleſtial influence), *Roderigo* could not poſſibly carry away his eyes from her, but as cloſely as ſhe threw this bloody Cloath into the Pond, he eſpies it, and which is more, very plainly and palpably diſcerns the whiteneſs and redneſs thereof; when conſidering and thinking with himſelf, that this gallant and proud *Bellinda* might be as unchaſte and laſcivious as ſhe was fair, and as vicious as ſhe was young; God (with his immediate finger) imprinted in his thoughts, and ingraved in his heart and mind, that either ſhe her ſelf, or ſome one of her Waiting-Gentlewomen had had ſome Baſtard, and that ſhe had murthered it, and now thrown it into the Pond, and was ſo ſtrongly poſſeſt of this conceit and belief, that neither day nor night, any thing under Heaven could poſſibly beat him from it, but for a while he reſolves to conceal this conceit to himſelf, as referring the truth thereof to time, and the iſſue to God.

And here the order of our Hiſtory calls us again from *Roderigo* to *Bellinda*, who, as ſoon as Maſs is done, (with her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Hellena*) returns home to her houſe, and by that time they arrive there it is Nine of the Clock, where (putting a pleaſant face upon her falſe heart; and a ſweet countenance upon her ſoiled and ſinful Soul) ſhe preſently enquires for her Husband Don *Feralſo*; her ſervants makes anſwer, that they have not ſeen him to day, and that they think he is ſtill in bed, whereat ſhe muſing and wondering, in regard he was not accuſtomed to ſleep at ſo high an hour, ſhe therefore ſends ſome of her ſervants to his Chamber to ſee if he be ſtirring: but finding his Chamber-door locked, and calling aloud to him, they can get no anſwer from him; the which they return and report to their Lady *Bellinda*, who ſeeming exceedingly to doubt and grieve thereat, ſhe (far more perplexed in countenance than in heart) aſcends with them again to her Husband's Chamber, where they all call and knock aloud at the Door to him, and ſhe far louder than them all, but in vain, for ſtill they hear no news either of him, or from him, whereat ſhe begins (outwardly) to tremble with apprehenſion and fear, and ſo commands them to force open the Door of his Chamber, which they inſtantly do, where they ſee their Lord, and ſhe her Husband *Feralſo*, to lie breathleſs in his Bed, all begored and reaking in his hot and warm Blood, with his Throat cut; whereat his Servants for true grief, and his Lady *Bellinda* for falſe ſorrow, make a lamentable cry, and a pitiful outcry in his Chamber, Chamber,

Chamber, which is over-heard in all the houſe, but eſpecially the Lady *Bellinda* her ſelf, who ſo artificially diſſembled her joy, and ſo paſſionately makes demoſtration of extream grief and affection, for this deplorable death of her Lord and Husband, both to her Servants and to God, that ſhe is all in tears, and cannot, becauſe ſhe will not be comforted thereat: they find the Chamber door locked, the Key within-ſide, and his own bloody Knife on his Pillow, and therefore they eaſily reſolve and conclude, that this their Lord and Maſter *Ferallo* hath wilfully made himſelf away, and is undoubtedly the Author of his own death; which opinion and reſolutions of the Servants, their Lady and Miſtreſs *Bellinda* (ſecretly to her ſelf) reliſheth with much applauſe and approbation; and to make her afflictions and ſorrows the more apparent to them, and in them conſequently to the world, ſhe doth not refrain from exceſſive weeping and ſighing. They leave the dead Corps untouched in the Bed, to acquaint the criminal Corrigadors of *Stremos* with this pitiful accident, who come, and being amazed at this bloody diſaſter and accident of *Ferallo*; they, viewing the infinity of his Ladies tears, and the ſorrowful complaints and exclamations of his Servants, as alſo conſidering their ſeveral depoſitions and examinations; and ſeeing they found his Chamber-door faſt locked, the Key within-ſide, and his own bloody Knife by him on his Pillow, they all concur with them in opinion about the manner and quality of his death, and do abſolutely believe and affirm, that he hath deſperately made himſelf away, which opinion of theirs is preſently received, voiced, and rumored in *Stremos*, and in all the adjacent Pariſhes and Country: and yet many curious wits (in regard of *Bellinda*'s youthful affections, and wanton diſpoſition) ſpeak very differently hereof. And now doth this our ſorrowful young Widow, (the better to ſupport her fame and reputation in the World) bury this her ſecond Husband *Ferallo* with all requiſite ceremony and decency.

But as the juſtice and judgments of God (conducted by his divine pleaſure, and inſcrutable providence) doth many times go on ſlowly, but ſtill ſoundly and ſurely; ſo we muſt here again produce and bring forth our lame old Souldier *Roderigo* to act another part on the Stage and Theater of this Hiſtory. He is ſtill the ſame man, and ſtill retains his former ſame opinion, that undoubtedly it was ſome dead Child or Baſtard which he ſaw the Lady *Bellinda* to throw into the Pond, and his heart inceſſantly prompted by his ſuſpition, doth ſtill confidently ſuggeſt and aſſure him, that that bloody cloath of hers contained ſome ſecret, and invelloped ſome ſhameful myſtery towards her, which he thinks all the Water of the Pond could not deface or waſh away; ſo that now he underſtanding of her Husband *Ferallo*'s diſaſterous bloody end, doth no way diminiſh (but rather every way augment) this his ſuſpition and jealouſie hereof. We muſt further underſtand, that *Roderigo* (the better to refreſh his body, and repleniſh his purſe, and to repair his Apparel) ſtays ſome three weeks in *Stremos*; and although he be a Souldier, and have his Sword by his ſide, yet being out of action and pay, he is not aſhamed to beg the Alms and Courteſies of Gentlemen, Ladies and Gentlewomen, both in and near about that City. Amongſt the reſt underſtanding of the Lady *Bellinda*'s great wealth and dignity, he therefore hopes, that her new ſorrows and mourning for the untimely death of her Husband, will now make her as compaſſionate to his poverty in her houſe, as lately ſhe was diſcourteous and uncharitable to him in the fields: Whereupon he repairs thither to her, but for three days together, he is not ſo happy as to ſpeak with her, or to ſee her, but being ſtill preſt by his poverty, and again emboldened by the conſideration of what he ſaw her caſt into the Pond, he the fourth day finds her walking in the next Meadow adjoyning to her houſe, attended by two of her Men-ſervants, and two Waiting gentlewomen, all clad in Mourning Apparel: when (with a boldneſs worthy of a poor diſtreſſed Souldier) he advanceth to the Lady *Bellinda*, where (interrupting her private walks, and diſtracting her ſecret thoughts and imaginations) he with much obſervance, again begs ſome charity of her; whereat ſhe being offended, becauſe her heart and mind neither thought, nor cared for an old Souldier, but were wholly fixed on ſome deſired new Gallant young Husband, ſhe very cholerickly diſdains him and his requeſt, and with much paſſion and indignation (to uſe her own words) commandeth her Servants to ſee this old beggerly Souldier to depart and pack away, both from her and her houſe. *Roderigo* hearing theſe her harſh and diſcourteous ſpeeches, and ſeeing her ſervants unkind uſage and enforcement towards him, he with much diſcontent and choler leaves her houſe, but in requital thereof, vows that his revenge ſhall not ſo ſoon leave her: For this her ſecond affront to him, puts him all in choler and fire towards her, ſo that he vows to God, and ſwears to himſelf to uſe the beſt of his power, and to work the chiefeſt of his Wits to perpetrate her diſgrace. When ſecretly and effectually informing himſelf from others, that

Don *Gasper de Mora*, who was Nephew, and general Heir to her first Lord and Husband, Don *Alonso De Mora*, was at great variance, and bitter contention in Suit of Law with his Aunt *Bellinda* about some Lands, and much rich Moveables and Utensils, which she unjustly detained from him; and therefore he would that be exceeding glad to entertain any invention or proposition whatsoever, which might heave her out of the quiet enjoying and possession thereof, and thereby procure her utter disgrace and ruin. He repairs to him, and secretly (yet constantly) acquaints him, that some three weeks since, and the very morning that *Don Ferallo* was found murthered in his Bed, he saw the Lady *Bellinda* his Wife to throw a white and bloody Linnen Cloath into the Pond, which was some half quarter of a League from her house: wherein God and his Conscience told him, she had wrapped and drowned some Bastard Infant, either of hers, or one of her Waiting-Gentlewomens, adding withal, that he could not possibly have any peace with his thoughts, before he had imparted it to him, to the end, that he might reveal it to the Criminal Judges (or Corrigadors) to hunt out and examine the truth thereof.

Don *Gasper de Mora* doth as much rejoyce as wonder at this unexpected news, because his inveterate malice to his Aunt (in Law) *Bellinda*, perswades him rather to believe than doubt it, therefore (as malice is still naturally swift and prone to revenge) being confident of the truth hereof, he leaves all other business, rides over to *Stremos*, and acquaints the Corrigadors herewith, and takes *Roderigo* likewise along with him; he also fails not very resolutely to affirm, and most constantly to confirm it to them, which these wise and grave Judges understanding, they in honour to God's service and glory, and in true obedience to his sacred Justice, (without any delay or procrastination) take Don *Gasper de Mora*, the Souldier *Roderigo*, and some three or four expert swimmers along with them, and with hast and secresie speed away to the Pond; wherein after those Swimmers had been a quarter of an hour, and curiously busked and dived in most parts thereof to find out this Cloath, at last (by the mercy and providence of God) one of them diving far better than the rest, sees and finds it, and Swimming with his left hand brings it ashore in his right hand to the Corrigadors, who, much admiring and rejoycing thereat, cause it presently to be opened, where (contrary to all their expectations) they find no dead Child, but (as we have formerly understood) a Cambrick Smock, as yet spotted and stained with blood, and tyed fast with a blew Silk Garter, and in it a very sharp and bloody Razor, with a brass weight tyed in all this, purposely to sink it in the Pond. The Corrigadors, *Gasper de Mora*, and all the rest, are amazed and astonished at the sight of these bloody evidences, when *Roderigo* again constantly swearing to them, that he saw the Lady *Bellinda* (with her own hands) throw this little Linnen Fardel into that Pond, the very same morning that her Husband Don *Ferallo* was found murthered in his bed; and the malicious curiosity of *Gasper De Mora*, here finding the very two first and last Letters of her name in the Cambrick Smock; the Corrigadors then concurr in one opinion, (as so many lines which terminate in one Center) that yet infallibly it was she and no other, who had so cruelly murthered *Ferallo* in his Bed. Whereupon, taking this bloody Smock, Razor, and Garter with them, they, with much zeal and speed, post away to the Lady *Bellinda*'s house, to apprehend her for this foul and lamentable murther; where, cruel-hearted and lascivious Lady, she is so far from the consideration of grace, or the thought and apprehension of any fear, as she fears none, and which is worst of all, not the power and justice of God himself; for she is so immodest in her heart, so lustful in her conversation, as (notwithstanding her black Mourning Attire and Apparel) that her first Husband was but lately dead, and now her second not yet cold in his Grave, yet (with great variety of Musick) she is here now in her house singing, dancing, and revelling with divers young Cavaliers and Gallants, both of the City and Country, as if she had no other care, thought or business, but how to make choice of a third Husband, who might amourously please her lustful eye and heart, and of no less than a pair of Paramours and favorites, who should lasciviously content her wanton desires and affections.

But these wanton vanities, and vain and lascivious hopes of the Lady *Bellinda*, will now deceive her: for now the Lord's appointed due time is come, wherein for these her two horrible Murthers committed on the Persons of her two Husbands, his divine and sacred Majesty is resolved to pour down his punishments, and to thunder forth his judgments upon her, to her utter shame and confusion. The Corrigadors resolutely enter her house, and then and there, cause the Serjeants to apprehend her Prisoner, whereat being suddenly amazed, and infinitely terrified, she weeps, sighs, and cries extreamly. But those Cavaliers (I mean those

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her ſuppoſed lovers, and pretended favourites) who were there ſinging and dancing with her, neither can, or dare either aſſiſt or reſcue her. Now the plumes of her pride and jollity are ſuddenly dejected and fallen to the ground, yea, her muſick is turned into mourning, her ſinging to ſighs, and her dancing triumphs to tears. The enormity of her Crime cauſe theſe Officers of juſtice, to ſee her conveyed to priſon, without any reſpect of her beauty, or regard of her ſex and quality, where ſhe hath more leiſure given her to repent, than means how to remedy theſe her misfortunes.

The next morning ſhe is ſent for before her judges, who roundly charge her for cruelly murthering her Husband Don *Feralło* in his bed, the which with many tears and oaths ſhe ſtoutly denies: then they ſhew her theſe bloody evidences, her Cambrick Smock, the Razor, her blew Garter, and the braſs Weight, and alſo produce and confront *Roderigo* with her; who as before he had affirmed, now he ſwears, he ſaw her throw this bloody Linnen Fardel into the Pond, the very morning that her Husband *Feralło* was found murthered in his bed: and although at the ſight and knowledge hereof, ſhe is at firſt wonderfully appalled and daunted therewith, yet her courage is ſo ſtout, as ſhe again denies it with many prophane and fearful aſſeverations, and delighteth to hear her ſelf make a tedious juſtification, and a frivolous apology to her Judges for her innocency. But thoſe grave and prudent Magiſtrates of Juſtice, (in zeal to Gods glory) have eyes not in vain in their heads, will give no belief either to the ſweetneſs of the Lady *Bellinda*'s youth, or to the ſugar of her ſpeeches and proteſtations, but for the vindication of this crime, and of this truth, they adjudge her the very next morning to the wrack, where (ſuch is her female fortitude) as ſhe permits and ſuffers her ſelf to be faſtened thereunto, with infinite conſtancy and patience, as diſdaining that the torments thereof, ſhould extort any truth from her tongue, to the prejudice of her reputation, and to the ſhipwrack of her ſafety and life; but herein ſhe reckons too ſhort of God and beyond her ſelf, for ſhe conſidereth not that theſe torments are truly ſent her from God, and this her courage falſly lent and given her from Satan; for at the very firſt wrench of the wrack, and touch of the cord, finding it impoſſible that her tender body and dainty limbs, can edure the cruelty of thoſe tortures, God puts this grace into her heart, that with many ſighs and tears, ſhe prays her Judges and tormentors to deſiſt, and ſo publickly confeſſeth that it was ſhe, and only ſhe, who had murthered her Husband *Feralło*, and cut his throat in his bed with that very ſame Razor.

Upon which confeſſion of hers, her Judges (glorifying God for the detection of this cruel murther) they (for expiation thereof) do forthwith adjudge and ſentence this wretched and bloody Lady *Bellinda*, to be the next morning burnt alive without the walls of *Stremos*, at the foot of the Caſtle, which is the deſtined place of death for the like crimes and offenders, ſo ſhe being by them then again returned to Priſon, that night (in Chriſtian Charity) they ſend her ſome Prieſts and Nuns to direct and prepare her ſoul to Heaven: for this her bloody and unnatural crime was ſo odious to men, and ſo execrable to God, that ſhe could hope for no pardon of her life from her Judges, although her ſorrowful old Father *Curſoro*, with a world of tears, threw himſelf to their feet, and offered them all his lands and means to his very ſhirt, to obtain it for her.

All *Stremos*, and the Country thereabouts, reſound and talk of this cruel murthering of *Feralło*, as alſo of his Lady *Bellinda*'s condign condemnation to death for the ſame, and the next morning at eight of the clock, they all repair under the Caſtle-wall to ſee this execrable and unfortunate Lady there in the flames of fire, to act the laſt ſcene and cataſtrophy of her life; ſhe is conducted thither by a St. *Claires* Nun on her right hand, and a St. *Francis* Frier on her left, who joyntly charge her upon the peril of damnation, to diſburthen her conſcience and ſoul before ſhe die, of any other capital crime whereof ſhe knows her ſelf guilty, the which ſhe ſolemnly and religiouſly promiſeth them; about nine of the clock ſhe is brought to the ſtake, where ſhe ſees her ſelf empaled and ſourrounded, firſt with many fagots, and then with a very great concourſe and confluence of people; here ſhe is ſo irreligious in her vanity, that ſhe had caſt off her blacks and mourning, and purpoſely dighted her ſelf in a rich yellow Sattin Gown, wrought with flowers of ſilver, a large ſet Ruff about her neck, and her head covered with a pure white Tiffeny Vail, laced and wrought with rich cut-work, as if ſhe cared more for her body than her Soul, as if her pride and bravery would carry her ſooner to Heaven, than her prayers and repentance: or as if the prodigal coſt and luſtre thereof, were able to diminiſh either her crime, or her puniſhment in the eyes and opinions of her ſpectators. But contrariwiſe, the very ſight of her ſweet youth, and pure freſh beauty,

ty, and then the consideration of her foul crime for murthering her own Husband, do operate and work differently upon all their affections and passions, some pitying her for the first, but all more justly condemning her for the second. When as soon as their clamorous sobs and speeches were past and blown over, and that both the Frier and Nun had taken their last leave of her, then (after she had shed many tears on earth, and sent and evaporated many sighs to heaven) she, wringing her hands (whereon she had a pair of Snow-white Gloves) and casting up her eyes towards God, at last with a faultering and fainting voice, spake thus.

It is my crime and your charity, good people, which hath conducted you hither to see me, a miserable Gentlewoman, here to die miserably. And because it is now no longer time for me to dissemble, either with God or the world, therefore to save my soul in Heaven, though my body perish here in earth, I (with much grief and infinite sorrow) do truly and freely confess, both to God and you, that I am not only guilty of one Murther, but of two: for as I now lately cut my second Husband *Ferallo*'s throat; so was I so vile and wretched heretofore, as to poyson my first Lord and Husband *De Mora*. At which report and confession of this execrable Lady *Bellinda*, (in regard of the greatness of her Lord *De Mora*'s descent and Nobility) all this huge concourse of People (who are sensibly touch'd with grief and sorrow) make a wonderful noise and out-cry thereat; and now in regard of this foul and double crime of hers, they look on her with far more contempt, and far less pity than before. But she, being as patient as they clamorous hereat, and seeing their cryes now again cried down and well nigh drowned and hushed up in silence, recollecting her thoughts, and again composing her countenance, she again very sorrowfully continueth her speech to them thus; I well know, and indeed I heartily grieve to remember, that these two foul and cruel murthers of mine make me unworthy either to tread on the face of the earth, or to look up to that of Heaven, and in the midst of these my miseries, I have this consolation left me, that in favour of my true confession and religious repentance thereof to God, that God can be as indulgent and merciful to me, as I have been impious and sinful to him; the which that I may obtain, I beseech you all who are here present, to joyn your prayers with me, and to God for me, and this is the last charity which I will beg and implore of you. Now because example is powerful, and no example so strong and prevalent, as the words of the dying to the living; therefore (to Gods glory and mine own shame) give me leave to tell you, that two things especially brought and induced me to commit these foul murthers, as they have now justly brought me hither to suffer death for committing them: First, My neglect of prayer, and omission to serve God duly as I ought to have done. Secondly, The affecting and following of my lascivious and lustful pleasures, which I ought not to have done. The neglect of the first proved the bane of my Soul; and the performance and practise of the last, the contagion and poyson of my life, and both these two sins conjoyned and linked together, enforce me now here to die, with as much misery and infamy, as without them I might have lived (and perchance lived long) in earthly happiness and prosperity. O therefore, good people, beware by my woful example, let my crime be your integrity, my fall your rising, and my shipwrack your safety. As I bear not hypocrisie in my tongue, so I will not bear malice in my heart. Therefore from my heart I forgive *Roderigo* for telling *Gasper De Mora* he saw me cast some bloody linnen in the Pond. I also forgive *Gasper De Mora* for informing the Corrigadors thereof, and they for so justly condemning me to death. I also pray my Father and Parents to forgive me these my foul crimes, and both to pardon and forget the dishonour and scandal, which the infamy of my death may reflect and draw on them. And now I recommend you all to God's best favour and mercy, and my Soul to receive salvation in his blessed Kingdom of glory.

The Lady *Bellinda* having finished this her speech, the hearing and consideration thereof engendred much pity and compassion in the hearts, and caused a world of tears in the eyes of the beholders, and now she prepares her self for death: Here she takes off her Rings from her fingers, and her Pearl Bracelets from her arms, and (as a token of her love) gives them to her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Helena*, who is present, and not far from her, most bitterly sobbing and weeping, because she can weep no more for the death of this her dear Lady and Mistress, who now repeats many private prayers and *Ave Maries* to her self; when taking a solemn and sorrowful farewel of all the world, she pulls down her Vail over her Snow-white Cheeks, and then often crossing her self with the sign of the Cross, and saying her last *in manus tuas*, the Executioner (with a flaming torch) sets fire to the straw and faggots, whereof she presently dies; and in less than an hour after, her body is there consumed and burnt to ashes; at which all that great concourse of people and spectators, (in favour of her youth and beauty)

ty) as much affecting the piety of her death, as they hate and deteſt the cauſe thereof, I mean the infamy and cruelty of her life, do with far more ſorrow than joy give a great ſhout and out-cry. When the Judges of that City now upon knowledge of this Ladies firſt horrible crime of poyſoning her firſt Lord and Husband Don *Alonſo De Mora*, they in deteſtation thereof, being not able to add either worſer infamy, or more exquiſite and exemplary torments to her living body, they therefore partly to be revenged on her dead aſhes, do cauſe them curiouſly to be gathered up, and ſo in the ſame place (by the common Hang-man) before all the people, to be ſcatered and thrown in the air, whereat they rejoyce and praiſe God, to ſee the world ſo fairly rid of ſo foul and bloody a female Monſter.

And thus was the untimely, (and yet deſerved) end of this laſcivious and cruel-hearted Lady *Bellinda*, and in this ſharp manner did the Lord of Heaven and Earth triumph in his juſt revenge and puniſhments againſt her, for theſe her two foul and inhumane crimes of murthering her two Husbands. May God (of his beſt favour and divineſt mercy) make this her Hiſtory and Example, to ſerve as a chryſtal Mirror for all men, and eſpecially for all women, (of what condition and quality ſoever.)

And now, Chriſtian Reader, having by God's moſt gracious aſſiſtance and providence here finiſhed this entire and laſt volume of my ſix Books of Tragical Hiſtories, if thou find that thou reap any profit, or thy Soul any ſpiritual benefit by the reading and peruſal thereof, then (in the name and fear of God) I beſeech thee to joyn thy prayers and piety with mine, that as in Chriſtian Religion and duty we are bound, ſo for the ſame, we may joyntly aſcribe unto God, all poſſible power, might, majeſty, thankſgiving, dominion and glory, both now and for ever. *Amen, Amen.*

FINIS.

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